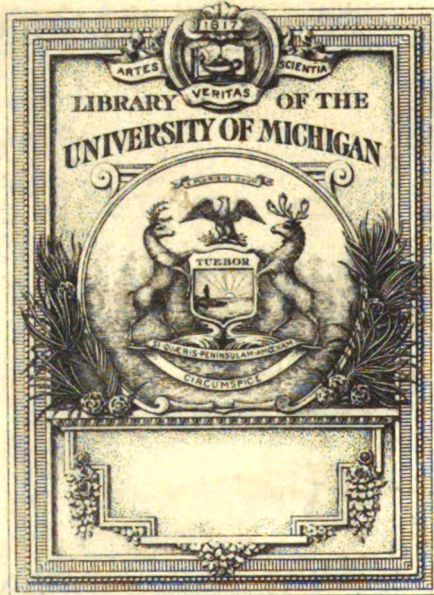


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*"Step Down
Dr. Jacobs"*

THORNWELL JACOBS



THE GIFT OF
Thornwell Jacobs

STEP DOWN, DR. JACOBS

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THE WESTMINSTER PUBLISHERS

ATLANTA, GA.

1945



THORNWELL JACOBS

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STEP DOWN, DR. JACOBS

*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
AN AUTOCRAT*

by

THORNWELL JACOBS



THE WESTMINSTER PUBLISHERS
ATLANTA, GA.

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(First Edition)



Dedicated
to the
Providence
of
God

*When God wrote all His books about the earth,
And set the moment for each atom's birth,
He purposed me, my tiny path, my pain,
My joys, my fears, my hopes, my loss, my gain.
He wrote the story of my life and then,
Smiling a little, handed me the pen.
"Trace every word of it," He said, "and try
To find an uncrossed t or an undotted i."*

Preface

Epicetetus used to say to his disciples: "To me, all that I have seems great," and he would go on to explain why: "Every life is a *warfare* and that long and various. You must obey each order at your Commander's nod. Our way of life resembles a *Fair*. In this Great Fair of Life some, like the cattle, trouble themselves about nothing but fodder. Some few there are, attending the Fair, who love to contemplate what the world is, what He who administers it. Life is a *Journey* and even as the traveller asks his way of him whom he meets so should we come unto God as a guide. Life is a *Great Festival Procession*. Behold His administration of it and for a little while share with Him in its mighty march. Try to enjoy this *Great Festival of Life* with other men. Life is a *Play* and thou art an actor of such sort as the Author chooses, long or short. Whether thy part be that of a beggar, a cripple, a ruler, or a citizen thine it is to play thy part fitly; to choose it is another's. Life is a *Wrestling Match*. Have you fallen? Rise, wrestle again till thy strength returns to thee. For there is nothing more tractable than the human soul. It needs but to will and the thing is done. It needs but to nod over the task and all is lost. For ruin and recovery alike are from within. Life is a *Banquet* to which you are invited. Take what is set before you. Were you to call upon your Host to set fish upon the table, or sweets, you would be deemed absurd. Yet we blame God for what He does not give us!

"Concerning the Gods," he told them once, "there are those who deny the very existence of the Godhead. Others say that it exists but neither bestirs nor concerns itself nor has forethought for anything. A third party attributes to it existence and forethought but only for great and heavenly matters, not for anything that is on earth. A fourth party admits things on earth as well as in heaven but only in general, and not in respect to each individual. A fifth, of whom were Ulysses and Socrates, are those who cry: '*I move not without thy knowledge!*'"

Thus, two thousand years ago, one of earth's greatest philosophers laid the firmest foundation for and justification of an autobiography. It has no real meaning unless it interprets the War-

Thornwell Jacobs
4-10-1887

fare, the Journey, the Festival Procession, the Play, the Wrestling Match, the Fair, the Banquet of Life in the spirit of him who says: "I give thee all thanks that Thou hast deemed me worthy to take part with Thee in this Great Assembly of Men; to behold Thy works; to comprehend this, Thine administration." Such a philosophy and faith makes a molecule as marvelous as a meta-galaxy and exalts the life of each little me into the world of the wonderful.

In my course in Cosmic History at Oglethorpe there used to come a day when we were reminded that we live midway between two infinities, the infinitely large and the infinitely small. I have never found a finer illustration of the former than that given by Jeans: Imagine the whole of North America covered with sand, three feet deep. There are so many stars in the meta-galaxy that each of those grains of sand would represent a star. Our sun would be one of those grains of sand. Our earth would be one millionth part of one of them. No wonder it took a Ulysses or a Socrates to cry: "I move not without thy knowledge," or a Jesus to declare: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? Yet I say unto you that one of them cannot fall to the ground without my Father."

But, when you swap telescope for microscope you begin to understand. For if our earth and all things on it were reduced ten thousand trillion times (to the size of an electron), we should never know it. Living on such an electron in, let us say, a white blood corpuscle, our skies would be full of stars (protons) and of planets (other electrons); our sun would rise and set; our seasons come and go; our birds sing and our flowers bloom. Perhaps also our scientists would be lecturing about the many millions of stars in our galaxy (the white blood corpuscle) and the hundreds of thousands of millions of other galaxies in the vast universe of our bodies, concerning one of which I have written this autobiography.

In other words, it is a plain scientific fact that in all the universe of universes there is nothing more wonderful than anything else. Given a microscope and an understanding heart, a bit of dirt is as beautiful and as marvelous and as holy as heaven.

Therefore, I am comforted by the microscope through which you are looking as I lay my pen aside and hand you this book to read.

Thornwell Jacobs.

Prefatory Note

A principal purpose in the writing and publishing of this volume is that future inquirers, historians and antiquarians might have a source-book covering the refounding of Oglethorpe University. In it, therefore, are many details necessary for that purpose but unnecessary for the pursuit of its dramatic story. By setting these details in a different size or style of type, such sections are advertised to the reader and may easily be skipped by those who do not wish to have their interest in the plot abated. Please be assured that such selectivity, on your part, has the full approval of the author.

Fannie gave me the title for this book, **STEP DOWN, DR. JACOBS**. She had been the maid on my floor at the Cox-Carlton Hotel but was promoted, recently, to the position of elevator operator. One morning, while I was still engaged in writing this volume and while she was still learning the technique of her new job, she brought her elevator to a stop and, noticing that its floor level was above that of the outer hall, she said:

"Step down, Dr. Jacobs!"

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CHAPTER 1.

EARLIEST MEMORIES.

MY EARLIEST memories are all associated with the Home of Peace, the first building of the Thornwell Orphanage, situated in a forest *primaeval* about two hundred feet back from the "big road" on the southern edge of Clinton, South Carolina. It was opened on Oct. 1, 1875 and I was born in it on Feb. 15, 1877. My father, years later, pointed out to me the room of my initial utterance, second floor, northeast corner. The room was heated by an open fireplace and lighted by kerosene lamps. The year 1877, according to my father's diary, had come in with "a furious snow storm. For eight days the frost-bitten ground . . . sleet . . . snow, whirling, driving. White everywhere." And then on February 16: "Last night at ten o'clock God gave me a fifth child, a little lad that I pray may grow to be a good and useful boy and a noble man. We will name him Thornwell in that he is the first and only child born in the Thornwell Orphanage." From that moment I began to absorb the influences of faith, prayer and vision which were expressed in its life and ideals. I have never been able to outlive them. I have never wanted to.

The atmosphere into which I was born was one of low poverty and high riches. There was sometimes a question of whether we would have enough to eat but there was no question about food for education or religion. The clutch between these two divisions of our lives, soul and stomach, was faith in the kindness of 'God's people' and in the efficacy of prayer. It was working smoothly and noiselessly when I arrived and just as dependably when I left. It was oiled with elbow grease.

My mother died on January 16, 1879 when I was not quite two years old. Of all her pain and love, of all her sacrifice and anxieties, of all her toil and tender words, of all her hopes and prayers, I have not one definite memory. But psychologists tell us strange tales of long-buried memories rising to the threshold of consciousness under abnormal circumstances, of delirious housemaids repeating Homer with perfect accent, casually over-

heard years before while readying a professor's study. Doubtless, away down in my subconscious mind is a picture of her face bending over my cradle, far lovelier and clearer than the beautiful likeness that looks down on me as I write. I cannot recollect it now but some day, I shall. In his diary my father expressed the belief that my coming had hastened her departure. "May he make noble use," he wrote, "of a life purchased at such a price." Forty years later I dedicated Oglethorpe University with that sentence, inscribing it on a granite ashlar between Lupton Hall and the Administration Building. I hope she knows about it.

My earliest datable memory is that of being lifted in somebody's arms, probably one of the "big girls" of the orphanage, so that I could have an unobstructed view of a great comet. There were two of these, one in 1880 and the other in 1881 so I cannot definitely say whether I was three or four years old at the time. They both arrived while my father was erecting Faith Cottage, his second orphanage building, into which he moved his printing office on or about my fourth birthday. As I remember when the printing office was in the Home of Peace, it is possible that my study of astronomy began in 1880. There is something coincidental about that first memory. My grandfather Jacobs was professor of astronomy at the ante-bellum Oglethorpe; my father bought, read and preached about every book on astronomy he could afford to purchase, and the study of the stars has been my lifelong joy and inspiration. I am glad about the comet.

The little world into which I came was very small, very busy and very earnest. The year in which I arrived found my father working and praying for four great blessings: an outside kitchen to end the smoke-and-fumes nuisance, a piazza for the unfinished front of the house, fencing around the farm and garden, and enough money to finish the attic. He figured that a thousand dollars would supply all four of these vital needs. He got down on his knees and, rising, reached for his elbow grease. Within a year he was sitting on the porch, printing *OUR MONTHLY* in the attic, proudly surveying his new kitchen, rejoicing in a completely fenced farm and garden, and in addition bragging about the new farm-house built for Uncle Charley Parks, faithful one-legged negro man-of-all-work, and listening to a 100 pound bell ringing the dinner hour from the top of a two-story chicken house. He always got what he wanted from God, just like that.

Between the time that I was born and the dawning of memory

my whole world changed without my knowing it. The Black Chapter in my father's life, the death of my mother, had left him desolate and me dependent for my life on the care of little orphan children, at the age of two. The children's diary records that I had nervous spasms, caused by things I ate or, more likely, didn't eat. My doctor tells me they were very common among children during the starvation days immediately following *The war*. My father, in his diary, notes that they never expected to rear me, I was so often and so seriously ill. In the light of modern science and of my later experience, it is my opinion that some minerals and vitamins, mixed with his prayers and tears, would have worked for me and for multitudes of other children of those ill-fated days, the miracle of good health. God has revealed a great many secrets to mankind since the canon was closed, many of them more important than whole books in the Bible.

By the night when the coming of the comet marked off the bounds of my *terra incognita* not only had the Big Four been accomplished but also a two-acre orchard had been cleared and planted adjacent to and northeast of the home, the number of children had been doubled, a new home for boys, Faith Cottage, had been built and occupied, a laundry building containing a bath-tub for the girls had been constructed and equipped, and the subscription books for another building, the Orphans' Seminary, had been opened. By that time the rooms of the original home were occupied and used in accordance with my first memories.

These, probably like those of most of my readers, are place-memories, not only, but also tableaux in character. Each floor, room, window, wall of that old building yields, over sixty years later, its precious "still". I am being lowered into a little bed with guard rails on all sides by someone who promises not to leave me until I go to sleep. I am being fed on the steps of the stairway. I am sitting in some one's lap around an open wood fire. I am looking out of a front window toward the Big Road and someone is frightening themselves and me by imagining carpetbaggers and scalawags and negroes skulking towards the house, relieved only when redshirts put them to flight. I am being scolded for scratching my head with a fork at the table. I am being denied a 'double spread' of butter and brown sugar which I loved. I am fascinated by the golden sun shining through the silver raindrops during a shower while prim chickens with close-fitting feathers

take refuge under the trees and a pleased duck paddles through the puddles. I mourn a great loss when I find my pair of new boots shrunken and ruined because they were put too close and kept too long before a hot fire where they had been placed to dry. I breathe deep of the strong, cool wind as it blows up a rainstorm. I set small, white pebbles under peach-stone hens and hatch little pignut chickens. I am squeezing my head through the balustrade of that new front porch. I am being lionized for saying "yes, sir" instead of "yes, ma'am" to Miss Pattie. I am being rebuked for jumping into the boxwood bushes in the front yard. I am charmed by my first remembered sight of a gorgeous weigela bush in full bloom. I am amazed on looking into an older brother's pit, goldenrod and asters in a hole dug in the ground, covered by a pane of window-glass on the under side of which the moisture from the ground had condensed, presenting every color of the rainbow. I am astonished at how blue blue is and how pink pink is and how red red is on the croquet posts and balls. I marvel that the older folks don't run, as I do. I am thrilled at the heavenly taste of a lump of brown sugar and a buttered, black, buckwheat cake with holes all through it. I am watching the "big boys" set "dead-falls" for "rice birds". I am standing on the bank of a wash-hole under the trees, near piles of clothes, while the big boys are in "washing", too small to go in myself. I am throwing my new knife into the Helicon Pond to make its blades sharper under the advice of a practical joker. I am learning to eat "peas and soupy" berries from the black gum, (sour gum, tupelo) trees in the woods back of Faith Cottage. I am gazing at a cow that had broken a leg by entangling herself in her halter. I am fighting off mosquitoes, sitting under a persimmon tree eating ripe, luscious persimmons. I am coming home from our old home near the church, the proud possessor of a speckled hen. Alone in a bed by a window I am listening to the mysterious voices of the night, dominated by the strident music of the July-flies. Above all, I am suddenly being admitted to an immense cedar tree, reaching to the ceiling of the room, lighted with varicolored candles, loaded with golden, silver, rainbow-colored gifts, handed down, one by one, to excited children—including me!

Sometimes, when you have been using your eyes too much you discover that objects in the center of their field of vision, only, are visible, the margins being blurred out. All of the above

memories are like that. They all date from a time when I had no duties nor responsibilities, when others were doing everything for me and I was doing nothing for anyone. But, when I was about five years old my schooling began. The alphabet was my first burden. I have no memory whatever of learning my letters, but I recall some blocks on which they were painted and a plate the perimeter of which they circled. I do not remember learning to read. Doubtless the orphanage girls taught me my cat and dog and moo-cow before Miss Pattie got hold of me. I owe a great deal to those orphanage children, Minnie Pitts and Nora Fripp and their little friends, including that esoteric secret, how to tell time. I remember their teaching me that. Naturally, it was my father who made me conscious of my first sin which consisted in taking more on my plate than I ate. "Lick the platter clean" was the first commandment I learned. Food was as precious as gold.

With the alphabet, the multiplication table and the spelling book the troubles of life began, which have not ended for sixty years. The field of memory broadens and its atmosphere clears. I am counted old and important enough to tag along behind the big boys, to play pig tail in the ball game, and to pick up type from the printing office floor. I am allowed to skate on the Big Pond, on the soles of my shoes, and am taught to swim and to dive in Bell's Pond. One of my most vivid childhood memories is of being left behind when the "big boys" whom I had followed to the wash-hole discovered that they had stayed too long and hurried home to avoid punishment for being late for supper. Frightened, panting and crying to them to "wait for me" I managed somehow to keep the hindmost in sight through Buzzard Woods and the cotton patches, past the plum thicket and the Big Poplar and, finally, to reach familiar ground. Another memory of the same sort dates from being forsaken by the older boys when a heavy thunderstorm came up and having to wade through what seemed to me to be a torrential river. I put my five-year-old feet down into its raging foot-deep flood only because I thought that it was that or a night in a thunderstorm with lions and snakes and bears. I waded safely through and in my new courage and rain-soaked clothes I ran proudly home. Both of these were great adventures. They did more to mould my character than many sermons. They taught me how to act toward danger, and flood and night. Many a time since I have panted hope-

lessly forward to victory, and dared frightening storm-floods to safety.

My fourth and fifth were transition years. Not only did the orphanage boys leave the second floor of the Laundry Building for their nice, new home in Faith Cottage but my father built a house for his little family. The orphanage remained our home. "For some reason," he writes, "I do not take the pleasure in it that I would if it was for some suitable purpose connected with the orphanage." That sentence contains the secret of his life, love of his work more than of himself. Its construction subjected me to the only cruelty I remember to have suffered during all the days of my childhood. Each night just about the time that the sitting room was getting warm in the winter or story-telling hour had been reached in the summer, I was led by one of the children to the new home and put to bed by myself and left alone in a big house. Doubtless the children were instructed to stay with me until I went to sleep but often they didn't do it. A wild cat almost got my next older brother, Dillard, once under similar circumstances and, at the age of five, I had not learned enough zoology to interpret the 'Whoo-oo-oo' of the hooting owl or the strident disputes of the katy-dids and didn'ts. All I could do about it was to grow up as fast and sit up as long and hide out as often as possible.

At first the new house was only a sleeping place but after a while we began to have supper (father, who was a Charlestonian used to call it "tea") there occasionally, then often, then regularly. Many a time I have walked two or three miles to tell Edna to come and cook supper for us. The orphanage suppers were, to use a later phrase, "not so hot" so the waffles and oyster stew (we got them on Saturday nights only, on the five o'clock train from Charleston) and clabber with sugar and nutmeg, with an occasional slice of banana-layer cake, were well worth the extra mileage. Waffles, chicken, eggs, potted ham, canned salmon, sardines and fried chicken with hominy and fresh country butter, and maybe a rabbit in season and turkey once a year, constituted our fare. All of it was ridiculously cheap by modern standards—eggs ten or fifteen cents a dozen and a fat, young hen for two bits, are examples. There were usually eight of us at the table; father at the head, sister and, after she was married, Cleo Patton, our housekeeper, at the foot, the elder brothers up near father, Dill and I opposite each other at the foot and a

couple of orphan girls or visitors between. Table-talk is childhood's best teacher. Many lessons and much sound advice and all of the fundamental wisdoms were mine for the listening. Often, alas, it was a battleground. I remember my most famous retort on one such occasion. My brother States, out of the superior training of six years, had just rebuked me for poor manners and, when some one remonstrated with him for it, had explained: "I hate to see a boy make a hog of himself!" "And I hate to see a hog make a boy of himself!" I quipped. It doesn't seem to me to be very smart now but it brought down the table then, doubtless because I was so small and skinny and States so big and fat. Later, States washed my face in watermelon rinds for my daring. When I had wiped away the juice and pulp he says that I complained: "States, you are very irritating!" These two evidences of intelligence on the part of a boy of seven or eight so impressed him that I never suffered the watermelon rub again. Often I recall another table-talk adventure. My father rebuked me for something and, without thinking, I excused myself by saying: "Well, I'm just a 'chip off the old block.'" I was thoroughly refrigerated as my eyes panorammed the table. But my father finally, after a terrible silence, decided to smile, only. Perhaps his grin was reminiscent in character.

The new home was early the scene of my first choice of my future way of life. One night, just about supper-time, my two older brothers, Ferd and States, got into a fight, back of the Home of Peace. My father was sitting on the front porch. I saw them fighting and immediately told father (only it was Pa in those days) and he stopped it promptly. That night, just as I was about to drop off to sleep I was startled by the sudden appearance of an angry face above me and heard Ferd in a hoarse whisper utter sentiments to the following effect: "You little tell-tale-tit, if you ever tell on me again I'll pitch you out of the window." So far as I can remember that was the first occasion on which I made a decision, under threat of punishment, to cast my fortunes, fate and influence, on the side of ordered government, for he knew and I knew that if it ever happened again I would do it again. From that moment on I was conscious of being a loyal follower of my father's principles, doctrines and ideals. I had made a choice to which I have tried

tenaciously to cling ever afterward, and for which I have received worse than promises of threshings.

My memories of the new home life covering the fourteen years between ages five and nineteen, include the immense pile of odds and ends of lumber left over from the construction job, the torn-up condition of the front yard when we moved in, the rich meat and thin shell of the unusually fine scaly-barks that grew on the tree close to the south wall of the house, the great white oak in the back yard, my beloved pets, our game chickens and the possum that ate a hole in our best hen one night, the delicious peaches from our single tree, the skins of which peeled off perfectly leaving frosted meat for hot and hungry mouths, the strawberry patch of which I have often dreamed, the little bed of incredibly beautiful atamasco lilies that Dill and I transplanted from the bogs of Bush River and of white, blue and variegated violets from the Second Woods, the brown thrasher that sang so ecstatically in the woods back of the house and the mockingbird on the spire of the Baptist Church across the street, the English sparrow's nest in the hollow of the rotten-topped pig-nut tree from which I collected dozens of eggs before I finally allowed them to hatch a brood, the "dark room" my Uncle John Wren used, built in the back yard on each visit to us, in which to develop his negatives, the photograph-gallery my brother Ferd set up on our lot as his first business enterprise, the seats and settles built in the adjacent trees, the delicious taste of "boughten" apples just before we went to bed at ten o'clock, building the fire for father in his bedroom at six o'clock in the morning (and reading my little testament while he read his in Greek and Hebrew) and again before dark in the sitting room library downstairs—what a host of them throng my mind from the far away and long ago!

And just because it was so far away and so long ago to any persons who are likely to read of it, and so utterly different from any life lived anywhere, at any time, on earth I shall attempt a thumb nail sketch of it.

CHAPTER 2.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

WINTER-TIME, six o'clock in the morning, Dill and I asleep in a fireless, attic room, closely fitted into each other for warmth in a quilt-covered bed. No blankets. Father calls: "Dillard! Thornwell!" We mumble an answer, half awake, then go back to sleep again. "Dillard! Thornwell!" a second time, with minatory overtones. We reach for our stockings, pants, and shirt-waists, form a tent under the quilts in which we clothe ourselves, handicapped but warm, light the lamp, put on our shoes, break the ice in the pitcher, pour out the water and streak our faces with it, say our prayers, comb our hair, if we have time and can find a comb and brush, and run over to the general dining-room, eat a breakfast of buck-wheat cakes, molasses, hominy and butter and afterward take a look at the stars. On the way to the chapel father points out any of the planets, or first magnitude stars which are visible. Little things like that make little boys wonder themselves into the infinite and eternal. At Chapel we sing, read the Bible responsively, and recite the Lord's Prayer and ten commandments and the Apostles' Creed, listen to father's instructions, wonder whether the Lord and His people will send us something to eat, and, as the east reddens, march out to our day's work.

Divided into sets, (cook-room, sewing room, house work, laundry, etc.) the girls spend from 7:30 to 11 A. M. at their respective jobs. The boys go to farm or printing office or shoe shop or machine shop, etc., as the case might be. From ten to twelve the primary students go to school. At 12:30 we assemble again for a dinner of vegetable soup, cowpeas and cabbage, rice, a meat two or three times a week and gravy. At two and until five comes school, supper at six, of biscuit and molasses or butter, an occasional glass of milk and the left overs from dinner. Study hour, supervised by the matrons, from seven to nine (prayer meeting on Thursday nights) and back to bed by nine *fifteen*. The printing office was my choice for work and after I *grew into a good-sized boy* I sat up until ten. Looking back on

those days I see that the best part of my early education was contained in my father's conversation at the table and in the sitting room, his daily talks in the chapel and the amazingly educative job of typesetting and reading proof. On Sunday, at nine A. M., we assembled at the Home of Peace and, led by my father, marched nearly a mile to Sunday School and thereafter to church. There was a song and praise service at five o'clock in the afternoon and then we marched back to church for the evening services. I learned my second lesson in astronomy on these Sunday evening marches, how to locate the Big Dipper, the Seven Sisters and the Pole Star. But the principal thing I learned was to love good music, good people and good sermons. Father used to preach historical sermons on Sunday nights. I remember a remarkable series on Moses which excited the whole community and filled the church, even at night. It left on my mind an indelible impression of the honor and glory of being called by God to do a great work and of the certainty of God's being with His chosen agent, to the end. If no one in the whole town had gotten anything out of that series but me, its help, comfort and strength in the fight for Oglethorpe University would have been worth the time, thought and trouble spent on them.

The Orphanage was a complete theocracy. Under my father, the prophet of God, and immediately in charge of the pupils, were the teachers and matrons. Their salaries being board and from ten to twenty dollars per month, all of them were necessarily persons of missionary temperament who cared more for the opportunity of service than for money. This made a surprising difference in the atmosphere of the school. Ministers and missionaries poured out of the institution into the neighboring college, also founded by my father, and thence into theological seminaries. We took to it naturally, never having known any other kind of government or ideals. God was as real a person to us as the President of the United States. We knew of both of them by hearsay only. The President of the United States was always a yankee and generally a Republican but God was one of our own kind. We felt more at home with Him. Furthermore, before I was six years old—or was it five?—I had lived under four presidents, Grant, Garfield, Arthur and Hayes. They changed too fast. (In those days.) God stayed put.

It is an old saying that geography and chronology are the two eyes of history. So they were with mine. Between the years

1882 and 1890 my primary and high school training raced along contemporaneously with the extension of my known world. By the time I had mastered the third reader I could tell you where flying squirrels, owls, buzzards, jenny wrens, partridges, rabbits, snakes, violets and all my other friends and neighbors lived, each in surroundings to his liking. If the woods were the same today I could take you to the big oak where I found the humming bird's nest, to the spot in the open field where I discovered the partridge nest and to the clump of pines where my rabbit gum varied its customers by catching a weasel, to the fen of the jenny wren, to the hollows of the owl and the flying squirrel, to the stream in the Second Woods where the white violets grew, to the black-haw and huckleberry places, to the plum thicket, and to a score of similar spots. I tried to find them the other day. But woods, paths, streams, trees were no more. Like all other beautiful things of my childhood they had gone home to memory.

There were ugly things too: "looking each other's heads" was a frequent act of reciprocity. Bedbugs were a perpetual pest. How I loved to see them sizzle and shrivel in the sun when we put out the mattresses on the hot tin roof. Shooting robins during their spring migration northward was the universal custom of those who had shot guns. I remember our delight in shooting arrows into the hens in the back yard and peppering them with slingshots. Often father had to order our mouths washed out with soap for swearing. Milder rebukes were: "Goody, goody gout! Yo' shirt-tail's out!" A little stronger was: "Grey-eyed greedy-gut, Eat all the world up!" Neighbor Newt Young complained that the boys not only stole the fruit in his orchard but also whistled away Driver and Top (who lied about smelling rabbits) and his other hounds and even whistled away his little 'fice,' Penny, to go rabbit hunting. Often one boy would set rabbit gums and another boy would reap the rabbits. We got terribly hungry between meals so that when black-haws and red-haws and persimmons and muscadines and "peas-and-soupy" berries gave out we wheedled a cold biscuit from the cook-room, punched a hole in it, filled the hole with molasses and forgave all those who had sinned against us. Propaganda about snakes became a science when the plums and muscadines ripened. But on the whole we kept the ten commandments pretty well. Perhaps the foxiest trick ever pulled by any of the boys was when, after a long trek down Bush River and then up a hot, dusty

road, Jim Moffett and my brother Dillard suddenly saw a multitude of cherry trees heavy with rich, ripe, dark, red cherries. Rhett Copeland, the owner, was away but he had left a faithful old negro to guard them. Begging was fruitless, promises of no value. Finally Jim Moffett took the old man aside and whispered: "Uncle Joe, you must not know who that boy is! That's the President's son!" The old darkey looked searchingly at my brother, who was a handsome, blond lad, well grown for his age, modest and well-behaved. Finally he wavered: "Sho nuff?" he asked. "He certainly is!" Jim insisted. "He's come out here all this way and Mr. Rhett's not at home. Mr. Rhett and the President are big friends." "Sho nuff!" the darkey agreed. "If'n he's de President's son I knows Marse Rhett'd want him to have some o' dem cherries!" I still think that was a masterpiece of acquisition by ambiguity, comparable to the lend-lease-lose system of Mr. Roosevelt.

School closed each year with the *Exhibition*, a program of recitations, songs, and short plays, practice for which used to pack the chapel and thrill the students for weeks in advance. Baseball, tops, sling shots were temporarily forgotten. The best part of it was that all of us who had parts were excused from school in order to practice. It was at one of those Exhibitions that I was introduced to Melpomene. It was just before the curtain rose. I was sitting near my father. Suddenly he had a thought that scared me stiff: "Thornwell," he said, "go up on the stage, stick your head through the curtains and say: 'Blessed am dem dat expects nuffin for dey shall not be disappointed!' Say it loud! Don't be afraid." Like the cowboy buried on the Texas plains, I "done my durndest." How much of my speech I said and how much of it they heard I do not know for when the audience saw my tousled little tow-head sticking out between the curtains they didn't wait to hear what I was going to say. They drowned my mistakes with yells and whistles.

After the Exhibition there was no more school till September the first. The good old summer time was the period of social activities. School was out by July first and did not begin again until September first. Half of the children went home for the vacation in July, half in August. In the printing office an accelerated program went into effect. Father told the boys that just as soon as the *MONTHLY* for July and August were printed they were free of work till September. This incentive offer

doubled the amount of work done. All laziness and loafing ended. Voluntary overtime began at once. I thought of these orphan printers the other day when I read of the suspension of some members of a labor union for doing more work than the allowable union average, and of another who was nearly beaten to death by unioners for refusing to "slow down".

It was in the summer that we were allowed to have a party in the Home of Peace, every week or so. We usually washed our faces and combed our hair and substituted our Sunday-go-to-meetin' for our work clothes. The girls wore fresh dresses and let their hair stream loosely down their backs (very entrancing) or trimmed their bangs in front and plaited their hair behind. The games we played were almost all song-games. Snatches of them come back to me as I write: Here is an old English song and pronunciation:

"Here come three hog drovers, hog drovers we are
A-courtin' your daughter so handsome and f'ar (fair.)
Can we get lodgin' here Oh, here? (hyar)
Can we get lodgin' here?"

Doctors, lawyers, preachers, farmers, etc. followed the hog drovers until daughter made her choice and the parents answered:

"You *can* get lodgin' here, oh, here.
You *can* get lodgin' here!"

There were many like the above that must have come over from the folk-plays and songs of Britain. "London bridge is falling down," was certainly one and:

"I put my right foot in. I put my right foot out.
I give my right foot a shake, a shake, a shake,
And I turn my body about.
And a yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, etc."

Also, there was:

"Rise, Sally, rise and wipe your weeping eyes,
And fly to the east and fly to the west,
And fly to the very one that you love best."

Many a time I watched Sally rise and fly and hoped it would

be in my direction, but she would make her happy landing elsewhere. I had better luck with this one:

“Many, many stars are in the sky, as old, as old, as Adam.
Fall upon your knees and kiss whom you please, Your
humble servant, madam!”

Steal partners was a universal favorite. Even now I can hear them singing it:

“Waiting for a partner”
“Now you’re married you must obey. . . . You must do all
that she bids you.”

There was another one, a perpetual break, semi-reel on the same order, that we sang lustily:

“Sweetheart kicked me, chum-chum-a-lu. Sweetheart kicked
me, chum-chum-a-lu
“Sweetheart kicked me, chum-chum-a-lu. Chum-chum-a-lu
my darling.”

Then came:

“Got me another one, chum-chum-a-lu” followed by:
“Better than t’other one, chum-chum-a-lu” and then
“Gone again chum-chum-a-lu.”

Then there were: “Spin the plate,” “Change the kitchen furniture,” “Clap-in and clap-out,” and for outdoors, “Goosey, goosey, gander, Fox and the mander (minder) How many geese you got? More’n you can catch.” Of the same sort was: “Chick-a-ma-chick-a-ma-cran-y-crow. I went to the well for to wash my toe. When I got back my chicken was gone. What time is it, Old Witch?”

Of course Tag and letting the cat die (in the swing) had their hour, also.

Often I think of these old games we used to play. Today they are to be found only in the country districts and up in the mountainous regions of the South. Whether indoors or outdoors they were all home-made. Earliest in the second class, so far as I recall, was blowing fluffy feathers into the air and watching them ascend to heaven, borne on invisible wings. My first wonder about what the skies might contain came to me as one of these little feathers vanished into the unknown empyrean, lost

except to the eyes of faith. "Ant'ny over" probably came second. I still remember the horror of running head-on into the fellow who had caught the ball I had tossed to the other side of the barn. One of my earliest thrills was watching the "hounds" start out after the "fox". Bull-pen was a lot of fun as I grew older: "Sting-a-ma-ree!" "stick it to me!" Town ball was universally played, and, of course, base-ball. The orphanage teams were always good and fought the "Town boys" on even terms from the beginning. Walking on stilts was my delight. They usually were made of young hickory trees with crotches wide enough and strong enough for a boy's foot to fit into them. Sling-shots and bows and arrows were secret weapons and therefore the acme of joy. Spinning tops was a sport I liked. I had an old oak top, victor of many battles, that would zoom and hum and whirl so perfectly that I was offered any price for it up to fifteen cents! Marbles was a universal favorite. The boy who possessed an agate was envied among men. Rolling hoops gave us hours of happiness. "Base" and leap-frog were perennial springs of pleasure. Plain jumping, high and broad, were the vogue after you took your shoes off on April first.

The Big Pond furnished a skating rink (without skates) when it froze over in winter and an area for cockle-burr (supplied by friendly-neutral gum trees) battles in the autumn. Croquet was a girls' game but I played and loved it as a little boy. Tennis was not introduced to Clinton until 1890, the year I entered college. Foot-ball appeared in 1893-4. I introduced the bicycle myself, a little 28" iron wheeled, old-fashioned affair, big wheel in front and small one behind. I was black and blue before I learned how to ride it. The other boys helped me to wear it out quickly. It cost five dollars which I earned by hoeing the grass from the walks in our formal garden and cutting the weeds in the back yard. Later, I bought a second "upright" with solid red rubber tires. Still later the "safety" appeared. My brother Ferd and brother-in-law Will Bailey were among the first to buy them, beautiful "Columbias", as expensive almost as a Ford automobile, today. Our oddest game was hand-scratching. Two boys sat opposite each other and tried to take off the skin of the back of each other's hand, quickly exposed and withdrawn. The biggest fun of all was probably the acting-pole. Chinning the pole, drawing up on your back, whirling around it in many positions and especially "grinding (going round on) your mus-

cle", those were marks of real prowess, distinction and honors. It is astonishing, isn't it, how many different kinds of enjoyable games orphaned children can contrive, enact and enjoy. I revisited the campus of the school a few days ago. Some generous New Yorker had presented a complete set of play-machines that made things look like Coney Island. Doubtless, it was fine for them and certainly it was fine of him but, somehow, I felt sorry to see the old home-made games supplanted. One may be forgiven a little nostalgia over the passing of wooden match boxes, twisted paper lighters for quaint old kerosene lamps and tallow candles, and open wood fires started with "fat kindlin'". Old Ed, the yellow-brown Home of Peace cat, boys with flying squirrels gnawing scaly-barks in their pockets—it seems odd even to think of them as one hears the telephone ring and the radio jazz and some one call: "Let's go to the movie!" But a few things have been saved. Jacks and mumble peg have gone; parchesi, crokinole, "authors" and tiddledewinks are vanishing but chess, and checkers are eternal.

We were singularly lacking in pets. No dogs were allowed on the campus. Boys do not fancy cats. I remember Maggie's pet chicken that fattened on kitchen scraps and flies until Dill's sling shot ended its career. There were no gray squirrels—I recall only one. But the flying squirrels and the calves and the ducks and the turkeys and guineas and the pigeons and the chickens weren't bad substitutes.

We did not have annual visits from Barnum and Bailey-Ringling circus nor from Grand Opera but we did have two good substitutes—Bob Griffin and Blind Tom. Bob was either "teched in de haid" or else was clever enough to appear so to such good advantage that his appearance in Clinton was immediately proclaimed by shouts of boys and girls, barking of dogs and a considerable degree of adult generosity. He was perfectly harmless and always delighted us by cutting up didos, simulating animals and ludicrous antics. The younger children were just enough afraid of him to scream with delight when he made horrible faces at them. His whence and whither were unknown but he "worked" upper South Carolina thoroughly. Once, wreathed in grimaces and winks, he appeared at church and father couldn't start "preaching" until the officers had tolled him away. Then, suddenly, he stopped coming. We never heard whether or where he had died. Everybody grieved.

He was more important to and more beloved by the children than was the Governor of the State.

Blind Tom was a black negro boy—man in my day—who was a musical marvel. The most talented Clinton musician would play the most difficult piece of music in her repertoire. Blind Tom had never heard it before. He would take her place at the piano and play the piece exactly as she played it, including the mistakes. The audience of course would applaud enthusiastically. So would Blind Tom, clapping his hands and, in Clinton, stamping his feet and whistling as his audience did. Take a few moments off from tiring your eyes and try to explain the psychology of these two phenomenal entertainers.

By the age of twelve or thirteen practically all of the orphanage children had joined the church (First Presbyterian of Clinton) of which my father was pastor. There was nothing compulsory about it, only the pressure of the spiritual atmosphere which included enormous quantities of the rare gases of gratitude, duty and holy aspirations. I remember my emotions at the time of my own becoming "one of God's children". The decision was made under a big white oak tree by the gate, opening on the road leading from the first to the second woods. One of the orphanage boys, I think it was Henry Griffin, pretty Gertrude's brother, was with me. (No kin to Bob.) We joined together. I was deeply stirred. The feeling was something like falling in love with a pure, sweet girl. I remember that the session seemed strangely unconcerned that such a wonderful thing was happening to me, and that the congregation sang "*Oh, happy day that fixed my choice*" as a little group of us came up from the Amen corner nearest my mother's grave to be baptized. Since my dear, old grandfather had christened me about ten months after I was born (Dec. 1st, 1877) I was already, constructively, a member of the church, according to the Presbyterian faith. After the ceremony I was a very, very, good boy—for several days.

It was about this time that I gave up smoking, not however on account of my religious experience. Smoking rabbit tobacco, of which the fields were full, started me on my career of weed-lover. A little later some of the big boys would slyly or accidentally expose a bag of Bull Durham and at about the age of nine I began to roll my own. Dill, my next older brother, and I would often steal away to the big water-oak trees on the back

of our father's lot and spend the better part of a Saturday afternoon enjoying the delicious experience of simulating men without danger of being discovered by them. But at the age of thirteen I stood my examinations for entrance to my father's college (Presbyterian College of South Carolina) and Dill told me that if I wanted to make good marks in my classes and save myself from a lot of flunking and my family from disgrace, I had better stop smoking. I stopped short. That was another characteristic decision, as I see it now. It started me on a career. It identified me with the academic as the world of my chief interest. It began as a very narrow little path but it kept broadening. Immediately it joined the hard, straightened way upon which I had entered through the narrow gate and, together, religion and truth, they have led me to what my father used to call my present *stathmos*. Verily, "as a twig is bent so the tree is inclined". Woodrow Wilson used to say that he had a single-track mind. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Few people are so dumb. Quite early I discovered that my own little mind was at least triple-tracked for, in addition to my flairs for education and religion there appeared, shortly, a third, letters. I came home one day after frequent trips to the wash-hole with a splitting headache. It turned out to be "Typhomalarial" fever, according to my physician, Dr. John W. Young. It was the first illness which I distinctly remember, even to the skeleton that reached out to get me as I rode (on a nightmare) into the closet. While convalescing, one of the orphanage girls would stay out of school with me, and would read stories from the *Youth's Companion*. After I recovered, there was left in my soul an ambition to write a story for the *Companion* myself. I chose our backyard as the local setting and my game chickens as the actors. The hero was a brave, beautiful, dashing, spangled, young gamecock. The villain was a dominecker game from a neighboring yard who tried to steal the affections of a robin-breasted, white Pyle pullet, the prettiest bird in the yard. I wrote one and a half chapters before I was confounded by the intricacies of the plot. Also, one of the orphanage girls got hold of the manuscript and such a barrage of ragging followed that I gave it up. Nevertheless, my faith in the possibilities of the story was so profound that when Rostand's *Chanticleer* appeared I considered it an act of pure plagiarism.

For, I still believe that the intimate parallel between the lives

of chickens and men is so definite as to startle any one who will look into the matter. They both begin with invisible genes coming out of the unknown, unseen, unheard world. In their early embryonic life their appearance is so similar as to be indistinguishable. Every muscle, bone, organ and function that one has is possessed by the other. Their basic emotions are the same, love, hate, fear, greed. They work for the same things, enjoy the same things and fight for the same things. Roosters and men crow at the slightest provocation and for the same reasons. Hens and women enveigle and capture their males by the same methods and cackle over the results with the same satisfaction. Cockerels and pullets mature, fall in love, mate and rear their young under the same irresistible urge of nature. They fight over women in the barnyard just as they do in the night clubs. They are afflicted with the same pests and diseases, die in much the same manner and are buried in much the same soil. Both are controlled from germ to grave by a superior Power who furnishes the food and water and shelter. The morale of both is broken when they don't have to scratch for a living, and both fly to the kitchen window for the table scraps whether the sash is lifted by the cook or the commissar.

Also, they differ among themselves in the same surprising manner. There is the Game, contentious, greedy, self-assertive, noisy, aggressive, and the Brahma, placid, easy-going, quiet. There is the hen that sits on the nest every day and cackles loudly but never lays an egg and the modest little pullet that lays a big egg every day and never says a cackle about it. There is the mother who refuses to wean her brood until they are as well feathered and almost as large as she is and her neighbor who turns her brood loose in the barnyard just as soon as they can run wild. There is the hen that wants chickens so badly that she is willing to sit three hot weeks with a fever of 103 degrees and the female that doesn't want any chickens and won't sit at all. And, furthermore, there is as much fun and frolic and laughter and gossip in the henhouse as there is in the country-club.

Such reflections as these almost made me a novelist at twelve. I still think they are good for a best seller or a million dollar movie. If David Selznick wants me to, I'll try it again, provided Disney will help me.

CHAPTER 3.

MOUNTAINS AND EARTHQUAKES.

ABOVE all these little hills that rise above the plain of memory, six great mountain peaks exalt their bright heads—Bell's Pond (about 20 by 30 feet, 2 to 6 feet deep) commonly called the wash-hole, the annual trip to Enoree River and Musgrove mills, Uncle Jim's, James Island, the great earthquake of 1886, and my grandfather's old easy chair.

To get to the wash-hole you waited for Saturday afternoon or some other holiday to come. Immediately after dinner you met your gang at the McCormick House and struck the trail down by the jenny wren's fen, then to higher ground by the owl tree, jumped a little ditch and left the first woods through the gate by the big white-oak tree. Thence you skirted the northern edge of the second woods for three or four hundred yards. Then you cut through the woods, passed the big poplar, and, if it was in the spring, looked for a white violet and stopped to smell the delicious odor of the grandfather graybeard tree, just before you got to the hedgerow about a mile from home. Then you hopped the rail fence and inspected the plum thicket in the cotton patch and came shortly to the sweet-shrub place. Picking some for your pockets, you hurried on to and through Buzzard Woods, and out over another cotton patch to the well of the cabin on the hill. You took a drink from the moss-lined bucket and then you ran through the orchard down to the wash-hole, taking off your clothes before you got there and claimed to be the first to dive in. You swam to the old tree that had fallen across the deep end of the pond, tried to catch a terrapin before they all plunged in, mounted the log, pulled off the leeches from your body and rubbed the dirty water out of your eyes. If you were a little fellow you stuck around the shallower end of the pond where the water was not over your head. If you preferred, you could go "grabbling" in Bush River about a hundred yards to the west, poking your hand, up to your elbow, into the holes along the side of the bank after fish and eels. That was a perilous sport as you sometimes ran across a water moccasin. After it was all over you

gave your body "a shake, a shake, a shake", put on your clothes without benefit of towel, and tramped home, a total trip of from five to six miles. That's how badly little boys wanted to swim. I'm sorry to say they have a modern, cement pool within a hundred yards of the Home of Peace, now, with chlorinated water, bathing suits, and a'-that. The boys don't even know what you mean by the wash-hole and as for the Big Poplar and the plum thicket they "never heard of them." In fact I myself couldn't locate the site of the Big Poplar or of the Ten-teen woods.

You see there were the first woods and the second and even the third and fourth and up to nineteen of them, and off in the far distance, so far that none of us, not even anybody that ever lived had ever entered them, were the Ten-teen woods where all the dreams of little boys came true: rabbits, bird-eggs, muscadines, huckleberries, flying squirrels, apples, plums, oranges, bananas. The farther we went toward those woods, the farther they seemed away. Recently I searched the horizon for them. Not even their dim outline could I see. Perhaps, I have been passing through them for years. Perhaps, those are the woods people have in mind when they say: "I can't see the woods for the trees."

Nine miles from Clinton was the Enoree. It was a shallow river with a rocky bed from one to three hundred feet wide. Its water was clear, except after rains and it had no beaches. It was mostly too shallow to swim in and the rocks were jagged but there was an old flour mill and a fine mill pond with a bank shaded by sycamore trees under which the farmers fed their stock. "The House on the Hill", familiar to all readers of *Horse-Shoe Robinson* was and still is standing. Mary Musgrove, of Revolutionary fame, is buried near by and beautiful Horseshoe Falls are a tributary stream just across the river. It was quite a romantic spot but, like Gallio, "Thornwell cared for none of these things", in those days.

After three or four years of begging, father finally permitted me to make the trip to Enoree, provided I would not "go in" and would do exactly as Mr. Watts said. The farm boys had two wagons at our front door by two o'clock in the morning. I was dressed and downstairs by the time they arrived. We rumbled through the dark streets of sleeping Clinton and on out past Mr. Kit Young's, down the long red, ruddy (and in rainy weather almost impassable) road to Duncan's creek in the quicksands

of which a whole wagon and a pair of mules once had disappeared. Passing its swamps we soon emerged at the old Byrd place and rattled down the still longer and redder hill to the river. All this time, except while in town, we had been talking, laughing, yelling, waking up farmers, barking back at their excited dogs and even claiming to know the names of a star or two. It was great sport for the boys but hell on the neighborhood. And yet we wondered why father wouldn't permit but one such trip a year!

Once arrived at the mill, some of the older boys made a fire, prepared the coffee and unpacked the bread basket carefully, reminding the ravenous youngsters that something had to be saved for dinner. When breakfast was over, everybody rushed for the mill-pond. All went in together, stark naked and nobody said anything about it. If a farmer's daughter rode to mill on a mule loaded with sacks of wheat or corn she hitched at a discreet distance and sent word to the miller. He didn't mind. He had been a boy himself. In fact, if business was slack, he dived in with us.

After a full day of it, warned by the sun and the blisters on our backs, we hitched up again and began the long two-hour journey home. Even that was lots of fun. There was still enough pep left to alarm the neighbors, unless a rain came up, as it not infrequently did. Usually we got home in time for supper and no one had to tell us it was bedtime.

Not long ago I went back to the scene of these happy outings. The mill dam had broken and the mill, long ago, had been swept down the river by a flood. The old bridge went with it. The sycamores were uprooted and died. Even the road from the Byrd place to the old bridge was abandoned. From a beautiful, new, cement highway which crossed the river a half mile below the dam, I caught glimpses of the stream, beautified by Horseshoe Falls. There I used to stand and gaze long at the road winding northward ever into the distance. Often I used to wonder what lay beyond the river and the bridge and the falls. It won't be long before I shall know. Of one thing I am sure: it can't be very bad, considering Who made it.

When I think of my old home the first thing that comes to mind is the front yard. Nowadays the space between the street and the typical American house is open and landscaped with green grass, shrubbery and driveways. Not so was it of old. The poor people swept all the grass away with fagot brooms, leaving the

space in front of the house as bare as a floor. Grass in the front yard was as much a reflection upon the house-keeper as in the garden. But among the better class a formal front garden was customary.

Our house lot was 200 by 400 feet in size. In front, facing the big road (Broad Street, now) was the front yard, about 50 by 100 feet in dimensions. It was inclosed in a board fence, white-washed each spring. You entered from the street through a front gate which was kept closed by weights, hung on a chain. A Euonymus hedge bounded the walk from the front gate to the front steps. It was a rich, perpetual green except for a week or so one April when a late blizzard froze every bud, leaf and flower and blackened the entire landscape. To the left and right of the walk was the formal garden, two sets of flower-beds, each with a circular bed in the center and four triangles pointed toward it. The beds were bordered with thrift, a low-growing pink phlox, and separated by walks, the grass of which Dill and I scraped off with a hoe, each spring. Near the fences in front and on the two sides were parallelogram-shaped beds, three or four feet wide.

My sister had charge of selecting and planting the flowers and she did a very good job of it, I thought. There were no boxwoods to play in as in the Home of Peace garden, no gorgeous weigela bush, but there was a moss-rose overgrowing the front gate, two young magnolia trees, a beautiful peony bush, many touch-me-nots, zinnias and johnny-jump-ups and old-fashioned pinks and roses in abundance. Also, there was a hot competition perpetually active between our fragrant tube-roses and Carolina jessamines. There was a woodbine vine (we called it honeysuckle) and a lovely pink and white deutzia. On Sister's flower stand on the front porch was my joy and pride, a little Otaheite orange tree that actually blossomed and bore oranges. Crowing on the fence near the stile, usually, was my sister's bantam rooster. Once I shot a rock at him and, to my dismay, it hit him plump in the head. He fell to the ground and I fled, conscience-stricken, in the opposite direction to the orphanage campus. Hours later, when I stole gingerly back home, there he was again crowing defiantly on the very same spot! Nevertheless, it was years before I dared to tell my sister, or any one else about it.

Today everything is changed on the old lot as on all of the

other lands of the world. The front yard garden has vanished completely. Only the two magnolia trees remain. Fence, gate, stiles, thrift, hedge, roses—all have gone! Even the old home is no more—moved to another lot a block away to make way for a modern Presidentium. Even the backyard is unrecognizable: no pump, no poultry house, no hen nests nailed to the trees, no strawberry nor “mush-melon” patch nor fence around them, no backy-house, no wood-pile, no orchard—only an old tree or two, identified by the skillful eye of affectionate memory. It startles and depresses and sickens lovers of the permanent, the stable and the enduring. There ought to be a law against changing anything. Even the chicken coop and the white lily bed and the violet patch where the black snake nearly scared Dill and me to death—do memories have no rights? I listened for the brown thrasher and for the mocking bird atop the spire of the Baptist church, just opposite—in vain. So, stranger that I was, I gave the old white oak a hug and slunk shamefully away. The place that had once known me knew me no more.

In the summer of 1885 I had an unforgettable experience, a trip to James Island, to visit my grandfather who, though nearing eighty, was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church there. I was only eight years old. One afternoon in early July, we took the Richmond and Danville train for Laurens. Hitherto my closest approach to a railroad train was in watching it from a chicken coop in the backyard as it came into the clear after leaving the station, and in counting the number of box cars that preceded the passenger coach. So, when the colossal, gigantic, enormous engine rolled horrendously into the station scarcely ten feet from where I was standing, drawing a half dozen box-cars and a passenger coach, I quivered from head to foot. I remember its ruffed, barrel-shaped smoke-stack, its serrated collar, its giant wheels, its hot, wheezing breath, its gleaming brass belts, its stupendous body. Truly everything is relative for that little engine was a tiny, pitiful thing by the side of today's stumpiest little runt on the sorriest branch line of a fourth-class railroad.

Nevertheless, by night-fall we had attained our goal, nine miles away, at Laurens, where my Aunt Sallie lived. We spent the night there and the next morning and afternoon hurried onward to Augusta. That was a much longer journey, fifty or

sixty miles, so we spent a whole day at it. Augusta was an enormous city of ten to fifteen thousand population and I was prepared for surprises but not for the one I got. For the water at the hotel and everywhere in the place was red with mud, horribly undrinkable to the little country boy who had ventured away from home for the first time. That, or something else, made me sick, and all that consoled me were the antics of the brakemen who rushed back and forth past my seat (I was on the left hand side, close to the door) to turn on the brakes when the engineer whistled for them.

We left Augusta early, for we were to travel all the way to Charleston that day, by Yemassee. The name sticks in my memory. It turned out to be, not another great city with wash-hole water—thank God—but a place where we could see another train! That night, sure enough, we got to Charleston. We must have been a queer-looking little group, three stepping-stone tow-heads led by an elder brother, as we made our way to the Battery. Arrived within sight of the bay, I got the fright of my life, two gigantic white lions crouched to spring at me. It took all of Ferd's eloquence and States' laughter to persuade me that they weren't real. Like everything else in Charleston they are still there.

For a long time we sat on a bench at the Battery waiting for Ferd to find a boarding house in which we could spend the night. When he finally returned, I was too sleepy and tired to note or care where or when it was. But I remember the row over to the island the next morning and the buggy-ride to grandpa's, and the big house on stilts, and the sound, and the bay, and the fiddlers.

We must have spent nearly two months in paradise that summer, rowing, fishing, memorizing the psalms, loading water-melons and taking quinine. And eating fish—my grandfather's plate contained a complete skeleton after the meal was over, not a bone broken and not the tiniest particle of flesh or skin! Reese, the skillful colored boy, made us a little sail boat, a foot or two long, with real sails and rudder and we delighted in it daily until a stiff breeze blew it out into the sound. Once we sailed and rowed over to the lighthouse. Ferd gathered many varieties of fish for the museum where they probably are still pickled in their alcohol. We were shown the bayonet holes in the front door made by soldiers during *The War*. There was

much talk of storms but no damage was done. I learned what tides were and why, and how to eat a shrimp, and to catch a fiddler. Finally the hour came to go home. We must have gotten back without incident for I don't remember a thing about it.

A year or so ago I re-visited James Island for the first time in over a half century. It was a three and a half hour run by auto between the same Clinton and the same Charleston. The old house was still standing, bayonet holes and all. A Mr. Seabrook still lived next door where they had loaded the sailboat with watermelons, one night. You could still see St. Michael's from the side porch. There also was the light house. I looked for my beloved fiddlers. They, likewise, were there. But since my visit the impact of World War II has struck Charleston. From a practically stationary population of 60,000 the city has now attempted to house and feed nearly 200,000! It's a terrible comedown for our lovely old Rothenburg.

Uncle Jim's was a paradise of a different sort. He was the youngest brother of my mother. When the war came he was about ten or twelve years old. Just as soon as he could do so he ran away to join the army. Luckily he came back safely. After the death of my grandfather Dillard he took charge of the ancestral plantation, *Coldwater*, and ran it during the years of my boyhood. He was a big, six-foot, sandy-haired, Scotch-Irishman with some of the blood of Stephen D'Illard, Huguenot, who fled France for the north of Ireland, in his veins. He was tender-hearted to a fault with "Mary's children" and put up a gruff front to the world. I can still hear him, standing on the stoop which was a large enough porch for our three and his seven, saying: "No, you can't go! The sun, moon and stars may vary but your Uncle Jim never varies." And then, when Aunt Irene gave him a reproachful look, "When have you got to leave?" I never held but one thing against him. He wouldn't let me eat as many apple pies as I wanted. But even there Aunt Irene would intervene successfully with her: "Now, Jim, let the boy have what he wants. It won't hurt him," and the upper half of the table would revolve until the pie was just above my plate. That old-timey revolving table was a perpetual marvel to me as was also the courage and sauciness of the flies that rode on the fly-fan no matter how tightly we wound it. But the chief feature of the place was a cold, free-gushing spring, with a real live spring-lizard in it, "to keep it clean," at the bottom of a steep

hill to the rear of the house. The Big House itself was of the type so familiar all over the lower South, approximately 25 by 50 feet with a passage-way in the middle, a "parlor" on the right as you enter and Uncle Jim's bedroom (which was also the living room) on the left. Upstairs, two large rooms, one for boys, one for girls. The kitchen was ten or fifteen feet to the rear and was reached by a covered porch. Chickens, pigs, horses, mules, cows, guineas, and even a marvelous game cock were supposed to be in the rear but usually were all over the place. There was a big scuppernong vine on one side of the house and some bee hives to keep away from in the weeds near the front fence. The carriage house was to the right of the private road which led through a large orchard to the Big Road nearly a mile away. From the front porch, good eyes could distinguish the mail man's buggy as he passed by three times a week, and some one was always ready to go and get the *Laurensville Advertiser*, and a chance letter or two.

Over at Ora about six or seven miles away there lived another Uncle, Perroneau Hunter. We and every one else, called him Perrynew. He had married my mother's sister, Eliza, but now had a second wife, so only the children were blood-kin to us and Uncle Jim was always afraid that we would wear our welcome out. We had wonderful times there, too. It was there that I learned to plow cotton and play seven up. Uncle Perroneau took the *Weekly News and Courier*, which delighted me because I could keep up with the Southern League baseball scores of which my Charleston was at that time a member-team. The house was almost a perfect replica of Uncle Jim's, down to the feather-beds and water-bucket shelf by the side door. Uncle Perroneau's had a spring-house for keeping milk and meat, and Uncle Jim's a sawmill and both had lots of boys and girls to play with. What wonderful vacations they were!

Recently I drove out to both the farms. At Uncle Perroneau's I found his eldest son, Oscar, still farming the old place and trying to make a living under the added handicaps of the New Deal. Uncle Jim's was in ruins. Like most of the old farms in that part of South Carolina it had first been rented to Negroes and then abandoned. Deprived of cheap, slave labor and bled white by the tariff and the other discriminatory laws, their owners had left them for the cities and rapidly developing cotton mill towns. Literally scores of such abandoned farm houses still stand in

upper South Carolina, some of them ravaged by fire, others gaunt, unpainted, lonely monuments to the ease with which inept governments can destroy a civilization. "Our Enemy, the State" has wrought its evil will upon them as it is now smothering with its baleful influence the individual initiative and freedom of enterprise of its other citizens.

It was during the summer following our trip to James Island that the most terrifying event of my boyhood occurred. Father was off on his first trip to Europe and Sister and Ferd were also away. It fell to States, fifteen, and Dill, thirteen, and me, nine, to sleep in and guard our house. By an odd coincidence we had lost the key to the front door and there seemed nothing for us to do but make a pallet between the door and the steps leading to the second floor. This we did, having for protection a baseball bat. We had hardly fallen asleep (States nearest the front door, Dill nearest the steps and I in the middle) when we were awakened by a terrible racket that seemed to come from the third floor. It sounded as if giants were slapping clapboards together or kicking all the doors down and rattling the windows, or as if they were lifting the roof off and slamming it down just for fun. We listened, scared nearly to death. Finally the noise died down. Then States whispered: "It's burglars! Dill, you go up and light the passage lamp." Obedient Dill started up the staircase. He had gotten halfway to the landing when, suddenly, the clatter started again, louder than ever. Terrified, Dill reversed his direction with a sliding, jumping, tumbling movement down the steps. States, sure that the burglars were after him brandished his bat, slammed open the front door and fled to the front porch. Dill and I were at his heels. Once arrived outside we heard a mighty commotion in the front yard of the Home of Peace, next door. The whole family of girls had poured out on its lawn and were screaming and crying in fright. Suddenly, I knew what it was and States says I remarked: "Aw, pshaw! It ain't nothin' but a earthquake!"

That is all it was, the great earthquake that devastated Charleston and kept the whole Atlantic Coast quivering intermittently for weeks. Ferd had opened up a picture gallery i. e. he had become a commercial photographer and had erected a little shop in the northeastern corner of our lot. Business was not so brisk, however, but that we could find time to play chess. The board was usually on a table, outside, in the yard. It gave me a strange

sense of insecurity to have the king and queen and bishops and knights and even the little pawns suddenly begin to scrape and bow to each other and dance off the chessboard. I shouldn't have been more disturbed if Mrs. Liddell, our most powerful and savigrous school teacher, had taken me by the shoulder and given me a good shaking or if another one of those chasms in the earth that took Korah, Dathan and Abiram down to Sheol had suddenly opened up for me.

Mr. Tom Scott, handy jack-of-all-trades, had gone to sleep that night on the second floor of the little wooden laundry building in which the boys had once slept, confident that Kit, the unruly mule, would not be able to break a very strong rope and chain halter that he had used to hitch her to the corner of the house, just below his window. He woke up suddenly when every board in the house began to slap-bang. For a moment he didn't know what to make of it. Then he remembered! He rushed to the window, slammed up the sash and yelled:

"Whoa, Kit!"

Which became a proverb at the orphanage. We laughed at Mr. Scott about it once—only once!

This Tom Scott was a character that Dickens would have chuckled over. He was a bachelor, a few years younger than my father. So far as we could learn, he came from London. How he lost his thumb he would never say beyond telling me when I was four or five years old that it came off one day while he was sucking it just as mine would do if I didn't take it out of my mouth. Also, when he saw me one day, with a pin in my mouth, he had an uncle who had swallowed a paper of pins and every time he scratched a bump on his body a pin came out! In the earliest years of the orphanage, he would go on begging trips, taking me with him occasionally. We would sometimes be gone a week. Usually we returned with a wagon full of food, vegetables, chickens, meal, flour and perhaps a pig or calf or some farm equipment. In later years he used to delight in teasing me about my astonishment at seeing "the woots wun all over the woad." My brother States also had tongue-trouble when he was little and had to change from "twee" to "big bush".

After one of my father's sermons he had come up to the pulpit and said: "My name is Tom Scott, put me to work for the Lord". He became the Jack-of-all-trades at the Orphanage. Out of a meagre salary he saved eighty or ninety percent and gave it back

to the institution. Not having received much of an education and having his evenings to do nothing in, he became an inveterate reader of good books. He played a large part in organizing the Eukosmian Literary and Debating Society and gave it most of the books of its library. He "loved" turkey hash and hominy above all foods; would buy a big Tom, have it cooked and all of it cut up for turkey hash. His dining room was the open air just outside the kitchen door of Memorial Hall. I am glad that he was sitting there when I bade him goodbye on my way to Princeton.

Across the road, perhaps forty feet away, on the side porch of the Bee Hive (Laundry) was the dining room of "Mr. Scott's niggers." It was only recently that I learned from reading such "race" papers as the *Pittsburgh Courier* that the word "n—r" was like the Jews' word for Jehovah, unspellable, unpronounceable and unspeakable. Poor white trash, only, are now supposed to say nigger. Ordinary white people say and write negro. Well-bred and well-educated men and women everywhere say and write Negro. Mr. Scott's niggers were a precious lot of scamps but all of us children were fond of them. To my delight and pride Al Wilson, the driver, took me with him on many a glorious wagon ride. Frank Hunter, the painter, was Mr. Scott's special pride. "General" was man-of-all-work. So far as we knew he never had any other name. Among them was Aus McClintock's son, whose promise to bring me one of his father's game hens taught me the meaning of the text: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Occasionally when a new building or other special work required it, other "hands" appeared. Chief among these was the gentlemanly, industrious and capable Willis (Williams was his last name, I believe) the stone-cutter. Hour after hour his chisel chipped the granite sills for the windows and the steps and the doors of the buildings. An ordinary nigger, negro, Negro hand got fifty cents per day in Clinton during the eighties and the nineties but Willis made and earned \$1.50 or even \$2.00, as much as "Commodore Stone," the best white carpenter in town. Nevertheless the other Afro-Americans wouldn't learn his trade. They called it "breathin' scabs."

When I went away to Princeton I lost track of those old friends. One by one they disappeared. In later years, when a new building was to be put up Willis was sent for but he couldn't come. Constant breathing of the granite dust had given him "lung

trouble", doubtless silicosis to the modern doctor. But I never go home and walk around the orphanage campus that I don't hear his steady chip, chip, chip. He was among those fine workmen "Who gave us beauty for a crust of bread", as my friend Anderson Scruggs would put it.

Life in Clinton was enlivened every Friday (with frequent exceptions) by the appearance of the *Clinton Gazette* whose editor, owner, publisher, typesetter, pressman, circulation and advertising manager and repertorial force was W. J. Dendy. Well-liked and witty he became famous also by one of the most widely unread editorials in the history of American journalism. On this particular Friday of the week after there was an unmisleading editorial. It began: "This is the way the editor feels and looks after a week's drunk." Then followed a column of pied type, i. e. (for the benefit of those unacquainted with printing office lingo) type jumbled together like this: AlxcDp&2mY&cg-ZvL&c. It expressed conditions and emotions so inchoate that they could not be put into words and, being so regarded by sympathetic editors all over the States as expressing perfectly the things they had so often felt and tried to say and couldn't, Wade Dendy's name became the synonym for precise and effective use of journalistic English. Thereafter, as Frank Stanton would say, when Wade "drinked his dram, he smacked his mouf".

"Pitchfork" Ben Tillman, farmer, governor and senator, visited Clinton occasionally and when my father honored me with an introduction to him on one such visit he noticed my two names with a wise admonition: "Emulate them, my son. Don't simulate them." While over in Clinton recently an eminent citizen who was then a Western Union telegraph delivery boy told me that on another occasion he had delivered a telegram to Tillman. It was from his wife and was marked "collect." Tillman, he said, took the telegram, read it and handed it back to the lad, who called his attention, the second time to the charges and asked to be paid the amount.

"Let the old hussy pay for it herself," Tillman, he said, retorted.

Woodrow Wilson used to say that the quickest way to make a statesman out of a radical reformer was to elect him to office, the responsibilities of which would soon teach him what ought not to be done and what ought not to be attempted. Tillman began his political career as a routin', tootin', rip-roarin' radical

reformer, kept the confidence of his following and finally became a conservative statesman. He is the author, so far as South Carolina knows, of the famous statement: "There are three kinds of lies: plain lies, damned lies and statistics."

The time that I spent in "our" house was readily divisible into four parts. Before supper I was in the kitchen, during supper in the dining room, after supper in the living-room-library and from ten P. M. to 6 A. M., upstairs in my third floor bedroom. When supper was over we always moved back our chairs and father read a passage from the Scriptures, usually from the Psalms, and offered a prayer when we had knelt by our chairs. Out of all those thousands of prayers I cannot today remember a single petition or phrase but I know that they are part of the warp and woof of my character. Then we adjourned to read and study in the library, around an open wood fire. There we talked, when my father talked, and we read (or whispered) when he read.

In this room there was a chair which played a very large part in the lives of four generations of our family. My grandfather either made it or had it made, probably the former as he was very handy with carpenters' tools. It consisted of a simple wooden frame covered with soft, tough, greyish cloth, with no arms on the side. Its back was inclined about forty five degrees from the perpendicular. How long grandpa had it before he gave it to my father I do not know, but it must have dated at least from his Charleston, perhaps from his Yorkville residence. When I first became conscious of it, it was already strictly taboo for little boys. In fact, no one else except father ever sat in it. When I grew older and was sure he was not going to walk into the room any minute, I would sometimes venture to read in it, sitting frontways, or to loll over it, facing backward, as I did once when I was compelled to stay in the house for a few days on account of the mumps. When I became interested in Jules Verne, I read most of his prescient stories in it, during the mornings while my father was at work in his office. But generally and universally speaking, it was a sacrilege for anyone other than its owner to sit in it. Whenever I run across the word taboo I think of that chair. That was why I never ceased to respect the greatness of my grandpa. When he passed eighty he gave up his church on James Island and went to live with his daughter, my Aunt Mamie, in Nashville, Tenn. Each summer he would come to

visit his beloved son, Willie, my father, and immediately an incredible thing happened. Not only did "Willie" give up his cool, southeast corner bedroom to Grandpa but *mirabile dictu* he gave up his chair, his throne, to him, also! In fact, Grandpa had just about all of the first fruits of all our increase from a nice toddy before breakfast to—the chair.

It was while seated in this chair, smoking his pipe and reading his Hebrew or Greek Testament that he defined, without knowing it, the future course of my life by telling me stories of the good, old times before the war. Among them was one which did not seem to be of any great importance at the time, but which, once told, immediately sank its roots deep into my memory. He had once been the Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at old Oglethorpe University, then located on Midway Hill, just outside of Milledgeville, the Capital City of the State of Georgia. On one occasion he described its campus and especially the Main building which "contained the finest college chapel in the United States not excepting Yale or Harvard or Princeton!" There was an orrery by which he illustrated the motions of the sun and its planets. I was entranced with that orrery and with the great Doric pillars of that Main building and with Lanier and his flute heard on a still summer night as far away as Milledgeville if played on the cupola of the "main" building. Once I said:

"Grandpa, when I get to be grown up I want to go to Oglethorpe College."

"No, my boy," he answered, "You will never stand on the Oglethorpe campus."

Often I think of that chair and of its close association with our family. It has been a sort of Ark of the Covenant to us. At present, 1944, it is worthily possessed by Dr. William Plumer Jacobs, my eldest brother's eldest son and great-grandson of its original owner. It, like the Ark of the Covenant of old, seems to carry a blessing to the house that extends hospitality to it. William, as we know him, is the President of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina and is sometimes spoken of as the "First Citizen of South Carolina."

CHAPTER 4.

COLLEGE YEARS .

MY FATHER, in his diary, under the date of March 15, 1886, his forty fourth birthday anniversary, writes:

“This day by the goodness of God I was enabled to set in order the Presbyterian College of Clinton, South Carolina. At nine thirty A. M., in the presence of eighty or more students and six teachers I offered the first prayer ever offered in the house and solemnly gave it to the Lord.”

The building was on the southeastern corner of the Orphanage campus which had been cut off by a board fence and devoted to higher education. It cost about \$5,000. Recently destroyed by fire, it would cost about \$25,000 to reproduce it, today. During the preceding September the front wall had caved in while it was still under construction but two stone pillars from the old court-house at Laurens now upheld it firmly and had carried it safely through the earthquake. It was about 50 by 60 feet in size, three and a half stories high and was of stone rubble and brick construction with wooden-shingled roof. President Kennedy lived on the first floor. In the eight class rooms of the second and third floors the college work was done and a gymnasium was located in the attic floor, effective in 1891. During the summer of 1890 when I was thirteen and the orphanage was fifteen years old, in company with Fred Happoldt, one of the orphanage boys, I took my college entrance examinations, principally in Latin and Mathematics, and by grace of Professor Long was admitted to the freshman class. Fortunately, my sister had done a very good job in teaching me the vicissitudes of *amo*. Mrs. Fuller had faithfully compelled me to face the hardships of the three Rs instead of watching the jaybirds build their nest in the peas-and-soupy tree just outside the window and Mrs. Liddell, who taught us always to accent dandelion on the de, had shown me the reasons why a-b should be investigated. Nevertheless, I have always remembered that there was a big campaign on for a hundred students in 1890-1 and that my father was founder of the college and president of the Board of Directors.

When college opened in September I was right there, standing in front of the building with the other students, asking Dill what to do, and waiting for "school to take in". Since the last session there had been a complete change of faculty. President Kennedy had died. I remember him as a tall, dignified, kindly brunette with heavy side-whiskers, wearing spats and a long-tailed coat in which latter respect he and father were unique in Clinton. He frequently arrived a little early for the College Association meeting, held usually in our library, to talk things over with my father and to brag about his flock of white leghorns. I remember clearly only one thing he ever said: "Give a rascal enough rope and he'll hang himself." Obviously, ropes, colleges and rascals were pretty much the same then as now. But I have often grown impatient over the length of time and rope required.

Another member of the faculty who had left was Professor Stevenson whom I remember as the best tenor in town and as having the longest red mustache. He boarded with Mrs. Young and every Sunday night he would escort her and her son, little Elmore, to church, leave them in their pew, and then go up to the front bench to make up the other half of the choir. My friend and examiner, Professor Long, had gone, also, and Professor W. J. Martin had left for Davidson, to head the Science Department and later to become its President. In their stead came three young men just out of college. One of them, John I. Cleland, A. B., of Centre College, was to be our President and occupy a couple of professorial benches and direct the gymnasium work. Another, Professor D. Manton Frierson, was to head the English and Science departments and pitch for the baseball team. The third, Professor Almond Edwin Spencer was to teach Greek, French and Book-keeping and, with my brother Ferd, to introduce tennis into Clinton. All three of them did great jobs. They were young, enthusiastic, well educated and deeply interested in illuminating our night. A fourth newcomer was my eldest brother, Ferd, who had spent a year in Princeton Seminary and two in Columbia and who had been elected to the professorship of Biblical and Religious Literature and to the tough, thankless job of raising money to supplement the meager salaries of the professors and to erect some buildings on the new campus, about half a mile away. As a member of the faculty, also, I count Miss Marie McCaslin who actually taught me to paint or at least to look on appreciatively while she did the work.

Also, she taught me how to recognize burnt umber, both in the studio and in many later landscapes of life. Somewhere on earth there are a half dozen of my masterpieces. I lost track of them after I delivered them to father in an endeavor to show him that his money had not been spent in vain. He looked at them sympathetically but seemed to remain unconvinced.

Having his little college in mind, father had written, five years before: "One despairs after he has seen Oxford!" Often I compare that reaction with the comment of my friend, John W. Bowman, Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, with whom I once stood before one of the Oxford buildings after a two day inspection of the colleges. "They are nothing but a pile of junk!" he exclaimed, and continued his dream of his Pittsburgh skyscraper. Actually, however, colleges, whether old or young, big or little in body, are invisible in their real values. "*Es ist der geist der sich den koerper baut.*" The little college which I began to attend that September morn was already "accrediting" itself, turning out able, well-educated men in proportion to its size, wealth and attendance, in numbers truly amazing, just as if it were a member of the Southern Accrediting Association. A college education really is "that which remains after all that the student learned has been forgotten." Boys who were to become distinguished physicians and lawyers, renowned educators and ministers, and successful business leaders were entering and being graduated with each class. He had given it to God, baptized in "blood, sweat and tears." Men who could stand that kind of baptism were already returning that kind of spirit to the world.

As I look back on the subjects I studied, they seem definitely related to the life I was to lead or perhaps, better, the life I was to lead seems definitely related to the subjects I studied. Latin, Greek, mythology and mathematics gave me a taste of the past. English, civics, book-keeping and German added a flavor of the present and physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, mineralogy and meteorology advised me of the taste my future would have. In one respect our little college was like Harvard when its most famous President, Charles W. Elliott, was a student there; it had no chemistry laboratory, nor any other kind, for that matter. Nor library. But my father's library numbered three or four thousand well-selected volumes and he had a three-inch telescope available to all star-lovers and the orphanage had an excellent assortment of minerals, originating from a private collection my

grandfather had made while he was a professor at Old Oglethorpe.

President Cleland was quite an Adonis. Inspected on the stage each morning, recording absences, his excellent posture, auburn mustache, rotund face, pink cheeks, perfect tonsure and well-fitted clothes gave him a fine atmosphere of importance. He would never conduct the chapel exercises, read the Bible or pray. He left that to the other members of the faculty and, perhaps partly for that reason, his trenchant chapel speeches carried great weight with the students. He presided over the primary departments, i. e. he kept study-hour for them in his room on the southwest corner of the third floor as thoroughly as a well-heeled game cock keeps the peace in an unruly barnyard. He taught an amazing number of subjects, all of them well: logic, psychology, philosophy, Latin and government were some that I took under him. He introduced me to the *Odes* of Horace for which I bear him in grateful remembrance. Often, when all else fails, I put myself to sleep reciting:

*Non enim gazae neque consularis
Lictor summovet miseros tumultos
Mentis et curas, lacqueata circum tecta volantes.*

The thin, earnest, features of Professor Frierson contrasted startlingly with the chubby, baby-pink face of the president. He couldn't have weighed much over 135 pounds but he was all man. He was one of the best baseball pitchers in the really amateur competition of the then college world and in the gymnasium, while not so graceful as Cleland, he was fully as effective. In spite of his size he spread himself over several benches in the classroom: English, mathematics, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, astronomy, geology were among the subjects in which he gave me instruction. It was while I was taking astronomy that my father put in my hands one of the great books of all time: Camille Flammarion's *Popular Astronomy*. For facts, vision, human interest and spiritual inspiration, it has few equals. It gives you the kind of feeling that you would have hearing Charles Darwin and Jesus Christ talk things over.

Professor Spencer was of an entirely different type from the other two, quiet, gentle, thoughtful, no hunter like Frierson nor Ganymedes like Cleland but he could certainly tell you why you stumbled over Greek roots. For something like forty-five

years now he has been teaching a Bible class in Sunday School. So far as I know tennis was his only exercise but he was methodically good at that. He was a strict marker and I took Greek under him in a day when there was no aspirin available.

My brother Ferd introduced me to the world of Biblical and Religious literature: Flint's Theism which I loved, Calderwood's Moral Philosophy on which I broke many a tooth, Janet's Ethics which I suffered, and commentaries on various books of the Bible which seemed to me to be a species of religious dissipation, considering what I went through during the week of orphanage Sundays. Also, he gave me an excellent start in Hebrew and put into my mind the ambition to go to Princeton for which I have never ceased to thank him.

If personal conduct is any large part of an excellent college education, then P. C. surely excelled. During the four years of my undergraduate work I recall only a fight or two in the dormitories or boarding houses, only a case or two of cheating on examinations, little real cursing and no immorality. P. C. was the first co-educational college in the state. During the class intermissions in the spring and autumn the girls segregated themselves on one part of the campus and the boys appropriated the remainder. But there was very little idle time. We carried heavy loads. So did the faculty. That was before the educational labor unions had made it a sin for a professor to work, and when a college was "accredited" by its product rather than by its endowment.

In the northwest corner of the second floor of the college was the Eukosmian Literary Society's hall. That Society was the delight of my academic days and I am confident was of more value to my after life than many college courses. It met every Friday night. My father, who kept me near the family fireside, of evenings, except Sundays when I was due in Mr. Phinney's pew, never questioned my going early and staying late, often till after eleven o'clock if the query was specially interesting on the debating arena. He paid my fees with a smile and constantly inquired about the program, remembering doubtless, his own beloved Chrestomathic in old Charleston College thirty years before.

It was during one of these debates that I perpetrated the worst *faux pas* of my whole life, to date, innocently but with dire results. The query was: "Resolved that money is the root of all

evil." I was on the negative. When my time came I swept aside our opponent's labored efforts to establish a universal affirmative by the soundly logical method of citing a generally recognized exception. Unfortunately, I chose an inadmissible although incontrovertible illustration, or rather, the idea rushed irresistibly into my mind and automatically found expression in the observation that every man knows that the root itself is a source of a great deal of evil, perhaps more than money. Before I could elaborate the argument the house was in an Ephesian uproar. The usually sedate silence of the audience was broken with howls of gargantuan laughter. Little serious me had suddenly, innocently, and unintentionally become an exhibit triple-A humorist.

Overcome by the unexpected effect of a remark that had slipped out as undesignedly as my retort to States that I hated to see a hog try to make a boy of himself and as inevitably as Professor Frierson's plumping Clinton's fattest negress squarely in the middle when he was learning to ride a bicycle, I hardly knew whether to count myself a hero or a villain until I happened to look over toward the monitor's desk. His visage was grim and he was writing ominously. I knew what that meant but it was even worse. When he made his report at the close of the meeting, sure enough out it came: "T. Jacobs fined fifty cents for language unbecoming a debater." That meant the end of my debating career. Fifty cents was more money than existed in my bank. I dared not ask my father for it. That would mean the end of me. There was nothing else to do but appeal the case to the house which usually doubled the monitor's fines. But this time they were sympathetically inclined. The fine was halved and then, when I explained that that was like saying you needn't jump to the moon, just jump half-way, they reduced it to a dime. I searched all my pockets hopefully, turned them wrong side out for proof and finally offered my next Sunday's missionary nickel plus an almost new lead pencil the virtues and values of which I extolled eloquently. They were accepted with only a few negative votes and the meeting adjourned. Of course, the story went all over the campus and even got to the co-eds who shunned me as a moral leper for weeks, and nearly broke up a faculty meeting when it was reported to that august body of newly-weds and bachelors. Doubtless I would have been disciplined or, even worse, my father would have been notified of my sad lapse of morals had not one of the professors recalled that it was against

the law to try a man for his life, twice. So the *Cause Celebre* gradually retreated until many yesterdays hid it in the fogs of forgetfulness.

One reason why I trembled at the thought of my father hearing of it was that only recently the blackness of my soul had been laid bare to him by Mr. Nash, a strict Methodist and a one hundred per cent teetotaler. For thirty years father had fought to rid Clinton of bar-rooms and hip pocket flasks. A Good Templar Society had been organized and I had enthusiastically joined it, promising never to touch a drop of liquor or even of wine. Then, one day, scientific Dill, newly arrived at the doors of chemistry, had told me that syllabub, medicines, the best ice cream and even ripe peaches had alcohol, which was liquor, in them and reminded me of the bottles of blackberry wine we had made and stored hopefully away in the closet next to our room. That settled the matter. Immediately, I went down to the Good Templar's Office and resigned. In a day or so up came Mr. Nash and reported the disloyalty to my father. I prepared myself for the worst, skipped dinner and came in for supper after everybody was seated at the table. Luckily there were guests, so I was out and gone after prayers and skipped breakfast the next morning. When I got to my seat normally for the first time I noticed a quizzical smile on my father's face but he never mentioned the matter. Finally, I came to the conclusion that he had figured that I couldn't raise the initiation fee, God bless his charitable soul!

But the story didn't quite end there. As with the Greek tragedian, "Behold, one woe is here. Another draweth near!" The closet in which our home-made blackberry wine was stored was almost over father's bedroom. One night there was an explosion that raised the hair on our heads. For a moment we thought another earthquake was on the way or somebody had shot somebody else. Then we heard father: "Dillard, what was that?" Without equivocation, Dill answered that he didn't know. A few nights later the same thing happened and a more insistent voice came up the stairway: "Dillard, what *was* that?" Dill thought it must be one of the rafters breaking, maybe. Next day, we went into the closet to investigate. The bottles of our blackberry wine had "busted" and their contents had run out on the floor! To avoid further complications and obviate a pos-

sible investigation by higher authorities after another explosion, we took the remainder to the back of the lot.

But that was child's-play compared with the trouble Dill got into by reason of a far worse explosion. In those days, serenading girls at night was a very popular way of complimenting them, providing impromptu entertainment for the evening hours and sometimes winning a handout of lemonade and cake. A new family had moved to Clinton and the girls were pretty enough to create quite a stir. Dill had a good tenor voice, had been taught by Professor Spencer to play the guitar, and by a peripatetic Italian photographer named Savastano to play the mandolin. He had taught me how to accompany him on the guitar and I was learning to play the flute in Professor Frierson's College orchestra. This particular night, however, I was not with him. In company with some older young blades he had decided to do the honors, swung his guitar over his shoulders, practiced a few songs (probably "She sleeps, my lady sleeps," was among them) and stepped out in search of applause and ice-cream. He had just come to the climax of his program. The front door had opened and both the girls had come out on the porch and were inviting their troubadours in, when one of the boys, feeling the lack of rockets and cannon crackers, reached into his hip pocket for his pistol and, to emphasize the importance of the occasion, fired a salute of six guns. The effect surpassed his highest hopes. The girls were sure that they had been enticed to their front porch only to be murdered and one of them fainted dead away. Her sister, seeing her fall, shrieked bloody cats and fled inside for her father, screaming: "Police, help! murder! Police!" Seeing which, all of Dill's companions fled into the darkness leaving the master minnesinger to explain things. Papa arrived instantaneously, refused to accept Dill's defense and threatened to put the law on him. Crestfallen, Dill came home through the side door and hoped for the best. The next morning he was called from classes by Mayor Shands, deacon in Father's church and told to report to Council meeting that afternoon. "At three o'clock," he ordered, sententiously. "Council meets at three o'clock. What will your father say about this Dillard? Three o'clock. Disorderly conduct. Come to the Council. What will he say about this, Dillard? Three o'clock."

Dill was there. Not the other boys. No member of a boy's gang is ever willing to incriminate another member. The girls had not

seen but one figure in the darkness. He, Dill, had doubtless thrown away his pistol and picked it up the next morning. Did he own a pistol? Dill had to confess, yes. All young men his age had pistols but he did not have it with him that night. Council smiled.

Nevertheless, he got out of it some way—he had a look of innocence, as a boy, that was the equal of a half dozen defense witnesses or lawyers,—probably by virtue of some heavy promises and his father's position in the community. Besides, there was no *Corpus Delicti*. The girls had recovered and nobody had been hurt. But for a long time afterward Dill frissed his fellow choristers before the programme began.

There was nothing extraordinary about my class at P. C. yet a very extraordinary thing happened to me on account of one member of it. The thirty-two students of the freshman group with whom I entered had dwindled to seven in my senior year. While I was a freshman and sophomore my principal interest in scholarship consisted in passing the subjects which I was taking with the required grade of sixty. But toward the close of our sophomore year we learned that Robert A. Linley, brilliant Columbia boy, who had led the class, was not returning for his Junior year's work. This would inevitably leave Miss Laura Lynn, smart and studious daughter of the refectory manageress, at the head of the class. Six Southern boys couldn't stand that, so her boy friend, Frank Sims and I were designated for the job of putting her in third place. Frank, having a warm and tender heart, was disqualified from the start but the effect on my grades was startling. My freshman average had hardly surpassed seventy one or two. My junior grade, first quarter, was in the low eighties, second quarter in the high eighties and third quarter about ninety. In my senior year the first quarter was around ninety three; second quarter, ninety six, and third quarter, ninety eight and two fifths. That is what a brilliant girl can do for a boy. Coeducation has its advantages. Not only did she lift me to the valedictorian's honor in the class but also she made me win the essayist's medal, taught me how to study, gave me self-confidence and self-respect and shunted me into the channels of higher education and professional life. Thank you, Miss Laura!

One of the changes that came to me when I entered college was the privilege of going down-town without having to ask permission, and, after a few trips, I came to know Mr. Joe Phinney, the

nephew, I believe, of my father's church pillar and my church pillow, Mr. R. S. Phinney. He was the best checker player in town. He taught me his best game or two. It was great sport. After a little while I could beat grown men. It gave me the same sense of triumph that I had when I found out that I could shoot as far with a rifle as Dill could.

Perhaps the greatest social occasion in Clinton during my youth was the Anniversary (of the founding of our Sunday School) held on Saturday preceding the second Sunday in May. The ladies decorated the pulpit and balcony with festoons of roses, the Sunday scholars marched with silk banners flying, from the orphanage through the center of town to the church. The members and visiting public had a picnic dinner in the big oak grove in which the church was situated. Famous men, from the Governor down, made speeches and—it was a very great occasion. After a while we began to schedule a baseball game with Newberry in the afternoon. The whole country came—"and Satan came, also." He brought along his liquor and therewith much reckless buggy driving, cursing, noise, dust, rowdyism and many fights. After a while the day ceased to be one of praise and worship of Yahveh and became the local day devoted to Dionysus. My father, with great reluctance, watched it commit harakiri and buried it sadly. But it was great while it lasted.

The famous Sadie Means case climaxed in Clinton during the autumn of my senior year. Telephones had recently been introduced into Columbia, the capital city of our state, and Miss Sadie was an operator. Eventually her job required her to work on Sunday morning, at the hour of worship! She was a member of the Presbyterian church. Her pastor was Dr. George A. Blackburn, militant crusader for rigid Sabbath observance. First, he admonished her. Then he warned her. Then he was about to suspend her from membership and communion with "God's people." She explained that she had to eat, God's people or no God's people, and that if she refused to work on Sunday she would lose her job. No compromise was effected. She asked for a letter of dismissal to another church. It was refused. She appealed to the Presbytery. They supported the Session of the church. She then appealed to the Synod. It met in my Father's church in October, 1893. The whole church, the whole South, in fact, the nation was excited about it. Dr. William Flynn was her lawyer. Handsome young Dick Flynn, later to become the pastor of the famous

North Avenue Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, (Remember Elbert Hubbard's 'Flynn of Atlanta'?) came up from Columbia to report it for the papers. It was the biggest thing of its kind South Carolina had ever known. The news agencies gave its daily story to the world.

The trial took up the greater part of the Synodical session. Our faculty gave us a four day holiday in order that we might attend. My brother States came over from Edgefield, his first pastorate, to make his maiden speech before the Synod in favor of the defendant. My brother Ferd who rode a bicycle to some of his country church appointments, and had been referred to by a visiting evangelist in the words: "I looked out of my window this morning and I saw the Devil-on-wheels going by," cast his vote on her side also. Often I feel a shiver of apprehension when I remember how he used to ride long trestles on his bicycle, in order to save mileage or to avoid rutty, muddy, sandy roads, never knowing when or whether a train might appear before or behind him. I am not sure that my father voted, the fight being hot, he being the host, and president of one of the Synod's pets and Board-President of another. Finally, the vote was taken by roll-call and Miss Means won! The Presbytery was directed to require the session of Dr. Blackburn's church to give her a letter of dismissal to the church of her choice. The whole state breathed easier. It was the first time that organized religion as represented by the Southern Presbyterian Church had faced the new mechanical age in an acute form. From now on that church was safe for Sunday telephone operators. There could now be no valid objection to riding on the street cars or even on the railroads on Sunday, provided you could prove, as Miss Means did in her case, that it was a "work of necessity". You could telephone on Sunday. Even a walk with your best girl on Sunday afternoon might be permissible. The Sabbath was to be considered as having been "made for man, not man for the Sabbath". Nevertheless, at our house we continued to put in the thunder-plug on Saturday night and didn't take it out until Monday morning. My father took no chances on offending his ravens.

During the summer between my junior and senior years the *P. C. Journal* was founded. Later it was metamorphosed into the *Palladium*. We printed it on the orphanage presses. I was associated with it from the beginning. The first issue was dated August 1893, Vol. 1. Number 1. I believe myself to be the only

person in the world who has a complete file of this publication from that date through March 1896. Either P. C. or Oglethorpe should possess it and doubtless will.

Odd how that little magazine foreshadowed my future. The first issue lists me as the Eukosmian representative on the staff, my job being that of ad-getter. By the second number, I am Local Editor, where I stick for the remainder of the academic year. In the autumn of 1894, Vol. 2, No. 1, I have become Editor-in-chief and there I stay for the whole year. During 1895-6 I saved my copies because they contain things that I called poems most of which I now lament. Yet a stanza from one of them is engraved on the mantel in the Great Hall of Oglethorpe's Administration Building. The occasion of its writing was in this wise: One winter morning when I arrived at the stove in the Assembly Room I had to ask the fellows to "square 'round" so that I could get warm. The verses took form immediately thereafter. The quotation runs:

Square 'round and let us closer be,
We'll warm our wintry spirit.
The good we each in others see
The more that we sit near it.

It is an old adage that you can't get printer's ink off your fingers. Oglethorpe had hardly been founded before Dill gave us the University Press and I was printing a magazine on it.

The "four long years of college" passed as a watch in the night and commencement week came. It was quite the most exciting occasion in my life, since I had joined the church. I had been elected by the Eukosmian Society to represent them in the annual commencement debate. I was to be one of the ushers and to wear a silk sash, Mexican style, like President Cleland's. I was to receive a medal and deliver the valedictory and be the guest of honor at a party my sister was to give for me, I was to have a new suit of clothes for the occasion. I would receive the first flowers ever sent to me, after delivering the debater's speech and valedictorian's address and, although I didn't know it, my father was to give me a five dollar gold piece after our debate was over, saying: "A boy who can speak like that shouldn't stop doing so at seventeen!" No wonder I can smell those magnolia blossoms yet.

Odd, isn't it, how being ill can make you better? The first

serious illness that I remember gave me the *Youth's Companion* and a boyish dream of writing stories, now realized in three or four novels. The second, which made me study the ceiling for a week or more, left me with a chronic fever for writing poems, amounting now to a whole volume of them. The third came shortly after my graduation, giving me both time and occasion for serious thought and leaving in my heart the decision to study for the ministry. That autumn, Mr. M. S. Bailey, elder in father's church, drove him and me to Laurens where we caught the train for Roebuck and thence another to Glenn Springs where, with some misgivings on my part and doubtless many on their parts, I was received under the care of Enoree Presbytery.* There was undoubtedly some sort of tug that drew me on for I was aware of a kind of reluctance to enter the solemn, funless, heavily-bearded world of the church fathers. Either I answered all of their questions to their satisfaction or their confidence in my paternal upbringing overcame my deficiencies. My flair for science kept me from at least one error. I was tempted with the same question which one of the boys shortly before had been asked, why the temperature of the north and south poles is so low and that of the equator so high? When he hesitated, the examiner made it a little simpler for him. "Mr.——" he encouraged, "why is it colder at the north pole than it is in South Carolina?" "Oh, yes", Mr.—— replied confidently, "of course! It's because there's so much ice up there."

They are all gone now, those fine old Presbyterian preachers. McConnell of Greenville, Watkins of Spartanburg, Law of the American Bible Society, Jennings of Union, Father James, country preacher, Bean, editor of the *Southern Presbyterian*, Hope and Fulton, foreign missionaries, my father and brother—all these and many more have been gathered to their fathers and, as my friend Horace said:

*"Iam me premet nox fabulaeque manes
Et domus exilis plutonia."*

* **A FAMILY OF MINISTERS**—At the recent meeting of the Enoree Presbytery, Mr. Thornwell Jacobs, the youngest son of the Rev. W. P. Jacobs, D. D., having recently graduated with high honor at the Clinton College, was received as a candidate for the ministry. This is the third of Dr. Jacobs' four boys who has devoted himself to the work of the ministry. This young man follows in the footsteps of his grandfather, father, uncle and two brothers.—*Southern Presbyterian*.

When the excitement was over I settled down to the reality. I knew from now on I had no protection from Father's Selective Service Draft. Sure enough, before Mr. Bailey's buggy had landed us safely back in Clinton I found that I was to conduct prayermeeting next Thursday. For a moment I contemplated my experience with the Good Templars cautiously but finally summoned the same sort of courage that it had taken to make my first dive into the wash-hole. I just held my nose and splashed in, flat bellied. I came out feeling pretty sure that all my old comrades regarded me as something of a traitor and that their compliments were really condolences. It took me a long time to pull the psychological leeches off.

For the record of students for the ministry at P. C. was not to be envied. Confidentially, they were definitely looked down upon. It wasn't so much because they were given free tuition without earning it but because their standings as men and students were below par, that very few of them had the respect of the student body. The lips of even the orphanage children curled at the mention of the College students who were studying for the ministry. They were the severest critics, quite unintentionally, that I have ever known. They detected instantly any sham or pretense or unnaturalness or "put-on" or "show-off" or peculiarities of speech or mannerisms of pronunciation and they classified and ranked offenders accordingly, using nick-names or mockery when it was appropriate, after the service was over.

The Presbytery sensed that all was not well. While I was at P. C. the Standing Committee on Education for the Ministry reported that the matter deserved "the serious attention of the Presbytery. In the reports of Messrs. H— and S— from Furman University, Mr. H— just passes on preparatory Latin while Mr. S— falls five points before the rising mark in Greek. B— and B— at Clinton fall below the mark . . . S— is charged with 36 demerits and 11 unexcused absences." We heard that a ministerial student was sent to the penitentiary for defrauding an insurance company by shooting off his hands to cash out his policies. Few of the ministerial students studied scientific subjects. Often I have tried to fathom the causes for this remarkable phenomenon and have, at times, wondered whether the dearth of great preachers in the South was not due in part at least to the species of claustrophobia which affected me when I realized that

from then on I was shut up to a certain quantity and quality of thought or else to discredit and repudiation as a heretic and loss of my pulpit and living. Truly, religion like science, commits suicide when it adopts a creed. Binding the brow of the student reduces the power of the pulpit. The blind then try to lead the blind and they both fall into the ditch. Another reality that I was up against was that my father thought that I was too young, seventeen, to go to the Theological Seminary. That was why it was decided that I should spend the next year getting my Master's degree. More Latin and a great deal more English and a little German was the menu. At the same time I did my first teaching in the collegiate department of the orphanage and, the following summer, my first "preaching", assisting my brother in conducting "revival" services at Cross Hill, at Mr. Reed's chapel, and at Coronaca. The most popular topic of conversation, however, outside of the church buildings was the "hard times" and the approaching election. Bryan and "sixteen to one" were on the horizon. Ferd was a "hard-money-goldbug" but most of his hearers wanted a little inflation by way of the free coinage of silver. Often, I have wondered what would have happened if Bryan had been elected. The combined socialistic flood of "populism" and democracy came within an inch of overflowing the dam, even then. Obviously, if times had been a little harder and the electorate a little less self-reliant our New Deal would have come in 1896 instead of 1932 and inflation would have been controlled by a fixed ratio of two metals instead of by the unlimited coinage of congressional votes. The country breathed easier when McKinley was elected and the promised full dinner pail realized, as promised. From the smell of things now it will be a long time before it breathes freely again.

Obviously, there was nothing gay about the nineties in which I received my education. My nineties were solemn and religious. Every niche and corner, unoccupied by work and study was stuffed with "services". Each day was opened and closed with prayer. Each meal was preceded by a blessing and as to Sunday—my father took the Catechism instructions literally: "Spending the whole time in public and private exercises of God's worship except so much as is to be taken up in works of necessity and mercy."

The second religious gathering on Sunday was Sunday School. The little wooden building in which it was held adjoined the

church and was so choked full of students that, as attendance grew, it had periodically to be enlarged. By the time I was grown it had become cruciform. My father's (superintendent's) desk was in the center of the crossbeams. He faced the main room. On his left was the library and ladies Bible class. On his right was the Primary class. Back of his desk and on his right was Professor Spencer's Bible class for men, which filled up rapidly just as soon as they learned that Professor Spencer would not ask questions. On his left was the Intermediate class. The famous Class No. Six taught by my brother Ferd was in the main beam of the Cross. Ferd doubled our joint contribution and in addition paid me five cents per week to bring water to his bedroom for washing purposes. For the same sort of work in his behalf my father gave me another nickel, so that I had, except when some catastrophe such as the Eukosmian Society fine mulcted me of my wealth, a dime to give to the missionary each week. Years later I had a Sunday School class of my own and practiced the same incentive plan on my pupils. By then I was making twenty dollars per month as foreman of the printing office and head of the Orphans' Seminary. I inherited the class and the system just as I inherited Dill's printing office job and the front door key. For that matter, when I went to Princeton I wore an old overcoat of my father's, one of his plug hats, a suit of Dill's which he said was too small for him and a number of similar articles of apparel collected from the family wardrobe. I am comforted by these memories.

Two great events have been associated in my mind all my life with that Sunday School. One was the telegram that Father received while he was conducting its exercises one Sunday morning advising him of my grandfather's death. It was a sudden, unexpected and terrible blow but he went on with his work and preached his sermons as usual. Father often spoke of him as if he had been the rolling stone that gathered no moss. After his graduation with first honors at Hampden-Sidney College in Virginia, he was either pastor, or stated supply, or professor or president in Yorkville, Milledgeville, Laurens (twice), Cokesbury, Atlanta, Athens, Tallahassee, Marion, Charleston and James Island. Having considered well the wanderings of this ministerial Odysseus, my father stuck to his little Clinton from 1865 to 1917.

My grandfather had been reading, at the age of eighty-five, a

two volume treatise on Life After Death. He had finished the first volume and had taken down the second volume and put it on his reading table, ready to be begun on the morrow. That night this Ulysses among ministers, who had travelled happily from town to town, from pastorate to professorship to presidency, took passage in that

“Nicean bark, of yore,
That gently, o’er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.”

The other event was the defeat of John L. Sullivan by James J. Corbett early in September 1892, the news of which nearly broke up Sunday School. This unexpected and revolutionary triumph of clever skill over unharnessed power so impressed the “big boys” of the town and orphanage that I was sucked into the ring so far as keeping track of most of the championship fights are concerned, from then on. For a while Frierson’s pitching, Cleland’s pole vaulting, Spencer’s tennis and father’s preaching played second fiddle to “Gentleman Jim’s” fists. Dill and I even rigged up some boxing gloves out of old socks and practised every night until he swatted me in the nose so hard that we got into a fight. The treaty of peace provided for no more boxing—total disarmament.

Viewed as a whole from a distance of fifty years I see clearly the uniqueness of my boyhood life and training. It was definitely Hebraic, based on the *kultur* of Jerusalem rather than that of Athens or Rome. Only by a few courses at the college such as the study of Latin and of Woodrow Wilson’s *The State* did I come in contact with the mighty influence of the Eternal City on civilization. To the Greek influence I was subjected to a much greater extent in the study of Greek history and literature and more especially of the sciences and arts which her *kultur* mothered. With the commercial and business world I had little or nothing to do. Orphanage, College, Church and home pressed the claims of religion incessantly upon us. My brother Ferd’s courses at college offered an amazing number of subjects: History and Exposition of the Scriptures, including the Maccabean period, Ecclesiastical History (Whaley), Evidences of Christianity (Alexander) Hodge’s Commentary on the Confession of Faith, Apologetics (Butler’s Analogy) Flint’s

Theism, Calderwood's Moral Philosophy, Janet's Elements of Morals and, for students for the ministry, Hebrew. No wonder that Presbyterian College students were preaching all over the place before they had reached the Seminary, like so many young cockerels that had learned to crow before they had been set over a hen-house of their own.

Also, there was a tribute paid by the public to the young preachers from my father's church which definitely distinguished them from the run-o'-the-mine stock, that kept coming to P. C. from elsewhere. Such youths as the Jennings boys, Clark and Cornwell. The Fulton boys, Sam and Darby, the Carpenter boys, Jim and John, Sam Byrd, Dent Brannen, Ellison Simpson, Dawson Henery, Will Owings, not to mention my brothers Ferd and States—these young men, all of whom were my contemporaries, later became presidents of colleges, pastors of great churches, distinguished leaders in Foreign and Home Missions, editors and educators. It was a fine tribute to the brand of the gospel dispensed under my father's influence.

That gospel was clear, sane and enthusiastically militant. My father was not one hundred percent "determined to preach nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He dipped into astronomy regularly and there he found much about God but little mention of Jesus. Other sciences paid their tributes also. He never insulted God by complaining about how badly the world was made and governed, nor man by proclaiming the worthlessness of the poor "worms of the dust" who were complete disappointments to their Maker. He never pleaded with sinners to oblige God by coming to Jesus before He tossed them out of the window. He never attacked science, only those scientists who attempted to turn their discoveries against religion. He feared equally the whoop-em-up, barn-storming-stand-up-and-be-counted-if-you-want-to-go-to-heaven of Methodist Tom Leitch, the "Be immersed-or-be-damned" of Baptist Broaddus, the "Perfect Holiness or infidelity" of perfectionist Nick Holmes, all of whom swept hysterical hundreds into church membership in his beloved Clinton. He avoided as poison the ministerial whines in the pulpit and the unctuous, sanctimonious sham put on by preachers to camouflage empty skulls and hearts. His religion was real, vital, practical and deadly earnest and he imparted it to his young proteges.

So, when I left Clinton for Princeton I was not of Rome, nor

of Athens, nor of New York but of Jerusalem. I was a devotee of the voluntary democracy of Jesus Christ. I was yet to come in contact with the compulsory communism of Karl Marx and the competitive aristocracy of Charles Darwin,—we skipped the chapters on evolution in our geology class—its opponents in later forums and arenas. I was very sure of what I believed and of what everybody else should believe. I was blessed, wise and enlightened. Others were benighted heretics, schismatics in need of redemption from Hell and hot water. But I had firm hold on one thing which I was never to lose. On all occasions it was on the pen and lips of my father. He had founded a church, an orphanage and a college upon it:

The Lord God Careth for Me!

CHAPTER 5.

AT PRINCETON.

WHEN THE TIME ARRIVED for me to go to Princeton a strange feeling of compulsion came over me. I felt as if I were being pushed out of my home by some queer, invisible force. The hour for the great change had arrived silently and though it was tenderly soft, it was compelling. It consisted in just this, that father and all of my friends would have been terribly disappointed in me if I had contented myself with staying in Clinton. To grow I must fly the nest on untried wings. To attain success I must leave home and they expected me to attain success. All your friends do or, at least, profess to. So far as I can recall, this was the first time that I had felt the full effect of world opinion. My world was compelling me to accept banishment for their and my sakes.

It was late in September 1896 that I took the 3:13 A. M. train on the Seaboard Air Line to be sped into the unknown. Days before, Hale Shands, son of the mayor, had made out my schedule for me, sold me my tickets, checked my trunk and explained to me the mysteries of travel. That night my father loaned me his alarm clock. We said our goodbyes at our usual retiring hour, 10 o'clock. I tried to sleep, but "travel-pride" as the Clinton folks used to call it made it worse. I had just dropped off when the alarm rang. In a few minutes I had dressed, grabbed my grip and overcoat and hurriedly walked the quarter-mile to the station.

The train was nearly an hour late and I spent the meanwhile in walking the platform and picking out the stars of the beautiful winter constellations, Orion and Taurus and the lovely Pleiades. At not so long last, I saw the headlight in the west. A few moments later the train really stopped for me and for me only. I swung my grip to the platform and entered the first day coach I came to. All of its inhabitants were either drowsy or asleep. I was relieved that none of them said: "Hello, Thornwell, going to Princeton?" Many seats were empty. I picked out one on the right hand side, nearest the orphanage and college and church. The train gave a lurch or two, Captain Lane took up my

ticket as if I went to Princeton every day. I laid my grip down on the seat, spread my overcoat over it and tried to go to sleep again.

Three things I remember about that railroad trip. The first was the frog in my throat which represented my first nervous indigestion. The second was that D. P. McGeachy and Bob Kirkpatrick got on somewhere in North Carolina, on their way to Richmond (Union) Seminary and tried to argue me out of Princeton, and the third that we went into Portsmouth in a heavy rainstorm. The Bay Line steamer was waiting for us. A neighbor kindly showed me how to use a bunk and where to get something to eat and the next morning, as Hale Shands had prophesied, we arrived safely at the Baltimore pier. From that point I lugged my grip for what seemed a mile, caught a Pennsylvania R. R. train that was made up wrong—passenger coaches ahead of mail and baggage—and in a few hours had ridden over the housetops of Philadelphia into the old Broad Street Station and thence to Trenton, N. J. Eventually a local came by which took me to Princeton Junction. Once there, I found a shuttle train that puffed me the two intervening miles to Princeton, herself.

I landed, deposited my grip and took a look around. What I saw knocked the breath out of me. There, directly in front, was Princeton University! On later arrivals, hardly more than a hundred feet away, was a magnificent arched gateway with mullioned windows, Gothic towers, engraved shields, all faultlessly constructed of varicolored stones. To the right and left were two wings with opened windows through some of which handsomely appointed dormitory quarters could be seen. Often, as I came up from the South, I would stand gazing at it for a long time—my first and favorite view of Blair Hall. I can still see it clearly and my breath quickens as it did nearly fifty years ago.

From the station I found my way up the worn brown flagstones to the Seminary campus and was assigned to number one, Alexander Hall, for my first night. Next day, Cornwell Jennings, my former Thornwell Orphanage comrade arrived. He had preceded me at Princeton by three years and was now pursuing a graduate course. He had reserved a suite in Hodge Hall—small study room flanked by two bed-sized sleeping rooms—which I was to share with him. How he had arranged it I am at a loss to say for Hodge was the newest and best appointed

of the dormitories and was strictly reserved for seniors and graduate students. There I spent the next eight months in luxury and loneliness. "Corny" showed up just enough to hold the space.

Princeton was an even stranger world than I had thought it would be. Ours was the largest Junior class the Seminary had ever enrolled. In it or in the middle and senior classes were men from all over the world, including India, Japan and Africa. Canada was represented in our class by two outstanding scholars, buddies, Ferguson and Scott. In one way my fellow Princetonians frightened me, they were so much better acquainted with the ways of the world, so much older and larger. I was about the youngest man in my class and, even a quarter of a century later, an account of our twenty fifth reunion described me thus: "He was the baby of our class and has always been a precious youngster." Their expressions, their accent, their deportment, their dress, their self-confidence and, with some exceptions, their apparent allergy for hard study and disrespect for some of the professors, the things they talked about, their social maturity, their levity in respect to their work and faculty—these and many others of the same sort were witnesses to me that I was a stranger in a foreign land. Worst of all, none of the students and only one or two men in the faculty had ever heard of my father and the Thornwell Orphanage. It was as if I had arrived on another planet for my world had faded from sight.

There was nothing else for me to do but the thing I had come for, study. Immediately I found myself subject to the transforming effect of a great faculty. Dr. William Henry Green was still living, the pride of the Seminary, internationally known Old Testament scholar and defender of the traditional view against the ("vicio-foolish") higher critics. Tall, gaunt, shaggy-browed, gray, hollow-eyed octogenarian, he still hurled argument and epithet against the advancing phalanx of heretics. John D. Davis was Professor of Old Testament Literature and Hebrew, one of the most popular, respected and capable of men. He won the hearts of us all by his fairness and his total lack of dogmatism. Yet he could be sarcastic on occasion. One day he sent some of the men to the blackboard to write sentences in Hebrew. When they had taken their seats he asked one of them to stand up again. Pointing to a poorly-written scrawl, full of mistakes and barely legible, he said: "Mr.—I can read your whole past history in that sentence!"

Other outstanding members of the faculty were scholarly, young Geerhardus Vos, Professor of Biblical Theology; kindly, helpful Wiliam Brenton Greene, Professor of Apologetics, who coyly cast his eyes at the ceiling to emphasize his pauses; the aged William Miller Paxton, professor of Homiletics and former occupant of many great pulpits, John DeWitt, Chesterfieldian professor of Church History, and Benjamin Breckenridge Warfield the darling of the faculty, Professor of Systematic Theology, one of the most brilliant minds ever to teach in an American institution of learning. Francis Landey Patton, President of Princeton University lectured to us on Theism in a manner so esoteric that only those of us who had taken introductory courses in that subject could follow him. This resulted in a very brash and foolish action on the part of almost all of the class, a petition to the faculty to substitute Warfield for Patton as lecturer on that subject. I refused to sign it and many others wished they had refused also when Warfield got through with them. I doubt whether Dr. Patton ever heard of it. I hope not. Finally, George Tybout Purves was our Professor of New Testament exegesis, one of the great preachers of the nation, former pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City. He preached now in the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton.

Each of these men had his own musical atmosphere and each left his distinct aroma in our lives. We revered Dr. William Henry Green who never knew whether the book he was reading was in German, French, Hebrew, Greek, Latin or Hottentot but, as far as I am concerned the more he explained the fallacies of the Higher Critics the more probable it seemed to me that they had found a way to understand and interpret the Bible. We liked the lectures of Dr. DeWitt, especially the wit. It is he who was reputed to have offered Dr. Paxton a cigar as, silk-hatted and Jim-swingered, they perambulated Nassau Street. "No, thanks," Dr. Paxton is said to have replied, taking a plug of chewing tobacco from his pocket, "I consider it a sin to burn up what you can eat."

One of our class is fond of telling about the day when he "was not prepared with information about the most important Diet in the lesson. He made a stab at it but missed it by a mile. Johnnie tried to help him by asking 'What is the last kind of a diet you would eat?' After a number of wild guesses, Johnnie said: 'Sit down! It is the Diet of Worms!'"

Of these men the two who really affected my life and thinking were Davis and Warfield. From Davis I learned that text books, creeds, prophets, priests, kings and even General Assemblies were usually wrong and that sincere, unbiased, quiet, thoughtful, investigation and weighing of facts were essential to any real faith and that our own religion had come to us through a long process of evolution as wonderful as the religion itself. From Warfield I learned to base all my thinking on God, and all my faith on his Providence who had

“Ordained a life for me, arranged
Its circumstances every one,
To the minutest, aye God said,
This hand this head shall rest upon
Thus, ere he fashioned stars or sun!”

Princeton was full of good stories about former presidents and professors of her institutions but the best of them illustrates this thought perfectly. A neighborhood farmer was driving an unruly mare down the long, red hill when the holding-back-strap broke. The buggy plunged forward and the mare ran headlong down the hill, on either side of which were deep, dangerous gullies. The farmer was tossed, jolted, unseated and frequently all but thrown to his death. When at last, he was able to bring his mare to a stop he was white, jittery, trembling and grateful. He drove cautiously to President Witherspoon's, hitched her carefully, sounded the knocker and was invited in. When he was able to compose himself he told his story to the Doctor and concluded:

“And now, Doctor Witherspoon, won't you give thanks to God for me? I was as good as gone. Doctor, please offer up a prayer of gratitude for me.”

“Of course, of course, my good man”, Dr. Witherspoon agreed, “and I shall join you in thanksgiving for only yesterday I had a much more remarkable deliverance from imminent peril driving down that same hill.”

The farmer showed his incredulity plainly and expressed it volubly:

“That couldn't have happened, Doctor. At one time both of the wheels on one side were in the ditch!”

“Nevertheless, it is true,” Dr. Witherspoon replied, calmly. “I drove down that same hill, between the same gullies, at the same time of day, and my holding-back-strap didn't break!”

To win those two convictions and the ability to apply them in general and detail was worth much more than the trouble and expense of travelling to Princeton and staying away from home for three years.

Princeton Seminary was the joy of North American Presbyterianism, proud, rich and orthodox but not far away and coming closer every day was Princeton University, whose worm of evolution died not and whose fire of heresy was not quenched. Perfect academic reciprocity and kid-gloved theological warfare existed between the two. The Seminoles were permitted to take any classes they liked on the University campus and many of us did so. My choice was psychology under J. Mark Baldwin and philosophy under Jerry Ormond. Two years of them gave me my second Master's degree. Often, I wish I had also taken politics under Woodrow Wilson and English under Henry Van Dyke.

Four extra-curriculum incidents in connection with the University made permanent impressions on my mind: Senior singing each evening on the steps of Nassau Hall just before each commencement, Dr. Baldwin's chance remarks that one never truly believed anything until he had doubted and investigated it, and that one must choose between living in this world or in the next, an evening with Woodrow Wilson and his family (his uncle had been a professor at Old Oglethorpe where my father had often held baby Tommy in his lap) and the great Sesqui-centennial.

The Princeton Sesqui-centennial had a surpassing significance to me, not only, but also to the world. The rainbow-colored hoods of educational, scientific and political notables, probably the most numerous America had ever seen must have impressed all beholders with the solidity and enlightenment and permanence of civilization. But the real see-er of the scene could not miss the startling evidence that the Day of Transformation had arrived. Even little I was dimly conscious of coming out of my chrysalis's skin. Nor was the fact that Princeton College was being transfigured into Princeton University of principal importance. The celebration fell at the close of the second term of Grover Cleveland whose administration had been characterized by three significant events: in an hour of great economic stress he had saved the credit of the government and the principle of sound money in America; in an hour of labor union insurrection he had preserved the dignity and supreme

authority of the Federal government, and in an hour of international crisis he had reminded Great Britain that the United States was still free and independent. It seems incredible now that there was ever such a president as that, but there he was on the platform. Assassinated McKinley was to follow him shortly and launch us proudly upon the stormy seas of world imperialism, paying only twenty million dollars for Bataan and Corregidor, and then the Roosevelts with "the-man-who-kept-us-out-of-war" a "return-to-normalcy man," a "profitless-prosperity man," and a "prosperity's-just-around-the-corner" man, sandwiched between them. Then were to come the Chicago riots in reverse, the controlled currency inflation and the celebration of July 4th as dependence-on-England day! After that:

*Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla.*

The Sesqui-centennial was our last great academic occasion, celebrated on solid ground. The American way of life was nearing its quicksands. The prophets of "world responsibility" were preparing their sack cloth and ashes. The fire engines were warming up. The striped candy was already in the hands of the little baby Hercules. The lights all over the world-theatre had been turned out and the footlights turned on. The scenery was ready, the actors placed. The curtain rose—a little over a year later—on my twenty-first birthday, the night of the blowing up of the *Maine*. It is entirely worth while to read my diary record of that Sesqui-centennial and to catch a boy's-eye view of the last great college celebration of America's Golden Age. Without knowing it, I had written of the man upon whom my new Oglethorpe was to confer her first honorary degree, Woodrow Wilson; of one of the most distinguished professors of the old Oglethorpe, Joseph LeConte; and of the father of a man whom I was to meet as a fellow "pastor" in my first pastorate, Bishop Henry Yates Satterlee:

"The exercises inaugurating Princeton University, beginning Tuesday, October 20th, and completed Thursday, October 22nd, have proven of remarkable interest and attractiveness. The old "log college" has now become Princeton University.

The celebration was preceded by a series of lectures, given by famous men along their lines. These lectures began Oct. 12th and continued till the 20th and were set at such hours as would enable visitors from New York and Philadelphia to come and go without stopping overnight. Among the lecturers may be mentioned:

Four lectures by Joseph John Thomson, Cavendish Professor of Physics in the University of Cambridge, England. Subject: The Discharge of Electricity in Gases.

Four lectures by Felix Klein, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Goettingen, Germany. Subject: The Mathematical Theory of the Top.

Six lectures by Edward Dowden, Professor of English Literature and Rhetoric in Trinity College Dublin. Subject: The French Revolution and English Literature. Professor Dowden treated consecutively of "The Anti Revolutionary Spirit," 2 "The Theorists of the Revolution"; "William Godwin and Mary Wollestonecroft"; 3. "Anti-Revolution; Edmund Burke." 4. "Early Revolutionary Groups and Antagonists; Southey, Coleridge, the Anti-Jacobins". 5. "The recovery and Reaction as represented by Wordsworth" and "The renewed Revolutionary Advance in Byron, Moore and Shelley".

Two lectures by Andrew Seth, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. Subject: Theism. Dr. Seth is the occupant of the chair formerly held by Sir William Hamilton, who was the teacher of Dr. McCosh.*

One lecture by Karl Bruening, Professor of Indo-germanic Philology in the University of Leipzig, Germany. Subject: The nature and origin of the noun genders in the Indo-germanic languages."

One lecture by A. A. W. Hubrecht, Professor of Zoology in the University of Utrecht, Holland. Subject: "The descent of the Primates."

These lectures were extremely interesting and instructive, and delivered, as they were by men among the greatest living representatives of those branches, were attended by overflowing audiences.

At 11 P. M. Tuesday, the Religious Exercises occurred. After the singing of the Anthem "Veni Creator Spiritus" by the alumni, Professor Fisher, Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University, invoked the divine presence.

President Patton then preached the sermon from I Cor. 3:11 "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." It was an impressive scene, Dr. Patton had preached a powerful sermon in which he set forth Princeton as standing for Christian education. The great hall was packed and crowded. Below sat the illustrious personages of the world, Presidents, Deans, Professors, Alumni, some old and venerable men, some young and enthusiastic. Inadvertently one's mind went back to the Roman Senate and Jewish Sanhedrin. The wise and great were there, the glory of the earth and above them all Jesus Christ the acknowledged King and Saviour. And then the mighty congregation joined in Martin Luther's battle hymn

* One of the former presidents of Princeton.

“Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott.” All hearts joined in the benediction with Dr. Bodine, a benediction upon Princeton University, standing before the world as a distinctively Christian University.

At 3 P. M. a reception was given to the delegates in Alexander Hall. Addresses were given by Drs. Duffield and Thomson and President Eliot of Harvard University.

An Orchestral Concert by the famous Damrosch Orchestra was the feature of the evening.

On Wednesday 11 A. M., Rev. Henry Van Dyke, representing the Cliosophic Society read the Academic Ode; Subject: *“The Builders”*. It was most happily conceived and delivered. Dr. Wodrow Wilson then delivered the Honorary Oration on the theme: *“Princeton in the Nation’s Service”*. Dr. Wilson was interrupted, time after time, with applause; his oration was a great and masterly effort.

But the part of the programme which, while not the most instructive, was perhaps the most interesting, took place from 8:30 to 12:00 P. M. Wednesday. This was a grand parade of all the 1200 undergraduates, the multitude of alumni of whom there are over 3000 living, the 260 students of the Theological Seminary, and the innumerable band of Princeton connections. It was a torch light procession and every member bore a light of some kind. Many had torches, some colored lanterns and lights, and many bore transparencies of the most amusing description. The procession started at 7:30 on the campus of the University. Thence it passed through the city to the Seminary grounds where the nearly 300 Seminoles were drawn up in open ranks to greet them. The parade then passed through. It took over an hour for it to pass. The procession was headed by the 71st Regiment Band of New York followed by Professor Libbey and his aides. Then came the Mercer Blues and a delegation of twenty-five Yale Seniors. This was followed by the undergraduate student body, the naughty noughts or class of '00, the '99s, etc. Each class with their lungs open and flambeaux glowing, as they paraded by, gave a hearty cheer for the “Seminoles”. Here would be a jolly company of the class of '58. The gray hairs mingling with the black, next perhaps the '94s complaining in many a jest and yell of the greenness of the present student body. And following them, as gay and jolly as any, a little company from away back in the '40s. Each bore a banner and as the torchlight would illumine the number, the yell would break from the bystanders.

There was just a tinge of sadness in all the noise. As the numbers counted farther and farther back there were fewer and fewer representatives of the classes, and when the two jolly '39-ers passed by the enthusiasm for the only two representatives from far back in the youth of the country, knew no bounds.

Some of the old graduates came from Syria, China, France, etc. The torch light procession was the feature they most wished to see.

The concluding exercises were those of Thursday morning. First came the usual Academic procession which formed at Marquand Chapel, in which were the delegates from all parts of the world, hundreds of them all dressed in silk, satin and ermine, wearing the flowing robes of the academic costumes. The immense audience hall was already packed to overflowing when they arrived and occupied their reserved seats in the center of the pit. After music by the orchestra the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler led in prayer. Then followed the announcements of the endowments and title. Endowment to the added amount of \$1,253,241 has been recently contributed. A new library building, costing \$600,000, is now in process of erection.

After the reading of the endowments, President Patton, amid the intense silence, followed by a deafening roar of applause, said: "It is now my pleasure to say that from this moment, what has heretofore been known as the College of New Jersey, shall in all future time be known as Princeton University."

The honorary degrees of LL.D. etc, were conferred upon many, all especially eminent along some line of research. Among those may be mentioned Joseph LeConte, the famous geologist, now an aged and renowned man, well known to South Carolinians. All those dignitaries were present in person to receive their degrees, with but few exceptions, among whom is Lord Kelvin upon whom the degree of LL.D. was conferred *In Absentia*. We clip from the Princetonian the following description of the remainder of the morning's program:

"After another musical selection had been rendered President Patton arose and after reading a telegram of regrets from Lord Kelvin, introduced the President of the United States as follows: "It was our desire on this occasion to confer another degree, but the distinguished gentleman upon whom we intended to confer it has seen fit to use the sovereign power of the people he represents in the interests of his own modesty so we have nothing left to do but to treat his wishes as a command. We are, however, very much gratified that we meet in the favored presence of the chief magistrate of our country, and it would have greatly pleased us to honor ourselves in honoring him to bear witness to our appreciation of his public services, and of his strong patriotic work in the hour of the nation's need. We thank him with full and overflowing hearts today for leaving the cares of executive business in order to grace our academic festival. And we especially thank him that in response to our urgent invitation he has consented to say a few words on this occasion, inaugurating Princeton University. I have great pleasure in introducing the President of the United States.

As Mr. Cleveland stepped forward the audience arose and cheered enthusiastically. His speech, which was read, was delivered with great distinctiveness and made a profound impression. His sentiments were received with great enthusiasm,

almost every sentence being eagerly applauded. When he concluded, the audience again arose and gave him an ovation. The exercises closed with a benediction by the Right Rev. Henry Yates Satterlee, bishop of Washington."

Just before I left for Princeton The Clinton Cotton Mills was founded. Many years before, twenty or twenty-five, my father had advocated the construction of a cotton mill in Clinton just as he had pled for a bank, years before it was established. In each case it was William J. Bailey, backed by his father, Mess (M. S. Bailey), who brought his dream to pass. My first taste of banking came about by the death of my mother's brother, John Dillard, who left his little nephew some fifteen dollars which my father deposited in Bailey's Bank and which he told me would keep growing like a tree if I would leave it alone. But I wouldn't leave it alone. So, I was permitted, annually, to draw out the interest. I would go up to the bank, look through the bars till I saw Will and then demand my interest. Amused Will always had some fun out of me. He informed me that he couldn't pay me my interest unless I told him how much it was, which seemed logical and fair. So I learned how to figure five percent interest on fifteen dollars and, that done, got my seventy-five cents, according to Hoyle.

By the time the Cotton Mill was established, I was so old and important that I could attend the organization meetings in company with my father. Everybody in Clinton who had or controlled any money was there. Will Bailey, who was really doing the founding, was elected Secretary and Treasurer and M. S. Bailey, President. The capital stock was to be \$100,000. It was a five thousand spindle mill. By the close of my first year at the Seminary the building was up, the machinery in, and the spindles whirring. Four or five rows of operatives' cottages were erected and were at once occupied by people from the farms and neighboring mountains who were grateful for the opportunity to make from two to ten times as much as they had been earning.

Of course, my father wouldn't overlook a bet like that. He had me slated for my first ministerial work long before I got home on my first summer's vacation. I was to raise a couple of hundred dollars to put up a chapel and then I was to organize a Sunday School and church to be taught and to worship in it. This was soon done, by his help, and I found myself the "Bishop of Cottontown". I made it my business to make friends of every

family in the village, call on them regularly, get their children to Sunday School, if possible and the old folks to preaching. We had it going pretty well by the time I went back to Princeton for my middle year. I learned to like the operatives. They were just ordinary folks from the poorer farms, many of them former tenants on run-down, red-gullied, ramshackled farms to whom the cotton mill wages were a Godsend as were also the electric lights, running water, school and church facilities **obtained by** moving to town. The kerosene lamps on Clinton's public square were the Great White Way to them and J. W. Copeland's dry-goods store, relative to their experience and imagination, was like John Wanamaker's in Philadelphia or Charles Broadway Rouse's in New York to me.

Two other men knew all of the operatives, also, the superintendent of the mill and Will Bailey. It is difficult for anyone, today, to imagine the owner of a cotton mill knowing personally all of his employees and associating with them as freely as he would with any farmer's family in the county. That was before organized labor leaders had taught the sons of these primitive country folks all of the "rights" to which they were entitled and of which they were being deprived by exploiting employers. In later years, Will Bailey was to be barred from entering his offices on these same premises by striking employees, and no policeman nor state guards would protect him in the use of his property. When I heard of that my memory went back to that little group of Clintonians who scraped the bottom of their trousers' pockets to get enough money to build a cotton-mill for their town, to those first employees who swarmed hungrily from the tumbledown shacks of dilapidated farms to get food and clothes and decent housing for their families, rejoicing in their increase in wealth and comforts and privileges, and to that little congregation and Sunday School that used to assemble each Sunday afternoon, so ignorant, so cunning and so credulous. Years later I was walking with a minister past a big cotton mill in a neighboring town. Pointing to the mill and referring to its majority stockholder, a prominent and wealthy citizen of his town he remarked, casually: "and Mr.— still thinks he owns his mills." Rather neat, wasn't it? You put up a structure and then wake up some morning and find all the substance eaten out of it. Great is the New Deal of the fourth termites!

After my Junior year 1896-7 I was demoted to Brown Hall from my high-brow associates at Hodge. It was good for me. I found myself among my classmates, and came very near to having some intimate friends. R. L. Robinson who was to become President of Due West Female College was a near neighbor and Frank C. McKean whose fine career in Spokane and Des Moines was to distinguish our class was a frequent visitor to our floor.

Later in our course I came to know and like R. W. Jopling, already a graduate of Union (Virginia) Seminary who joined our class for special work. He was a lean, strawberry blond, smart and kindly and he loved disputative walks along the canal. On some of these he told me all there was to hear about his fellow-Virginians, Doctors G. B. Strickler, Noah K. Davis and Hunter McGuire. He struck me as being the kind of Southerner who would break the bonds of theological dogma, but no, he has just written a book to buttress the standards. In my senior year, D. J. Woods of Southwestern joined us. To him, never man spake like Dr. Webb. It was by his kindness and good reading that a group of us heard and enjoyed the new novel, *Quo Vadis?* Many years later he was to be called to the pastorate of my father's church.

Downstairs was the Seminary bookstore which was a sort of literary club. Thither we repaired between supper and study hour. From my window I could watch the long Pennsylvania railroad trains crawl (at a distance of two miles) along their quadruple tracks between New York and Philadelphia. Except during "Pee-rades" one could work quietly in Brown, also, and if he didn't feel like joining in the fun he could spill a little more coal in his stove, trim the wick of his lamp or pour in a little of "Slaybelley's" coal oil, or munch a New York state Baldwin apple he had bought for a nickel on Nassau Street, or rest his eyes watching those electric eels glide along those four tracks and wish he was on the one headed South.

It was during my middle year that I became interested in winning the fellowship of \$600.00 offered to that member of our class who wrote the best thesis on the doctrine of Sheol as revealed in the Old Testament. It was an intriguing subject and I dived in, studying for months as late as two o'clock in the morning, poring over such books as *De Spe Immortalitatis sub veterem Testamentum Gradatim Exculpta* and *Die Babylonisch-*

Assyrischen Vorstellungen vom Leben Nach Dem Tode. Of course the was-to-be-expected happened. My eyes gave out and a visit to Dr. Thorington in Philadelphia was necessary. He told me the exact truth about it—overworked inferior recti muscles, and prescribed cessation of long-continued reading, rest and exercise. My friend Ferguson came to the rescue and I learned that one could substitute ears for eyes without great loss of efficiency. Dr. Davis interpreted my situation for me excellently. When he heard of my trouble from a chance meeting on the campus he said: "Now you will learn to study with your brains instead of your eyes." I always liked Jack Davis. Many years later when he was old and gray and I was not far from there myself, I returned to the Seminary to attend a class reunion. We met at almost the identical spot and I introduced myself to him. Of course, he had forgotten the little boy who had stood up before him so often to recite Hebrew and who had enjoyed so much his course in Genesis and Semitic Tradition, but "Jacobs", he said reminiscently, "Jacobs, I remember that name. That was a good name." In my whole life there has come to me no compliment that I prize more highly.

It nearly broke my heart not to win that fellowship especially when I learned later from my friend McKean, who did win it, that he had about decided to abandon the job when he learned of my misfortune. He and I were the only two left in the race! Nevertheless, it was a kindly Providence. Looking back on it now I am sure that I would much prefer the life I was forced to lead instead of a year studying Theology in Germany and probably a struggle for a Seminary professorship upon my return. At least, I "comfort myself with these words", until I remember that winning didn't seem to hurt the meteoric rise of Frank McKean as one of the most popular preachers in the West.

After three long, disturbed and happy years Commencement came. Many of the boys hurried away before the exercises but, realizing that I would never pass that way but once, I stayed. They were simple enough: a sermon at the First Presbyterian Church, the awarding of diplomas, and an alumni banquet. The best part of it was the mellow contemplation of the passage of time over our heads, the buying of tickets for home, and saying good-byes to comrades-in-arms—and to the violet beds back of Hodge Hall. We had our own song written for the occasion and

practiced it lustily on the steps of Stuart Hall. Then we parted for all parts of the world.

Twenty-five years later Harry Bloch called us back to the Seminary for our first reunion. After making sure of who we were we had a memorial service for our dead in Miller Chapel and a banquet in the new graduate hall of the University, the quarrel over the location of which between the President and the Dean had started Woodrow Wilson on his road to the Presidency of the United States. I found them the same fine fellows as of old, only kinder and just as orthodox. Warfield was still their theological policeman, except for one Auburn Affirmer. In a little *Who's Who in the Class of '99* which we published afterward is a note concerning one of our men: "Last November he was thrown from an automobile by a collision and his skull was fractured but in spite of this he is no modernist, but is still orthodox." *Ex uno disce omnes.*

Good, wise, old Jack Davis talked to us. He said two fine things, one depressing, one encouraging. "When you were here", he told us, "theological students came to us fairly well acquainted with the English Bible. They recognized most of the quotations I would use. But now it is different. They show slight acquaintance with its contents." The other was: "The contest between Fundamentalists and Modernists could be resolved, largely, if both sides realized that the Bible contains history, genealogy, poetry, drama, short stories, parables, and allegories not only but also *myth* and *legend*." I had learned that from him a quarter of a century before in that special elective course, Genesis and Semitic Tradition. He would have understood Lanier's stanza:

" 'Tis here, 'tis here thou canst unhand thy heart
And breathe it free, and breathe it free,
By rangy marsh in lone sea liberty."

Verily, it is easy to bind the brows of men in the ties of loyalties if the string is strong enough and long enough. That was the last time I was to see Dr. Davis. He was a great teacher.

Princeton did much for and more to me. Principally it made me aware of a vast scientific, political and aesthetic world of which I had only caught glimpses and determined me to investigate it. I was still on the Seminary side of the controversy and I knew that no matter what I might see on the other side

there were certain things that I neither could nor would abandon. But, in spite of my inherited antipathy to Darwin and Wallace and Huxley, I couldn't laugh down the fact that the leading Princeton exponent of the theory of evolution was an elder in our beloved Dr. George T. Purves's church! And wasn't it in the class room of this same Purves that we heard the changes rung on the necessity of "satisfying the claims of *dike*?" which, if it meant anything, meant the necessity of cleansing the temple.

Yet, somehow, I came away from Princeton feeling that a certain cartoonist was right: On a student's table an open Bible, in his hand Darwin's *Descent of Man* and, underneath, the legend: "It is I, be not afraid." Doubtless there was a way to harmonize Warfield and Wallace, Green and Spencer. The same sort of fusion was taking place in my mind in respect of other things, those beautiful buildings, for example, and my love for the South; that unfettered search for the truth and the sway-back orthodoxy of my Southern church. They fathered inevitably an idea which was, later, to mother a determination: Why shouldn't the South, the Southern Presbyterian Church, if you please, have and enjoy a university as beautiful, as inspiring, as free to find and proclaim the new fact and faith as Princeton? In many a tramp along Nassau Street and the Canal I wondered about that.

Nevertheless, the Hebrew *kultur* soaked into me by my instruction, surroundings and atmosphere at Clinton had been greatly intensified by those three years of theological study at Princeton. The dominion of Jerusalem which by virtue of Christianity and Judaism has controlled our civilization for two thousand years, had trained one more loyal and devoted citizen. I believed with all my heart that the Bible was the word of God from cover to cover and including the covers, inspired verbatim et punctuatum et literatim et scribatim et seriatim, the only infallible rule of faith and practice. I was prepared to defend against all comers the tenets of the Westminster Confession of Faith. I believed in hell for everybody who didn't accept Joshua-ben-Joseph as very God of very God, whether he knew that the world was round or not. I was a typical product of the theological education of that day and all I needed was a pulpit.

And the pulpit was waiting for me and for my classmates and

for thousands upon thousands of other preachers who believed as we did. A vast sympathetic world of church members would expect us to proclaim just such doctrines from these pulpits. Millions of non-church members understood and also sympathized with our beliefs. To them there was no objection anywhere worth mentioning.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this thorough Hebraizing of Europe and America. It stamps the Jews as undoubtedly the most successful race of propagandists that our civilization has ever contacted. Every generation has paid them the homage of religious subservience since the first dispersion. Even before the destruction of Jerusalem the Geographer-Historian Strabo wrote of them: "What city of the empire is there into which they have not penetrated and which they do not control?" He was speaking financially and economically and politically. He could have spoken religiously with equal certainty. Hear Pope Pius XI (September, 1939) "Abraham is called our Patriarch, our ancestor. It is not possible for Christians to take part in anti-Semitism. *We are Semites spiritually.*" Isn't it an amazing thing that Jewish missionaries and writers should have compelled the whole civilized world of four and a half continents to believe that one of their moral philosophers whose knowledge was miles below that of a quiz-kid, was not only a prophet but also God himself, his words the Words of God, his life the life of God, his commands the commands of God, his condemnation the condemnation of God and his death the death of God! And that if they didn't believe this they would burn in hell forever! Their capture of other strongholds of Aryan culture has been equally thorough. Looked at anyway you please, they are certainly the chosen people, obviously because they knew how to go after and get what they chose.

CHAPTER 6.

FROM MARTINSVILLE TO MORGANTON.

IT IS A SOCIAL SAYING that every woman has a little corner in her heart reserved exclusively for each man who has proposed to her, where his memory never dies. I thought of that when, a few moments ago, I opened a packet of old letters. They were dated from April 1899 to November 1906 and contained proposals of ecclesiastical marriage or as the church denominates them, calls, or feelers about calls. Two of them came before I left Princeton Seminary. The first to be issued was by and to the Presbyterian Church of Martinsville, Virginia. Immediately thereafter, also in April, came the call to West Point, Mississippi. Having been "licensed" to preach by Enoree Presbytery*, I was qualified to "consider" them.

These calls came, as do practically all others, because some friend, learning that a "vacant" church is looking for a pastor, recommends you for the position, only you don't call it a position. If you are a young theologian who has never before held a pastorate, either they accept you "sight unseen" or invite you to visit and preach for them. West Point, far away from Princeton, pursued the former course, probably willing to take the risk because of the brilliant record which my big, eloquent,

* Considerable time was occupied in examining Mr. Thornwell Jacobs, son of Dr. W. P. Jacobs who is an applicant for the ministry. He stood a most creditable examination to the satisfaction of the entire membership of the Presbytery present, and will doubtless be licensed to preach this afternoon at the session of this body.—*Central Presbyterian*.

Enoree Presbytery held its fall session at Spartanburg, S. C., Sept. 27-29, (1898) sixty members—twenty two ministers and thirty eight elders—being in attendance.

Mr. Thornwell Jacobs, youngest son of Rev. Dr. W. P. Jacobs, after an unusually excellent examination, was licensed to preach the Gospel.—*Christian Observer*.

—"Rev" Thornwell Jacobs it is now. Mr. Jacobs was licensed at the last meeting of the Presbytery of the Enoree. His first sermon, after licensure, was preached in his old home church at Clinton. He has returned to Princeton Seminary for his final year.—*Our Monthly*.

good-looking brother, States, was making at Columbus. Martinsville, nearer at hand and farther from States, chose to invite me for a "once-over" during the Christmas holidays of 1898-9.

In April the call came, the first I had ever seen, a holy thing when you consider it thoughtfully, just a bit funny when you compare its solemn phraseology and exalted assurances with the amount of salary by which they are to be effected. Yet it was a good, average salary for an unmarried beginner. When I opened and read it, I felt very proud and secure, like the young housewife who sees butter really come after the long labor of churning. It read:

"The church of Martinsville being, on sufficient grounds well satisfied of the ministerial qualifications of you, Mr. Thornwell Jacobs, and having good hopes from our past knowledge of your labors, that your ministrations in the gospel will be profitable to our spiritual interests, do earnestly call you to undertake the pastoral office in said congregation, promising you, in the discharge of your duty, all proper support, encouragement and obedience in the Lord. And that you may be free from worldly cares and avocations, we hereby promise and oblige ourselves to pay you the sum of Six hundred dollars in regular monthly payments, during the time of your being and continuing the regular Pastor of the church.

In testimony whereof we have respectively subscribed our names this second day of April A. D. 1899.

Elders:

J. S. Stultz

O. C. Smith

E. L. Williamson

Warren Norman

Deacons:

Wm. M. Peyton

E. M. Dickinson

A. D. Witten

I hereby certify that at a meeting of the Presbyterian Church of Martinsville held this day in accordance with the book of Church Order, Mr. Thornwell Jacobs was unanimously called to the pastorate of this church; that the elders and deacons were authorized to sign this call in behalf of the church and that Mr. E. L. Williamson was appointed to prosecute this call before Presbytery.

T. R. English, Moderator."

April 2, 1899."

The call to West Point came a few days later, with J. P. Unger's impressive flourish at the top, followed by J. D. Evans,

D. W. Stinson and J. D. Wise and H. M. Chapman, each as legible as printed type. I did not go to West Point nor did I ever meet any of these men nor, as far as I know, any members of their congregation, not even in visiting a hundred and one churches for Oglethorpe University, but I have often wanted to do so. They offered me twenty-five per cent more than I might "be free from worldly cares and avocations" than did Martinsville but, having once been a sufferer from malaria I was afraid to venture into the Delta country and my friend R. W. Jopling of Virginia assured me that to live in the Old Dominion was worth more than the difference. So, instead of going directly home after commencement I journeyed down the beautiful Shenandoah Valley to Henry, once Patrick Henry county, via Hagerstown and Roanoke.

My arrival in Martinsville was at the beginning of the Age of Millionaire-Making in the tobacco business which flourished particularly in Winston-Salem, N. C., a little town (then) just across the line to the South. So far as I know there were no millionaires in Martinsville but during the succeeding years they grew up like and with the weed around Winston-Salem. Forty or fifty was the census figure which I recall. There were numerous tobacco warehouses in and around Martinsville but the business of making big money out of those who sided with Dr. DeWitt against Dr. Paxton was chiefly an affair of the City of the Moravians and the bulls of Durham.

My stay in Martinsville was short, because I soon met a neighboring pastor, Rev. C. W. Trawick of Buena Vista who showed me a vast, pretentious hotel, overlooking the magnificent distances of his boom-town and persuaded me that I had been sent by Providence to found and preside over a Home and School for Girls to be housed therein. The great western Virginia boom had left it high and dry and the real estate concern which controlled it was more than reasonable. As a consequence my memories of Martinsville are limited to a few months of preaching, to enjoying the friendship of some lovable people, to making a few good friends, to eating some delicious, mammoth blueberries and to passing a unique examination for ordination.*

* THE PRESBYTERY OF ROANOKE—Met at Oak Level Church, Halifax County, on Wednesday, August 23, (1899). Sermon by the re-

Dr. T. C. Johnson was at that time Professor of Church History in Union (Richmond) Theological Seminary and was reported to know more about church history than the church itself knew. Trawick warned me that he was "hell on Yankee-trained theologs" and that I had better brush up if he was present, but I had no time in which to do so. He came and after more or less perfunctory examinations in other subjects I was turned over to him for the usual punishment. But it didn't come. On the contrary, when I had mentioned that I had studied under John DeWitt of Princeton and had revealed to him Dr. DeWitt's system of subdivision of church history, his treatment of its most interesting phases and a few of the Doctor's mannerisms he became so interested that he let me talk on and on, interrupting only occasionally to ask me a leading question, until we had taken up all the time allotted for my examination and more, too. Warfield and Davis and the others, especially the octogenarian William Henry Green, by whom orthodox Union swore and for whom it fought, succoured me in a similar manner and soon I had been ordained as an evangelist.

It was at Martinsville, also, that I came in contact for the first time in my life with one of those strange, minor, mass-maniacs which sometimes sweep our country and village districts. This one was the "kissing bug". I had never heard of it before nor have I since. For fear of it, people were keeping their windows shut tight in spite of an inside temperature up in the nineties and a nice breeze blowing outside. There were no window screens in those days or at least I had never seen one. No one could tell me much about the kissing bug. So far as I could find out, no one in Martinsville had ever seen one nor had there been any local victims, as yet. Neither could I learn what it did to you, exactly, but whatever it was, it was very bad. It came at night, while you were asleep. Over at Burnt Chimneys or up at Roanoke there had been some very bad cases. Some folks sat up

tiring Moderator, Rev. Hugh Henry. Present twelve ministers and thirteen ruling elders.

Mr. Thornwell Jacobs, a licentiate, was received from Enoree Presbytery (S. C.) and a call for his pastoral services from the Martinsville Church was placed in his hands; which he asked leave to hold till the next stated meeting of Presbytery. His examinations for ordination were continued, and on Friday morning he preached a remarkably able trial sermon.—*Central Presbyterian*.

all night for fear of it. When I suggested that two legged kissing bugs would meet that description rather well there were unsympathetic snorts. When I left Martinsville in the Autumn, colder weather had come and the mania was dying down but while it lasted it gave you a creepy feeling, as if a touch of insanity had shown up in your family.

When I left Martinsville I took away with me a tale fit for the *True Stories Magazine*. The town was still buzzing with it when I arrived. It seems that there was a good-looking scion of a poor-but-highly-respected family who was tired of his impecuniosity. He had been reading about the rich yankee girls who visited the fashionable Virginia watering places. He begged, saved and borrowed until he had accumulated spondulicks enough to spend a month at one of them. At the height of the season he appeared, fashionably clad, located himself in a high-priced room, presented unsurpassed credentials and immediately was "received". He selected one of the most beautiful among the fair, after assuring himself that she had what he wanted. There was a swift courtship, culminating in a flashy society wedding, completed just before his money gave out. He brought her back to his home in Martinsville and on the way she confessed that she was practically penniless and had always wanted to marry a rich Southerner. She also had gotten hold of just enough cash to splurge herself successfully to victory! Some indescribably terrible moments followed. Both agreed that the other had been served right. The outcome of the matter was that they decided that the best thing to do was to omit further recriminations and to make the best of their successes. They laughed it off, settled down, and, up to my departure, had lived happily ever afterward.

During my summer's stay in Martinsville another thing happened to me that I have never experienced before or since—several large, painful boils on the back of my neck. The climax of this painfulness coincided with one of my return trips from Chicago. Martinsville friends insisted that they were the work of the kissing bug—what else could do it? They made me pretty sick. We were nearing Roanoke when a young fellow took pity on me. "If you'll get off at Roanoke", he promised, "I'll take you home and my mother will cure you in a jiffy." I did. He did. She did.

This young chap turned out to be a hypnotist. That evening

he gave me an exhibition of his powers. It was truly amazing, the more so because I had never witnessed so fine an illustration before. While at P. C. I had tried my own hand at it and had succeeded in a small way. This lad gave me some pointers which I used a year or so later at Morganton. In my church there, was a deacon who had a family of children among whom was a lovely young girl of eighteen or twenty. One evening after dinner at his home the conversation turned to hypnotism and this young lady exclaimed: "How I would like to be hypnotized!" I ventured to oblige her. In a moment or two she was fast asleep and quite at my mercy. She was entirely too pretty to be made a joke of before her father and mother and the guests, most of whom were members of my church. Also, I didn't like the expression on her mother's face. I woke her up at once and left off hypnotism for life.

In spite of the gracious entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Dickinson, the protests of my able deacon H. D. Witten and the warnings of my chief elder, O. C. (Orthodox Creed) Smith, I decided to throw in my lot with Trawick. But, before I leave Mr. Orthodox Creed Smith, whose name advised me of what I should stick to each time I saw him, I should mention the word of appreciation he expressed to me on the sly. It seemed that all of their pastors and stated supplies had used stories and clichés about "mother-love" and female prayers and sacrifices, and when I arrived and quite unconsciously, reversed the custom by constantly referring to the influence of a good father he could hardly believe his ears. Finally, when she wasn't around, he took courage to tell me about it. He didn't know it but if Providence had permitted, I should have much preferred to have done like the rest of them.

Buena Vista was in Rockbridge County, the home county of Cyrus H. McCormick who invented the McCormick reaper and who, having moved to Chicago, had reaped a vast harvest of dollars from his wits, inventiveness, perseverance and business ability. His widow was one of the dearest and most generous women in the world and literally loved the ground he walked on. As he had walked all over God's heaven of Rockbridge County it seemed likely that she would be as much interested in our Home and School as in the Thornwell Orphanage, the god-mother of which she was.

Pretty soon I had a pass over the Chesapeake and Ohio and

Norfolk and Western and a little later found myself in South Chicago, near the new University of Chicago, the snagged-toothed campus of which was only a short walk from a boarding house in which my brother Dill was staying while preparing himself under Dr. Loeb and others for a professorship in the Medical School of the University of Nashville. Before I could see Mrs. McCormick we had pretty well gone all over Chicago together. One moment I shall never forget. We were in the art museum and I came face to face with a remarkable bit of statuary. A young artist, chisel and mallet in hand, was chipping a statue. He had just begun. Behind him was the figure of death tapping him on the shoulder. He had turned and was contemplating the visitor with astonishment and dismay.

In an idle moment I wrote for my brother Ferd's paper, *The Southern Presbyterian*, a description of how I spent one Sabbath day in Chicago. I prize it because it reveals my spiritual atmosphere at that time. Like Saul I was ready to shuck my shirt for good old orthodox Presbyterianism. Also, this squib gives a rather clear picture of the religious uproar in the Chicago of the last year of the last century. The young preacher of the Hyde Park Methodist was Frank Crane! As I read the story now I forgive and understand all those who have since directed their *odium theologicum* against me. Like Paul, I considered that I was doing God a service in attacking what I now believe in. One simply must "Judge not that ye be not judged" if he expects to grow in knowledge, otherwise what he is is condemning what he is to be:

"It was not particularly an exceptional experience, but one which may be enjoyed by any Chicagoan, that which the writer had on last Sabbath. However, it illustrates so well—partly because so common—the character of this most cosmopolitan of cities, religiously speaking, that we must share it with your readers.

It is early in the morning, so early that our landlady told us we could not have a warm breakfast, as early in fact as thirty minutes past eight o'clock that we find ourselves after a brisk walk in one of the large rooms of the recitation building of the University of Chicago, Divinity Department, Haskell Hall, and Dr. Harper of higher critic fame, about to lecture to us on the Eighteenth Psalm. As we listen we learn many things, among them how much we know and how much the Israelites did not know. Particularly, how dark were the early ages of Hebrew history—about the time of David, for example. Now occurs a

remarkable thing, one of those little incidents which illustrate so well the close logic and patient investigation of those much persecuted "Higher Critics". We have been told at similar gatherings before that we were all wrong, tradition was all wrong, the Jews all wrong and poor Peter and all the rest in supposing that David wrote this psalm or that or the other. The thoughts are too deep for old David, the feelings too noble, the imagery too rich, the movement too perfect. Now, of this wonderful eighteenth psalm we learn that it, of all others, has most hope of belonging in the future to its author, that even the rankest of objectors and sharpest of derisive critics believe this, and then! O reason, where are thou? Then, what am I hearing? This Psalm surely David's and then, listen as he points out its beauty of expression, its wonderful imagery, its variety of form, and tells us it is the gem of the Psalter.

But enough, we go elsewhere, to Hyde Park Presbyterian let us say, 10:30 the hour. Here is a different tone and thought and bearing. Here the sacred word of the divine Saviour are placarded before us and we feel that Dr. Vance has helped us as he tells of the atoning blood.

Next to Hyde Park Methodist, only a step across the street, and the time of worship being later we enter just as the preacher begins. A fresh, young preacher he is and a fresher theology he is giving us. "Away with your doctrine, give us life." This cold black Augustinian Theology must die before the light of modern science. Herbert Spencer, the greatest of all the philosophers, has spoken? And so we go home to think and lunch.

To the University again, this time to a Vesper Service and a learned Rabbi, the great Hirsch is to speak. He tells us of the Master of Nazareth, the great prophet, who taught more nobly than any other man before him taught; what a pity that the world has mistaken him to be a god. We sing songs, too, to the Father and the kindly light, we must not acknowledge our Saviour, it might hurt the learned rabbi's feelings and he would not come again and then you know he is a professor in the University. We pray, it is true, again to the Father, the First Great Cause, and we offer our petitions too but not through the blood of the Son of his love, we'll save that phrase till next time, when the Rabbi is away. Oh, how gloriously free and liberal this religion is anyhow, and this God who reveals himself through the prophets and the Buddhas and the Confuciuses and the Christs!

One more service is all we can take in on one day. We are told by one young woman at our club who condescends to think that there is some good in all the creeds but is herself inclined to be a "little bit Unitarian" that we should go to the great temple for our evening service. We go and find it so. Here we hear a sermon different from any yet heard. First, a passage

of the Bible and then a longer passage from Rev. Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy's authorized and inspired commentary and explanation thereon which, by the way, is also guaranteed to contain a skeleton key to the entire scriptures. Then another short verse of Scripture and another long quotation from Rev. Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy's multiverbiaged work telling us what the little passage meant to mean and so on for an hour or so, ending with the authoritative and unanimously adopted declaration of ultimate being, beginning with the wonderfully clear and simplifying statement "There is no life, truth, reality, or substance in matter, mind is all and in all."

This is as much of Chicago religion as we can swallow, much less digest in one day. Next Sunday, however, we can find an equally elegant variety served in most refreshing form to Beethoven's symphonies or Chopin or anything else except the good old songs of childhood. We might go to hear Dowie, the faithhealer, on "Doctors, Devils and Damnation" or Gunsaulus on the Labor Question or even down to the temple of Truth seekers which was launched upon the Theological billows a few days ago and whose Declaration of Independence is said by its deeply pious promoters to contain the *Ultima Philosophia*. All these and a thousand more. Just now, we can only let the reader examine this latter wonderful document for himself.

"DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES"

"We believe in the universe and in its laws. We affirm it to be the part of wisdom not to attempt to change those laws, but rather to investigate and obey them. We know that by and through obedience to the laws of nature, we find our only salvation from disease, weakness, poverty and degradation. We declare that the enlightened reason and the educated conscience are our highest guides; and that it is our duty to follow the truth and practice righteousness. We affirm that all men are equal in the right to think, to speak, to labor and to live; and that it behooves us, as members of the common brotherhood, to do our utmost for the promotion of the general welfare. We know that selfishness and hate are wrong and degrading; and that we are both happier and nobler when we live for the higher ideals of justice and goodwill. We believe that it is our duty, as rational beings, to do what we can to secure the peaceable overthrow of superstition, and the establishment in its stead of the reason which is the surest guide to and guarantee of the blessings of true civilization."

Young Frank Crane, the "fresh, young preacher," referred to above, was preaching near by at the Hyde Park Methodist Church and we went to hear him frequently. I, now, know that he was a great preacher and would, later, become a great journalist and a great author. Apologies, Frank. Also, at least

once we went down town to hear F. W. Gunsaulus. Finally, I was invited up to the Lake Forest estate of Mrs. McCormick. I found her gently charming and the very soul of kindness. She listened to my presentation of our cause. She asked me all about my father and "his great work." She sent me on a visit to another of her pets, Park College, Missouri, from which a number of my Princeton fellow-students had come, and finally she offered us the sum of \$40,000 as an endowment fund to help us along and recommended me and the cause to her daughter, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, for whom one of the homes which she had given Thornwell Orphanage had been named. We still needed approximately \$15,000 to purchase the hotel and we needed it soon, or at least the real estate agent was telling us so. Our option was about to expire.

I had the privilege of visiting Mrs. Blaine and of meeting her young son, Emmons. At the time she was very much interested in and had given generously to the new system of education by natural expression advocated by Professor Parker. She listened graciously to my plea but delayed her decisions from week to week. The summer had passed and now the autumn was about gone. I went back home to spend the Christmas holidays with my father. I found an amusing note in a fragment of a diary, a few moments ago, in which I say that "On the morning after my arrival in Clinton I wrote a long and powerful letter to Mrs. B—laying the facts before her and urging her gift. Two weeks passed and no answer. I dropped another one. No answer. One morning I received a letter from Rev. C. A. Monroe of Lenoir, N. C. saying that the Morganton, N. C. church was vacant and wanted a supply for *three* months, three underscored. As that seemed to be just what I wanted, temporary work, I accepted."

To complete the story about the Home and School: one day, months later, I received a special delivery letter from Mrs. Blaine in which she devoted nineteen pages to a delicate declination of aid. I had almost finished reading it before I had determined whether it was yes or no, so considerately and gently did she refuse. In fact it was open to an interpretation as a suggestion of postponement of a final answer. But time was passing. Tra-wick and the Buena Vista people had lost hope, the owners of the hotel had lost confidence and I had to decide what to do about a call that the Morganton Church had extended me. I accepted it.

CHAPTER 7.

BISHOP OF BURKE

MORGANTON AFFECTED ME in a manner quite different from that of any other town or city in which I have ever lived. The musical atmosphere of Clinton had been dominated by the tones of philanthropy and religion. The musical atmosphere of Princeton was almost entirely that of education. The musical atmosphere of Morganton was definitely that of romance.

Morganton was then and probably still is known most widely as the site of the State Hospital for the Insane, to the handsome buildings and beautifully kept grounds of which the only year-round road in the county of Burke led from the ruddy mud of the surroundings. A second state institution, the Deaf and Dumb School had recently been constructed on the outskirts of the town. There was a large and efficiently operated tannery in the valley between them, a small cotton mill near the railway station, a bank, and a woodworking establishment which was the only one of the five that was owned locally. The remainder of Morganton was a series of homes and stores strung along a ridge of the old stage coach road between Salisbury and Asheville. None of these things have even a touch of romance in them. But Morganton had.

- It lay in the history and hearts of the people and in the physical surroundings of the village. The terrain at Clinton was commonplace, flat and sandy. The terrain at Martinsville was bumpy but undistinguished. But Morganton has her own range of specially chiseled mountains, pacing her main road with an outline silhouetted against the northern sky which, for simple beauty and startling loveliness cannot be viewed without a sense of romance dominating the mind. Chief among them is Attacoa, Mount of the Morning, the great altar of the Cherokees, rising four thousand feet above the sea, split by a deep chasm still bearing witness to the death-struggle of light and darkness, Ioskeha and Tawiskara. To the left, were bright Sun-ah-lee and abrupt Toyahneeta; to the right the prone figure of the Great Manitou. Prosy white folks called them Table-rock and Hawks-

bill and Short-off and Grandfather mountains just as the Wahaws had been nicknamed the South Mountains and other commonplace words found for the blue Tarquoe Valley and for Eseeola and even for Ohwassah, the dread altar of the Manitou. But when I was there they still had an Attacoa Book Club and leading citizens paused on their way home to watch the smoke ascend from the pipe of the Great Manitou when, each Indian Summer, he reposed himself for his winter's sleep, and poetical women wiped their eyes furtively.

Also, Morganton was one of the oldest towns in Western North Carolina, built long before the Revolution, of materials wagoned from far-away Charleston, for which great metropolis her streets, King, Meeting, Church and many others, had been named. There yet remained a "Charleston House" with veranda and garden on the breezy side and from the county courthouse Nolichucky Jack Sevier had once been daringly rescued. All these and other romantic old traditions and Indian legends still remained in the hearts of the older families of whom my church was very largely composed.

For pure, virile glamour I doubt if, anywhere in America, a finer example could be found than the story of the Perkins brothers of Pleasant Valley. Here it is:

Gentleman John Perkins settled with the first pioneers of Western North Carolina. His grandson, Alfred, built Pleasant Valley in the rich lowlands of the Johns River and was among the early elders of the Morganton church. Alfred's two sons, E. A. and R. C., in due course, inherited the plantation. They left a musical atmosphere of sweetness, charity and light in Pleasant Valley, or better perhaps, from Pleasant Valley they absorbed the quiet modesty and proverbial silence by which they were universally characterized. E. A. Perkins died some three years before I arrived in Morganton but I knew Uncle Bob well. He and his nieces and the plantation and the spirit of Pleasant Valley might very well have found a place in the Acts of the Apostles.

The brothers, Bob and Alexander, had one purse into which the earnings of each was put and from which either drew out for his wants at his own will. The broad acres of corn-land stretching from the house to the river was theirs in common. The forests—from whence their quiet gentleness may have come—they had not divided nor the green wheat fields where their young

quail stole often and early without interference. The fruits of them all they gathered in due season and counted them as their common treasure. These quiet, modest, gentle sons of Alfred Perkins were bred in the silences. They and the homestead in the John's River Valley seemed ever much alike in spirit, for land and family had known and loved one another for generations. So the souls of these Perkins men were open and frank as their golden wheat-acres, virile and fresh as their broad-backed corn fields, strong and sturdy as the stout-ribbed oaks of their woods. The spirits of family and forest had blended. In each were the Silences. From their common purse, Alex's five little girls (Bob had no children) were educated and then the will was written leaving them the all of either brother; Bob went away once to the gold-fields of California, brought back a lot of money and put it, too, in the common purse. When they grew too old for field work, sunrise found them side by side on the east porch watching the day begin. Hand in hand they had begun life and hand in hand they loved to watch life begin. When the evening came they sat upon the west porch and watched the sun set—in silence.

There had been a war once and these two Perkins men had been brothers-in-arms. Four years they had served so well that one came out of the fire a Colonel and the other a Captain. When they got back to Dunvegan they took the places of their ploughmen—and were silent about it all.

Such is the picture of two elders of my church, who seemed to be living as first century Christians in the twentieth century. Theirs was the kind of home that Jesus would have gloated over, a complete *voluntary* communism, founded, not on compulsion but on utter unselfishness and brotherly trust and affection.

Not only the men of Pleasant Valley but also those of Morganton itself were definitely unique.

There were the Erwins and the Ervins and the Irwins and the Irvins. Phifer Erwin was, perhaps, my "chief elder." His lovely daughter, Annie Phifer, was our competent organist. He and his wife were faithful members of the choir. It was Miss Annie who is reported to have said of me: "When I see him in the pulpit I think that he should never get out of it and when I see him out of the pulpit I think that he should never get into it." Dr. Moran, my physician, had come down from the North and married Phifer Erwin's sister. Between them they treasured the church's largest

deposits of conservative Presbyterianism. Colonel Tate's family, two brothers, four daughters and their mother lived in an old-fashioned home, full of priceless antique furniture, on a downtown corner, shut off from the streets by boxwoods and cedars and thick shrubbery as effectively as if they were behind the brick walls of Charleston. There were the Major Wilsons, Jim and Alec and Cora and Beulah, whose father had played a large part in building the famously engineered Western North Carolina Railroad to Asheville and whose democratic daughter Cora mothered, with the aid of Madam Queen and the "gospel wagon" a little mission to the Cotton Mill people down on the other side of the railroad tracks. One "revival week," I came nearer preaching hell and damnation in that little chapel than anywhere else in my life, and the next Sunday a number of converts knocked on the doors of my uptown church. They were admitted but I don't think the Session ever forgave Miss Cora and myself for it. Another elder was kindly, loyal R. K. Presnell, who stroked a thin beard and wagged a wise head. With a house full of pretty daughters he lived on the way from my Sunday night sermon to the manse. Of course, I did. Often. Still another was W. A. Ross who never complained about conducting mid-week prayer-meeting when I wanted a little trip home. Then there was wise, liberal Judge A. C. Avery of the Supreme Court of the State, father of brilliant Adonis-like Erwin Avery of the *Charlotte Observer*. He would always back me, even in my mistakes. And finally there was Will Pearson who loved Morganton so that he would endure the agonies of allergic asthma just to see his family and friends. Outstanding among the deacons were Sam J. Ervin and W. C. Ervin and Isaac Avery and J. A. Dickson, wholesome, friendly and helpful. And I must not forget A. M. Ingold who ran our little bank where I kept my overdraft.

But the real people of Morganton were the women. They ran the town as well and competently as they ran the church. The loveliest scene that remains to me of my pastorate there was the second row from the front on prayermeeting afternoon. Six old ladies in black with white, lace caps, grey hair, twinkling eyes, pious faces and godly hearts never failed to occupy that bench. Any one of them could have made a more effective talk than I and in one-tenth of the time. There were two pairs of sisters, two of them were wives of former pastors, one was an elder's sister and the sixth was Mrs. P. T. Hague who, as Miss

Pattie Thornwell had been my first teacher, my father's first assistant in his school work and my mother's friend twenty years before, at the Thornwell Orphanage. Her sister, Mrs. Anderson, was also Dr. James Henley Thornwell's daughter for whom the orphanage had been named and the widow of Dr. Anderson, one of my most beloved predecessors. Sitting by her, usually, was Mrs. Sheetz, widow of a second beloved and honored predecessor. Misses Matilda and Mary Ann Erwin and Miss Laura Avery completed the six,—wise and good and charitable they were, experienced in the ways of God and men and yet I never heard a word of criticism from them, only encouragement and praise for the new arrival, trying to tell angels how to run heaven. Humorous they were, too, at times. Miss Matilda's favorite joke was about the Presbyterian who condemned the Universalists. "They believe that everybody will be saved", she said scornfully. "We Presbyterians hope for better things."

The young women of the church were not so beautiful as this saintly six nor so pious but they are by now and they certainly had even then what it took to make my pastorate at Morganton successful. There were twenty-five or thirty of them, led by Miss Wilhelmina Tate and Mrs. Bessie P. Hunt who formed the Junior Aid Society, the principal purpose of which was to "pay the debt", amounting to a total of approximately three thousand dollars, five times my annual salary. When I learned that part of this debt was being read out in Court regularly and that the balance was of long and hopeless standing I proposed to the session and Board of Deacons that we go to work on it immediately. The answer was that it was held in such a way that to propose a subscription campaign for it would disturb the peace and harmony of the church. The young folks weren't so concerned about that possibility. So we got to work, in such a way as to bring glory to the Junior Aid Society and noise abroad their fame, all over the state.

There are thousands of people still living in North Carolina who remember the Junior Aid Excursion to Asheville. When it was first proposed and for a while afterward the girls were fearfully timorous about it. The guarantee exacted by the Southern Railway was tremendous in their eyes. It might take a notion to rain on that day. Others had run excursions to Asheville and lost heavily on them. After the initial enthusiasm had died away their feet began to frost. There was talk of calling it off. Then

someone suggested that there should be one or more pretty Junior Aiders in each car as conductors, policemen and hostesses. The news spread. Rumor enlarged it. Applications for batches of tickets began to come in and finally when the excursion was run every seat in every car and every aisle between was choked full of customers. There never had been and never will be such a successful excursion. The train had to refuse to take on any more passengers and finally steamed past stations, the landings of which were black, white and pied with people hoping to get on. One of the girls celebrated the miracle by fainting dead away. They cleared some six hundred dollars with which they paid off one of the most troublesome notes and then turned to help the old folks raise the balance of the debt. Even the staid old *Charlotte Observer* wrote an editorial about it!* Their success dissipated all opposition and soon the debt was wholly paid. Incidentally, the paying of it had united the many rifts in the church, most of which had arisen from hard feelings among depositors in a bank and investors in a real estate enterprise in which some of the most prominent members of the church had been officers, both of which had failed disastrously. I never think of those girls and their enthusiastic faith without a sense of the beauty and power of April.

Closely associated with that excursion, because closely associated with the Junior-Aid Society, is my watch which I have used for forty-three years. One of my earliest objects of reverent admiration was a glistening gold watch of my father's, big as a biscuit wound with a gold key, both worn on a black silk braid. The first watch that I possessed was silver-cased. I do not remember how I came by it. After a while my brother, States, gave me a little gold and platinum chain to wear with it. That

* From editorial *Charlotte Observer*: The ladies of the Presbyterian church of Morganton with the genius which always belonged to Morganton women, lately fell upon a substitute for the church festival and it worked. They ran an excursion from Newton to Asheville and made more than \$500.00—more than they could have realized from forty festivals. It is true that in effecting their arrangements they made the depot agent gray-headed with questions and directions and had him consulting his friends about resigning his job; but it made no difference about the agent, since the ladies raised the money, and they have no copyright on their drawing cards which were a pretty girl, a preacher and a policeman to each car.

chain, with a number of other trinkets, including the side-door key, is now imbedded in my favorite paper-weight, a little pig of printers' type-metal into which they were sunk while it was still in the mold. Ferd used the side door key, first, to let himself into the house after the rest of the family had gone to sleep. When he went to Princeton, States got it. When he went to Columbia, Dillard took it. When he went to medical school at Nashville, it fell to me. When I went to Princeton, I kept it as a souvenir. The paper weight in which it is embedded was cast in the Oglethorpe University printshop and has dominated my office desk ever since.

But, about the watch—The United States (Big States, little States and Mrs. States) and also Dill were living in Nashville while I was in Morganton. States had been called to the Woodland Street Presbyterian Church in East Nashville and Dill was now Secretary and Treasurer of the Medical College of the University of Nashville. (Remember the cherries and the watermelon rinds?) In December, 1901, I went over to spend the Christmas holidays with them. It turned out to be a fine trip. The day I left Morganton a heavy snow was falling and the witchery of the scenery over the mountains to Asheville and along the French Broad to Morristown was intensified. Truly, it was gorgeously beautiful! It still remains as one of the loveliest travel experiences of my life. A day or so after I arrived in Nashville we three lunched at a celebrated cafe, Faucon's. As we came out we met the postman, headed for East Nashville. Recognizing States, who by now knew everybody in the city, he turned a package over to him. It was addressed to me. We opened it there on the street. In it was a beautiful, gold watch. It had my initials engraved on the front and, in the back, "*Dunvegan, Christmas 1901.*" Thereby hangs another tale.

Morganton had a much deeper effect on me than I had on it. They were a very lovely people who composed my first pastorate and the glamour of the little town was intense. It brought my literary instincts to life again. Between sermons and railroad excursions I began to write a novel. Its first name was **THE SHADOW OF ATTACOA**. After much revision it was sold, book rights reserved, some years later, to **BOB TAYLOR'S MAGAZINE**, run by DeLong Rice and Senator Taylor, in Nashville. I felt very rich and very proud when I sold them the serial rights for three hundred dollars! That was a hundred times as much

as I had hoped to make out of my chicken story. (But just wait till Mr. Selznick and Walt Disney and I get together!) I was pleased then and, when I re-read it a few years ago, I was amazed at the flattering reception it received. Critics and reviewers were far kindlier in those early days of the South's literary renaissance than they are now. At any rate, the location of the story was "Dunvegan", *nom de plume* for Morganton. The girls of the Junior Aid knew about the manuscript. Hence the "Dunvegan" inscription. Thirty five years later I took a notion to prepare the story for book publication by enlargement, revision and improvement. It appeared in 1940 from the presses of E. P. Dutton and Company as RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S and proved to be quite the most popular book I ever wrote. It was even listed as a best seller out here in Los Angeles where I am writing this page of my story, tonight.

A few moments ago I was down in the hotel lobby listening to Phil Spitalny's All-girl orchestra sing their "Hymn of the Evening", requested by the boys of Fort Benning, Georgia. It was, "Softly, now, the light of day fades upon my sight, away." Immediately, I was transported across the continent and the years to the little church under the oaks. It is Sunday evening. Annie Phifer Ervin is playing the organ in the loft at the rear of the little auditorium. Captain Phifer Erwin is singing tenor. Mrs. Erwin is singing soprano. W. C. Ervin is singing second tenor. From the pulpit I am doing my best to supply a little bass. The Six Saints are there in one of the front rows, and, in their pews, the Presnell girls and their father and Bob; the Tate girls, Mrs. Hunt and her little daughter, Atwood; the Morans, father, mother, son and daughter. May Murphy and Kate Pearson have driven over from the State Hospital. Arthur Ingold is there and Walter Forney and Mrs. McConaughey and her daughters, and one or two members of the Tull family, and Ike Avery's folks, and Judge Avery, and maybe Sam Ervin, or the Corpenings, or the Dr. Rosses, and of course the Wilson family—and the hymn we were most likely singing was: "Softly now the light of day". I can see all of the others but oddly I cannot see myself. I can hear their voices but I cannot hear my voice. I wish I could. I wish that some Sunday evening I could wave back the years and walk in on that little congregation, seated in that dimly lighted church and hear them sing: "Free from care, from labor free, Lord I would commune with

thee." I wish I could, unobserved, sit with them and listen to that little boy in the pulpit preach so positively about mighty things and deep, of which he knew so little; hear him so confidently reveal to a trustful congregation the secrets of the mind of God as he had learned them at the Thornwell Orphanage and Clinton College and Princeton Seminary. But I am warned by Schiller that:

"Threefold the stride of time, from first to last:
Loitering slow the future creepeth;
Arrow-swift the present sweepeth;
And motionless, forever, stands the past!"

This morning I went to worship in the Church of the Open Door, in Los Angeles, in which I understand, Dr. Harry Rimmer denounced me a few months ago as an evolutionary heretic. By an odd Providence he occupied the pulpit again today. He preached an excellent sermon and at one point I thought he was going to denounce me again, but he didn't. I wish he had. It, also, would have been a fine chance to see myself "as others see us". After the service was over I went up to the pulpit and congratulated him on his sermon, remarking that all he needed to be a great preacher was my course in Cosmic History. He didn't seem to be very happy about it. Did I know a good book on the subject, he asked. I recommended my own, **THE NEW SCIENCE AND OLD RELIGION**. "Oh, that!" he snorted. "I had to take that one out of the house into the barn to fumigate it!" I rather liked that fumigation idea. It suggested that it had gotten close to Harry's goat.

While I was in Morganton an event of great historic importance occurred. It was the assassination of President McKinley (September 9, 1901.) He was a kindly, old-fashioned sort of president and the South liked him. His death by violence was far more ominous than those of Lincoln and Garfield. Combined, the three pointed toward an approaching crisis of terrible proportions in threat and certainty. Lincoln's death showed to the seers of that day what all thoughtful men now see, that the War Between the States settled nothing; that the Emancipation Proclamation, our first unconstitutional, Fascist directive only complicated and intensified the Negro problem by introducing into our body politic an element which could be absorbed only by the destruction of America as a white nation. Garfield's

assassination at the hands of a disappointed officer-worker was a disgraceful exhibition of the growing demand on the part of the whole American people that they should be fed at public expense. It was only the extremity to which Guiteau went that was unusual, but it was a bathos of degenerate citizenship never before reached in any Anglo-Saxon country. And now, this Czolgosz, the very name was portentous—New America, millions of Central and Southern Europeans—immigrant America, bringing Old World hatreds and political diseases in such violence and multitudes and overwhelming, blatant insistence that, joined with the Africans and Asiatics, they would soon be able to reduce the strongholds of independence and world wide good will of the Republic and found on its ruins a mongrel democracy siding with the haters and mass-murderers all over the earth and both teaching and enforcing the ruinous nonsense that there is no difference between a brahma and a bantam, between a gamecock and a dunghill, between a houdan and a hamburg because they are all chickens. Any man who isn't a fool can prophesy the end of that kind of government.

When I want to check up on my religious horizons while I lived in Morganton I have only to remember the story of dances and the town hall. My father had fought dancing as bitterly as he had fought liquor and I had inherited the feud. Only once, before I went to Morganton had I ever seen a dance. One night, I had been sent on an errand, the purpose of which I have now forgotten, and, on the way home had heard some music and the noise of revelry in the new hotel. Tempted beyond my ability to bear, I crept up to the window and looked in. It was a dance! But what a beautiful sight! Pretty girls in lovely dresses; men washed, shaven and clad, clean and handsome; ball-room more brilliantly lighted than I had thought was possible; music, soft and entrancing; laughter, smiles—for a moment the knees of my filial loyalty knocked with doubt. But as I neared home and saw him going up stairs to bed, his old, familiar kerosene lamp in one hand and his Bible in the other, my spiritual temperature was normal again and remained so for years.

When I struck Morganton I found it to be the moonshine capital of the world and the dancing center of that section. To attempt to break up the sale of liquor in Morganton would have been equivalent to applying for admission to Dr. Murphy's

lunatic asylum. But I struck out boldly on dancing, to the surprise, amusement and dismay of the community, especially the Episcopalians whose rector was the able and beloved son of the Bishop Satterlee who had taken part in the Princeton Sesquicentennial. The Baptist and Methodist preachers were with me in spirit but they had had too much experience with the devil to twist his tail by countenancing the renting of the town's only dance hall!

It was worse than attacking Diana at Ephesus. The duck in the orphanage backyard had nothing on the impervious backs of my congregation. Only the girls of my Junior Aid Society (and only part of them) entered the war with me. I forget now whose idea it was to rent the town hall, the only place in town suitable for dancing, where all the balls had been held for years, but, one morning, the devotees of Terpsichore woke up, rubbed their eyes and exclaimed, "Well, I'll be——what will they do next?" For application had been made to the managers of the hall for permission to have the usual dance there and lo, and behold, they had been told that they would have to get that from the Junior Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church! After considerable palaver among themselves the officers of the Junior Aid had been approached and the answer had been a grinning and derisive, No!

Within a week all the best people of the town were in a rebellion against us. Even my session considered repudiating our action and as for the Episcopalians, they certainly did sit gleefully in the seats of the scornful! We couldn't hold out. We surrendered our lease and returned them all to the wiles of the devil. At our college dances, for many years, I have remembered this episode with a reminiscent smile.

And smoking—having conquered the tobacco habit at thirteen and worshipping a father who never touched cigars nor cigarettes nor took a "chaw" nor sniffed a snuff, I was half intrigued and half shocked when I learned that one of the leading members of my beloved Junior Aid Society smoked regularly, in her room, of course. She never mentioned it, but her fingers showed it. We brought our combined influence to bear on her and, finally, she gave it up. Forty years later I visited Morganton and talked over old times with her. It was a good opportunity to say what I had often thought—that she had been a quarter of a century ahead of the times and that our "zeal

for the Lord” had deprived her unnecessarily of, at least, some happiness in a world of worry and pain. She, also, smiled reminiscently but she didn't tell me whether she had taken up smoking again.

In the meantime, my father's Clinton, to free which “Hell's Half-acre”, as it was then nicknamed, from barrooms and whiskey he had “fit, bled and died”, had gone in for liquor in a big way. I understand that the profits from the sale of various alcoholic beverages in Greater Clinton now amount to enough to support his orphanage and church and pay the deficit of his college. He, also, had a “brave, new world” to look forward to, but I am glad he didn't know it.

But the most important citizen of Morganton, in relation to my future career, was an attractive young widow who lived at the top of “Blood” Avenue as Will Pearson used to call the town's principal residential street. Her maiden name had been Harriet Margaret Lesh. She was the daughter of a Pennsylvania Dutch physician who had married the daughter of a Pennsylvania Dutch tanner, had learned the tanning business, moved his family to Boston, made his million and retired. She had married another Pennsylvania Dutchman, William F. Camp who had later contracted tuberculosis and had moved to Morganton, hoping to be benefited by the pure, mountain air of Western North Carolina. They had built a little Swiss chalet on top of the highest point of the street. In the front yard grew only one native tree, a white pine which gave the place its name, Lone Pine. Shortly before I came to Morganton Mr. Camp had died but she continued to live in the “village” during the winter and to go North for her summers. Mrs. Camp's father and mother, friendly and kindly, “grampa” and “gramma” Camp lived with her. Carrie, a remarkably efficient and “likely” young Negro boy drove her carriage, tended the garden, piled the wood on the big fire in the living-room fire place. Like Willis Williams, the Orphanage stonechipper, he was black, but his features were Aryan—Roman nose, narrow nostrils and thin lips.

During the winter, spring and autumn she did a good deal of entertaining, principally of her family and their Northern friends. Her father had married again after the death of her mother, the second wife also being of Pennsylvania Dutch blood. In fact, up to this generation no member had ever married outside of the

Pennsylvania Dutch stock. Grampa and Gramma Camp and Dr. Lesh could speak Pennsylvania Dutch. Grampa and Gramma spoke English with a marked accent.

Mrs. Camp was a woman of unusual quality, a lover of good literature, interested in politics, and of high social ability, much of which, she used to say, she had gained from her husband. She had no children, having lost her boy, an only child, when he was quite young. She rarely attended church in Morganton, but, being a Congregationalist, was classed as Presbyterian. She had few friends among the "natives" but they were of the highest order. Among these was Mrs. Hague (Miss Pattie Thornwell) who told me that I should call on her and "get her more interested in our church." Shortly afterward, we called at Lone Pine. She had just returned to Morganton after having spent a long while with her family following the death of her husband. Her sister, Maud Kistler Lesh visited her frequently. Miss Pattie also had an eye on her as a "valuable church worker" among the young people, for she was popular, attractive, energetic and a "natural born leader."

One Sunday afternoon, in the spring of 1901, I had attended one of Rector Satterlee's pre-Easter services and was returning to the manse when I met these two young women, head-on. It seems they had recently arrived in Morganton for another stay. I did not recognize them at first but got by with it successfully and they graciously invited me to call, which I did in rather rapid succession. It was a very beautiful spring, we were both young and susceptible, our friends egged us on and soon—after a few long walks, a picnic or two and a trip down to Clinton to see the Orphanage, chaperoned by Miss Pattie, the younger sister and I were engaged to be married.

It must have been quite a shock to millionaire Dr. Lesh when he received a letter from an unknown little \$600.00-a-year Presbyterian preacher, named Jacobs, from a little broken-down Southern village, asking him for his daughter. And a South Carolinian! And Jacobs? So far as I know there is no Jewish blood in our family. If there were I should certainly not be ashamed of it, but there are many who would be. Both my father and my grandfather were Presbyterian preachers, not to mention two brothers and an uncle, and another Jacobs ancestor was a Methodist preacher, but I think that Dr. Lesh never was quite sure of it. Whether he was teasing or not I was never certain, but he

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used to ask me frequently about a certain Jacobs of Hebrew descent, who was burned as a witch in New England. Nevertheless, he wrote me a very nice reply to my application.

Mrs. Camp never did look on the match with pride at having played a silent-partner role in making it. Undoubtedly it must have seemed to her so widely different from the good old Pennsylvania Dutch tradition of tribal intermarriage, and to be a mating of such widely divergent types as to amount to a defiance of common sense. I got away to a rather bad start with "Aunt Nannie" as the children call her, but when she died a few days ago, an old lady in her seventies she and I had been fond of each other for many years. It was her sincere, frank, noble character that made me like her; her self-sacrificing devotion to my children whom she mothered for years, her deep and undying interest in the fine things of life; good music, good books, good people. It took us years to come to know each other but after a while she forgave me all my iniquities and I would have forgiven her hers if I could have found them.

Dr. John H. Lesh, her father, was a unique, interesting and high-grade business man. His outstanding characteristics were strict honesty and generosity toward his loved ones and quiet reserve, broken most often by an old-timey joke. He reminded me of a chocolate éclair, rough and cold exterior but soft and sweet interior. I knew him for a quarter of a century and in all those years he showed only kindness and generosity to me.

But "brother" was the idol of the family. The only son and the only brother, Fred Lesh was their pet, their authority, their judge and their leader. Curly-haired, freckled, weight about 125, lover of sports, especially golf, generous, kind-hearted and universally liked, he had married an unusually attractive and talented yankee blonde. When his father retired he took his place in the business, made his own million, and sold out his interests in favor of Pinehurst and Beacon Hill.

Immediately I liked Mamie (the Doctor's second wife) and Olga, her little daughter. Mamie was one of those sensitive, kind, gentle hearted and gentle speaking persons who dreaded a scene above all things, and whose every word and expression is considerate courtesy. Of course, she spoiled every one with whom she came in contact. Never once did I hear her speak a rude, inconsiderate word. She was a willing slave to her husband and daughter, too trustful and gentle for the rough realities of life.

Her memory is to me like a bantam hen defending her little chickens against a rough-and-ready poultry yard.

It was at Morganton that, partly through them, I met the two great streams of civilization of which, as yet, I knew practically nothing. Up to this time my "musical atmosphere" was definitely Scotch-Irish-Hebraism. All of my ancestors, as far back as I have been able to trace them were either English (Redbrook, Chew, etc) or French (D'Illard, Dillard) The tradition in our family recited that the Jacobs ancestry were originally named James, dissenters who left England for Holland where one of them became a teacher in the University of Leyden, where his name was latinized to Jacobus, and, on coming to America, contracted to Jacobs. On the occasion of a visit to Oxford in 1923 I looked up the registration record of James Edward Oglethorpe in Corpus Christi College and found him entered as Jacobus Edwardus Oglethorpianus. Originally, therefore, my family had belonged to the hordes of northern Europeans, Teutons, Angles, Saxons, Franks, Danes, Celts, etc., who were over-persuaded into but never really overcome by the teachings of Jesus. Ostensibly they accepted Christianity, the Mystery religion, based upon Paul's interpretation of Christ, but at heart they did not and do not now really believe in or follow the way of life taught by Jesus. No Nordics, Anglo-Germans, or Scandinavians do. In my case, I had been more thoroughly lacquered over by the Hebraistic Kultur than most Christians because I had dipped into it hourly, since my babyhood.

But from now on I was to confront two entirely new currents of influence. The first of these was that unique civilization known as the Old South, the "Befo' de war" culture that began to die at Appomattox. My congregation, the town, the county of Burke still retained its aroma and music. Such members of my church as the families of Captain Phifer Erwin, Major Wilson, Colonel Tate, Judge A. C. Avery and others reminded me daily by title and character of the conquest of aristocratic excellence by democratic inferiority. Surrounding Morganton on every side were beautiful old brick mansions, whose white pillars, spacious halls, and classic lines spoke of days of elegance and security and gentility. And what beautiful names, redolent of peace and quiet loveliness; Creekside, Swan Ponds, Quaker Meadows, Brookside, Belvidere, Cherry Fields, Magnolia, Pleasant Valley. I was reminded of these old places many years later

when I asked the President of Corpus (Oxford) how many students the college had. "Too many," he complained, "Sixty five, I should say. But not of the same quality as of old. We have fallen upon evil days—democracy. It is ruining our country. No great things are being done in England any more. Only great things are done for England by great Kings!" Without accepting all of his conclusions, one may accept the general idea of the outstanding excellence and high quality of the civilization built by the South during the two hundred years before 1865. I was transferred from a Hebraic church, orphanage, college and theological seminary and suddenly immersed in it. It intoxicated me. I still love it. In *RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S* I tried to pay my tribute to it. In *DRUMS OF DOOMSDAY* I have paid my respects to the type of thing that has now taken its place.

It was largely through the Lesh family, beginning with Mrs. Camp, that I was introduced to modern American civilization. In earlier days I had learned not to blow out the gas, on an excursion to Charleston; how to turn out an electric light, on an excursion to Asheville; how to order a meal in a railway dining car, on an excursion to Atlanta; but I had never been inside a Pullman sleeper, nor slept in a steam or furnace-heated house. On all my trips back and forth to Princeton I had curled up on my coach seat, making a pillow of my valise and a blanket of my overcoat, of which fact I am proud. The Leshs lived in a different world. They always travelled by Pullman, even in broad daylight, and they didn't buy a coach ticket to Xville, a berth for the night and then a coach for the day travel again. When I visited them in Boston at Christmas I was entertained in a sort of fairy world where the temperature of the house was kept at 72 degrees, where the meals were served in courses instead of being put on the table all at once, and by tastily, highly trained, white maids, skillfully, noiselessly and deferentially; delicious meals of expensive meats and fruits and furbishings, eaten from costly Wedgewood plates with a service of solid silver. I was driven here and there behind high-spirited horses, all around Newton Center, Wellesley, and other Boston suburbs—explored Boston, learned to read the *Transcript* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, stood up like a regular Bostonian when the Handel and Hayden Society sang the Hallelujah chorus, learned how to pronounce Concord, loosed the sandals from my feet in Fanueil Hall, wan-

dered over museums and libraries, gazed upon the statue of big Phillips Brooks in front of little Jesus Christ, saw something few Bostonians had seen, Bunker Hill Monument, walked down Water Street into Milk, stood by the Shaw monument in front of the golden-domed capitol and gritted my teeth, and even invaded the *sanctum sanctorum* of Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Later I visited the Havemeyers at Seabright, met Andrew Carnegie at his home in New York and rubbed noses with Newport and the Riviera.

It was all very different from the case-knives and corn-bread of the orphanage or even from the coal stoves and kerosene oil lamps of the Seminary, as different as Mr. Webster's "Do tell!" and "I want to know!" or the Leshs's "Hadn't oughter" and "sick to my stomach" were from my "you all". Of course I was entranced by it. What I did not realize, at the time, was that it was my first taste of that secular world of prosperity, comfort, ease, luxury and wealth against which my Hebraized fellow-believers had inveighed for many centuries, from Amos to Elijah, to Jesus, to St. Paul, to Savonarola, to Luther, to Wesley, to Karl Marx. I was nearing the currents of three even more fundamental influences. Sooner or later in my little soul, a mighty conflict would arise between them. The tiny boat of my life would find itself tossed upon the mighty waves of life's ocean by these three tornadic winds: the voluntary democracy of Jesus Christ, the compulsory communism of Karl Marx and the competitive aristocracy of Charles Darwin. Everywhere I went I found them busily preparing for war—over my soul and over the souls of all other men.

Again, it was Mrs. Camp, by a chance gift, who launched me on my first serious consideration of their conflicting claims. Whatever were her misgivings concerning the approaching wedding she was a good sport. The first Christmas after she knew of the engagement she sent me a gift of a couple dozen well chosen books, the *Life of Phillips Brooks*, *Old Virginia and her Neighbors*, *Incentives for Life* and others of the same sort. The one which influenced me most was a new volume by Henry Drummond, *The Ascent of Man*. I knew him to be a distinguished Scotch professor, a close friend of Dwight L. Moody and a scientist of no mean attainments. The book was a footing of several hundred pages for the newspaper cartoon "It is I, Be not Afraid." In it, evolution, philosophy, sociology and religion

dined as friends. It made a spiritual explorer of me. I started to read the other side. Even before I left Morganton I knew that much of what went for religion in our pulpits was superstition and ignorance, like fossil insects imbedded in amber, and often more important and interesting than the amber.

The surprising impact of the dazzling, display period of the nineteen hundreds upon reserved and exclusive Morganton reached its climax, insofar as my life is concerned, in the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kistler at their brand-new modern home, *Aloha*, on top of the highest hill in the village. After the engagement had been announced and the new house finished—but let C. M. (my guess is Charley McKesson) tell the story as he did for the *Charlotte Observer* in words that reel with the intoxications of torn tassels of golden purses, sparkling punch bowls, “snowy arms, finely chiseled neck and shoulders” “glories of rich young manhood” and all the flowery philology of an amazed eye-witness. It should, long ago, have been permanently preserved in some Morocco-bound social Anthology:

“Morganton, Nov. 15, 1902—In all Western North Carolina there is no more elegant home than that of Mr. Andrew Kistler. On the borders of the Rhine or the Hudson there may be finer homes, but I doubt it. Situated a mile and a half from the court house in Morganton, on an elevated plateau, it commands a fine view of the river, the valley, the mountain and the sky. The house is somewhat on the colonial style of architecture—with its great columns and long porticos and yet it has about it all the elegance of the modern conveniences. Every room in it is finished with various hardwoods of the North Carolina forests and the Oriental rugs here and there, the paintings, the pictures, the tapestries, the hangings, the frescos and adornings seen on every side proclaim the touch of an artist, the pencil of a master, and the wealth of a prince. As I walked through the long aisles and glorious rooms I felt with Ruskin in his splendid tribute to the mountains “girt in pale cloisters for thinkers, glorious in holiness for worshipers.” Mr. Kistler is a member of the Burke Tanneries and by his kindness and fair dealings with the public has won the esteem of all our people. On the evening of November 14th Mr. and Mrs. Kistler invited the wit, the beauty, and intelligence of Morganton to partake of the welcome of their home; and rich as were the environments they were not so rich as the hospitality of our gracious hosts. At least 150 guests were present; yea, it was a great crowd that thronged this glorious home. Young men and maidens, fair and beautiful women, and cultured men vied with each other to make a delightful evening. There was the richest of music and the ex-

quisite touch of Mrs. Fred Lesh suggested that Calypso and her nymphs were there. In the front hall the beautiful and accomplished Mae Murphy and Mrs. W. F. Camp received. Mrs. Camp of charming personality and sweetness of manners, wore a black crepe de chene and lace over white taffeta and Miss Mae Murphy wore an exquisite gown of pink crepe de chene and real lace. In the drawing room Mr. Kistler in full evening dress and his handsome wife, in a black silk gown with a touch of pink, welcomed their guests.

Mr. John Lesh of Boston was of course in the best of style and his charming wife, with a white Paris gown and pink roses made a striking picture. Dr. Fred Lesh of Boston in all the glory of his rich young manhood looked especially happy as the crowd seemed to admire his queenly wife with her blue satin gown—black lace. Miss Hattie Lesh wore white chiffon over the richest green satin.

Rev. Thornwell Jacobs of South Carolina and his future bride, Miss Maud Lesh of Boston made an attractive couple and "love looked as they walked and talked". For some years Mr. Jacobs has been pastor of the Presbyterian church here. He is a brilliant evangel of the Master and has won the affections of a gifted and lovely woman.

The punch bowl, great, divine illusive words! These genii of youth and beauty Miss Hattie Kistler and Miss Nannie Pearson, presided there. Both fair in favor and feature put an additional charm to the bowl.

At ten o'clock supper was announced. It was a regal feast, prepared and served by that artist among caterers Theobald of Asheville.

Mr. and Mrs. Kistler by their ease and grace of manner made all their guests feel at home; yea, they won an abiding place in the hearts of the Morgantonians.

Among the splendid men I was struck with the dignified bearing of Hon. A. C. Avery. Well worthy is he to wear the mantle of the great Vance.

Among the younger women none were handsomer than Misses Addie Avery and Lester Davis, none more elegantly dressed than Miss May Mills and all paid tribute to the snowy arms and finely chiselled neck and shoulders of Miss Mamie Collett.

Of the splendid group of married women none were more beautiful or richly gowned than Mrs. Z. T. Corpening, Mrs. J. H. Pearson, Mrs. John Tull, Mrs. E. M. Goodwin, Mrs. M. Silver and Mrs. W. A. Teslin, Jr. All Morganton women are beautiful and ever have and ever will be. It was a great feast that Mr. and Mrs. Kistler gave us in their beautiful home. The spangled splendors of the sun-crowned morning—the milder manifestations of the moonlit evening were woven together and all conspired to make a rich and glorious picture, a picture lit with hospitality and aglow with the sweetest things of life. C. M."

By way of contrast the following is an account of the wedding from a Massachusetts Journal:

At the home at 955 Beacon Street, Newton Centre, Mass., of John H. Lesh of the leather firm of Kistler, Lesh and Company, last evening, his daughter, Miss Maud Kistler Lesh became the bride of Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, of Clinton, S. C. About 150 guests were present. The little maid of honor, Miss Olga Lesh, carried a bouquet of moss roses. The best man was the Rev. Cornwell Jennings of Germantown, Pa., and the ushers were W. R. Wilcox of New York, Herbert Bonnell and Aaron Burnett of Orange, N. J., and Sedwick Kistler of Lockhaven, Pa. The maid of honor was Miss Martie Havemeyer of New York and the bridesmaids were Miss Mary Murphy of Morganton, N. C., Miss Kate Poppenhusen of New York; Miss Lillie Moore of Plainfield, N. J., Miss Hattie Kistler of Newton Centre and Miss Maude Hammond of Newton Centre. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Edward M. Noyes assisted by Dr. W. P. Jacobs of Clinton, S. C.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was becomingly attired in white chiffon with lace medallion trimmings and wore the customary tulle veil. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. Miss Havemeyer wore white dotted mull trimmed with Valenciennes lace and carried a shower bouquet of golden gate roses. The bridesmaids were gowned in white organdie with trimmings of lace.

A reception was held at 8:30 to 10, the Rev. and Mrs. Jacobs being assisted in receiving by Miss Havemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lesh, Dr. W. P. Jacobs and Mrs. William Bailey of Clinton, S. C. Mrs. Lesh wore a black lace robe over pink chiffon trimmed with silver spangles, and Mrs. Bailey white China silk with lace trimmings.

The couple will be at home after Sept. 1, at Clinton, S. C. Monday evening a dinner was given at the Lesh residence to the entire bridal party by the bride and groom.

The father of the bride will be remembered as a former prominent and highly respected resident of Tannersville, this county.

The father of the groom is founder of the Thornwell Orphanage, and pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Clinton, S. C.

Isn't it strange that when you think of a place in which you have lived, many decades ago, it is of some minor incident and, each time, of a different happening? Remembering Morganton is to me like looking through a microfilm reel.

I see Mr. Pearson walking down town in the summer, shading himself from the hot sunshine by an umbrella and Mrs. Camp asking, "Why do the men down here do that? —Dr. Jeter, the dentist, puts a notice on his office door: "Out of town today. The

fish are biting.” —Isaac Avery, humorous deacon, buttonholes me in front of the Post Office: “Reverend, explain this. I eat greens and get the blues. The more, the worse! Why?” —Jim Wilson hears about my sermon against drinking liquor and tells me this one: “Scene in courthouse: Stalwart, amazingly wellpreserved witness, asked by Judge how old he is, replies: ‘Eighty four, your Honor’ ‘And you have never touched a drop of liquor in your life?’ ‘Not a drop, your Honor’. Judge takes time out to point moral of so aged a man having been so well preserved by eschewing alcohol. Calls next witness, brother of first, who is of same type, perhaps a little better preserved, straighter and stronger. Never lost a tooth. Never lost a hair in his head. Can work all day on the farm. ‘And how old are you?’ asks the Judge. ‘Eighty seven, your Honor,’ the witness answered. ‘And you never drink either?’ the Judge asked. ‘Yes, sir, Judge, I never missed my toddies, if’n I could help it, since I knowed how to bend my elbow!’” —The public square, covered with red-muddied wagons on Saturdays. —The droning of Mr. Dickson’s planing mill, precursor of the furniture factories which were to follow. —The Perkins girls side-saddling it from the Johns River Valley on a muddy Sunday. —The soft, balmy October evenings in the front yards under the harvest moon.—Handsome Erwin Avery arriving from Charlotte and “breaking up the game” for all other young blades until he returned to the *Observer*. —Walter Forney saddling home from cattle-trading and herding, twisting his moustache and announcing: “There’s snow on the mountains. Mr. Jacobs, you ought to see Linville Falls!” —Quail selling for five cents each. —The warning dip of the electric lights at 11:45 and my haste to mount my trusty Columbia, chainless bicycle to get home before they went out at twelve. —The trip down to Concord to install Dr. George Cornelson who had been fortunate enough to marry beautiful Emma Bailey of Clinton.* —Mr. Milner boosting his Trans-Appalachian railroad

* At the close of this charge Dr. Rumble announced a hymn which the congregation sang, standing and being seated again were interested and enthused by the manner in which Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, of Morganton, discharged the duty which had been appointed him by Concord Presbytery, that of charging this people as to their obligations to their new pastor. His earnestness of manner commanded instant attention and his thrilling words carried the conviction to the hearts of the congregation, that they had assumed obligations which they were most sacredly bound

from the coalfields through Morganton to Spartanburg. —Miss Cora Wilson's reproachful tones as she told how her beloved pony, Button, ran away with her and the gospel wagon. —An all day horseback ride with Zack Corpening to the crest of Attacoa (Table Rock) and the inevitable consequences.—A two day tramp with J. A. Coit from Montreat to the top of Mt. Mitchell, the sleepless night in the cave on the summit and the rattlesnakes on the way. —The mountain woman who could spit her tobacco juice ten feet and hit a horse-fly, every pop. —The great oaks, the mossy gravestones and the blue periwinkle in the graveyard of our little church. —The constant admonitions I received not to walk so fast. —The amazing kindness of every person with whom I came in contact and what I now know to be their totally unwarranted praise. —The big bowls of strawberries at Phifer Erwin's where I boarded for a short while after I arrived. —The great flood of the Catawba River in 1901. A pious Baptist declaring: "It's the Lord's doin's!" An impious heretic retorting: "Well, if'n hit's the Lord's doin's all I kin say is: on a k'naverage the Lord does jes about as much harm as he does good." —The headlight of the eleven o'clock train reflected on the clouds as it comes up the grade on the road from Salisbury to Asheville. —The sombre manse in which I lived alone, the upper front porch piled with stovewood, the 50 cents per month light in my room on the upper Southwest corner and the little Blickensderfer typewriter on which I wrote my sermons. —Lovely Rose Villa where I took my meals and Mrs. Pearson, Episcopalian proprietress exclaiming: "Why, Mr. Jacobs, don't you like liver? Why, Frisky (her pet fice dog) loves liver!"

The meeting of the Concord Presbytery in my church and the unexpected request to examine Rev. W. S. Wilson on church history.* The buggy ride to Valdese with W. C. Erwin and the

* *Presbyterian Standard*: "I have examined and heard the examination of a great many candidates, but I can recall no examination equal

to fulfill and in making this impression he, also wisely advised the ways by which the obligations may be kept.

The members of this church rejoice in the rich blessing of having among them the new pastor and his family and confidently anticipate "times refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Rev. Thornwell Jacobs filled the pulpit at the night service and preached a fine sermon in his own spirited manner from the words, "The blood of the everlasting covenant."—*Charlotte Observer*.

quaint old-world atmosphere of the Waldensian Village. The publication of my first (feeble) venture into literature and the truly undeserved praise it received from my friends.* —The call to Gaffney, S. C., and the nice people I met there.** —Mrs. Camp telling her favorite joke to Will Erwin: "Court room scene: negro woman suing for divorce from husband. Judge: 'But, Aunt Mellie, the court can't grant you a divorce without a reason. Isn't Jack a good negro?'"

'Yes, suh, Jedge, he sho is, he's a good nigger. He brings home de bacon. Yes, suh, he's a good pervider.'

'He never cusses you out, does he?'

'No, suh, he's jes ez perlite ez he were de fus day I married him.'

'He don't get drunk?'

'No, suh, he's ez sober ez de preacher.'

'He don't give you trouble with other women, does he?'

* *'NEATH THE SHADOW OF HIS WING*: The author in his preface says the book makes no pretensions to literary merit, but some of the chapters are intensely interesting. The account of how "Goat" obtained the "Doctors" permission to play baseball with the town boys is splendid and the story of "The Angel's visit to the Thornwell Orphanage" is beautiful and tender. No man can finish reading it with dry eyes.—*Greenwood Index*.

This book, written by one who has been intimately associated with it since boyhood, gives us a view of this little world, and he must have a queer heart who can read this book without being made better and thanking God for this home he has opened for the orphans, and for that wonderful man who has sustained it by his prayers and labors.—*Presbyterian Standard*.

** Mr. Thornwell Jacobs is a young man and has been in the ministerial field only a short time, but he leaves his mark wherever he goes and his fame is spreading before him. Last evening he preached one of the most interesting, picturesque and soul-stirring sermons that it has ever been the good fortune of a Gaffney congregation to hear.—*Gaffney Ledger*.

to it in the questions asked and the accuracy of the answers given. Altogether, it was one of the most satisfactory examinations ever held, and the Marion Church to which Mr. Wilson goes as pastor, is to be congratulated upon securing the services of one so well equipped. The promptness and accuracy of Mr. Wilson's answers were only equalled by the thorough and ready knowledge shown by the pastor of the Morganton Church, who though not a member of the examining committee, when called upon to conduct the examination in church history, did so with a skill and ready acquaintance with the study that was a surprise to many older heads."

'No, suh, Jedge, he aint missed a night fum home since we wuz hitched.'

'Well, Mellie, what's the matter? It seems to me you've got one of the best husbands in Atlanta. What do you want to get rid of him for?' 'Well, Jedge, I tell you. I jes natchully done los' all taste fer dat nigger!'

—Myself walking for nearly three years, more than two miles, to and from my bedroom in the manse and my boarding house at Rose Villa in all kinds of weather, in light and darkness, through scorching heat and winter blizzard, without caring whether it rained or shined or scorched or froze. —My little monthly publication the *Burke County Presbyterian* boasting that it entered every Presbyterian home in the county, each month and the fun I had with it.* —Dr. Guerrant's revival services in my staid old church and the shocks his fiery enthusiasm gave to my hitherto unrevived congregation. —Pretty Hope McAlpin, our telephone "central" and my astonishment as I recall that I didn't have a telephone in that lonely old manse. —The pretty girls who used to visit May Murphy at the State Hospital—among them the Miss Margaret Cannon who later became the wife of the Clark Howell, owner and editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and the daughters of J. P. Caldwell, editor of the *Charlotte Observer* and many others all of whom are now grayhaired grandmothers or fragrant dust. —The keen interest, good order and apparently genuine appreciation of my congregations at the State Hospital for the Insane—such are some of memory's little microfilm pictures of the lovely long ago.

When I visited Morganton a few years since, such memories as these were in my mind. The first thing I did after registering at the new hotel was to walk all over the town. First to the old church where, at that hour, Wilhelmina Tait would be putting flowers into the vases on the pulpit. Sure enough, there she was, approaching faithfully alone to prepare for the church services. After forty years I expected the many changes which had taken place. All of my Session were gone. Of my Deacon's Court, Ike Avery, approaching eighty, was still there. I went out to call

* We welcome to our exchange the *Burke Presbyterian*, edited in Morganton by the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The Editor, Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, is one of the most lovable fellows in the world and whatever he has to say will be read with pleasure and profit by all denominations.—*Morganton News-Herald*.

on my close friend, Sam Ervin. Forty years ago his gray-haired father lived with him. Sam was young, brown-headed, vigorous, full of life: When I saw him after forty years, almost I mistook him for his father of whom he had become the living image. Nothing else in my visit, so impressed me with the changes wrought by the accumulation of the tiny moments of time, not even the infants whom I had baptized and who were now grandmothers, not even the disappearance of Rose Villa and Lone Pine and Miss Pattie's dear little cottage underneath the great oak. I spent part of my day with Wilhelmina Tate and Mrs. Hunt and Sudie Presnell. They had not forgotten the Junior Aid Excursion nor the Old Maid's Convention nor the lease on the Town Hall. I found Miss May Mills still living among her apple trees and gold fields in the South Mountains and the Perkins girls still have their old home in the John's River Valley. Will Ervin, my Burke County encyclopedia, was visiting at Blowing Rock and bus stations were all over the place. I walked up and down the streets. I used to know practically every person in town. Now, they were strangers. Only in the little church under the oaks did I find any one who remembered me, and even there a stranger, a theological seminary student sat upon my former throne. Instead of red, muddy roads, beautiful highways entered the town from all directions. Gathering a few old friends for lunch we planned an automobile trip to Attacoa and a Junior Aid reunion. One of my most important wedding ceremonies while in Morganton had been the marriage of Bessie Dickson. Her husband, Mr. Taylor, drove me over the formerly impassable roads of the South Mountains and down to Charlotte in half the time it used to take me to make it by rail. I caught the first Atlanta-bound train, and all the way home the car wheels kept pounding out the text of a sermon I had once preached in "Dunvegan": "For we spend our lives as a tale that is told—as a tale that is told—as a tale that is told—as a tale that is told—"

CHAPTER VIII

BACK TO CLINTON

THERE IS AN HISTORICAL TENDENCY which amounts almost to a human instinct for a son to succeed his father. Successive possession of thrones, properties and positions through family inheritance by a line of kings, planters or presidents is the first thought of so many people that what was, at first, merely appropriate is accepted as natural, logical, advisable, and finally as legal, and of divine right.

By forty years of hard work my father had founded and developed three fine institutions. He was and still is best known all over the church for his work at the Thornwell Orphanage. Second widest is his fame for the founding of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. In the third place would fall his life work in the First Presbyterian Church of Clinton. He had now reached the age of sixty which is young enough to have caused no concern over "the succession" if he had not suffered from so many attacks of influenza and from various other indispositions that his general health had been greatly impaired. After one such attack he began seriously to consider securing an assistant in his triple task which seemed now to require the whole time of at least one more man. With a natural desire that one of his boys should follow in his footsteps he canvassed the list and the lot fell on me. My eldest brother, Ferd, had established and was successfully managing a large advertising organization of religious papers, one of which, the *Southern Presbyterian* he himself owned and edited. My second brother, States, was now a popular and highly successful pastor of a large church in Nashville. My brother Dillard was, as I have before said, secretary and treasurer of and professor of Physiology in the Medical School of the University of Nashville. I was just beginning my career. I was born in the Orphanage. I was named Thornwell. I was "it".

Now that I am "along in years" and can view my family from a detached standpoint, I am intrigued by the contrasts it must have offered my father then, before and afterward.

There was, for example, my eldest brother, Ferd. He was

about five feet, eight inches in height, 135-150 pounds in weight, brunette in appearance except for his blue-grey eyes, a good tennis player for his size, a good swimmer and an expert bicycle rider. Forty years ago he had drawn detailed plans for an airplane on helicopter principles. States described it as the first evidence of insanity to appear in our family. He was a good public speaker, a deep thinker, eloquent without emotion, quiet, reserved, not a good mixer nor a good singer. A fierce fighter but loved intensely by those who really knew him. He answered your letters promptly. Always he was loyal, generous, kindly and deeply devoted to his father and family and—to Clinton!

Then there was my second eldest brother, States who, as a youth wore the best pompadour hair cut I ever saw and who still has to answer my letters of forty years ago and since. If you can imagine Dr. Samuel Johnson transformed into a handsome, healthy, life-loving and life-giving, wide-brimmed-ten-gallon-hat, Southern planter who preached the Gospel for sheer pleasure and sang bass, tenor and baritone, you would have an excellent start on visualizing his personality. Six feet in height, weight at eighteen, 185 pounds and, at fifty, about 240, (When I weighed 120 and he 240 he used to introduce me as his half-brother) blond in type, blue eyes, pink cheeks, athletic, excellent baseball catcher, pitcher and batter, one of the best mixers in any state, one of the best if not *the* best after-dinner speaker in America, deep, resonant, bass voice, almost unequalled for pulpit or platform, full of fun, brilliant with wit, overflowing with jokes and good stories and—to come back to Dr. Johnson—a master of epigram, dominating, by sheer ability, the conversations of any group with whom he might foregather.

Then came Dillard, three and a half years older than I and two and a half years younger than States—equally talented and—if brother may compare brother with brother—even more deeply loved, probably because he was so quiet and unassertive. He inherited the musical talents of his mother, including a fine tenor voice. Guitar and mandolin and piano instruction came to him naturally. He was undoubtedly the favorite of all the family for his likability, congeniality and unobtrusive sociability to which his parents had added good looks, a fine pitcher's arm and double talents in how to win friends and influence people. A blond with sandy hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, about five feet eleven inches in height and a hundred and sixty five pounds in

weight, he eschewed public speaking, and was the only one of the brothers who was never spanked nor thrashed for misdemeanors by his father and who did not follow his father into the Presbyterian ministry, which may explain or be explained by each other.

As for my sister, like my sister-in-law, Laura, if you have ever read one of Thomas Nelson Page's novels of old Virginia, you have met her; gracious, charming, cultured and patrician. She was about eleven years older than I, so my memories of her begin when she was a "young lady", and with the pinning of stiff, white, sailor collars around my rebellious neck on Sunday mornings and with, "Now, let me see your hands. Ugh!"

She was a medium-sized, brown-haired, grey-eyed, fair skinned blonde, soft-voiced and gentle-mannered. She loved flowers and so had charge of our front yard flower garden. Therefore, I associate her with roses and pansies and pink thrift and peonies and humming-birds and forget-me-nots. She loved music and was a good organist and singer and, therefore, had charge of the music in the orphanage, Sunday School and church services. (How Will Bailey did hate to march all the way down the church aisle to sit in the front pew near the organ every Sunday evening for some years before their wedding!) She was a good cook and that was why we could have suppers at *our* house. In fact, she came as near taking my mother's place as she could. Father often commented on their resemblance. Will was her obsession, Dill her pet, States her admiration, Ferd her pal, father her God, and I was her spankee. As I look back over a stretch of sixty years, my judgment is that, on the whole, she gave each of us just about what we deserved.

Which reminds me of one of State's favorite stories: Tom Leake, Clinton's outstanding "drummer" was once asked by one of State's friends about the Jacobs boys. Did he know them?

"Yes, sir," Tom replied. "I knew them all. There's Ferd, he's the business man of the family, making plenty of money, big business leader. And Dill, he's a society idol, one of the most popular boys Clinton ever had, going to study medicine, he'll make a magnificent doctor; and Thornwell, he's the student, made a superb record at college, guess he'll follow in his father's footsteps."

Tom stopped there.

"What about States?" the friend asked.

"Oh, yes," Tom replied, "There is States! Yea, States—he's the second oldest!"

Speaking of Dill being the "society idol" of the family, reminds me of the sad story of his fall from that high estate, all on account of a conundrum he couldn't keep from asking one of the most modest and influential of Clinton's debutante set on their way home from a party. Having run out of conversation and having no guitar near at hand, he broke the awkward silence by asking:

"What is the difference between a cat and a kitten?"

The young lady contemplated certain differences but decided not to mention them. Then, recalling that Dill was a preacher's son she ventured to say: "I give up. What?"

With a triumphant grin, Dill explained:

"It takes one kitten to make a cat but it takes two cats to make a kitten!"

There was dead silence between them until they reached her house. She didn't invite him in. It was a long while before Dill ate any more of her ice cream.

When Sister grew older she found herself the wife of one of the ablest and most successful and most widely known bankers and cottonmill men in the South but she never allowed that nor the increasing seriousness of her illnesses to interfere with her parties for the orphanage children. Her home was our home during all the years of her life and I have always counted Will Bailey as much my brother as any of the other three. His kindness and generosity and enjoyableness have always made me forget his greatness. They were a fine pair of young village lovers, of middle-aged workers for home, church and state and of dignified, revered, sympathetic grand-relatives. Sister was the connecting link between the lifeworks of her husband and her father who, between them, built Clinton.

But my deepest memory of my sister is of those long, lonely night vigils when Will was his own book-keeper and Dill used to take his text-books over to her house just opposite the orphanage and sit with her until Will came home from the bank at midnight or thereafter.

I recall the wrenchings of spirit which I underwent in considering the question of ending my Morganton career to go back home and help my father. I had learned to love Morganton and my

pastorate there. But I loved the Thornwell Orphanage, also, and Clinton, and my father. I think a little jealousy entered into my decision lest someone else should possess my heritage. Friends asked: "Eventually, why not now?" My father had grown ill again. So, I resigned my pastorate and prepared to accept the call to Clinton.

Then, one of the oddest things in my life happened. My father's health improved rapidly. Appeals from my congregation shook my confidence in the wisdom of the step. I was persuaded to reconsider my action, and, for the first and only time in the history of the Southern Presbyterian Church, so far as I have ever heard, my church issued a second call, the Presbytery approved my acceptance of it and I was again installed pastor of the little red church under the big red oaks.

But not for long. My father's health grew alarmingly worse again. It seemed that he might be totally incapacitated if some relief was not granted him at once. I was called again, resigned again, and, vacillation ended, took up the tasks he assigned me.*

Clinton had changed very little since the days of my former residence in it. No waterworks, no sewerage system, no electric lights, not a foot of paved roads. Same good, lovable people, slow-moving Scotch-Irish stock, mostly. The Orphanage and the cotton mills had continued to flourish but the college was, as my father described it, "a weakling". My father still read the *News and Courier* ** by the light of the same old lamp. The churches

* Here is a sample, taken from his diary under date of March 25th—Yesterday at the unearthly hour of two o'clock, I was startled by my alarm clock into semi-consciousness, literally rolled out of bed, in some way managed to bedeck myself with needed ornaments, groped through the dark to the S. A. L. depot, there found Thornwell waiting, and off we put to Greenwood. We had the electric lights there to guide us over to the P. R. and W. C. R. R.—stretched off on a bench and bumped leisurely down to McCormick where we were turned loose in a gentle drizzle-drazzle. After a "sumptuous" breakfast at a little hotel with a fancy name we paid special attention to our Orphanage possessions, deciding to sell one lot, to erect four cabins for rent to negroes, and to offer certain other lots for sale. We now have \$4,000.00 worth of property there.—Diary of W. P. J.

** From the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier*: We print today a very gratifying letter from Rev. William P. Jacobs, D. D., President of the Thornwell Orphanage, at Clinton, S. C., congratulating the *News and Courier* upon having completed its first century:

were prosperous, the merchants making money, and the farmers still poor. The "great houses" on the plantations around the town stood, for the most part, gaunt, sun-blackened, empty, reminders of how the loss of slave labor and the blood-sucking tariff laws had reduced the farmers to a state of pernicious anaemia. The towns were growing at the expense of the countryside. The Carolinas were building cotton mill after cotton mill. South Carolina still had fewer spindles than little Rhode Island but was on her way toward having more than all New England combined. Labor Unionism was growing and the outcry against the "oppressions of capital" had gotten well underway. Baltimore was about to burn up and Theodore Roosevelt was about to be elected President of the United States on his own account (1904) and to promise that he would regard his first three year term, succeeding McKinley's assassination, as a full term and not run for a third. "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman was our best known Senator and D. C. Heyward was governor of South Carolina and was soon to accept an invitation which I extended to him to come up and deliver the principal address at our anniversary. All of America was excited over the Russo-Japanese struggle and Great Britain, ally of Nippon, had seen to it that our sympathies were overwhelm-

Thornwell Orphanage,
Clinton, S. C.
Dec. 28th.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS AND COURIER: I feel impelled this morning to write you a note rejoicing on the approaching completion of your 100th year. What a grand paper the News and Courier is and what a grand place it has filled in the history of our noble old State! I began reading it as an eight-year-old child, away back in 1850. Ten years later I began writing for it and to it sent the first communication that I ever penned for the papers. I have been reading it ever since, as man and boy, for these 53 years past. That which first led me to read it was, singularly enough, the account of the funeral obsequies of John C. Calhoun, *quorum minima pars fui*—that is, I was one of the little rabble that followed the procession along the sidewalk. I remember 36 years later, the absolute delight with which I laid hold of a copy of your paper in Milan, Italy. It was home, youth, love, joy, everything combined. No man knows what a copy of the paper means to a Charleston boy 5,000 miles from home, till he has tried it. Well, God speed you! May you live a millennium.

Yours faithfully,
W. P. Jacobs.

ingly with the "brave little Japs." Hunters still went gunning for flocks of robins on their February-March migration northward. Skirts were still long and no self-respecting woman painted her cheeks or smoked in public. Quail still sold for five cents each, the same price as a full basket of strawberries as large and luscious at the bottom of the basket as at the top. In short, Clinton was still enjoying the horse and buggy days and there wasn't an automobile in the state.

Whenever I recall my come-back life in Clinton I remember three incidents, one funny, one tragic and one pathetic. The funny one first: Mr. Prather, an elder in our church and an officer in the orphanage was my nearest neighbor. He was famous for his turkeys in which he took great pride. As Thanksgiving Day approached we had found it difficult to purchase a large enough turkey to suit our plans so I asked Mr. Prather if he wouldn't sell me the magnificent tom that strutted frequently in our front yard and incidentally annoyed us no end by leading his hens to our flower garden for their daily salads, of which visits we had duly complained. I noticed, when I made my request that he gave me a sly look. His answer was a kindly but positive no. The following Sunday (just before Thanksgiving Day) as I came in sight of home, there was Big Tom and his harem in our flower garden again! I picked up a clod of earth in which, unbeknownst to me (I swear it) there must have been a stone, and tossed it lightly, aiming it so that, at its worst, it would tap him lightly on the back. Something else happened. The clod hit Big Tom in the head. He staggered. He fell. He died! Imagine the assistant pastor trying to explain that to one of his elders! There was no difficulty about buying the turkey after that but my relations with Mr. Prather were never the same afterwards.

The pathetic incidents were the frequent requests of my wife to be taken down town at night to the public square, where a few kerosene lamps defied the darkness and a few store windows were dimly illuminated by coal oil lights. She had been used to Tremont and Boylston and Fifth Avenue but even the flickering dimness of Clinton's Square was a great white way compared to the utter darkness which surrounded our home at night. Incited thereto by such a situation, I appealed to my Morganton friend, H. L. Milner of Trans-Appalachian Railroad fame, to help us out. He visited Clinton and made an estimate

of the cost of installing water and lights for the town and promised to finance the improvements through his connections in New York, but someone suggested that he and I were in cahoots to mulct the community of thousands of dollars and the honest citizens of Clinton continued to tote their water, stumble into their mud-holes, and sicken from their backy-houses for some time longer.

The tragic incident was the death of Anna Anderson, protegee of Mrs. McCormick, from an accident in the orphanage laundry. A piece of one of the machines came loose and struck her, killing her instantly. It occurred while my father was away in Los Angeles attending the General Assembly of the Northern Presbyterian Church. As he was so far away and could not possibly return in time to attend or be of any service in connection with the funeral I debated for a long time whether to write him about it. After talking the matter over with other officers I, finally, wrote him. If I had it to do over again I wouldn't do so. The effect was too terrible. He tells the story of it in his diary:

"Well, I am here—at Los Angeles. I have crossed the continent. My soul is crushed within me. I had a restless, feverish night with an ulcerated throat but rose, determined to take pains to have a good day. I reached Emanuel Church at ten and put myself at the tail end of more than a hundred people eager for the mail. My turn brought one letter. It was from Thornwell and it brought the awful tidings of the fearful death of Anna Anderson; sweet, gentle, loving Anna. My heart is well nigh broken. It has ruined my trip, has sickened me and I turn my feet home tonight. I can neither think nor care for anything. As I had nearly a whole day of agony before me after reserving my berth in the sleeper I boarded the train for Santa Monica, by the ocean. But I could not think nor see. I thought a vision of the great Pacific might give me easier thoughts but there was only one cry in my soul—Oh my God! What have I done that this should have come upon me? I wrote to Mrs. McCormick. Also recalled my purpose to see Miss McCormick. It is now 6 o'clock. I have forgotten so much as to take bread. Well, it matters not. I want nothing. Poor sweet Anna, would God I could die for thee, my child. . . .

"I have been sick at heart, sick and sore of body since yesterday. Even the children grow quiet and wonder why that old man has tears running down his cheeks. Had I known what was

happening at home one week ago this day, when I was so gay in Memphis, I would have turned back upon my tracks.

“June first—I reached home on Saturday night. I was too overcome by sorrow to take up my work on the Sabbath.”

In other ways the two years of my stay in Clinton was a period of disturbance for my father. The lives of three institutions that he loved were threatened. Some years before he had led Clintonians in a movement to buy the *Southern Presbyterian* and move it from Columbia to add its testimony to his favorite thesis, that a little village church could be made a lighthouse in Zion. The movement had been successful. Scholarly Dr. W. S. Bean was chosen editor and, for a while, all was well. Then financial troubles submerged the editorial tripod. After a while my brother Ferdinand bought it and succeeded in multiplying its subscription list by about seven hundred per cent. But, Dr. T. E. Converse, formerly of the *Christian Observer*, came to buy the *Presbyterian* and move it to Atlanta. His offer was too high for my brother to refuse it. The paper was sold. Blow number one.

Blow number two was the movement to move his alma mater, Columbia Theological Seminary, to Atlanta. That enterprising go-getter among cities had offered a quarter-million dollars bonus to promote the consolidation of Southwestern Presbyterian University of Clarkesville, Tennessee, and Columbia Seminary in Atlanta. Combined, they would begin life together as a million dollar university. The synod which passed on the matter was held in my father's church, since the Sadie Means case the fight center of the synod. He was bitterly opposed to the project. The motion was carried by a comfortable majority but on account of legal obstacles which arose in Tennessee, the plan was never consummated. In the meantime, its effect on my father was just as real as if it had been carried through.

The third blow was the growing threat that his college would be put up to the highest bidder and moved to some other location. This did not come to a head until after I had left Clinton myself. Eventually the auction was held, but, *mirabile dictu*, Clinton outbid all comers! He tells about it in his diary*

* April 23rd—We are promised stormy times at the approaching meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College. All the Presbyterians have appointed trustees but several, by whom instigated I know not, have conditioned their future interest in us on the removal from our charter of the clause fixing Clinton as the location. I will try my best to save the

Immediately upon my arrival in my native town, I began to learn some very important lessons. One of them had to do with one of my favorite sayings of Jesus: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and a biographer's application of that fact to his failure to perform miracles in Nazareth: "He could do no mighty works there because of their unbelief." "Is he not the carpenter's son?" they scorned "and his brethren, are they not with us?" The miracles of faith are many and real from Cana to Lourdes but they come from the heart and mind of the true believer. This vast principle of psycho-therapy which Jesus and all other faith-healers used depends in large part upon the esteem, reverence, confidence and exalted reputation which accompany them as they concentrate their hypnotic, persuasive, inspiring personalities upon eager, credulous believers. The com-

interest of the Presbyterians and to prevent any alteration of the charter. But I will under no circumstances agree to plant this tree in a box on wheels. Clinton's it is and in Clinton it must remain.

The trouble at present is complicated with the resignation of our Chancellor, President and two professors. All for lack of funds. No salary. Verily we are quarreling over a weakling. Perhaps, however, out of our dire troubles there will come better times for the college. Lord, take this matter in thy hand. Open a way that I know not. Give good heart to us all and a brighter outlook and good success. Help, Lord.—Diary of W. P. J.

June 9th—I have found out that the Presbyterian Church is ungrateful after the manner of other republics. Our college is to be taken from us by the Board of Trustees, that we ourselves provided for. It is a shameful thing and one that makes me hang my head. I resigned my presidency of the Board after all these 25 years of service and received in return not one word of kind commendation, not one syllable of regret, not one expression of encouragement but as pay for all my services, only the throwing open of the sale of the college to the highest bidder. . . . What will I do? I have already decided that. The College association will take steps to continue Clinton College. We will claim for it the history of the past. Our session will open in 1907. It will be our 27th year. We will find a man equal to the task of reorganization. Forever our dependence is on the Lord.—Diary of W. P. J.

August 12th—I suppose it was only because I was blind—I ought to have seen and known how it would be but the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina has revealed it—that I am not longer "persona grata" in college matters. Whether the college is moved or not does not depend on my wishes or my efforts one way or another. In fact, I am disposed to think that there is a fixed purpose on the part of Drs. McPheeters, Adams and Byrd to find

bination sweeps away all those fears, doubts and mental obsessions which constitute eighty-five per cent of the troubles of the average doctor's patients. It releases the imprisoned energies of the soul. Mental, moral and physical paralysis end, and the lame begin to walk, the deaf to hear and the blind to see. Many years ago I memorized this deeply religious verse:

"A centipede was happy, quite, until a frog, in fun,
 Asked: 'Pray which leg comes after which?'
 Which raised his mind to such a pitch
 He lay distracted in a ditch,
 Considering how 'twas done."

In other words, my return to Clinton was not unlike Jesus' return to Nazareth, only my father's reputation was of a higher type than his father's. "This is the boy who used to steal my apples", Mr. Young said, I felt sure. "This is the fellow whom I

some point in my harness through which they may shoot their arrows and that in some way I am personally disagreeable to them. I do not wish to injure the college or to antagonize these gentlemen, but whether I speak or keep silent, it will be construed against me. I have, therefore, withdrawn from the college Board of Trustees. And, moreover, I will have nothing further to say on the whole subject. I have been wounded and defeated by those whom I loved best. My zeal for the college has been construed as antagonism. Hence, so far as the college is concerned, exit Jacobs.—Diary of W. P. J.

September 30—Well, thank God, the college matter is settled and settled right. Clinton rose up in her strength and resolved that she would have the college. Thirty or more of us went down to Columbia on Thursday. The Board met at eight in the Seminary Chapel. Each of the five towns competing for the cause were heard. Rev. Mr. Parrott spoke for the Clinton delegation. He certainly fired up. The old chapel heard more applause than it ever heard before. The whole meeting was a grand one. Bennettsville, Yorkville, Sumter and Chester were all competing for the prize. All the next day the Board was in session. At seven P. M. Clinton won out, and the vote was made unanimous. I thank God. There was a regular love feast. All of us made up with each other. And now the one great idea is to make the college a most worthy and noble institution. I left Columbia at one A. M. and reached home at five A. M. tired and sleepy. The town has covered itself with glory. My college is now the State's College. I trusted everything to God. God bless and prosper the college. Clinton is having great times over her success. I have just made up my accounts and find that the Lord gave me \$150.00 more than I asked Him for for the current month, a better month of September than we ever had before.

We are putting on the roof of our new chapel. We are to purchase the old college recitation hall for our School edifice. Good.—Diary of W. P. J.

had to rebuke for making so much noise in front of the church during the service", Mr. Copeland seemed to remember. "This is the little fellow who couldn't figure his interest", Mr. Bailey appeared to laugh. Then, there was the shadow of the great oak beneath which my little scion had to grow, and all the things I knew or had heard about the homefolks, and the mutual lack of glamour, due to lifelong familiarity and the unavoidable subordination and obvious inferiority of son to father—I saw from the beginning that I had assumed a tough job.

Yet it was pleasant and even prosperous, taken as a whole. As assistant pastor, I conducted the afternoon service on Sunday. By putting all I had into the best sermons I had, the congregations were persuaded to hold their own and even to increase a little. The prayer-meetings, also, were mostly mine. This "pulse of the church" had never been anything to brag about and wasn't any better after I came, so far as I can remember. My pastoral visiting was little and far between. The Clinton folks reminded me of the old darky, scared to death in a thunderstorm, who urged God to come himself, not to send his boy. They all wanted to see my father! They seemed to look on me with amused surprise such as that with which my chickens used to regard the first crow of a young cockerel. The hens didn't know what it was and the roosters thought it was an attack of the roup.

The situation was much the same in the school of which I was made superintendent. In spite of my having my own office, a capable secretary and my own little office boy the teachers and students inevitably continued to deal with my father. As business manager and assistant editor I relieved him of some of his duties in connection with *Our Monthly*, but, I feel sure it was at the loss of a considerable amount of efficiency. As he grew better I looked around for something to do "on my own hook" as a little tree overshadowed by a greater one twists to reach its own place in the sun. I found it in the work for the Georgia Home.

The Orphanage was supported, principally, by the Presbyterians of three states, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. Most of the money came from South Carolina. As a means of increasing interest in Georgia I proposed to visit some of the leading churches of that synod. My father approved the idea and I went to work on the plan.

It was a success from the beginning. He had worked so long

and faithfully and wisely in winning friends for the institution that, everywhere I went, I was received graciously and generously. In a little more than a year I had gathered together the money and materials: Georgia brick from Augusta, Georgia marble from Marietta, Georgia tile from Macon, Georgia building plans from Atlanta and Georgia money from all quarters. Everywhere I went I found myself among friends, eager and able to help. The difficulties were minor but the lessons I learned were great. One of them was that "a good name is more to be desired than great riches." Another was that if a man who is dead in earnest has the opportunity to present a great cause from sympathetic pulpits with the endorsement of the minister he will receive all the money necessary to accomplish his purpose. I didn't know it at the time but the power to raise Oglethorpe University from the dead was now in my hands. Quite blindly I had stumbled upon what would later prove to be a startling providence of God.

For those who would like to have that statement explained I suggest a little book called *The Shorter Catechism*. It was composed for children by the Westminster Assembly centuries ago, but it is on about as high a mental level as religious thoughts of modern adults are now accustomed to reach. "What are the decrees of God?" question seven asks, and answers: "The decrees of God are his eternal purpose, according to the counsel of his will whereby for his own glory, he has foreordained whatsoever cometh to pass." And, "How does God execute his decrees?" question eight asks and answers: "God executeth his decrees in his works of creation and providence." And, "what are God's works of providence?" question eleven asks, and answers: "God's works of Providence are his most holy, wise and powerful preserving and governing all his creatures and all their actions." These answers summarize the philosophy of the greatest and deepest thinkers of all ages. Browning distilled them into verse when he declared:

"E'er stars were thundershirt or piled
The heavens, God thought on me, his child,
Ordained a life for me, arranged
Its circumstances, every one,
To the minutest; aye God said
This hand, this head should rest upon
Thus, e'er He fashioned stars or sun."

My father, who was the first person to teach me the mystery of the doctrine must have had a time, times and half a time interpreting the Providential meaning of the burning of the two largest and most important buildings on his campus in the same year.* First came Memorial Hall, into the cornerstone of which, by the special request of Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick, I, a child of eleven years, had placed the sacred memorial box in 1888. Then came the Seminary from the steeple of which, second in height to the Presbyterian church only, the distant Blue Ridge could be seen on a clear day. Memorial Hall housed the store-rooms, kitchen and dining room and supported the big clock by which the life of the orphanage and of neighbors all around the institution were regulated. In the Seminary all of the upper grades were taught and the religious exercises, lectures, and exhibitions held. Both were total losses. My father was afraid that, while his friends might consider the first an unavoidable disaster they might consider the second an evidence of carelessness.

But he made his appeal at once to his public and they re-

* November 6th—The terror of fire aroused us yesterday morning just after midnight. Our beautiful Memorial Hall was in flames. After 36 hours, it is still burning. Well, the Lord gives. The Lord has taken away. Our loss is heavy, certainly about \$6,000. While the roof was falling in, Joe Bailey handed me \$50.00 and the next A. M. Will brought me \$200.00. All day long the gifts of provisions came in. The people opened their doors and offered five hundred homes for meals. We will rebuild. I was fearfully busy and fearfully tired at night.—Diary of W. P. J.

November 13th—It is wonderful, nevertheless it is true that in one week from the date of the fire, in addition to \$14,000 in cash and \$500.00 in provisions, I have received \$4,000 for the rebuilding fund. So, here I thank God, out of my whole heart.—Diary of W. P. J.

November 25th—After a delightful Thanksgiving Day—in which the children enjoyed themselves greatly and in the midst of their romps, our beautiful Seminary building—in which was our sacred chapel, our beautiful spot of sweet worship—was found on fire. A great crowd gathered but there was no hope of saving it. It burned to the ground. So in one month two of our best buildings have been taken from us.—Diary of W. P. J.

November 30th—This month ends. It has been a most marvelous month. We have had two terrible fires, we have laid the foundation of the Kistler Cooking School. We have changed our household life. We have received \$9,500 for the building and \$4,000 for support.—Diary of W. P. J.

sponded with amazing love and generosity. Money came pouring in. A new Memorial Hall was soon in operation and a beautiful stone church took the place of the Seminary. Verily he knew his catechism and he knew his God.

My stay in Clinton was rather short; from August, 1902 to February 1905, but besides the Georgia Home, I am often comforted by the fact that other orphanage buildings owe their erection to my presence on the campus. One of them was the Lesh Infirmary. "Mamie", as we called her, became very much interested in the orphanage on one of her visits to us and gave my father the funds for the construction of a first-class infirmary, which, today, would cost forty or fifty thousand dollars. Also she contributed generously to the Kistler Central Kitchen. Another building for which I was indirectly responsible was our own home, the cost of which was defrayed by the godmother of the institution, Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick. But when Dr. John H. Lesh, my father-in-law, learned that it was to be heated, as were all of the other orphanage buildings, by open coal fires, he added the sum necessary for a cellar and furnace, the first furnace and cellar in the history of Clinton. These, combined with the copper boiler in the kitchen (which collapsed one day when the orphanage water tank went dry) and rather handsome wedding presents of furniture and silver, and an eight room house for two people, and modern bath-room facilities, and walls papered throughout instead of plain, dead-white plastering and, perhaps, worst of all with the fact that we upset the local wage-scale by paying Hattie, our cook, eight instead of five dollars per month, caused a considerable amount of comment. Father's life had been one of complete and comfortless self-abnegation. He not only lived with the orphans, but also, as the orphans. Not until late in his life was he persuaded to put a bathroom in his home. His large forehead was pimped all summer long with mosquito bites (one of them in my room will keep me awake all night). He suffered all winter long from repeated attacks of influenza brought on by the affectionate kissing of the children which he didn't have the heart to stop. Into this atmosphere came what was relatively a wealthy family or at least one-half of which had been brought up in relative luxury, into a village without modern conveniences, where green-grassed front yards were almost unheard of and where meals simply were not served in courses, nor had any maid or

butler worn white aprons and caps. All of this was further complicated by the fact that my salary was only seventy five dollars per month, much less than my wife's monthly allowance had been before her marriage, which seventy-five plus an eight room house was obviously rather large for an assistant to a man who was paid the same amount and did ten times as much work. The resulting situation was emphasized by comparing it in detail with other men with whom my wife's family were familiar none of whom had time to come home to lunch, to take their wives buggy-riding during the afternoon or to spend long vacations away from their work in the summer. The final outcome of my dilemma was that I gave up my work at the orphanage, joined my brother Ferdinand's firm and moved to Nashville, Tennessee, where both of my other brothers were now living. My father agreed that my decision to leave the orphanage was wise but was not reconciled to my leaving the active ministry.* Leaving the orphanage convulsed me with regretful misgivings, sorrows and sobs. I had planned to spend the remainder of my life with and following my father. Furthermore, the financial requirements of my family far exceeded the salaries paid to young preachers so that I was in no position to accept any of a number of calls I had received. I felt as if I was going away into a far country, as if I were deliberately "secularizing" myself, denying myself all hope of enjoying my greatest source of spiritual happiness. But I comforted myself by recalling that many ministers had done much the same thing, left the pulpit to teach, edit religious papers, run orphanages and colleges. Religious papers could not operate without advertising. Our firm provided them their life blood. I made the most I could of the argument but it couldn't keep the tears back. Heart-breaking sobs and a long, lonely walk to the railway station at two o'clock in the morning—those are my last memories of my life in Clinton.

* June 20th—I am sure that Thornwell has made a mistake by coming to help me so early in his career. He ought not to give up preaching for he is called thereto—and he is too good a preacher to be ruined through inaction.—Diary of W. P. J.

CHAPTER 9.

TO THE DIMPLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

FROM THE DAY when wealthy Henry Sperry met pretty Mamie Jacobs, courted and married her and brought her to Nashville to live, that Tennessee capital city had begun to become a sort of second home for our family. After a while, my grandfather grew too old to fill his pastorate on James Island satisfactorily to himself and moved to the Volunteer State capital to live with his daughter and to buddy with his aged friend, Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, President-to-be Woodrow Wilson's father. Mamie Sperry's sister Bessie, then married Dr. Charles E. Little, professor in and, later, Dean of Peabody College, located in Nashville, also. Then my brother States was called to the Woodland Street Church. Then my brother Dillard was chosen professor of Physiology in the University of Nashville's Medical School. And, now, I was to represent our list of religious papers in what was fast becoming our new "old-home-town." Otherwise, I was not unmindful of its fame as the site of Vanderbilt, Peabody, Fisk, Belle Meade, the Hermitage, a classical capitol, a replica of the Pantheon, the Cumberland River and Bill Cummins.

It was at six-thirty in the morning that I looked up at the balcony of the "Ellen N" (L&N) station and through the steam and smoke saw the kindly, jovial face of my big brother waiting to welcome me to my new work. Many times, under varying circumstances, has he done so, since. It took away then, as it has always done, that sense of lonely trepidation with which a stranger arrives in the new atmosphere of a strange city. States, from his boyhood days, possessed a remarkably magnetic personality, strong and masterful, rising confidently above all troubles and disasters, bravely comforting, happily reassuring, hypnotic in its sane, strength-giving power. He had married Laura Harris of Columbus, Mississippi, the type of girl whom you would expect to meet as the heroine of one of Thomas Nelson Page's novels of Old Virginia, gentle, cultured, spirited, chivalric, loyal and lovely. They lived in the manse located at 601 Fatherland Street, with ceilings so high, as States put it, that a half

dozen warm, summer days could circulate around them without warming things up much! We lived with them for the greater part of the time until we got settled at the corner of Eastland Avenue and Fourteenth in a comfortable red brick house, bought from Watt Crockett. Its front yard was full of maple trees. Thrushes and robins sang to us from the surrounding fences. In the rear was a little orchard, a stable and servants' quarters. Good neighbors were on each side, a green, open field in front, the Gallatin pike and trolley line a long block away and, from the new fad, a sleeping porch, I could hear the Ellen N. trains whistle at 2-3 A. M. as they hurried by toward New Orleans and Cincinnati. Living among such pleasant surroundings I spent what were, until recently, the unhappiest years of my life.

As I have said, my grandfather lived with his daughter, Mamie (Mrs. Henry L. Sperry) whose husband was often spoken of as the wealthiest man in Nashville. Aunt Mamie was the mother of five lovely daughters and two sons but welcomed her nephews, also. Dillard had lived with her during his student days in Medical College. Often, while my family were away in New England for the summer, I stayed with her. It was a very lovely family, a rare combination of deep religious fervor,—Aunt Mamie; and droll wit and humor—Uncle Henry. I recall three of his favorites. When he saw a big warty growth on a tree he couldn't resist asking: "Wart's the matter with that tree?" Also, at the table, when he was asked whether he would have something he liked he would say: "Yes, sir, that one of the fondest things I'm of." If he wanted the vinegar he would invariably ask: "Thornwell, won't you have a little bit of-a-nigger?" But his favorite joke was about his colored boy, Tom, and Tom's wife, Janie. Tom constantly complained of Janie's extravagance. "She keeps on a-axin' me for money, Marse Henry," he would say. "She ax me for a quarter, an' she ax me for a half-dollar, an' she ax me for a dollar. She jes keep a-axin'!" "How on earth can you stand it?" Uncle Henry inquired, sympathetically. "You don't make enough to give her that much money." "Well, you see, Marse Henry," Tom explained, grinning, "I ain't never gin' her enny yit!" It was of this same Janie that Uncle Henry once asked Tom: "How did you ever happen to marry her?" Tom smiled knowingly as he answered: "I knows she's a po' cook, an' she's ragged about de house, an' she keep a-axin me fer money, but she sho is got dat aggravatin' shape!"

Speaking of jokes, my first introduction to the esoterics of medicine came through Dill. He described to me his life and studies in the Medical School. Subjects such as bio-chemistry, physiology, pharmacology seemed to me to be only graduate work in college courses that I had already taken, but anatomy made me, as Gramma Camp would have put it: "Sick to my stummick." And the jokes which beguiled the hours of his fellow medics! For example, two that I remember about the gay Lothario of his faculty. Dr. L.—we shall call him. A lady once said of him, "I understand your child-specialist, Dr. X is professor of infantry, I suppose Dr. L. is professor of adultery!" On another occasion, another woman visited Dr. L. for treatment for some venereal disease. In self defense she asked: "Dr. L. is it possible to catch it by sleeping with a woman?" "Oh, yes," Dr. L. answered blithely, "quite so. That is the way I caught it!"

When one reviews any life-story carefully he will find that its days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, not only, but also that throughout the warp and woof run many threads, some plain, some barely distinguishable, from beginning to end. Sometimes colors of large sections of a fabric are elaborations of one strand. The summer visits of my grandfather to his son, "Willie" (it always sounded to me like blasphemy to hear my father so addressed) had now broadened into certain wider relationships.

In Nashville my grandfather's chief buddy was the aged Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, father of our Thomas Woodrow Wilson who by now, was no longer the little boy whom my father used to hold on his knee on the campus of Oglethorpe but who had become the President of Princeton. Once, he came down to Memphis, Tennessee, to a meeting of the State Alumni Association which I attended. One of the social features was a steamboat ride up the Mississippi. On it I happened to sit near Dr. Wilson. We got to talking, first about his book the *State* which I had studied at Clinton and then about national politics. I remember saying to him that if I ever became president of the United States one of my first acts would be to invite him to become my Secretary of State! The next day we returned to Nashville, together on the same train and I asked his opinion about certain persons prominent in politics. Among them was Theodore Roosevelt. "What do you think of him?" I inquired. "I think he is an unharnessed fool!" he replied, without hesitation. On that trip I learned that he attributed a great deal of his exactness in the

use of words to his father. In reading a speech once to his father, the elder Wilson had asked him: "You say his effort was masterful. Did you mean masterful or masterly?" Tommie thought a moment. "I guess I meant masterly," he finally answered. "Then why didn't you say so?" his father demanded, "Pick your words as carefully as a carpenter picks his tools."

It was while I was living in Nashville that I came upon my first nation-wide experience of mass mania so common in the United States. One morning, I woke up to find that money had ceased to be. I couldn't cash a check nor transact business in the usual way. The banks were closed so far as serving their customers with cash or credit was concerned. No one knew what was going to happen. Every one was financially frightened. Commerce was at a stand-still. It was impossible to get advertisers interested in signing new contracts. Cancellations of old orders began to come in. No one knew what to do. Every one needed cash and credit all at once—even the banks. Business stopped. It was worse than the effect of a heavy snow in New Orleans.

Inquiry revealed the explanation. Roosevelt (Theodore) had been talking too much. "Malefactors of Great Wealth", corporations, trusts, in fact all cash and credit took fright at his excoriations. Money got tight. A flight from the dollar toward gold took place as confidence in the administration grew less and less. Then there had been the seizure of Panama, the incitement of one of the States of Columbia to revolt, and the "looking up of the law for it afterward," and the expenditure of \$250,000,000, (gold) in digging the big ditch, with more to follow. Finally, runs on banks began. Then scrip was all we had to trade with. The necessity for our National Reserve Banking System and, later, the key to the sequestration of our gold had been discovered. The next generation would reap the harvest.

After a while the excitement subsided, confidence in the treasury was restored, the banks began to issue real money again and life resumed its normal course. But every smart politician had learned that control of the nation's gold was as important to the control of a nation as control of a gopher's hole was to the control of a gopher. Hereafter there would be no dens of refuge whither the harried might flee from the hunters. Nor would there be any way whereby a citizen could protect himself from the economic idiocy of a pink president and a weathervane congress.

My memories of Nashville are unhappy because I was trying to do something in the doing of which I could not release all the powers of my soul. I didn't want to be an advertising man. I wanted to preach or teach or write. While I forced enough effort into my business hours to earn my living, my heart was not in it. As an advertising "expert," I was a fairly successful poet and novelist. My case was not unlike that of a lad of whom my friend, Chancellor John G. Bowman told me once. The Chancellor saw his name on a list of failures presented to him by the Dean, to be approved for dismissal from the University. He sent for the boy, because the name and his address suggested kinship with friends in a neighboring city. Inquiry revealed the facts that the student knew he had failed, that he expected to be dismissed, that he understood fully what a reflection his failure would be on his family and that, nevertheless, he had rather go than stay, because he wasn't interested in a single one of the courses he was taking.

"What *are* you interested in?" Chancellor Bowman asked.

The boy hung his head as if he was ashamed to answer.

"You must be interested in something," the Chancellor persisted. "What is it? Dogs, music, art, flowers?"

"Butterflies!" the lad confessed.

The Chancellor smiled, cancelled the dismissal, wrote a letter to the head of the biology department, and a few years later the "failure" was perhaps the greatest authority on Lepidoptera in the United States. Such is the difference between working at something in which you are and are not interested. It took me four years to learn it by my own experience. Then I suddenly realized that I had never before done a lick of work in my life, that all my "work" had been pure pleasure: study, preaching, writing, and that it had been done easily because it was spiritually frictionless, well-oiled by an intense interest in it. The matter of reward was of little importance. Work when it is not work is its own reward.

A few years later, when I was visiting the hundred Presbyterian churches whose generosity gave me the quarter-million dollars with which I began the founding of Oglethorpe University, I was usually invited to preach a sermon at night. Always I chose the Prodigal Son story and the theme that Woodrow Wilson made famous: "*When a man comes to himself*", for with me also there arose a mighty famine in that land and I began

to be in want, and no man gave unto me. When I came to myself, I also said, How many hired servants of my Father have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish here from want—of all the things in which I had been trained and in which my soul delighted. It took me nearly five years to learn that a man must be doing what he likes to do or he will fail to do his best. The human soul is so constituted that when the will is in complete accord with the wishes, no matter how hard the toil, it is a pleasure, for it is no longer toil, just play. But when the desires are pulling one way and the will is pulling the other no ordered life is possible. A man who loves the advertising business, or farming or the textile business would be bored so stiff in the pulpit or class-room that he would not even allow himself to attempt either. That is why there are so many failures. Too many men are working against themselves.

As a consequence of these facts I soon found myself devoting all my spare time to doing the real work that I loved—play. The *Shadow of the Attacoa* was the first game. I had begun it in Dunvegan, revised it in Clinton, sent it to a publisher or two confidently, received it again regretfully, revised it once more hopefully, dreamed of thousands of dollars in royalties time after time as I trudged to and from the express office and, finally, when I got to the point that I expected a refusal, was genuinely surprised that *Bob Taylor's Magazine* bought its serial rights and actually seemed enthusiastic about it. It was handsomely illustrated by Gilbert Gaul, only member of the National Academy at that time residing in the South and to my amazed delight won applause from the literary galleries.* I did not submit it to a

* From *The Charleston News and Courier*:

In some respects, this is the most meritorious novel of the late war, that has come under our notice. The Charleston scenes are carefully and ably described, many Charlestonians appear in the story, some under thin disguises and some, as in the case of Mr. Petigru, with no attempted disguise at all.

From the *Nashville Banner*, Nashville, Tenn.:

Mr. Jacobs novel is entitled **THE SHADOW OF THE ATTACOA . . .** and the plot, which possesses much dramatic power is artistically developed, making a narrative of exceptional strength and interest.

From the *Clinton, S. C. Chronicle*:

The most graphic chapters are those devoted to the description of the burning of Columbia, the invention and use of the first submarine tor-

publishing house for book publication until over thirty years later and a couple or more radical revisions. It then appeared

pedo boat, Sherman's March to the Sea and the Siege of Fort Sumter—all vital themes and handled in a masterful manner.

Dr. John Johnson: Author of *The Defense of Charleston Harbor*, Charleston, S. C.

"I am glad some one has been found who can write well of those stirring scenes."

Baptist and Reflector, Nashville, Tenn.: (Dr. Folk, brother of Gov. J. W. Folk, Editor)

"It has great literary merit. Mr. Jacobs wields a facile pen and we bespeak for him a high place in our coming coterie of bright Southern writers."

G. H. Sass (Author) Charleston, S. C.:

"It has great merit, needing only an audience to demonstrate its right to existence."

Bob Taylor's Magazine:

"Thornwell Jacobs has produced a really great book. With a temperate justice commanding admiration, he has depicted the scenes and incidents of that period of the great conflict, which includes the Burning of Columbia and Sherman's March to the Sea. The SHADOW OF THE ATTACOA will rank not with the melodramatic, emotional novels on this subject, but with the permanent additions to real literature as exemplified in the writings of Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris."

L. K. Byrne, Nashville, Tenn.:

"A unique chapter is that of the Charge of the Black Six Hundred. Historically correct in material, it furnishes a dramatic climax unsurpassed in the most thrilling fiction."

News and Courier, Charleston, S. C.:

"The SHADOW OF THE ATTACOA is the name of a charming story of Southern life before and during the Civil War by Thornwell Jacobs. The story has been favorably criticized by such authorities as Dr. John Johnson and G. H. Sass of this city. The author is the son of Dr. W. P. Jacobs and the family was originally of James Island. Young Jacobs has done a good deal of literary work of recent years which has attracted attention. His many admirers and friends, for he is well known in Charleston, are gratified to see that he will devote his talents in part at least to that sort of literature which will help preserve the history of the people of South Carolina and the Southern States."

From the *Nashville Banner*, Nashville, Tenn.:

"Beginning this afternoon, there will be on exhibition in the windows of Lebeck Brothers a series of pictures which are of wide interest. They are the illustrations from a serial story of Mr. Thornwell Jacobs of this city which begins in the April number of *Bob Taylor's Magazine*, to run through twelve numbers. The illustrations, six in all, are by Gilbert

as **RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S** from the Press of E. P. Dutton and Company of New York. (1940).

The second game had to do, also, with Gilbert Gaul. A number of us organized the Southern Art Publishing Company. We proposed to crystalize into a series of magnificent war paintings the courage, devotion, sacrifice and home life of the Southern soldier during the civil war and then to reproduce these paintings in the most exquisite style.*

* "It is not generally known in Nashville that there is now in progress here the painting of a set of pictures which are unique in the history of Southern art. Gilbert Gaul, who is considered by leading art critics the best of American war painters, is at work on a series depicting the life of the Confederate soldier. It seems unaccountable that this has never been done before by some Southern artist, but those who are familiar with Mr. Gaul's strong brush are convinced of the fact that he is the man for the task. The paintings, which are in oil, and uniform in size, are to be beautifully lithographed and sold in portfolio form coming out in two sets, making twelve in all. The company under whose direction the enterprise is being pushed is the Southern Art Publishing Company, incorporated here, with Mr. Charles H. Brandon, as President. Some who have seen the paintings that are already completed have voiced the hope that the original canvases could be kept intact, as a collection, and preserved in a Southern gallery. Should the Parthenon in Centennial Park be converted into a permanent art museum for Nashville, which is the ardent desire of all local art lovers, the placing of these canvases there would give the gallery a distinctive place in the art of the South. Tourists from far and near would visit the collection, and it would be a memorial to the Confederate cause far-reaching and beautiful in its influence. The money for the purchase of these canvases could undoubtedly be raised. Many patriotic Tennesseans at large, as well as the citizens of Nashville, would gladly contribute to the fund for their

Gaul, who is one of the leading members of the local art colony and is accounted one of the chief American painters of military scenes. He is the only artist residing in the South who is a member of the National Academy and his canvases hang in the best public and private art collections in America. By previous work for *Leslie's Weekly* and other magazines Mr. Gaul has attracted wide reputation as an illustrator and this series of six paintings valued at \$1,500 is on his usual high scale of excellence. Mr. Jacobs' novel is entitled **THE SHADOW OF THE ATTA-COA** and it is a Southern war story whose scenes are laid just previous to the civil war and during its first three years. Gen. Beauregard and other war heroes are introduced and the plot, which possesses much dramatic power, is artistically developed making a narrative of exceptional strength and interest."

When I left Nashville I sold my interest in the company. The pictures were painted and I understand are now hanging in the Hermitage Hotel. I sent a set of the lithographs to my father and his grandson, now Dr. Wm. P. Jacobs, had them framed and hung in the library of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. Unfortunately, my own set was destroyed or lost in my move to Atlanta.

The third game was a novelette of a cotton-mill boy at the Thornwell Orphanage which, I believe, was the first attempt to describe in novel form the institutional life of an orphanage. After Jolley and Biggers had illustrated it with some clever wash-drawings and thumb-nail sketches, I took it around to Dr. DuBose, editor of the *Epworth Era*, at the Methodist Publishing House. He bought its serial rights on the spot and soon it was rolling from the presses of one of the most widely circulated religious journals in America. It was then published in book form and went through several editions. Again the public and the press gave me a kindly reception.*

* "A Clinton, S. C. special to the *Charleston News and Courier* says the friends of the Rev. Thornwell Jacobs of Nashville, Tenn., have read with a great deal of interest his recent book *Sinful Saddy, Son of a Cotton Mill*. The book recites the career of a boy taken from a cotton mill village at an early age and placed in the Thornwell Orphanage. The de-

purchase. Confederate organizations could be easily induced to lend their support and it is certain that the gentlemen financially interested in the company would part with them for such a purpose after the reproductions have been made, for much less than the price asked the general public. Mr. Gaul who has a contract with the publishers of the pictures, has been at work for a year on the first canvases of the series and the first set will be on the market within sixty days. The two first, **LEAVING HOME** and **HOLDING THE LINE AT ALL HAZARDS** are now in the hands of the lithographers, the leading concern of this kind in the country, and the work a four-color process, is to be exquisitely done in the most finished style. Prominent men throughout the South have heartily endorsed the project and the President of the National Academy of which Mr. Gaul is the only member residing in the South, has pronounced the artist the best qualified in the country for the work. He has indeed handled his subject with the greatest discernment and sympathy and they are not only strong and virile in presentation but full of feeling. Both the grave and the gayer aspects of the soldier's life are well portrayed and their convincing realism may be demonstrated by watching a group of old Confeds inspecting the pictures."—*Nashville Banner*.

THE LAW OF THE WHITE CIRCLE was the game I played next. The whole South had been startled when, in September 1906, the racial tension which had been growing steadily, suddenly loosed its red cord in the Atlanta race riots. From my point of view it offered a "natural" to the writer who dared to

velopment of his character is well portrayed and the background of the story gives an exceedingly attractive picture of life at the orphanage. While some license was taken by the author with details, the broad facts and most of the incidents are as real as a photograph. In fact the composite photograph affords an excellent parallel. The book is one bound to interest all friends of the Thornwell Orphanage. To Clinton people it has the added interest of personal association. Mr. Jacobs was, so to speak, brought up at the orphanage, of which his father was founder and President. At the same time he had the advantage of unrestricted intercourse with the town people, and is looked upon as a Clinton boy. He is the first to follow authorship. Several books now stand to his credit and keen observers have noted that a steady growth in his ability is evident in them. He is still a very young man, barely thirty and great things are predicted for him."—*Nashville Banner*.

"A book written by a Nashville man, illustrated by other Nashvillians and published by a local firm is *Sinful Saddy, Son of a Cotton Mill* by Thornwell Jacobs. The excellent full-page illustrations are by Jolly while J. W. Biggers who has a particular gift for such artistic work is the artist of many clever little pen and ink drawings, thumb-nail sketches, scattered throughout the book. The story which, though written for children, is also interesting to grown-ups is perhaps the first attempt to picture in a story the life of an American child in an orphanage. Thornwell is an ideal institution of its kind and here little Sinful whose nickname, by the way, is a misnomer, since he by no means deserves this uncomplimentary appellation, finds it a true home, where the foundations for a fine manhood are laid. . . . The pretty preface of the book is as follows:

"The olden times and the little faces that come and go in one's dreams, how dear they are now! So many years have passed that it has been forgotten how they were once real boys and girls who loved little wet violets and purpled muscadines and dreamed of shadowed brooklets over their geography lesson. To live among these little folks once more would be a thing which strong men would consider a prize to be grasped after as was once the oft-knurled top and the rough-handed baseball bat. And if to it could be added the tale of a comrade who loved the daisy and the dewberry the more because of a past which was darkened almost before it had time to be—perhaps an hour whiled away among such memories may have its value to child and parent and the author may be forgiven for making another book.'"—*Nashville Banner*.

tell the truth about the situation which I proceeded to do as best I could. From a technical standpoint it was the best literary work I had done up to date which I soon saw from the public interest in and comment on it.*

It was published in the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine*, a consolidation of John Trotwood Moore's *Trotwood's Monthly* and *Bob Taylor's Magazine*, and then in book form for private distribution. Many years later Roy V. Ellise, superintendent of the public school system of Sikeston, Missouri, wrote of it: "I have read it for over a quarter of a century to the upper pupils in three different high schools, thinking it the finest exposition of the Negro problem as a sociological one that I have ever read." To read a statement like that is high interest on an investment of a few hours of play enjoyed twenty five years before.

Toward the end of my residence in Nashville I sold out my interests in our Religious Press business and bought the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine*. Senator Taylor had probably grown tired of taking his heavy losses on *Bob Taylor's Magazine* and mutual

* From the *Nashville Banner*:

"The *Law of the White Circle* by Thornwell Jacobs is, as the author says, in the preface, a sociological study, not a problem novel. Accepting this introduction, the reader is not disappointed; for he finds in the book a sociological study of vital, current interest and of sound, earnest thought. A new viewpoint, which is both strong and fair, is presented upon a subject which is of peculiar interest to the South. And the discussion is logical and deliberate rather than impulsive or melodramatic. However, despite the author's introduction both the problem and the novel are found in his work. The problem is so momentous and so perplexing as to leave a lasting impression upon the mind while the novel is of such compelling, lively interest that the reader finds himself forgetting the sociological undercurrent in the intensity of the plot. The novel, in fact, is a revelation of the author's ingenuity. It is admirably handled. The action is thrilling, the situation is intense, but the author's style is neither highly-colored nor extravagant. It is simple and earnest and thoughtful throughout. It is evident that his primary motive is to instruct; while to entertain is only secondary. However, the secondary motive is equally successful. The scene of the story is the City of Atlanta. The time is September, 1906, and the climax is found in the memorable race riot of the night of Sept. 22 of that year. . . . The illustrations of the novel are of enhancing beauty; being works of Gilbert Gaul and as Nashville claims both the author and the artist, **THE LAW OF THE WHITE CIRCLE** is of peculiar local interest. However, the book will be widely read and of strong influence."

friends had engineered a merger with *Trotwood's Monthly*,* edited and published by the brilliant and successful John Trotwood Moore. The combination must have proved financially unprofitable, I judge, as it was offered to me at a very low price. Nevertheless. I was unable to do any better with it and so I turned it back to its original backers, just before moving to Atlanta in 1909. It was during this relationship to the two publications that I came in contact with three remarkable men:

Senator Taylor, statesman, lecturer, author, will long be remembered in Tennessee. The high mark of all political campaigns was reached when he and his brother, Alf, ran against each other for the governorship of the State. His abundance of humor, pathos, common sense and friendship are legends and proverbs all over the Volunteer State. This unusual campaign is remembered in Tennessee as "The War of the Roses," red and white. Bob and his followers wore one color and Alf and his supporters wore the other.

John Trotwood Moore was Tennessee's best known writer while I was in Nashville. His *BISHOP OF COTTONTOWN* and *MIDSUMMER HYMNAL* had both successfully preceded his *GIFT OF THE GRASS* which was run as a serial in *Taylor-Trotwood*. His poetry was good and popular. I might have

* Mr. Thornwell Jacobs has purchased a controlling interest in the Taylor-Trotwood Magazine and has assumed the active financial control of this enterprise. No further changes of importance have been made in the organization of the staff. With the advent of Mr. Jacobs in control of this magazine, additional capital for working purposes has been invested. The capital stock of the company remains, however, the same as heretofore. Mr. Jacobs has succeeded Mr. John Fry of Columbia as President of the company, the latter remaining, however, as a member of the Board of Directors. Mr. Trotwood Moore remains with the magazine as editor-in-chief and the business management will be with Mr. Jacobs himself. The other gentlemen who have for some time past been connected with the publication, will continue to serve in their respective capacities. Mr. Jacobs is well known in Nashville and in many sections of the South as a writer of character and marked ability and success. He has made many valuable contributions to the Taylor-Trotwood Magazine during the past several months. He has had control here for some time past of the interests of the Religious Press Advertising Syndicate, and has met with deserved success in this work. He is a young man who stands high in business and literary life and success is predicted for him in this new venture."—*Nashville Banner*.

known that if Senator Taylor and John Trotwood Moore found it advisable to sell their magazines, I was foolish to buy them.

While I was associated with *Taylor-Trotwood* there used to come around to the office a tall, spare, blond youth, bringing along a short story or sketch that he wanted to sell but could easily be persuaded to give away. His name was Stribling. Yes, it was Thomas Sigismund Stribling, the celebrated novelist, winner of the Pulitzer prize. I wish I had paid more attention to him then but I offered my apologies later by persuading him to accept the Degree of Doctor of Letters from Oglethorpe University.

Perhaps it was my association with these three literateurs that encouraged me to try my hand at writing poetry in a serious way. Some of the poems were published in *Taylor-Trotwood*. I recall that once I showed one of them to John Trotwood Moore before publication, asking him to criticize it. He showed his surprise by exclaiming: "Well, I declare! It just goes to show that *anybody* can do it if he tries!"

Also, Nashville was full of good preachers while I lived there and just before I came. Among them was James I. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church (of Egypt?) and Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, the great Baptist divine. The papyrus pillars and lotus capitals and solar symbols of Dr. Vance's church never knew before or since such eloquence as they heard from him. Dr. Hawthorne had just come from Atlanta where he was spoken of as the greatest preacher in the Southeast. In competition with this Cicero and Demosthenes the young preachers of the city had to extend themselves. Such were my brother and his friend Dr. G. W. Bull, pastor of Moore Memorial. They were often together on the stage at Nashville. My brother weighed about two hundred and Bull about one hundred and twenty. Once, one of States' congregation pointed them out to a friend, who laughed heartily—"You needn't tell me which is which," he said. "That big, red-faced chap is Bull and that little skinny Jew is named Jacobs." My brother was and still is the best after-dinner speaker I ever heard. He bubbles over with original humor. But occasionally the joke is on him. You can still hear in Nashville the story of the first milkman who delivered his bottles on Sunday morning at the manse. States demanded from the window: "Hey, there! Don't deliver that milk! Don't you know this is Sunday?" The milkman gathered up his bottles incredulously

but finally was able to retort: "Mister, you musta lately come from the country!"

Annette, one of my Aunt Mamie's beautiful daughters, got married while I was in Nashville. Returning from a trip to Europe she met Arthur Moore (of Manning, Maxwell and Moore) on the steamer and when they landed in New York they were engaged. Moore had gone abroad with his friend Homer Davenport, famous cartoonist, to bring home the first considerable importation of full-blooded Arabian horses ever brought to the United States. The marriage was one of Nashville's most famous wedding events. Davenport came along in the wedding party. There were breakfasts and dinners and receptions. We took a small part in it.* I was reminded of all this happy excitement

* Homer Davenport, the world's greatest cartoonist, is in the city and will remain over until tomorrow. He arrived yesterday morning from New York in a private car, as a member of the Moore-Sperry wedding party. He was met at the union station by Mr. and Mrs. Thornwell Jacobs and other friends and was driven in an automobile to the Jacobs home, in Eastland, where breakfast was served. Mr. Davenport will likely be in the city until Thursday morning and during most of that time he will be the guest of Colonel A. M. Shook. All great men have a hobby. Mr. Davenport's is chickens, that is broadly speaking, for the term in this instance means he is a "crank" about pheasants, ducks, geese, turkeys, peafowls, swans and waterfowls of all varieties. The Tennessee State Poultry Show opened Monday and Mr. Davenport visited the show Monday morning soon after he had reached the city. He was met by a committee composed of President R. A. Bennett, Vice-President E. L. Doak, Secretary John A. Murkin, Jr., Frank Langford and Charles W. Longhurst. While this visit was a hasty one, Mr. Davenport, nevertheless enjoyed it immensely, and he will be a frequent visitor to the show during his brief sojourn in Nashville. The management was delighted in welcoming so distinguished a visitor as well as such a famous authority and Mr. Davenport was given to understand that he had a pass for life and instructed that anything he wanted and didn't see to just ask for it. "I never saw such turkeys as you raise down here," said he, afterwards, to friends at the Hermitage Club, "and I saw some splendid specimens of game chickens. I noticed also quite a number of handsome dominecker chickens. In fact, they were all dandies. I remember ordering some game chickens years ago," he continued, as he threw his head back meditatively, "from a man named Huddleston, near Lebanon, Tenn." "I used to have a yard full of that very kind of game chicken," put in Senator Taylor. The great cartoonist was at the Hermitage Club during this conversation where a sort of general reception to the Moore-Sperry wedding party took place, many distinguished

recently on a visit to my brother in Houston, Texas, where he owns a 1200 acre ranch on which he raises Brahma cattle (one of the only two herds of full-blooded Brahmas in the States) and game chickens (Aus McClintock's stock) and Arabian horses descended from the original importation of Homer Davenport!

Another pleasant event of my Tennessee years was a trip to Clinton to dedicate the Georgia Home.* The money for the

* "Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, who had come on from Nashville for the purpose, then held the audience with close attention for a half hour while with incidents and illustrations and earnest appeals he led the boys up to a higher plane of thought and pointed out to all the beauty of the higher life at the Thornwell Orphanage, a life lived for the God that made them. His addresses raised the larger part of the funds necessary for the erecting of the cottage, travelling through Georgia for a year for that purpose. The house is a monument of patient effort to help Georgia orphans. The building is now complete and occupied with a family of lads who certainly appreciate all that has been done for them. The meeting was closed with remarks by Mr. T. C. Scott who had the superintendency of the building. The boys enjoyed his remarks judging by the way they applauded. At night a reception was given at the Home of Peace. The weather outside was much against the occasion but within joy reigned unconfined. It was a great event with the young people. The reception was given in honor of Rev. Thornwell Jacobs who is a child of the institution in a double sense, having been born and trained in it."—*Our Monthly*.

people calling on him. Mr. Davenport's poultry yards are at a farm at Morris Plains, N. J., where he has a splendid range for all the rare varieties he breeds. He showed the group around him the rare species of pheasants on his farm, and until recently had 38 kinds, probably the best collection in the world. Mr. Davenport is a great traveler, and has picked up his birds all over the world. Until recently he owned a genuine Mongolian pheasant which died when shipped to the Lewis-Clark Exposition. Mr. Davenport breeds white peafowls and has even attempted to raise wild turkeys but with little success in the latter undertaking. He is a great friend of Col. Shook, Major E. B. Stahlman, and of Messrs. Percy and Leslie Warner. Many of the pheasants to be seen at Mr. Percy Warner's country home came from the Davenport yards. Mr. Davenport returned recently from a trip abroad and was a member of the party aboard ship when Charles Arthur Moore, Jr., met Miss Annette Sperry. He talks interestingly of his impressions of the Sultan of Turkey, of his visit to Constantinople down the Valley of the Euphrates River and through other sections. He has written some interesting sketches and observations of the Sultan which are now being used in magazine form, and which will be published in book form soon."—*Nashville Banner*.

Georgia Home I had reaped rather than raised. It was now finished and had just been filled with Georgia children. The celebration was set for the Orphanage anniversary date, October first, 1906, just after the Atlanta riots. I stopped over in Atlanta to take a look around, rode out on the Peachtree-and-Fourteenth street car. Fourteenth Street was just being built up with attractive homes. A great deal of construction was going on. I asked the conductor how many Negroes were killed. "God knows", he answered, "My guess is about two hundred."

Ever since that remarkable session of the Synod of South Carolina in my father's church when it was voted to move Columbia Seminary to Atlanta the idea of a Presbyterian College or University in that city had persisted. Eventually, in December, 1906, Georgia Presbyterian leaders decided to build a college of their own. I was offered the Presidency of the proposed institution and would have accepted had the President of the Board not written me that it was the intention of the Board to solicit bids from other Georgia cities. This reminded me of my father's bitter experience with his college, on the one hand, and on the other I felt certain that Atlanta was the one most desirable location for it—and for me. The Psychic City had, since the marvelous tales of Plug Ugly Murphy, Atlanta's Marco Polo at the orphanage, had a romantic halo around its head, in my mind, a sort of glamour resulting from the effervescent enthusiasm of the Atlanta spirit, the rapid growth of the city, its proximity to my home and friends, its youthful joy in breaking records of sky-scrapers, post-office receipts and new enterprises, its faith in and generosity to any plan or proposal that would add glory, value, population and pay-rolls to the city. About that time I was considering in my own mind the question of my permanent residence. Should I settle down in Nashville or go elsewhere? If elsewhere, in what direction? The only other city that attracted me in like manner was Los Angeles. Booklets, pictures, figures, etc., from their Chamber of Commerce often occupied my comparative attention. Nashville had about 80,000 population by the latest census. Atlanta had 89,000 and Los Angeles 102,000. Today (1944) Nashville has about 200,000, Atlanta about 300,000 and Los Angeles about 3,000,000! As to the movement to found the Presbyterian College of Georgia, it died away after my declination but not because of it. If it had been successful

it would have saved me thirty five years of toil, hopes, fears, joys and heart-breaks.

Although, for nearly five years I was living in the "Dimple of the Universe" yet I was unhappy in Nashville for the reason, as I have said, that my work was not congenial. After all, I *had* been "called to the ministry" and that call kept echoing in my ears. Nor was the family happy. John, our oldest boy was sick a great part of his time, most of which illnesses we later found to be due to improper feeding. The younger brother, Fred, contracted pneumonia and grew so desperately ill of it that the doctor gave him up and left the house after recommending a dependable undertaker. My worst moment in Nashville was, a few minutes later, when his mother fell on the bed, wringing her hands and crying: "My baby is going to die! My baby is going to die!" The next morning he was better. Today, at nearly forty, he is at the head of a big leather business in Boston, a living monument to his mother's anxious care. I had not been in Nashville long before my brother States was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Houston, Texas. Shortly thereafter, Dillard moved to Louisville. In the summer of 1908 came an extended and serious illness, probably malaria contracted on one of my trips to the Delta country. It overtook me in Newton Center. Fearing that it was some contagious disease, Dr. and Mrs. Lesh turned over their home at 955 Beacon Street to Dr. Loring and his patient and went away on their summer vacation. Three or four weeks later I was up again and after six weeks more I was back in Nashville. But that long opportunity to look up, at and beyond the ceiling had crystalized many thoughts and hopes and fears and longings into a fixed determination to "follow the gleam." One of the best definitions of religion that I ever heard is this: to idealize your noblest and highest and best and then follow it regardless of cost. For my own little life I had found the pearl of great price and had determined to sell all that I had in order to buy it. I was not impressed by my family's reminder that "rolling stones gather no moss." I didn't care for the moss. I wanted to roll.

One of my favorite aphorisms is: "He who looks for providences will have providences to look for." By the time I had gotten well, a letter from J. K. Orr of Atlanta came, asking me to come down and act as Executive Secretary in a campaign to raise \$150,000

for Agnes Scott College. It was the opportunity I was looking for. I accepted and wired him to expect me on September 13, 1909. My wife was in tears but something within comforted me. For the first time in five years I felt sure of myself, as if I had been released from jail, as if fetters had been stricken from my spirit. I knew what I wanted to do and I had no doubt of the outcome nor that the decision was wise. It has been written that "conscience doth make cowards of us all." It should have been added that conscience can make heroes of us all. Kicking against its goads is a painful and useless waste of energy and spirit, but he who runs its errands wears the sandals of Hermes.

Other than my affection for my family, three great loves dominated my life as I turned my steps south-eastwardly toward Atlanta. One was sincere infatuation with that city, with its youthful vigor, with its invincible optimism, with its generous backing of new enterprises, with its bouyant faith in its future, with its spirited march toward greatness, with its vite, vigor, and verve and with the enthusiastic welcome it gave all newcomers who would contribute some new thought or deed to forward its progress. I wanted to live in Atlanta above all other places for these reasons, not only, but also because I believed that there I would find loyalty and appreciation and gratitude for anything I might do to advance the well-being and interests of the city and grateful devotion for any sacrifices that I might make in its behalf. I loved Atlanta and I wanted her to love me.

My second ruling passion was for my church. Thirty years of training and study, immersed in her life and teachings had endowed me with a deep and abiding affection for her manner of thought and action. "The faith of my Fathers" was intensely real to me. It was something to love and defend and live by. Even when its creed differed from what I was coming to believe, it was something to cherish and protect. A museum is just as important as a library. Even when it was in obvious contradiction to the known facts of science it was to be revered for its great historic past. Its ministers were my personal friends; its interests, its advancement, its well-being were mine also. Three generations of Jacobses had occupied its pulpits and played their not inconsiderable part in its progress. I was soaked in its traditions and reared on its teachings. Its people were my people and their God, my God. I wanted to do something for my

church, something fine, as my father had done. I loved her and I wanted to be loved by her.

The third dominating motive of my life when I arrived in Atlanta was something that had grown up so slowly in my soul that I cannot yet say when it assumed the same degree of power and authority as the others. It was the love of Truth, not merely sincerity and ordinary truthfulness but also *pure* Truth, in religion, in politics, in science, in life. I had not yet discovered how its applications to daily living was to explode in my face and under my throne. I thought that all men and women were seekers for the truth, also, and that when they found it they would sell all that they had in order to continue in its possession. I knew little of vested interests in hell and heaven or to what length selfish rivalries in emitting light could be carried or of how the greed and superstitions of men could and would put little candles like mine under their bushels. Naively, I imagined that ministers loved the truth more than their jobs, that politicians loved the truth more than their re-election and that educators loved the truth more than their labor-unions. I did not then know that weathervanes in politics, robots in religion and hypocrites in education ruled the world into which I was venturing. When I found it out it was too late to retreat.

CHAPTER 10.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH ATLANTA.

THE ATLANTA that I came upon in the autumn of 1909 was at its peak of post-bellum and pre-war prosperity. Young and excited and nervous, it was breaking its own records annually and attempting new activities, daily. Already, there was a little forest of skyscrapers downtown: the Equitable (now the Trust Company of Georgia Building), the Century, (Atlanta National Bank Building) and the English-American or Flatiron Building had been landmarks for some years. The Empire, (Citizens and Southern Bank Building) and the Prudential, (Grant Building) were in place. A year or so earlier I had watched the riveting of the Fourth, now First National Bank Building and the excavation of the foundations for the Candler Building, of which latter a half-drunk countryman had once said: "If'n coke kin build that-un, what mus' old booze 'a-built!" Bill Healey was hitching up his mule preparatory to digging his hole for the Healey Building. The Piedmont was the show hotel; the Majestic and Aragon were still doing good service; there was no Biltmore, no Ansley, no Henry Grady and the Georgian Terrace was just about to be. The *Atlanta Journal* was exciting the country over the new good-roads movement by projecting the first cavalcade to New York on red, muddy roads. Sand-clay surfacing was still the best in the state. The Peachtree Street car line had just been extended from Brookwood to Buckhead. Heisman was coaching Tech. Julian Harris was editing *Uncle Remus Magazine*. Women's skirts had shrunk so high that ankles were exposed and the more daring among them were discarding high-laced boots for Oxfords, one innovation which many men had adopted. Cigarettes, rouge and lipstick were confined to the demi-monde. Dr. Hull, popular, pulchritudinous and pious, was investigating the semantics and pedantics having to do with the end of the world. Rats were abundant in house and hair. The First Presbyterian Church was still down on Marietta Street. Atlanta's Parkhurst, Len Broughton was hot and bothered about reforming the city from his Tabernacle, and Marion Jackson, John Eagan *et alii* were determined to unsegregate the "red

light district." You could go to any "flicky" in town for a dime. There were no radios. "Brer Possum" had replaced the "Teddy Bear" at the White House but "Teddies" were still the rage with women and children. Georgia had just been Hoke-Smithed. "Flynn of Atlanta" had recently been made famous by Elbert Hubbard. Fred Seeley still owned the *Georgian*, and Lucian Lamar Knight was helping him to edit it. It took the Southern Railway's crack limited No. 38, exactly twenty four hours to make the 876 miles from Atlanta to New York. All of the railroads were still using "Noah's Ark", opposite the Kimball House, as a Union Station. New sub-divisions and street car extensions bordered the city on all sides and Atlanta was about to claim 155,000 population. Thousands of dollars were made on vacant lots over-night. Everybody was in the real estate business. Atlanta's Metropolitan Grand Opera week each April was the great social event of the Southeast, where "the lonely Mrs. ——" appeared in all her diamonds and silks to the dismay of editors and proof-readers, the next morning.

The city which had risen from Sherman's ashes so successfully was happy and buoyant with hope and vigor. No one thought of or wanted Government hand-outs. To have offered them would have been a deadly insult, like inviting one to go to the poor-house. Individual enterprise, character and efficiency and they alone counted. Experience with the Federal Government had taught Georgians that it was a thing to be feared; the Supreme Enemy of the private citizen, the Great Debaucher of his character, the Despised Tyrant over his life. They wanted only to be let alone, to conduct their affairs without benefit of spies, inspectors, vote-seducers and tax-gatherers. For a few years longer they would be able to do so, before the night of Government grants, loans and lend-lease, taxes and debts would darken the land and carpet-baggers and scalawags return to infest and corrupt the South. The happiest period in the history of the world was about to end. Soon, the city that had risen from the dead while it built with one hand and fought off governmental tyrannies with the other would watch power and rewards pass to blocs of voters, organized to loot the public and private treasuries of the country in the name of their own Democratic party, approved and participated in by their own sons and daughters.

During my stay at the Thornwell Orphanage and on numer-

ous trips I had already made a number of friends in the Psychic City. One of the first of them was George E. King, in whose home I had been entertained and by whose church I had been called as pastor. Another was Mrs. J. M. High who lived just opposite the North Avenue Church who, also, welcomed me to her home when I had presented the cause of the orphans to her church. Mr. High was living at the time and I still recall the most enjoyable dinner which she gave me on the Monday evening following my address, attended also by Senator Hoke Smith, formerly Secretary of the Interior in Grover Cleveland's cabinet, by John A. Brice, now President of the *Atlanta Journal* and by other distinguished Atlantans. For some years I had known Mr. and Mrs. John K. Ottley, young, brilliant and already earmarked as top-flight citizens of the State. Through my father I had come to know Mr. Sam Inman by whose effort to found the Inman orphanage they had been brought into contact. There were others also. They made a fine introduction to the city.

After John Brice had encouraged me at a luncheon at the Kimball House, my first act, of any importance, was to associate myself with Dr. T. S. Wilson who had just bought my brother's old paper, the *Southern Presbyterian*, from Dr. T. E. Converse. By now it had been consolidated with the *Central Presbyterian* of Richmond, Va., and the *Southwestern Presbyterian* of New Orleans, La., and rechristened the *Presbyterian of the South*.^{*} William Alden, who handled more whiskey advertising than any advertising agent in the Southeast, helped to occupy Dr. Wilson's loft-office on the second floor of the 104 Edgewood Avenue, in the

* "Especially fortunate is our contemporary (The *Presbyterian of the South*) in acquiring the graceful and facile editorial pen of the Rev. Thornwell Jacobs. Neither in the ranks of journalism nor in the realms of literature is the name of this gifted writer an unfamiliar one. Tho still on the sunny side of the ridge, he has published some half dozen books, written scores of articles for magazines and sent editorials trooping through the press in armed battalions to render valiant and effective service for humanity's uplift. In the pulpit he is also an eloquent and earnest expounder of the divine oracles, giving to the traditions of the elders an up-to-date attractiveness, and taking an out and out stand for progress within the limits of orthodox conservatism. The recent whirlwind campaign for the endowment of Agnes Scott college was largely planned and directed by Mr. Jacobs, and the happy result of this crusade is an augury of continued success for the paper with which he will be connected."—*Atlanta Georgian*.



PRESBYTERIAN JUBILEE—Held at the City Auditorium



basement and first floor of which Webb and Vary printed the *Presbyterian*. Alden loved poetry and so did I, so our desks were closer together than his and Dr. Wilson's. In August 1910 I fired my first gun in the form of an article in the *Presbyterian of the South* entitled *Shall We Irrigate an Educational Sahara?** Copies were sent to leading citizens mostly Presbyterians, in

* That Atlanta is to be a great educational center is the prediction made by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, of Atlanta, editor of the *Presbyterian of the South* in a recent issue of that periodical. Dr. Jacobs' prediction is made by way of impressing upon his denomination the splendid opportunity that now exists for the founding of a great college for men in Atlanta.

He calls attention to the fact that, notwithstanding Atlanta's educational institutions are both brilliant and efficient, they are distressingly inadequate both in number and resources when they are compared to similar institutions in the North and West and when the number of students served in those sections is compared to the number served here.

"We find," says he, "that only one Georgia white boy out of every 1,130 is a student at college. Yet in Massachusetts one in every 600 is within college walls. In Iowa one out of every 590 is a college student. There are few other states in the union as bad off as we are and none of those north and west of us show such a pitiful situation as we find in Georgia."

Speaking in terms of comparison, he declares Atlanta and its vicinity to be an educational Sahara that needs to be irrigated and asserts that a great men's college would be one of the best possible means towards this end.

He also shows what an immense money value educational institutions have for any city, and cites the case of one Southern city which derives from its schools and colleges more money than is produced by the entire peach crop of Georgia.

"Atlanta," he says, "is built to be the great educational center of fifteen Southern states. Her strategic location, her unrivaled climate, her financial ability, her urgent need and above all her manifest destiny demand it. To be the political capital of Georgia is a great thing; to be the intellectual capital of the southern half of the greatest country in the world—that now is to be the destiny of Atlanta. Nor can any picture, too brilliant, be painted of the future of a well-managed college located within her gates."

Atlanta's commercial growth has been the wonder of the South. Wrapped up in the grandeur of this achievement and the yet greater growth that is to come, the city is too apt to forget that its intellectual growth must keep apace and that adequate facilities must be provided for this growth and is apt also to forget that commercial supremacy is not the only greatness.—*Atlanta Journal*.

and out of Atlanta. The responses were highly favorable. I remember Asa Candler's: "It's all-right, but why don't you do something about it?"

My first job was trying to create an *esprit de corps* among the fifteen or twenty Presbyterian churches in the city by proposing and promoting a series of Pan-Presbyterian gatherings, one each year, of the membership of all the Presbyterian churches in Atlanta. They were held in the City Auditorium. I still feel the thrill with which I watched five or six thousand bluestockings throng the capacious building and heard them sing: "I am a stranger here, within a foreign land—" It made me so beatifically grateful that I was willing to promise God never to ask for anything more if he would give me a clear day and an immense success.* But before it was over I was planning the

* Imbued with a spirit of appreciation of a perfect day and desirous of commemorating in general assembly the act of their founders more than 8,000 members of the Southern Presbyterian Church poured into the Auditorium Sunday to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the denomination. It was a great occasion, nobly observed by a great body of God-fearing people.

The great auditorium was filled near to overflowing, the congregation occupying every nook and cranny in efforts to get seats in such a place as to command a view of the speaker and choir. Owing to the profuse arrangements of palms and evergreens back of the stage the view from a small section of seats at this point was obstructed, and the section only partially occupied. Save this, however, the seating capacity of the building was taxed heavily.

This brilliant meeting must have been a source of great satisfaction to Thornwell Jacobs, who had worked so hard to consummate the plan. Through the columns of the *Presbyterian of the South* of which he is an associate editor, he had worked long and faithfully to bring about his ideal of such a grand anniversary meeting, and his hopes were in all probability realized to the fullest.

"The meeting was essentially one of reverence and worship. In the nature of a commemoration, it was reverential toward the memory of those great men who 50 years ago in the city of Atlanta laid the foundation for what today is known as the grand and enduring institution the Southern Presbyterian church. Marking the anniversary of a great spiritual organization, it was worshipful in the highest, for the benign fatherly care which has allowed it to grow into such a mighty power for earthly good.

"In connection with this work which the church has before it should be urged the need of a great central university for Atlanta," said Dr. James I. Vance in his address at the Auditorium. "The Evangelization

next one. On one such occasion we brought the whole Thornwell Orphanage over, put them on the stage to lead the singing, entertained them in Atlanta homes and introduced them to some of the angels who had been feeding them.*

* Well, good people who read *Our Monthly*, we want to tell you that your orphans have had the time of their lives.

Dear old Atlanta, we shall never forget her.

Didn't she do nobly, though?

When the news reached our young folks that this excursion was being planned they held their breath for fear it might not pan out. When at last it was announced that it was made possible by the generous offer of Colonel Ryan who fixed a very low rate, they still held their breath for they did not know who would get the privilege of going, but when at last it was announced that all who were physically able to go would be registered for the trip, joy reigned supreme.

The train left Clinton station at nine o'clock, but the little people could not wait for it. Two hundred and forty strong, a whole hour previous, they found their way into five cars assigned them, a whole solid train with a conductor of their own. Captain Neil of Abbeville was the man and he made himself solid with the girls. We will have more to say about him, though, as the story goes on. It was a happy crowd that filled the train with merriment for five long hours. Elberton was almost the only stop that was made and there the Presbyterian Sabbath School girls and boys came down to meet them, and bid them good cheer, and they cheered specially with a barrel of apples as an addition to these dear peoples' lunch. Right lustily the children cheered this gift when they heard it. Atlanta was reached by four o'clock in the afternoon. There it was that the five cars poured out their crowd of girls and boys into the arms of their friends. What splendid people these Atlantans are. The great and rich and the honored Presbyterians were there to meet them. Men who own millions of dollars, men whose hours were worth big money, men who were overcrowded with cares and sweet godly women by the score, just put themselves at the services of these dear little fatherless and motherless children.

There we were! The whole Thornwell Orphanage had been picked bodily and dropped down in Atlanta. A great procession of more than 55 automobiles was on hand waiting for the little guests; Mrs. Frank

of the world is largely a proposition of education and the need of such an institution is urgent. Some years since a move was started to establish a great seat of learning in Atlanta with the aid of an outside source. This aid failed, and the plan was allowed to fail of adoption. How could the people of this city, so historic in the founding of our church, better memorialize this semi-centennial celebration than by fathering a movement to found such an institution?"—*Atlanta Georgian*.

 Some of the most famous Presbyterian orators in the United

Inman, God bless her, had done her work and the children who only knew what an automobile was from the outside, were to find out what it means to be a millionaire, though some of our boys we must confess preferred to be chauffeurs and how their fingers itched to run the machines themselves. They sat by the mighty man who had his hand on the wheel and there is no doubt that some of these lads will not be content until they have run somebody else's machine into the ditch.

Off we went out Peachtree Road and where else we do not know. The *terminus ad quem*, however, was the splendid residence of Mr. and Mrs. Honour, some eight or ten miles out in the country, beyond the city limits. And there a great surprise was prepared. These dear people had prepared a fine collation for the orphans and their guests; a happy hour was enjoyed; Dr. Holderby took hold, sorted out the children, looked to their entertainment, and that night Atlanta was over-loaded with them. They were lost to matrons and teachers and caretakers! What became of them rumor only tells and that tells enough. They went in every direction. They were shown the skyscrapers; they were shown the big beautifully lighted stores; they were shown the ice cream parlors; they were shown into the moving picture shows, and finally they were shown to bed. And right there trouble came. Two dear little girls knew how to turn off electric lights (for we use them here) but unfortunately didn't understand about gas, like the proverbial countryman, blew it out. Indeed, their mistake came near being serious, but the doctor was called in, and the children were alright after a day in bed. The next morning that blizzard, ushered in by a furious storm of wind and rain! It looked as if the grand Presbyterian Rally was going to be a failure. But the storm had bucked against Atlanta Presbyterianism and the true blues stood true to the front. In spite of the bitter storm the great auditorium was filled to the doors. Quite six thousand people were there. Our poor, dear orphanage children looked with fear and trembling on that great audience and still more aghast were they when they were led to the front and up to the platform and given seats there and made to understand that they were to be the leaders in much of the singing. Facing five or six thousand people is not a very small matter for anybody but to know that this was a great mass of Presbyterian folk made one be glad and happy and thankful if a tiny bit scared. But after hearing that great organ and the splendid master leading out his trained choir of Atlanta's best, they determined to try and do their best, they did it and that is all that anybody in the world can do. We are not describing here the vast and enthusiastic crowd of Presbyterian workers representing scores of churches (though not one of them, we reckon was as unanimously present as the Thornwell Orphans) nor do we propose telling anything about the splendid sermon of Dr. Burrell of the marble Collegiate Church, New York City, but we are trying to wonder just how these little pupils of ours felt up there on the platform, the observed of

States addressed us. They were truly great occasions and should never have ceased.

all observers. It was long past one o'clock when the great morning passed into history. There was an ovation afterward for the Thornwell people. They wondered and wondered why it was that so many people loved them.

At three o'clock (four our time) in fact just at the time when we always meet in our own sweet church in Clinton, their kind entertainers took them to the Central Presbyterian Church on Capitol Square, where they and their pastor were to be "the whole thing." The auditorium of this church seats comfortably 1200. Many chairs had to be brought in for the great crowd who pressed in to help bless and cheer the children. Georgia gave a grand welcome to her little ones. Never was such sympathy shown before, nor such responsive happiness; nor such love nor such sweet smiles from loving friends. The whole central section of pews was filled with orphan children and the orphanage choir took their places by the organ. Their own pastor was in the pulpit, though Dr. Ogden and Mr. Eagan were there too. An hour was given to prayer and song and responsive exercises such as our children have at home. A rush was made for them after the benediction and they were borne away into the great city after the service to be fed and smothered with affection and comforted and made much of, like those dear good men and women of Atlanta know how to do. Were there ever such clever people before! We would like to tell here every name that helped but it would be only a catalogue of Atlanta's best and purest and noblest and most loving.

When the children met at the Union Station at 8 A. M. it was quite a different crowd from those who had been scattered among strangers on Saturday before. Now they had made friends; they had learned that most wonderful discovery in the human life that some one cared for them. They crowded the old reception room in the station, they and the noble, generous and tender people of Atlanta, and such a sight as that ancient room witnessed doubtless was never witnessed before. Dr. Hold-erby prayed for them. Then the boys and girls caught the spirit of the occasion and while the train waited they did not wait. They sang, they gave their college yells; they shouted their admiration of Atlanta and the police stood by and laughed at their disorder. But it was a great and never-to-be forgotten occasion and the fun lasted all the way to Clinton. At a stop on the road a great mass meeting was held in each car; mes-sages of grateful thanks were sent to Col. Ryan but as for Atlanta, they just could not find it in their hearts to thank one more than another and so unanimously and vigorously they begged Conductor Seal to wire back "Atlanta is great! Atlanta is beautiful; our own Atlanta; we love you." And with a mighty shout they sealed their approbation. By this time Conductor Seal looked like a whole circus; they had pinned their badges all over him, and he in turn, when he would stop at station after

Their climax was the Pan-Presbyterian Assembly*, the Assembly of Assemblies. It had always been a dream of mine to have the four great Presbyterian bodies, the Southern, the Northern,

* (Dr. Thornwell Jacobs is editor of the *Westminster Magazine*, the organ of Southern Presbyterianism and Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Oglethorpe University. He can accurately be called the father of the movement that gives Atlanta the historic importance of furnishing a common meeting ground for four great Presbyterian assemblies. The idea was first advanced editorially in the *Westminster Magazine*, and his effective reiteration of it caused it quickly to become nation-wide

station, would decorate the ticket agents and the telegraph operators and the firemen and engineers and even the passing trains had to go by with their conductors labeled "Thornwell Orphanage". Fine old gentleman! The girls all loved him though he had taken the precaution of telling them that he was a married man. At Elberton here again came the same dear Sunday School, with a big barrel of bananas. We were glad that they were bananas for just before we pulled out of Atlanta, "the sweetest woman in the world" (just guess who she is) had put two barrels of apples aboard for lunch; on which when they had lunched, they brought the remainder for the 50 or more children who had been kept at home from one cause and another. So now the boys and girls cheered for Elberton as they had cheered for Atlanta. But what tales they had to tell. They did not report whether they had behaved or not; but so many of the dear Atlanta folks who had cared for them said such beautiful things about them and Dr. Ogden and Dr. Flinn and Mr. Eagan and all the rest set us up with such sweet compliments that we were happy over it.

But the story of this trip, all of which can never be written, save on the fleshy tablets of the heart and on the tablets of God's memory, would not be complete if we forgot to say a little word about the dear boys and girls of the olden time who joined the crowd of those who welcomed us at the station. Specially the heart of the leader of the expedition was touched beyond power of words when he found himself once more among his children. They all promised to be at the next reunion in Clinton. And don't forget it, boys and girls. We want you. Moreover, we are going to look for that great excursion from the Central Church as these dear people insist that they intend to return our visit! And won't we entertain them! Just give us a chance, beloved. We are not going to forget you.

So the boys came into Clinton shouting, Atlanta, Atlanta, Atlanta, forever! And doubtless a score of these boys are booked already as future citizens of Atlanta.

Reader, if you have got this far into this little narrative, we feel very sure that you are proud of Atlanta, too. Didn't she do us good? Dear old Atlanta! Good old Atlanta, we love you.—*Our Monthly*.

the United, and the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church assemblies unite in one gathering, an Assembly of Assemblies. My appeal to the Presbyterian Ministers' Association brought their approval and the appointment of the necessary committees. In May, 1913, the great gathering took place. The first union meeting was on Thursday, May 15th at eight P. M. To me was extended the honor and courtesy of opening the joint assembly with prayer. This gave me the only opportunity I had ever had

in popularity. He is one of the dominant influences in the church today. He gives below the keynote of this remarkable gathering)—

A momentous thing is happening in Atlanta. An immense denomination of Christians is entering a new era. For the first time in history the highest and largest courts of the four great bodies constituting the Presbyterian church of the nation are to meet in the same city at the same time. To any one at all acquainted with church history this is tremendously significant.

The plainest thing it means is the least apparent. It lies in the fact that millions of American citizens will for the next ten days, be asking: "What are the differences between these Presbyterians?" The great Pan-Presbyterian Pentecost is answering that question. The world is asking, "Why are ye four?" The assembly answers, "We are one." And because this is the only answer it could possibly make it could not possibly have made it before. That is truly a long quarrel that lasts more than a half century. Many yesterdays have passed since the Brothers' war. It is characteristic of yesterdays that they have passed.

South is Leading the Nation

The assembling of assemblies means another big thing. It is a significant fact that the South is leading the nation in the spirit of fraternity. Who would ever have thought that when the Presbyterians of America should for the first time in all history meet together it would be in Atlanta, a city that half a century ago was grim with the gray ashes of fratricidal strife? Who would ever have dreamed that Dixie Presbyterians would invite New England to enjoy their hospitality first? There you touch deeply. A generation has passed since the "Northern" Presbyterian church has been entertained in homes. A generation has come that asks for them in their homes. In the North they sit in hotels. In the South they sit by the firesides, or shall I say on verandas? That is one of the reasons why this assembly when it received the Atlanta invitation last year, and accepted it unanimously, broke into singing, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!" It was a brother's way of saying, "On to Atlanta."

It is not a little thing to say that this assembling of assemblies yokes the name of Atlanta to the biggest event of Presbyterian history in America, but it is finer to add that not one human being on the continent was found to oppose the plan. Could anything be more signifi-

of paying to my father publicly, the tribute of reverence and respect which I had often desired to show him. He accepted my urgent plea that he should take my place, as better qualified and more deserving of the distinction*. Another high point

* "When Dr. W. P. Jacobs raised his voice in prayer at the Auditorium Thursday night with an appeal to heaven for the advancement of the spirit of unity among that historic gathering it brought to a climax an incident that revealed a son's love for his father as the inspiration of all his success in life.

As the man who had first advocated the joint assemblies in Atlanta, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, the well-known Presbyterian editor and minister, was honored by the assemblies' committee with the request that he deliver the opening prayer on the first night at the Auditorium. It was his own urgent request that his father, Dr. W. P. Jacobs, president of the Thornwell Orphanage, be allowed to deliver the prayer. The request was granted and Dr. W. P. Jacobs took his son's place on the program, coming to Atlanta for the assemblies and for a reunion of the Jacobs family.

cant than that? Beginning with Atlanta, and on through the presbytery, on through the Southern Assembly, the Northern, the U. P. and the A. R. P. assemblies, not one single voice against it. It looked as if everybody wanted it. Therefore, it is inevitable that differences shall grow smaller and similarities greater by this coming together of those who already like one another quite well. They tell me it is rather hard to point out differences between yourself and any person whose soft white arms are around your neck. Atlanta was a swift maiden.

Discussing Common Problems

Take this last fact: The individual assemblies will meet separately to transact their separate businesses in their separate churches, but each evening at the Auditorium, they will meet together to confer on their common problems. Is it not significant that the great things, the great causes, the great movements, the great calls, the great hopes, will be discussed at the Auditorium? The higher one gets the nearer the mountains creep together.

That is the biggest thing that is going to happen this next ten days in Atlanta.

Not organic, but cardiacal union. Not "We once were" nor "We will be" but "We now are one."

And it may as well be added that right here and now is being developed a lovestorm that sooner or later will inevitably sweep away all barriers between the American Presbyterian bodies. It may take a decade; it may take a generation. But some things are going to happen. That is one of them. Any father can tell you that when children lose one another they have a way of getting together. Then, why should not the Common Father know it?"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

in the occasion was the dinner I had the honor of giving to the many religious newspaper men who attended the assemblies. The guest list was a very distinguished one: W. P. Jacobs, *OUR MONTHLY*; R. E. Magill, *RICHMOND EARNEST WORKER*; C. E. Schaeffer, *OUTLOOK OF MISSIONS* and *REFORMED CHURCH MESSENGER*; Wm. S. C. Webster, *THE CONGREGATIONALIST* and *THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER*; David Reed Miller, *THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN*; D. Glenn Moore, *THE CHRISTIAN UNION HERALD*; I. A. MacDonald, *THE TORONTO GLOBE*; Oliver R. Williamson, *THE CONTINENT*; W. J. Ellis, *THE CONTINENT*, Philadelphia; Nolan R. Best, *THE NEW YORK CONTINENT*; David M. Sweets, *THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER*, Louisville, Ky.; F. C. Monfort, *THE HERALD AND PRESBYTER*, Cincinnati; D. O. Kennedy, *THE PRESBYTERIAN*, Philadelphia; H. C. Kegley, *GULF STATES PRESBYTERIAN*, Birmingham; J. R. Bridges, *PRESBYTERIAN STANDARD*, Charlotte; William S. Campbell, *THE PRESBYTERIAN OF THE SOUTH*, Richmond; A. A. Little, Atlanta, *PRESBYTERIAN OF THE SOUTH*; A. R. Holderby, *PRESBYTERIAN OF THE SOUTH*; Charles W. Welch, *THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE*; James E. Clarke, *THE PRESBYTERIAN ADVANCE*. The Union Communion was one of the most impressive occasions in the history of American Presbyterianism. The whole week was crowded with inspiring events. It was a great success.

My first volume of poems, *THE MIDNIGHT MUMMER**

* Thornwell Jacobs, editor of the literary department of the *Atlanta Journal*, has published a book of poems entitled *THE MIDNIGHT MUMMER* and Lucien Knight, commenting on the volume, pays Mr. Jacobs the following beautiful tribute:

"Thornwell Jacobs is a genius. Whether behind the sacred desk or in the editorial sanctum, he invariably weaves the magician's spell. To use an expressive but trite phrase of the Anglo-Saxon, he is always

Both father and son are well-known workers in Presbyterianism. The orphanage of which the father is head, is the largest Presbyterian orphanage in the world, and on the occasion of the jubilee two years ago the entire body of orphans were brought to Atlanta on a special train. Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, who is secretary of the Board of Trustees of Oglethorpe college, and editor of the *Westminster Magazine*, will be host at a luncheon Friday at the Capital City Club at which many representatives of the Presbyterian religious press will meet for the first time."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

was published shortly after I arrived in Atlanta. Some of these verses dated back to college days but, for the most part, they were written during my four years in Nashville. The volume is named for a poem celebrating the midnight song of the mocking-bird whose name always seemed to me to be a crude burlesque on the greatest of feathered singers. I thought that its length,

at home in both of these difficult roles. His attic prose has long been famous. But I doubt if even his old friends in South Carolina and Tennessee have suspected the extent to which he has secretly wooed the Muses. Though an exceedingly busy man of affairs, absorbed in duties both sacred and secular, he has nevertheless found time, during moments of quietude and relaxation, to play the minstrel. Often, when there has come a lull in the day's work, he has betaken himself to Olympus, and many an idle evening has found him wandering with Homer.

The results of these excursions at last appeared in a little volume of verse entitled **THE MIDNIGHT MUMMER**. Perhaps the name is suggestive of the witching hour when most of his subtle fancies were caught. At any rate, I have been charmed with the lilt of some of the lines. Mr. Jacobs is now an Atlanta man. His little volume of verse also bears the local imprint; and one of the daintiest songs in the collection is entitled, 'The Psychic City' under which name Mr. Jacobs, in his happiest vein, poetizes his adopted home, the metropolis of the south.

But there are many strings to his harp. In range of inspiration, he is not limited to skyscrapers, however, high these may soar. Most of his poems deal with outdoor life—with woods and meadows and streams and flowers. They possess warmth and color. Mr. Jacobs has evidently mastered what many writers of verse fail to appreciate: that the chords of feeling are most responsive to familiar and simple things. Like the ploughman of Ayrshire he finds music in commonplace realities. There is no effort to reproduce the Miltonic grandeur. The reader may detect in his verse the murmur of water-falls but not the rumble of cataracts. On every page there is just what the matter-of-fact and care-worn man of the world needs to restore his jaded spirits; the beckoning call of cheerful yesterdays, a glimpse of forest paths, a grip of old acquaintance, an odor of musk of violet from some half-forgotten rose jar, a lilac sunbonnet, a twitter of birds, or a voice of music from the home-stand on the hills.

Poems like 'Square Round' and 'Just-a-Whistling' are the best of tonics. The predominant strain is reminiscent but the variations are infinite and always optimistic. Perhaps the author's sweetest note is registered in 'The Urge of Bush River'. At any rate there is nothing in the little volume to surpass the opening lines. They sketch for a reader a whole forest, in the midst of which dashes a stream from the

uniqueness and seriousness entitled it to the name plate but everyone else has picked a different poem as the best.

It was also during these days, when I was making friends with Atlanta, that I was invited to conduct the Book Review department of the *ATLANTA JOURNAL**. Part of this new task I found to be most attractive and instructive but, for the most part, a book reviewer has a dull time of it for the reason that the publishers send to a great daily newspaper scores of volumes

* Editorial *Atlanta Journal*, Oct. 7, 1911:

Whether you wish to follow the literary currents of the day or merely wish clear and honest advice in the story you are to take home for an evening's reading, you will be interested and helped by the Journal's new book department which begins in this issue and which is conducted by Mr. Thornwell Jacobs.

There is, we are sure, a widespread and eager demand for just such guidance and interpretation as Mr. Jacobs is so eminently qualified to give. As he himself declares, "A good book review is one of the highest forms of literature; a poor one is certainly one of the worst." He alludes to a newspaper page of so called criticism, six and twenty of which begin invariably with, "This is a nice book" and which leave the reader poverty stricken of any definite idea as to what the book really is.

There will be no such inanities to the Journal's book talk. Mr. Jacobs is capable of sizing up a book and of telling you simply and entertainingly what you may expect from its companionship. He will do more than record the color of its binding and count its pages.

He has spent many years in reading books and no few in writing them. He was at Princeton when Woodrow Wilson was its president, and from that great university he holds an M. A. degree. He typifies what Dr. Crothers delights to call "The Gentle Reader."

You will find his Saturday reviews thoroughly dependable and comprehensive. More than that, you will enjoy reading them and, as an average busy man or woman, will find yourself more closely drawn and more discriminatingly to the stream of current literature.

mountains, while a boy, rod in hand, sits upon the bank, angling for small fish; and below him the water can also be seen and heard,
'Rippling through the wooded wild
Where the mint and minnow meet.'

Mr. Jacobs does not confine himself to any particular style of versification. The mechanical structure of his verse is almost as varied as his themes. There is nothing amateurish in his work—nothing starched or stilted—nothing whatever to suggest the apprentice hand of the beginner. On the contrary there is much which smacks of the mature artist. The typographic and illustrative features of the little volume are both excellent."—*Atlanta Journal*.

that are little more than trash, expect each of them to receive enthusiastic approval and, if the editor is capable and sincere, not more than one in ten can qualify for such treatment. So, after a while, the job and I agreed to disagree. I have eschewed book reviewing ever since.

Sunday, October, 1914, had been set aside as Prayer for Peace Day, and the *Atlanta Georgian* had suggested that some one should write a prayer appropriate for Christian services on that day. Shortly thereafter they published the prayer that I sent them. On Friday morning, July 5, 1918, the *Atlanta* papers carried a speech made by President Wilson. I preserved both prayer and speech. Then came Versailles and I tried to sum up the results of the great struggle "to make the world safe for democracy" in a poem. Because of their startling contrasts and because that contrast shows so closely the way my mind was working at the time I include them herein.*

First, the prayer:

* "O Lord, God of Hosts, hear our prayer in this sad hour. It is Thou Who dost bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades and loose the bands of Orion; Who dost bring forth the twelve signs in their seasons and guide Arcturus with his sons. It is Thou Who dost send the lightnings on their way, and before Whom they say, Here we are! Thou hast given the horse his strength and clothed his neck with thunder; and Thou canst make him afraid as a sparrow, though the glory of his nostrils be terrible.

We behold, O God, Thy world, and we marvel at the strife of Thy children. Surely Thine angel has poured out his vial upon the great River Euphrates that the way of the kings of the East may be prepared, loosing the unclean spirits out of the mouth of the dragon and out of the mouth of the beast and out of the mouth of the false prophet, vast spirits of evil working marvelous destructions before the kings of the earth and of the whole world to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty, an Armageddon of the Lord. So fear and the pit and the snare are upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

Thus judgement is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off, for truth has fallen in the street and equity cannot enter. Surely the people have committed two evils: They have forsaken Thee, the fountain of living waters, and have hewn them out cisterns—broken cisterns that can hold no water. Evil has come upon them, even the fruit of their own thoughts. Can a man take fire into his bosom and his clothes not be burned?

O Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why should Peace be as a stranger in the land and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?

During these first years in Atlanta I had two interesting experiences as a preacher. My friend, Rev. W. L. Walker, brother

For the life of these Thy so great nations, Lord, God, we pray even as they pray for the death of one another, and for each man who offers himself for that lot of which there will be no ransom. The Lord hear him in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Israel defend him. And for the many mothers who shall look out of the windows and cry through the lattice, 'Why is my son so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?' Wilt Thou, O Lord, their God, hold their right hand, saying unto them, 'Fear not; I will help Thee!'

Gather Thou the tears of the multitude pressed from pain and death into the bottle of Thy resemblance. Forget not the anguished cry of the widow nor the wail of the wretched orphan. Consider Thou how they pray for sorrow and how their praise of Thee is loud by so much as their sword is bloody. Let the sighing of the prisoners come before Thee. According to Thy power preserve Thou those that are appointed to die.

And now, Holy Father, Thou hast stirred America to ask of Thee the sweet boon of peace. Hear Thou our prayer in High Heaven, Thy dwelling place, and when Thou hearest forgive.

Forgive the nations their hates, their jealousies, their angers. Touch Thou the hearts of the leaders with compassion for their myriad sufferers unto death. Breathe gentleness into the thoughts of their rulers as they look upon their people appointed as a flock for the pit. Let love return to their wills and lips that death may no longer be their shepherd.

Lead Thy nations away from the great slaughter-storm into the light of love and joy and peace.

And then shall the plow sing again to the soil and the cursing cannon be forgotten. The sower shall laugh again in the field, and the artisan shall not fail to shout the song of his busy industry. In Thy great gift of peace the little child shall sleep in safety and the tired soldier lay him down beneath the shadow of Thy protecting wing. Thus shalt Thou wipe away all tears from off all faces in the stricken half of Thy little planet, and there shall be no more night there.

And when their destructions have been accomplished and they shall divide among themselves the spoil, let them look upon Him Whom they have pierced, O Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Lo, this is their transgression which shall punish them. Their eyes shall then see the King in His beauty and they shall know how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that said unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

And so, as the years become centuries, shalt Thou teach us to put away all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor, and evil speaking with all malice, till even the nations are kind to one another, tender-

of Hugh K. Walker of Los Angeles who was now pastor of the First Church, had resigned his pastorate of the West End Church and I was invited to fill the pulpit while they were looking for

hearted, forgiving one another even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven them.

In that day the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon all people, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of Jehovah, and they shall not hurt nor destroy in Thy holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the deep. Amen."

Next, excerpt from Wilson's speech:

Washington, July 4—From the shadow of Washington's tomb, President Wilson today offered America's declaration of independence to the peoples of the world, with a pledge that the United States and its allies will not sheathe the sword in the war against the central powers until there is settled "once and for all" for the world what was settled for America in 1776. . . .

"It has been left for us to see to it that (Washington and his associates) spoke and acted not for a single people but for all mankind.

"There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise.

"What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

And, finally, here is the poem, *Versailles*:

VERSAILLES

1919

We dreamed of peace made sure by mighty power;
Of paths made safe for fair Democracy;
Of how, at length, had struck the fatal hour
When wars would end and all mankind be free;
And lo, Versailles!

The blood of men in rivers drenched all lands;
The gold of men as waters poured we forth;
We shook the thrones of kaisers with strong hands;
And gathered at the end to gain its worth;
And lo, Versailles!

We summoned all our greatest, all our wise;
A year we talked and wrote big books of words;
The while the world we cherished slowly dies,
And famine stalks its helpless human herds;
And lo, Versailles!

another pastor. Having accepted I decided to try my father's old plan of a series of evening sermons, substituting *The Religious Messages of the Great American Poets** for Moses. The effect was startling. Before the series was over, the church couldn't

* Beginning Sabbath night, January 15, 1911 at seven thirty o'clock, Rev. Thornwell Jacobs will deliver a series of evening sermons on a most interesting theme. Out of the great mass of American poems, he has selected, from each of a dozen famous authors, his typical production, which in most cases is the one generally conceded to be his masterpiece. The motif of each poem will be sought and analyzed with special reference to its bearing on the world-problem of human life. The series as outlined by Mr. Jacobs is as follows:

First, William Cullen Bryant—the poet of the ages—selection: "*Thanatopsis*"; Second, Edgar Allen Poe—the man of melody, selection: "*The Raven*"; Third, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—the Vergilian, the popular poet—selection: *The Village Blacksmith*; Fourth, Ralph Waldo Emerson—transcendentalist, the philosopher-poet—selection: *Brahma*; Fifth, John Greenleaf Whittier—the Seer of New England—selection: *Snow Bound*; Sixth, Oliver Wendell Holmes—the contemporaneous poet—selection: *Old Ironsides*; Seventh, James Russell Lowell—the many-sided,—scholar, critic, statesman—selection: *The Vision of Sir Launfall*; Eighth, Bayard Taylor—the traveler and translator—selection: *The Song of the Camp*; Ninth, Sidney Lanier—the man of music—selection: *Sunrise*; Tenth, Walt Whitman—the prophet of the primordial—selection: *O Captain, My Captain*; Eleventh, Henry Timrod—the poet laureate of the Old South — selection: *Charleston*; Twelfth, Eugene Field—the poet of childhood—selection: *Little Boy Blue*; Thirteenth, Julia Ward Howe—the woman with one word—selection: *The Battle*

We said our enemies must have their part
In open counsel, freed of tyrant's heel;
That we would change a mighty nation's heart;
That they with us to liberty must kneel;
And lo, Versailles!

We used such mighty words: of love wide-spoken,
Of brotherhood, of little nation's rights,
Of how the sword forever would be broken
That earth might know her last of anger's blights!
And lo, Versailles!

A peace of hatred, and a contract signed
Again to let the blood of nations, this!
When all we needed was a hand to blind
Revenge, a heart to pray for enemies!
Alas, Versailles!

hold the crowds. Among my listeners was young Thomas L. Stokes who later became a famous columnist and author* Shortly thereafter the church called me to their pastorate but I declined, knowing that I couldn't occupy their pulpit and re-found Oglethorpe at the same time. But I took three important members of their church with me—Mr. D. I. McIntyre to become a member of my Executive Committee, Dr. J. Cheston King to be Secretary of that Committee and L. E. Hamilton and family to help me found and operate the *Westminster Magazine*.

Shortly thereafter the Central Congregational pulpit became vacant and for several successive periods I was invited to fill it. This time, the series I selected was on the *Rise and Fall of the Great Empires of the World*. Transcripts of the series were published on the editorial page of the *Constitution* which aided in cementing a friendship already begun with its editor and owner, Clark Howell. The church was located just opposite the Carnegie Library in down town Atlanta. Its auditorium was very large and, to begin with, very empty. But again I found that if I really worked, my plan really worked. The congregations grew larger and larger until the auditorium was filled. My brother, States, was filling the pulpit of the First Church at the same time:** Of much greater importance and interest was the series on *The*

* "But religion and preachers perhaps did have some influence in rare instances that dug down into me. . . . There was one preacher who revealed to me the beauty of Sidney Lanier, our own Georgia poet and musician. In a series of half sermons, half lectures one summer he talked of the 'Marshes of Glynn' and 'The Sun.' He was a Congregationalist, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, later president of Oglethorpe University near Atlanta which he helped to found."—*Chip Off My Shoulder*, by Thomas L. Stokes, Princeton University Press.

** Two brothers, sons of a Presbyterian clergyman, are temporary occupants of pulpits in Atlanta. They are Dr. William States Jacobs, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Houston, Texas, who will supply the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church of Atlanta for August—during the vacation of Dr. J. Sprole Lyons—and Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University who is supplying the pulpit of the Central Congregational church for the summer. Each is an ordained minister of the Presbyterian church and though still a young man has received the degree of doctor of divinity.

Hymn of the Republic; Fourteenth, James Whitcomb Riley—the interpreter of the West—selection: *That Old Sweetheart of Mine*.

Religious Messages of the Great Sciences. Beginning with astronomy I went through geology, paleontology, biology, embryology, archaeology, prehistory, etc. The congregation grew as the series developed but not as much as I did. The work necessary to do this job properly interested me deeply in a more extensive study of the sciences. I had taken most of them at college but since that day, all of them, even astronomy, had been rewritten. The popular interest among Christian people on the subject amazed me. Members of every denomination in town even including officers from Dr. Flynn's super-orthodox North Avenue congregation were to be found in my audiences.

After the University had been founded, I gave some of them as lectures to the student body and then, in a more intensive manner, as a course of study, one hour a week, known as *Cosmic History*. As a required course for seniors it became and continued to be a part of the curriculum for approximately thirty years. At first it consisted of lectures, based on mimeographed notes. I wrote to all the large publishing houses in the country, trying to find a book covering the subject but was unable to do so. Eventually, I rewrote and enlarged it as *THE NEW SCIENCE AND OLD RELIGION*. Edited and adapted for popular presentation it was published in a New York daily and through that medium reached an audience estimated at *three million*. It was the principal point of departure from which my reputation for heresy took off. Really, it is a reverent and scientifically accurate story of the earth and its inhabitants. It proceeds on the principle that science enlightens religion and religion sanctifies science. While it "disturbed the faith" of a lot of people in hocus-pocus and priest-craft, on the other hand it gave its readers "something to chew on" as the old lady told Woodrow Wilson in praising

Dr. W. S. Jacobs is the pastor of one of the three largest churches in the Southern assembly. When he took charge of it eight years ago its membership was scarcely 400. Today it is well over four times that number.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs probably holds the distinction of having preached in more Presbyterian pulpits than any man of his age, his work in the interest of Oglethorpe University having carried him to practically all the larger churches of the Southern assembly. His present series of Sunday evening sermons on the Rise and Fall of Great Cities of the Ancient World is attracting unusual attention. His sermon Sunday will deal with the Persian empire and its cities.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

evolution. One Christian woman went so far as to say that it saved her from the madhouse.

While I do not consider any of them to have been great sermons yet the type of address which they represent has often illuminated for me a question frequently asked nowadays: Why do we not have any great preachers in the South? The stock answer is because they all go North. But so few of our preachers go North that this answer is unsatisfactory. Isn't the true reason to be found in the complete intellectual incarceration of the Southern ministers' mind by the super-orthodoxy injected into him in excessive doses in the Seminaries and Sunday Schools and Churches? Every sermon must be built on the theory that the Bible is meticulously true, perfect, inspired and infallible when, as a matter of fact, it consists of some 66 booklets written by many authors, corrected and revised by many others, over a period of 500 to 1000 years, comprising many conflicting statements of fact, doctrine, and faith. Furthermore, it contains praise of infanticide, orders to commit mass murders of innocent people (other than Jews) instructions in how to dissemble, incitements by Jehovah to exterminate whole races and nations (Gentile) and many accounts of totally impossible happenings based on old superstitions and misconceptions of outmoded science. All this the orthodox preacher has to believe in and defend upon penalty of losing his job and ecclesiastical standing. How can men, trained to accept childish bed-time stories as cold scientific fact, meet the problems of the modern world? They bind their brains to babyhood and then laugh at Chinese women for binding their feet! When, to their moribund theology, they add an unctuous manner and a sanctimonious whine the evidences of insincerity are complete. No man can preach a great sermon against such odds.

Memories of these two church jobs done while I was a free lance in the ministry are among the most pleasant of my life. They gave me many friends and a certain sadly needed self-confidence for by nature, from childhood I had been timid and being the youngest child and reared in an orphanage possessed a definite inferiority complex, as far as the enormous outside world was concerned. In accordance with that Providence in which I had been taught to believe they added the touch necessary to restore my assurance of success in presenting special causes. My training in soliciting advertising, in raising money

(or better reaping where my father had sown) for the Georgia Home, in college life at Princeton, in the printing offices at Clinton and Nashville and Atlanta—all had prepared me for my main job. I commenced it in the autumn of 1911 by founding the *Westminster Magazine*.* Its sole purpose was to furnish an

* Volume 1, Number 1 of the Westminster Magazine is just from the press. It is the new publication which the Presbyterians of this city have just put upon its feet. It is the only Presbyterian publication in the state of Georgia, and it is the official organ of the Presbyterian Ministers' association of Atlanta. For the first time in the history of the denomination, every Presbyterian family in Atlanta has a copy of their denominational journal on their tables, for yesterday many hundred copies were distributed in the Presbyterian churches of Atlanta after the service in order that each family might have the opportunity of seeing their new publication. In addition to this, the local office of the Westminster reports that they are receiving subscriptions at an average rate of 5,000 per year.

The first number contains an illustrated article by Dr. W. P. Jacobs on the Thornwell orphans in Atlanta. Dr. Jacobs is the president of the Thornwell orphanage at Clinton, S. C., which was recently brought over in a body to the big pan-Presbyterian jubilee held here last month. Following this is a thorough review by C. L. Sorrows of the history of the call recently given by the First church of Atlanta to Hugh Walker of Los Angeles. There are also illustrated articles on the various important news items of the denomination, particularly the notable North Avenue revival. In a double column editorial the Westminster proposes the four great denominations shall hold their meeting of the general assemblies of the year 1914 in the city of Atlanta, thus bringing here some four or five thousand delegates and visitors to attend their sessions. The magazine is printed on heavy super-calendared paper with enameled cover, in colors and is a creditable representative of the great denomination of which it is the organ. The purpose of the magazine is to feature the big news of the church, and especially the important local news. Atlanta has become the greatest Presbyterian city in the South and offers a splendid opportunity for such constructive work as the Westminster Magazine is doing.—From the *Atlanta Journal*.

(From the first editorial of the first issue of *The Westminster*.)

The very first thing we want to say in these columns is a word of thanks to the loyal and generous spirit in which our enterprise has been met by the Presbyterians of this community.

Whenever you read *The Westminster* remember that we do not belong to us. We belong to you. We are yours because you made us possible and actual, and we must be yours because you must claim us, by using us, by loving us, by helping us. You will find *The Westminster* is in favor of things. We want our hospital back, for example. We are hanker-

entertaining medium whereby I could reach, hold and influence thousands of subscribers to help me found a Southern Presbyterian University in Atlanta.* The first issue was January, 1912. Soon it touched its maximum of 10,000 largely by the remarkable solicitation of L. E. Hamilton, Jr. From its beginning it proclaimed my mission. Its subscription list grew rapidly.

I wish that I could recall the exact date early in the year 1912 on which I made one of the great resolves of my life. The Agnes Scott campaign had gone off very well, indeed, Y. M. C. A. whirlwind style, preceded by a blitzkrieg of publicity pointing out the superiority of the Negro colleges and universities in Atlanta over those of the whites, emphasizing the lack of endowment of Southern schools as compared with Northern, listing the large sums of money spent in Atlanta by and for the students of her institutions of learning. Then came the organization of the teams, the preparations of the cards of prospects to be canvassed, the daily luncheons and reports, the final mass meeting at the auditorium and the happy crossing of the goal. The leader of the campaign was J. K. Orr. The most liberal contributors were

* My brother Dillard gave me fair warning. This note in my father's magazine refers to a letter he wrote me.

"We recently read a tremendous indictment written in a private letter by a layman, against the jealousy, trickery, wire-pulling, slanderous and malicious efforts to undermine, which seems to fall to all men who, with a true courage try to do good work for his Church by the up-rearing of its institutions. This layman was urging a young minister not to undertake any kind of institutional work that would bring him prominently before the public, and warning him that he would do it at the peril of his personal comfort, his good name, peace of mind and his love for the brethren. We suppose every public man has to pass through these trials. Every minister of the gospel has to take up that sort of a cross and carry it. Every benefactor of his kind knows that he is in for misunderstandings and evil surmisings of men of corrupt minds. They crucified our Great Leader. How can we expect to be treated more leniently than He? If we decline to work for Him because we dislike the shame that goes with it, we would prove ourselves to be unworthy."

—*Our Monthly.*

ing after having the best boys' preparatory school in the Southern States here in Atlanta. But more than anything else right now we would like to see the Presbyterians of Georgia resume their heritage of honor and blessing and re-establish old Oglethorpe College, the Alma Mater of Georgia's greatest and the nation's most lovable poet and of a score of strong, brainy, useful leaders in the kingdom of God and man.

S. M. Inman (\$50,000) and Robert J. Lowry (\$25,000). My recollection is that Asa G. Candler, Coca Cola king, gave \$5,000. Later he gave millions to Emory.

In contemplating the Atlanta into which I had come and comparing her with the Atlanta of later years I see clearly that the peak of her civic pride, activity and spirit had just about been reached during the years 1900-1914. Samuel M. Inman was universally recognized as the "first citizen" of the city in character, leadership and public confidence. He has had no successor. Colonel Robert J. Lowry and his lovely wife, Emma J. Lowry, were easily the ranking society leaders of the city and state. Could they drive their coach-and-six out Peachtree Street today the impression of grace, dignity and beauty would still be there although they might seem to be a glorified vestigial remain of the horse and buggy days. J. K. Orr was the incomparable civic leader beside whom there was none-two-such. Asa G. Candler combined great wealth and great generosity as no other Atlantan has ever done. To these should be added Dick Gray, the courageous, far-sighted editor and owner of the *Atlanta Journal* and Clark Howell, concerning whom the same might be said, of the *Constitution*. When these six agreed on anything that should be done for the good of Atlanta it was done.

As soon as the campaign for Agnes Scott was over I put out my feelers for the Presbyterian University. Mr. Orr was the first of the Big Six I tackled. He took out a small replica of a shoe and quoted to me: "A shoemaker should stick to his last." "I don't want to become a public milker," he added. Later when we had our campaign he subscribed \$100 on condition that it should not be paid until the first building reached the second story. Marked "Paid" it hung for years on my office walls. But a "flash-back" is necessary to explain that happening.

In the years 1915-16 I wrote a brochure telling the *OGLETHORPE STORY* up to date. It really amounted to a diary of events from 1909-1916. By that time my life and that of Oglethorpe University had become synonymous. Much of the brochure was published in my magazine, *The Westminster*, and consisted of stories of my visits to various Presbyterian churches in order to present the "Resurrection of Oglethorpe" to them. Being contemporaneous with the events described they have the double advantage over anything I could write now, of being a truer and fuller picture of both my spirit and my environment.

For that reason I shall include it herein as written, using the editorial shears and blue pencil where they are needed, for correction and explanation—and abbreviation—only. For the sake of continuity I have retained a small amount of repetition. “*THE OGLETHORPE STORY*” and all its later chapters date from that winter evening when musing before the fire in our living room, I resolved to draw up a subscription list on the morrow, put down my own name at the head of it and then begin the re-founding of Oglethorpe University. It was an act of pure faith and hope and love and it always makes me happy to recall it.

There are many footnotes, very interesting to me and to the historian, for it was over thirty years ago. But you are not supposed to read footnotes unless you want to. Use your discretion.

CHAPTER 11.

THE OGLETHORPE STORY

IN THE LATE EIGHTIES of the Nineteenth Century, an aged grandfather used, each summer, to leave his home in Nashville, Tennessee, and come east to visit his son in South Carolina. For over eighty years he had lived the life of a professor and preacher and even now would read his Testament in the original Greek. There was a little grandson who used to sit often near his armless chair to ask questions and to hear stories and one of the stories which, to this day, he remembers with the greatest distinctness is that of a school which was founded many years ago, when even the grandfather was a youth and in which he had taught as a mature man. The little boy learned to picture the classic outlines of its white Doric columns; and to imagine the great college chapel which was reputed to be the finest in the United States at the time and more than once he said:

“Grandfather, when I get to be a man I am going to Oglethorpe, too.”

The answer was always the same and the tones were full of sadness.

“No, my boy, you will never stand on the Oglethorpe campus.”

He was a wise old man, known as a thinker and a scholar in his day and one who was accustomed to search the horizon for signs, yet though he was right, he was wrong. Only today I stood on the Oglethorpe campus. How he was both I am going to tell you in the pages that follow.

In the years that came after, I learned many things about Oglethorpe. The old grandfather was gone by the time my college days had come, leaving the images of the Doric pillars and the great orrery on which the solar system revolved at his school and I found that the college in which he had taught was only a memory. It also had died. One by one I placed fact by fact and pieced the story of her life together. Founded in the early years of the Nineteenth century, when in all that vast expanse of empire between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, south of the Virginia line, there was not a Presbyterian college for men, she had steadily grown in money and influence until, in the decade of

the fifties Oglethorpe University was an institution of power and was graduating the manhood of the southeast into careers of usefulness and service. At college they told me of LeConte, the great geologist, who was one of her professors, and of the immortal Lanier, who for four years was one of her students, and later one of her tutors and from her halls with the Oglethorpe cadets went out to the wars. I learned of James Woodrow, uncle of the present President of the United States, who was loved as much for his humble piety as he was admired for his brilliant scientific attainments and of his little nephew, "Tom-mie," who was often rocked to sleep on her campus, little dreaming that he was later to be the President of the United States. One by one these and other names of her great teachers became familiar: Talmadge and Beman and Baker and others of equal grace and power. Among her alumni I heard mentioned the names of governors and justices and discoverers and moderators of the General Assembly and good honest farmers and merchants who were Christian gentlemen unafraid. And then I learned how in the early sixties there had come a call to arms in the South and how every boy on the Oglethorpe campus went out to serve in one army or the other; of how the trustees met and invested the endowment in Confederate bonds and of how the old school died—at Gettysburg.

And so I learned to love Oglethorpe. Of all the strong colleges on the American continent, she alone died for her ideals. Others came back from the battle, scarred perhaps or wounded sore, but Oglethorpe perished, for that she loved her own too well.

Once I told that story in a church in the West and after the service I noticed a gray-haired gentleman who was waiting to speak to me. When the opportunity offered he looked at me intently and said: "Did I understand you to say that Oglethorpe University died at Gettysburg?" I explained to him the sense in which I meant it. "Well," he said, "I am a Federal soldier and I was at Gettysburg, and I guess I helped put her out of business." Then there came a moisture into his eyes as he added: "So help me God, I am going to help put her back in business!" He wrote his name down for a liberal subscription to rebuild the University, and then, placing his hand on my shoulder, he continued: "Young man, tell the men of the South for me that if

they've got the same sort of stuff in them that the fellows had who faced me at Gettysburg, it won't take them long to rebuild their University!" I have seen tears gush into the eyes of men to whom I have delivered that message from the fine old Federal soldier.

When the old school perished from the earth it left the Presbyterians of the South facing as desperate an educational situation as ever denomination faced. To tell that story properly, it will be necessary to take you back to the late years of the eighteenth century, when, in the little Presbyterian church of Morganton, N. C., the Presbytery of Hopewell was set up by the Synod of the Carolinas and Georgia, then in session there. The territory of the Presbytery of Hopewell was modestly described as the state of Georgia with a suggestion of everything west of that commonwealth being included as home mission territory. It is a coincidence that I delight often to remember that the Morganton church, in which this marvelous Presbytery was set up, was my first pastorate.

I say marvelous because scarcely had it began its separate life before it started upon a career of unmatched brilliance, in so far as the educational interests of this section are concerned. As early as 1809 it began the movement which resulted in the establishment of a Theological Seminary for the southeast, an institution which, beginning its career in Georgia, was later moved to South Carolina, and is now located in Columbia, the capital of that state.* In the spring of 1823, they organized the famous Education Society whose avowed purpose was to give a Christian education to the white boys of the South. Begun by Presbyterians, it soon numbered all denominations in its membership and before they had done with their program they had founded three great Christian colleges and become the historical mother of many more. One of the direct results of this fine educational movement was the founding of Mercer University, the well-known Baptist school of the southeast, which, from that day to this, has been the intellectual beacon-light of that great denomination in this section. Another was Emory College, now become Emory University, the institution to which Mr. Asa G. Candler has recently

* In recent years it has moved back to Georgia and is now located in Decatur.

given a million dollars cash and which has now become the educational idol of the Southern Methodist Church.* But the first

* Few more interesting series of coincidences have ever been noted than that contained in the following letter of Mr. Bellingrath showing as it does the personal influence of one church over another. It was written to a prominent friend of his who is a Methodist.

"A few hundred years ago a fellow by the name of Calvin broke away from the old school of thought, and established the first Presbyterian Church, and not long afterwards your Mr. Wesley, banking on Calvin's good judgment, established a Methodist Church.

About 1842 we Presbyterians came in from Decatur, Ga., and established a Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, and you followed us in 1847 with a Methodist Church and pitched it within half a mile of us, and about 1876 built a church in the next block from us on Marietta street.

We built our next church on Washington street, and you built Trinity within four blocks of us, and after years of thought decided you were not close enough to us and moved Trinity within three blocks of us.

Our Third Church was first established on the corner of Gray and Jones avenue, and you built a church on each side of us, each within four blocks.

Our Fourth Church was built on Chamberlain street, near Jackson. You then built Grace Church within half a mile of us.

We built our Fifth Church on Georgia avenue, near Capitol avenue, and you built a mission on Capitol avenue, near Georgia avenue.

Our Seventh Church was built on South Pryor street, and you consolidated the above mentioned mission within another church and built St. John's half way between Georgia Avenue and Pryor Street Churches.

Our Sixth Church was built in Inman Park, and you, banking on our judgment, built within three blocks of us again.

We abandoned the site of the fourth church and moved to Druid Hills, and you, banking on our judgment as good, built just behind us, and then decided that, as we had acknowledged, we made a mistake in selecting a site for the Fourth Church, that you had also made a mistake in placing Grace Church, and sold your old plant and moved within two blocks of our Westminster on the Boulevard, and you are now building a church on Ponce de Leon avenue, within hailing distance of our North Avenue Church.

We moved our Wallace Church from the old location to a new, and you bought our old plant for Walker Street Methodist Church.

We moved our Georgia Avenue Presbyterian Church to a new location, and you, knowing our judgment to be unerring, built St. Paul within three blocks of us.

We built a mission on Waldo street, and you bought us out and established a Methodist Church there, with some of us Presbyterians working with you, and we giving you rent free for six months.

We started us a Presbyterian Hospital, and you, banking on our judgment again, built you a Methodist Hospital.

founded of the three, the best located of the three, the best equipped of the three, the best manned of the three, the richest of the three, with the largest student body of the three, and the finest buildings of the three, and the best name of the three was old Oglethorpe, on the famous Midway Hill in the suburbs of Milledgeville, the then capital of Georgia, the first denominational college or university for men between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, south of the Virginia line. For almost a half century she did her unparalleled work for God and the church and the state until the great war came, when, dying for those she loved, they buried her beneath the gray ashes of fratricidal strife.

And so the church that had taught the others how to give a Christian education to their sons came to sit by and watch all the others march past them. To Emory the Methodists added Vanderbilt and Dallas and Trinity and Wofford and many others. To Mercer the Baptists added Baylor, of the same quality. Came the Episcopalians with their University of the South, at Sewanee. The Cumberland Presbyterians founded their University at Lebanon. The Presbyterians of the North poured their millions into Princeton. Only the Southern Presbyterians, the pioneers, the teachers, the beginners of the great educational movement which founded practically all of them, could say that while she had tended the gardens of others, her own garden had she not kept.

And, if a further tinge of sadness were needed to the story it could be found in the tumultuous past of the old institution through which she had safely come, and in the probability that had she loved more wisely and less well the prosperity and growth of the years that followed the civil strife would have

About a hundred years ago we started a college for boys and called it Oglethorpe College, and you, banking on our judgment, started you a boys' college and called it Emory. Our college died during the Civil War on account of our young men going to the front; but you, thinking discretion the better part of valor, kept your young men in college, and it survived. We have resurrected our University and are building on a large scale on Peachtree street, and lo and behold! you have begun to move your college within calling distance, and again banking on our judgment, you are building Emory University in Druid Hills, and on as large a scale as we are building.

Respectfully yours,

A. T. BELLINGRATH.

lifted her into the happy lot of becoming a real Southern Presbyterian University.

Historically speaking, Oglethorpe perished before there was a Southern Presbyterian church. My father has often told me of the first proposal to establish a University for the Southern Church. It was in Augusta, Ga., in 1861, at the time of our first General Assembly. A conference was held there, one of whose members was the immortal B. M. Palmer and another the illustrious James Henley Thornwell, looking toward that end. Even at that early date the "city" of Atlanta was suggested as a suitable location for such an enterprise on account of its accumulating advantages. Nothing came of the conference—nothing tangible—but some ideas seem to follow Plato's law, they persist until they have bodies given them. It had long been a theory of Dr. Thornwell, well known to all who have read his works carefully, that education falls rather than rises; percolates rather than vaporizes. He believed that a system of education should begin from the top with a university rather than at the bottom with a high school. But that is neither here nor there.

Since that memorable conference many things have happened. The greatest war in our history said "no" to its plans and prevented a successful outcome of its purposes. Afterward came Reconstruction days* with their added horrors and when the South at last was in a position to plan again for educational advance, Dr. Thornwell was a memory and Dr. Palmer an aged man.

Although nearly a decade has passed there are those among us who remember how nearly the Southern Church came, once more, to having a university after its own heart. Interestingly enough, Atlanta was again the storm center of the movement. Something had been said about the consolidation of Clarksville and Columbia Seminaries and it soon grew to include the collegiate part of the Southwestern Presbyterian University. For months the Synods most vitally concerned were agitated over the question. It was voted to remove Columbia, easily enough, for that was really only a going home (the seminary having been born in Georgia), but when it came to removing the university from Tennessee, the movement met its death. Atlanta had raised something over a quarter of a million dollars for the prospective

* It was during this time (1870-72) that the attempt to reopen Oglethorpe in Atlanta was made and after a few sessions abandoned.

institution for this town of five thousand in 1861 had become 85,000 in 1900 and had acquired the spirit of an unbounded enthusiasm and the purpose of a man who begins to see a glorious destiny before him.

Strange indeed is that law whereunder the Urge of God worketh upon the heart of a man. As I look back into the years of the past I see very clearly what an important chapter in this story was written in a tiny village of South Carolina where the orphans live. I recall that the story of my dear old grandfather seemed the more strange to me because of what was happening all around, for I was living in an institution which, to my childish eyes, seemed to point a way to her resurrection. The Thornwell Orphanage, as our world knows, was begun with fifty cents, in a bankrupt land, by a poverty-stricken people. Yet, each morning our table was spread before us in the presence of these and all our other enemies. It is a beautiful thing really to believe, as we little boys and girls who lived there believed, that the great, *vast God has so shaped his providences that answers follow prayers.* To have that thought walk up and down in your heart a great while is to make all good things seem possible. So the story of Thornwell cast a strange light upon the story of Oglethorpe. And to the little boy it would scarcely have seemed a thing incredible that such a school should rise from the dead.

And when I learned later who the ravens were who fed us the Oglethorpe story seemed stranger still. For it turned out that they were people, just ordinary folks, who lived in Georgia and Virginia and Alabama and Illinois and Texas. When I had become a man, I went in and out among some of these people and considered more closely their love for the orphan. It seemed to me that so great and good a people must love their own sons also and oh, how they needed Oglethorpe! But the two main threads of this chapter's story are these two great faiths: in those who had fed their orphaned children and in Him who had sent them.

Then the college days came when I learned of Lanier and LeConte and Woodrow. Then the pastoral days when I preached in the little church where the great Presbytery had been set up. And then days and months and years wherein a steady purpose was being formed.

During past weeks when I have thought of writing this story,

it has always seemed to me that there should be a paragraph in it covering the five years during which I lived in Nashville, Tennessee, with a thorn in my breast. Ever there was before me the need and ever the possibility of supplying it. It may have seemed almost an obsession to some. To me it had become the Urge. From wondering if it could be done I came to questioning how it could be done. The General Assembly of course figured more often then. It seemed to me that they must see it. One day a friend to whom I was talking about the matter remarked: "When God wants a thing done, He first makes somebody want to do it." I think it was Dr. W. M. Anderson, pastor of the First Church in Nashville, who said it and the thing stuck in my memory. When the summer came a serious illness came with it to remind me that the time was short. When I was well, we sold all that we had in Nashville and moved to Atlanta.

For Atlanta was the place where the Southern Presbyterian University should rise. Situated in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, the highest large city east of Denver, she offered a magnificent college climate. Her many railway systems put her in convenient touch with the smallest village or the largest city of the nation. In Georgia alone there was no Presbyterian college to feel her umbrage and in Atlanta herself, alone among cities of her class, there was no classical college for men to divide her patronage. Add to this the fact that she was in the exact numerical center of the Southern Presbyterian church, that she had come to be the largest Presbyterian city in the Assembly, that she had once evidenced her interest in education by an offer of a quarter million dollars for the consolidation movement above referred to and that Old Oglethorpe, moved from Milledgeville to Atlanta, had died there, and there remains no doubt of the wisdom of the choice.

It was my plan, having made Atlanta my home, to become associated either by courtesy or purchase, with the *Presbyterian of the South*, at that time an Atlanta publication; to begin a propaganda that would stir the whole church into an active interest; to rely upon the well-known liberality of Atlanta for the local bonus of \$250,000; and finally to induce the General Assembly to undertake the work of building a capstone to their educational system. The appeal should be addressed first to Georgia and when the local backing was solid, to the church at

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large. The plan was launched in the issue of the *Presbyterian of the South*, of August 24, 1910, in a first page article entitled: "Shall We Irrigate an Educational Sahara?" Its effect was instantaneous. Shortly after that article was published, the Presbytery of Paris, away out in Texas, overtured the General Assembly to establish such a school and to locate it in Atlanta. The public prints had it that way, although, I understand, the last suggestion was later abandoned lest it might seem a prejudicing of location. The Synod of Georgia heard of this and promptly seconded the motion. Then we invited Dr. J. I. Vance to come down to address the great Presbyterian Jubilee in Atlanta one November and he suggested to the 5,000 Presbyterians assembled there that our fiftieth anniversary could in no way be more fittingly observed than in putting our long-craved school into brick and mortar here in this Georgia city where the conference was held which initiated the Southern Presbyterian organization. Months passed and in the hustle of preparation for the General Assembly at Louisville no one was appointed to look after the university in its councils. No one went up to champion it.

But the idea defended itself. For when the Committee on Bills and Overtures reported adversely on the overtures of the Presbytery of Paris and Synod of Georgia, a former Virginian, now a Tarheel, and always a scholar and thinker, in a few trenchant words led the Assembly to look favorably at the idea which, born with it, wished to live with it, and then and there a committee was appointed to canvass the entire question and to report back to the next Assembly. The man who did this was my old friend and fellow Princetonian, Rev. J. W. Jopling.

During the year in which our eyes were turned with hope and prayer to this special committee of the Assembly we were not idle in Atlanta. Mention has already been made of the Presbyterian Jubilee and the address of Dr. Vance. This was the first of a series of annual jubilees in which all the Presbyterian churches of the city joined on one Sabbath morning of each year and held a great union service in the Auditorium of the city. The Auditorium was filled more than once. Among the speakers who addressed these gatherings were Dr. J. I. Vance, Dr. D. J. Burrell and Dr. R. E. Speer. On one occasion the whole Thornwell Orphanage was brought over and entertained

by the Presbyterians of the city. In suggesting these gatherings to the Presbyterian Ministers' Association, under whose auspices they were conducted, I had in mind the development of a fine esprit de corps among the denomination in the city.

For Atlanta was a graveyard for Presbyterian institutions. At that very hour the bones of her latest, the Presbyterian Hospital, lay bleaching upon her streets with no one to cast a coin upon her that she might be buried and her soul depart in peace. One of our first acts in clearing the way for the coming of the University was to pay the debts of this institution and save the good name of the church that had fathered it. This was done under the leadership of such young business men of the city as John K. Ottley, James Bachman and Charles D. McKinney and a dozen others. As previously stated, Oglethorpe, after having died at Milledgeville, had been revived in Atlanta during the terrible struggle of Reconstruction days which were worse than the war, only to perish again, there. Donald Fraser Institute had once flourished in Atlanta. The Inman Orphanage had succumbed there. And the *Southern Presbyterian*, after a few fitful years of struggle, had consolidated with the *Central* and *Southwestern Presbyterian* and was about to move away. This last was a calamity to the new movement for it took one of our four chief hopes away in an hour when we needed them all. The other three were the ecclesiastical organizations of Georgia, the General Assembly of the church and certain great Presbyterian leaders among the business men of the city of Atlanta.

It is an old saying that those who look for providences will have providences to look for, but I think that one of the strangest things of all the story I am telling you, was the way in which every one of these four great hopes failed. The *Presbyterian* went away. The ecclesiastical courts of the state I found disheartened on account of the preceding failures to such an extent that nothing could be hoped for there. When the Presbyterian Ministers' Association was appealed to, to initiate the movement they appointed a committee to confer with some of the leading business men of the city with a view to determining its feasibility. The result of the conference as reported back to the Association was that some seventeen men met with them and that there were some fifty-seven varieties of opinions and that the whole thing seemed futile. In the

meantime, I had gone to a half dozen of the really great Presbyterian leaders in the city, men of means and men of power. I had been told that without these men, nothing could be done in Atlanta. One after the other they had said "No" to my plans. Then came the climax. I learned that the Special Committee appointed to investigate the subject and report to the next Assembly at Bristol would report adversely and that the appeal to the great General Court of the Church would be in vain. Each of these four blows was a staggering one. Their combined effect was paralyzing. I did not understand them then. I do now. As I look back on them I see how the great God was so arranging His plot that no man might doubt my word when I testify that it was by the right hand of God that Oglethorpe rose from the dead. Surely I know; and surely I so declare.

If he must needs go whom the devil drives how shall it be with him upon whom the Urge of God is set? I have before me as I write the first issue of the *Westminster Magazine*, January number, 1912. On the first editorial page, at the head of the first column are these words:

Invocation.

Father, my Author, Thou Ancient Pen, of Thy good spirit, grant me this my prayer: that I may do thy will. May my pages be clean and pure and sweet, wrought out in the fresh wisdom of thy love. May my words ring clear, as if the Voice were finding an echo in them. May the good and the true and the beautiful time the heart-beat of my press. For a fine purpose fashion me; for a needed work fit me; to the Thing that Must be Accomplished point me; but lead me not up thither, my Lord, unless Thou dost go with me. O Hand, who writest thy will upon the sheets that the ages wring, guide thou my little pen that it may, in the tiny pictures it draws of thee, image thy Vast Fine Fingers in its ink drop. Forgive my black blots on each fair page, O Master Pressman, each misplaced line, each ill-spelled word of life, and, from the poisoned ink-mass of my soul teach Thou my types to write their sentence in the tale of earth so clearly that many may catch its meaning and call it good. All this I ask—ah, and one thing more—that my leaves and my

labor may bear the imprint of thy comradeship and may never bring it down to disgrace.

THE WESTMINSTER.

It was in the hope that the General Assembly would do this great thing for her people that the plan on which Oglethorpe should be organized was born. In meditating over the matter the thought occurred to me once; what if some great man or some great spirit should be able so to present the matter to the Assembly that each of the two hundred and fifty members present were to say: "I will guarantee that my church will give one thousand dollars or more to this enterprise." That would be a quarter of a million dollars, which, combined with the quarter million Atlanta bonus, would be a half million and surely the church at large would double that amount not to speak too optimistically. When the news came that the committee report would be adverse the next thought came. Why not organize a great Board of Founders, each of whom should represent a gift of one thousand dollars or more, each of whom should be a member in good and regular standing in the Presbyterian church. Let this Assembly, composed of our best ministers and elders and deacons and private members, each of whom would be vitally interested in his institution, control the institution as the Ecclesiastical Assembly would do it through an executive committee, selected from among themselves and let them be secured by the simple telling of the need and the opportunity from the pulpits that would be opened. Then I put my own name down for the first thousand dollars and started to work.

I look with a gratitude that can never be expressed on the list of names which I have before me here as I write. D. I. McIntyre is next to mine, a man neither rich nor poor, neither proud nor humble, a type of the hopeful, hard-working, earnest business men of the city of Atlanta. From that day to this he has never failed to do his part for Oglethorpe. Sturm Carson is the second; whole-hearted, lovable, generous. James R. Gray is the third; one of the most masterful men with whom I have ever come in contact, fair in all his fighting, a slave to the good of his city, ready and able to carry burdens that others would not carry; above all, a man with an enacting clause in his constitution, yet generously ready to be persuaded. Wilmer L. Moore is fourth; a son of the same fine spirit of his father. "Atlanta

can never be a complete city," he said, "until it supplies the human family with every vital need. We must have a college for our boys." Charles D. McKinney, who is an alumnus of old Hampden-Sidney, added his name next. McKinney has been connected with every good movement in Atlanta since he came here. Charles D. Montgomery, enthusiastic in the University movement of a decade ago, was the eighth man, and Ivan Allen, brilliant leader and clever comrade, was the next. Lucian Knight, characteristically remarked that "if old Oglethorpe University had done nothing except give Sidney Lanier 'to the world, it has justified every dollar spent on it." "Would I give a thousand dollars for a Presbyterian college in Atlanta?" asked Frank Inman; "Well, wouldn't I." John K. Ottley's reply was characteristic. "Now," said he, "to make a long story short, you just put my name down." He is our treasurer, discontented unless he is doing more than his part; strong, generous, true. Of course, Mr. Henry A. Inman is on the board. He was frankly told that he was needed, and whenever one of Mr. Sam Inman's boys feels that to be the case, he is always right there. Edgar Watkins, wise counselor and thoughtful friend, hardly took time to listen to the plan before he said, "Write me down." Mr. Watkins is Georgia-born, and had recently returned to his native state from Houston, Texas. John A. Brice, treasurer of the *Atlanta Journal*, added his name with the remark that he would be ashamed not to have a hand in doing such a thing. Mr. E. P. McBurney heard the story while he was adding up a column of figures, and before he had finished, replied: "Of course, I'm in that." Dr. T. P. Hinman, chairman of the board of deacons of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church, and one of the busiest men in Atlanta, nevertheless found time to join his brothers in this great deed for the old church. Then Mr. George E. King came back from Florida, where he had been recuperating from a recent illness, and his name was added. It would have been at the very beginning had he been in the city at the time.

Now we come to one of the most remarkable incidents in this whole story. On Monday morning, March 11th, the Presbyterian Ministers' Association met at the First Church and practically every Presbyterian minister in the city was present. At the close of their session, they were told of the progress of this movement, and they determined then and there, to stand shoulder to shoul-

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der with their laymen in sacrifice. Everybody knows the numberless calls upon ministers. There was not a man present, who was not loaded to the brim with promises. Yet they subscribed a thousand dollars which we believe to be the largest offering ever made personally by a Presbyterian Ministers' Association in the history of the world. Chapman and Hill started the ball rolling, and then Dr. Ogden said, "Put me down for fifty dollars a year for five years." "The same for me," said Dr. Walker. That settled the matter. The other men made up the balance. "I," said Dr. Young, "am probably the only man in this association who has no income, yet I make my subscription to this cause." That was the spirit that moved these men. They are a body of men of whom the Presbyterians of Atlanta have every cause to be proud.

Afterwards, Dr. Milton Armstrong heard about it. And before the story had been finished, his signature was on the paper. He was the first Atlanta man to pay his \$1,000 in full. Hugh Richardson was next. "What size is it going to be?" he asked. "I do not want to go into anything under a quarter of a million." Then he looked at the names of the men who had preceded him. "This," said he, "means more than a quarter of a million." The next gentleman to be interviewed was J. Epps Brown, vice president and general manager of the Southern Bell Telephone Company. With a dozen visitors, and a directors' meeting on hand, he nevertheless took time to listen, and affixed his signature with the remark, "I am delighted to go into this thing." Dr. Phinzy Calhoun heard probably the weakest appeal made to any of the gentlemen. In fact, the appellant was ashamed of the way the case was presented. There were too many people waiting in the doctor's office to make it easy. But he got the same answer. "All right, sir, I am with you." W. F. Winecoff said, "It is the one thing to do." And C. R. Winship added, "It's the thing we've got to do." "This," said Dr. Archibald Smith, "will be a magnificent thing for our city, our state and our church." Mr. Wm. Bensel, the oldest member, had recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. He was widely known as a builder and contractor and became the chairman of the Building Committee. It would take a book to say what I should like to say of him.

All these men banded together to do this thing before a single church outside of Atlanta had heard the story. There were others

who were seen later. Here, also, is Dr. Cheston King, of whom only justice would say that as chairman of a canvassing committee which led all others during the Atlanta Campaign, he demonstrated a great love for a great cause in a great way. James Bachman is here; did he not say to me as we lunched at Durand's: "I would not put that money into the best stock in Atlanta, but I will give it to Oglethorpe." And here is a fascinatingly interesting group. Once there lived in Atlanta three Presbyterian ministers, friends, men whom the whole city loved: Drs. Barnett, Strickler and Craig. Having served their generation, they have fallen asleep. Yet still there live in Atlanta three Presbyterian doctors, friends, men whom the whole city loves: Drs. Barnett, Strickler and Craig. Their names are where their fathers would have them be, side by side on the Oglethorpe list. One day I went to see a man of whose generosity I had heard and found him sitting amid the charred remains of his manufacturing plant. I was about to leave when he asked me whom I wished to see. When I said that I had wanted to see him, but saw now that my visit was inopportune he asked me on what mission I had come. Reluctantly, I said: "About Oglethorpe." "Sit down and tell me all about it," he replied. "I want to give you a thousand dollars for it." That was W. O. Steele, who on that day did that heroic thing. Gilham Morrow followed with his. J. P. Stevens did not wait, but sent his gift by letter. E. P. Ansley said he would be the one hundredth man. He already is. Frank G. Lake needed no urging. Charles J. Wachendorff and his brother, having subscribed their thousand dollars, handed me a box of flowers three feet long to take home with me with their compliments. Stewart McGinty and W. T. Perkerson, assistant cashiers at the Fourth National Bank, made it possible to say that every officer of that bank who was a Presbyterian was also a member of the Board of Founders of Oglethorpe, for John K. Ottley, vice president, and J. W. English, president, were also on the list. That brings me to a notable group: Sam Inman, J. W. English, R. J. Lowry, Woods White, John Eagan and Hoke Smith. They are classed together because they were seen late on the list. Of some of these, more later. Here are three young men of whom I often think—Edwin Broyles, James DuBose and D. I. McIntyre, Jr. Broyles is the youngest Atlanta man on the list, DuBose is second youngest, and McIntyre, whose father was the first man asked, promised to be

the two hundredth, and he is. I have given the names of so many of them because each of them is a brave man and true and deserves the grateful remembrance of all who love God and the State. Each of them promised a thousand dollars to Oglethorpe, besides their time and labor.

The great mass of all this work had been done when the assembly met at Bristol and the report of the Special Committee was received and adopted.

As I write this line I have before me the issue of the *Westminster Magazine* for June, 1912. Knowing what the report was to be to the Assembly, work had already begun to refund Oglethorpe, as described above. The one hundred thousand dollars referred to below* and the seventy-five acres of land offered the Assembly voluntarily was not then nor has it ever since been offered to Oglethorpe. The editorial in the *Westminster*, which follows,* does not even intimate the depth of regret felt in Atlanta

* "One year ago, in answer to earnest and incessant agitation on the part of those who knew the situation fully, the General Assembly appointed a committee to take into consideration the advisability of establishing a great Presbyterian University in Atlanta.

The matter has been up before our Assembly at irregular intervals since its first meeting in Augusta in 1861, when Drs. Palmer and Thornwell and others would have seen to its establishment but for the ruinous days that followed.

The committee appointed in 1911 states that it did not have a meeting during the entire year of its life; made no effort to see what Atlanta would do, and last week reported to our Assembly that no interest had been taken in the plan and recommended that the Assembly adopt its report.

In the meantime the report says that one Atlanta man, whose name we do not know, had offered \$100,000 voluntarily.

A site of seventy-five acres had also been offered.

It is needless to say that the report of this committee *has nothing whatever to do with the re-establishment of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta*. It does not mean the slightest abatement of that work or plan.

It simply means that the Southern Assembly faced a dire need and a golden opportunity and did not fill the one or recognize the other.

We have heard the story of the king's son who was sore pressed in battle. The struggle was hard and fierce and bloody. Himself disarmed, he was rushing to the front when he met one of his soldiers fleeing, panic stricken, to the rear.

"Why do you flee?" he asked.

"My sword is broken!" came the answer.

"Give it to me!" cried the king's son, "I will win the battle with it."

over the action of the Assembly. It seemed to them "an assassination of opportunity."

Whistling really is a great thing to help one keep up his courage. It is a form of faith. A friend of mine met me one day in Atlanta. "I understand you are going to start a University here," he said. "Yes," I answered, "we are." "How much have you raised?" he questioned. "We have some twenty-five men," I replied, "each of whom has promised to give a thousand dollars to the enterprise." "Going to start a University on twenty-five thousand dollars?" he laughed. "No," I answered, "we started it on one thousand dollars." "You have done well in Atlanta," he consoled, "but wait until you get outside. Then you'll meet your icebergs."

I tell that story in order to illustrate a secret that I have learned. What the world needs is hopeful leadership, not questioning debate. When my friend Charles P. Glover learned of the nature and result of the business men's conference, called to consider the advisability of founding a university in Atlanta, and the fifty-seven varieties of opinions developed, he said that from the way the thing was going, it was a wonder there were so few. His thought was: when you want a thing done and know it ought to be done, do not ask people to discuss the advisability of it, ask them to help do it.

And to that I add this: believe in folks. While I was securing the names of the Atlanta men above recounted, I used often to have to tell how surely the people of Georgia and outside of Georgia would do their part to found Oglethorpe. It strengthened even Atlanta hearts to hear it. When I went out into the state later to secure men from outside of Atlanta, I used often to have to insist that Atlanta would give her local bonus of a quarter of a million for the location of the institution there. The Georgians believed it and were not afraid to undertake their share. I have at least seen faith remove icebergs.

With this paragraph we are launched fairly into the telling of what I believe to be one of the most remarkable stories of an

And he did.

It was called a broken sword—that hundred thousand dollars—but—
We could win the battle with it.

And maybe we shall. God is good and so are his sons.

And this son lives in Atlanta.

In Atlanta they win victories with broken swords."

educational sort that has ever been told by any writer in the world.

I doubt whether there has ever been made by any people in the history of the world any such wonderful record of generosity as the Southern Presbyterian Church is shown to have made on the pages that follow. The story of it is scarcely believable. Partly for that reason we have published in large type a running history of events and in small type at the foot of the pages we have re-printed from the Westminster Magazine, and occasionally from other papers, the contemporary record of the events.

We hear the wings of the ravens again and our minds go back to the orphans at Thornwell. Among them is a bright little Georgia boy fresh from the selling of newspapers in Atlanta. Year by year he grows into manhood, into the ministry and then he becomes the pastor of the Church at *Milledgeville**, where

* FROM THE HOME TOWN—THE BIRTHPLACE.

We are just back from a most interesting and remarkable trip to Milledgeville. Being forewarned to buy a return ticket, under the advice of many friends we got home safe. But the reception recorded us, and especially the cause that we represented, was so fine and generous that it was hard to come back home, even to Atlanta. We went down to tell the people of Milledgeville about the movement to re-establish old Oglethorpe University. Milledgeville was the site of the old institution, which was situated about two and one-half miles from the heart of the town on Midway Hill. We found that the old building had long been torn down, but Thalian Hall is still standing, as is also the president's home, which was occupied by the family of Dr. Talmage for thirty years, and for many years afterward by his widow. It was in Thalian Hall that Sidney Lanier roomed, and he took his meals in a house that is still standing, now occupied by a Mrs. Cook. We had the pleasure of meeting a fine old lady, a Mrs. Robson, who was the daughter of Dr. R. C. Smith. Dr. Smith was the professor of mental and moral philosophy at Oglethorpe, and we found that Mrs. Robson was full of reminiscences of folks who used to live on Midway Hill. She told us that she had rocked Woodrow Wilson to sleep in his cradle many times. Woodrow Wilson was a nephew of Dr. James Woodrow, who was at that time a professor at Oglethorpe. We found also that Sidney Lanier was very fond of her when she was a girl, and she told us many interesting things about Georgia's greatest poet—among others, that he never kept his shoes tied, and that he had a wealth of long hair, which usually came down to his shoulders. He was universally beloved among the students, and graduated with first honor in his class. One of the most interesting things we heard about him was that in the evening he would often go up into the belfry of the main building, which overlooked Milledgeville,

Oglethorpe was and was not. He had been president of the Board that had elected me president of the College movement a few years before. To him I turned, knowing him to be a believer in all good things as well as a brilliant defender of any just cause and asked that I might have the privilege of visiting his church to tell and to learn of Oglethorpe. On April 21st, 1912, on a Sabbath whereon it rained as it had not since the days of Tsitnapish-tim, I met with the tiny band who came to attend. John Harris was there, I remember, an old orphanage playmate; and Dr. Gaertner, of whom more later; a young deacon ready to usher in those who were or were not there; an elder; one or two good women and a child or two. To such an audience the Oglethorpe story was first publicly told. It was Dr. Brannen's own remark as we trudged to the church: "The Lord's weather never interferes with the Lord's work." It did not. The psychological atmosphere was also surcharged. Riding Saturday afternoon with Dr. and Mrs. Brannen, I saw a river in the distance and asked

and on a still summer evening his flute could be heard distinctly in that city, where he is still remembered for his love of music.

What gratified us most of all was the magnificent support that Milledgeville gives to the movement to reopen Oglethorpe, though we might have known that a people who had loved their old institution at Midway would be found on the right side in this matter. Although the Presbyterian Church there numbers little more than two hundred, they have pledged \$2,000 to the re-establishment of the University. Mr. W. S. Myrick, one of the most influential and progressive business men in middle Georgia, accepts a seat on the Board of Founders, and pledges \$1,000 to the institution. In addition to this, the session of the church of which Dr. D. W. Brannen is pastor pledges \$1,000 for their people and will elect a representative to the board. In proportion to their membership, they have equalled Atlanta in liberality, and, we had almost said, excelled her in magnanimity, for it must be remembered that Milledgeville had old Oglethorpe, and that it was moved to Atlanta, just as she had the Capitol, which was moved to Atlanta; in fact, we asked a lady of the city what was the name of a river we saw there, and she answered, "That is the Oconee, but please don't tell Atlanta; we want to keep that."

Now that Milledgeville has equalled Atlanta in her proportion of Founders although our city supplied fifty, she is laying plans to beat Atlanta in her own game, for there are those in Milledgeville who believe that that town will add two more. By the way, they are planning to have a reunion of all the living graduates at Milledgeville on May 10th immediately following the Confederate Reunion at Macon. Imagine the dramatic significance of the hour when they part to meet again at the laying of the cornerstone of the first building on the Oglethorpe campus in Atlanta.

the name. Now Oglethorpe had been moved from Milledgeville, so had the State Capitol, so had many other things. So Mrs. Brannen remarked in a stage whisper, "That's the Oconee, but don't tell anybody in Atlanta, for we want to keep the river."

When the session met they subscribed a thousand dollars to put one of their number on the Board of Founders and later chose Dr. Gaertner to represent them. Then the young deacon shook my hand. "Could I pay that thousand dollars one hundred dollars a year for ten years?" he asked. "Why, Mr. Myrick, you don't mean to tell me you are going to give a thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. "Yes," he answered, "I am. I have a little boy at home and some day he will go to the University, and, do you know, I would just love for him to go to an institution that his daddy helped to found!"

Theodore Roosevelt says that when you see a strong man with tears in his eyes you had better look out, for something is about to happen. That was what I saw in *Marietta* when James T. Anderson came up to me after the service and added his name to the list. Thomas L. Wallace followed him. This was the second time the story had been publicly told, in the early days when it took faith as well as generosity to join the movement. I hold Dr. J. H. Patton, their pastor, in grateful remembrance for it was he who invited me to come. He has ever been a friend of the good cause.

Third came *Valdosta**, when the pastor, Dr. Bitzer, had to be

* OGLETHORPE'S GREATEST GRADUATE.

**An Appreciation of the Well Known Georgia Poet As One of His College
Mates at the Old Oglethorpe University, Near Milledgeville,
Remembers Him.**

By Major J. O. Varnedoe.

It was in the early part of January, 1858, when a callow youth of fifteen years, having just matriculated at Oglethorpe University, I was met by a student, whose acquaintance I had previously made. He invited me to his dormitory to hear some music. The invitation was gratefully accepted and sincerely appreciated. There I met, for the first time, Sidney Lanier, who was my friend's roommate. These two then delighted me with the most entrancing music I had ever heard of that kind—Lanier with the flute and LeConte with the guitar.

I was at once impressed with Lanier's personality. Apart from the culture and moral refinement, which his face and manner indicated, there was a quiet dignity strangely unusual in one of his years. This first impression was never dissipated by a more intimate acquaintance.

away and after the service when I had asked any one who was interested to stay and speak with me and the whole congregation

His calmness of demeanor did not amount to austerity. On the contrary, he was always polite and affable, though never seeking promiscuous companionship, nor courting popularity. His hair, parted on one side, was always brushed back behind his ears. His clothes were of good quality, always neat but never ostentatious. He carried himself easily and naturally, with just a suggestion of stoop in his shoulders. His gait was usually brisk. He showed no taste for athletics—was seldom seen at the gymnasium. Music and books were his dearest companions. He did not confine himself to his text books, but read extensively. The knowledge gained from these sources was reflected in the piquancy of the essays he was required to prepare and read before his class, as well as the addresses he delivered before the student body and the public. "The Philosophy of History" I recall as the subject of his Junior address. He was at that time only sixteen years of age. His effort evinced thought and research far beyond his years. He was not conspicuous as a debater, and yet what he attempted was always good and creditable. Among ladies his manner was easy and faultless; but he was not what the students called a lady's man. While uniformly dignified, he would exhibit at times a jauntiness in singular contrast with his habit.

With companions of his choice he was jolly and bright, enjoying a joke thoroughly and participating in friendly repartee. On one occasion, while engaging in this pastime he was misunderstood by one of the students, to whom he was addressing his remarks, who denounced him as a liar. Lanier immediately struck him, and the student in turn pulled his knife and stabbed him in the left side. Upon investigation by the surgeon, who was summoned, the wound was found to extend only an inch in his body. In about two weeks he was able to resume his studies.

About this time, or shortly thereafter, Lanier united with the Presbyterian Church, of which his parents were members. While not conspicuously active as a church member, he was carefully observant of the vows he had assumed and his conduct was beyond reproach. Lanier never participated in any of the pranks indulged in by some students; nor was he addicted to any of their vices.

Finding he was about to graduate at the age of seventeen, his father removed him from college after his junior year, and secured for him a position in the postoffice at Macon, where he served as a clerk for one year. He then returned to college, and, uniting with the class that was below him when he left, shared at graduation the first honor of his class.

Immediately upon graduation, Lanier was elected by the trustees to the position of tutor, the duties of which he discharged with ability and dignity, until the exercises of the college were suspended by reason of the impending war.

It is worthy of notice that, up to this time, no hint was given of the presence of the poetic fires that must have been smouldering in his soul. Of his devotion to music, his fondness for letters and his diligence along

passed silently out of the front door. But later I met a kindly white-haired gentleman. "That was pretty bad," he said. "Yes,"

all lines or research, together with his high character and attractive personality, he had furnished ample evidence.

At the age of sixteen, we find him polite without affectation; cultured without ostentation; kind without pretension; poised without undue stiffness; conscious of his splendid gifts, yet modest withal. These were the characteristics of the boy, and they became more pronounced in the development of his wonderful career. He advanced imperially, though not arrogantly, to the first place in his class, and maintained it with royal mien. He extorted the tribute of admiration without the venom of jealousy. Shams he despised. One of the distinguishing characteristics of genius is the presence of ambition. Lanier sought to excel. He was a student. He recognized the fact that wealth of gifts furnishes no royal pathway to knowledge. Conscience also, as well as ambition, impelled him to diligence. While cordial to all, he had few associates; and they were chiefly of those whose musical bias attracted his companionship. Music, rather than intellectual affinity, was the potent influence that determined the choice of his comrades. Learn from this how completely this overmastering passion held him thrall, and forced him, in after life, to forsake all other pursuits, and over the protest of his friends, follow the beckonings of his predilection. What agony he must have endured from the contention of opposing forces—the clamorous pleadings of this passion on the one hand, and the insistent demands of environment, on the other! When he returned from a Federal prison, whither he had been taken as a prisoner of war, broken in health, and stripped of all means of support, the exigency of the moment compelled him to engage in distasteful pursuits. He passed successively from a clerkship to the schoolroom, and thence to a law office; but the atmosphere of these vocations he found not only uncongenial but positively stifling. It is well for America and the world, that at this juncture he defied all opposition, and chose a vocation in which, by his splendid gifts, he sweetened and gladdened the lives of men. It was given to him to see things that were often hidden from the vision of others. He could detect music in sounds that were not audible to the common ear. Through an alchemy unknown to the less gifted, he could extract honey from dry bones, and feast himself upon morsels most delicious of his own creation. The same breeze that brought nectar to his sore lungs filled his sensitive ear with the music of cat birds, or the song of the lark. The sighing of the pines or the rustling of the marshes fell upon his ear like a mother's lullaby. Nor was he dependent upon Nature's lavish gifts, wherewith to nourish his soul with entrancing delights. His own creative imagination could provide soul-feasts, the exhilarating effects of which would often leave his body exhausted by the very thrill of joys, scarcely less than supernal.

Were he on a desert isle, he could feast his vision upon gardens of roses, surmounted upon the grandest mountain. What others passed by

I answered, "it was my first failure." "It is not a poor church," he continued, "nor a stingy one." "No," I replied, "I am sure

unheeded he clothed with attractive robes, and they at once became things of beauty and delight to his poetic vision. He extorted tribute from all objects and all conditions—No, not all—war, strife, hatred—he turned from these with a horror akin to that with which one regards a pest house.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man."

There was in him, to use his own words, no "barbaric grab of the senses at whatever there is of sensual good in the world."

His life was pitched on a plane too lofty to find satisfaction in the gross and grovelling—these he spurns, and voices his conception of life in the beautiful song of the Chattahoochee—

"I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call;
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main."

His religious views, in sympathy with his mental habits, refused to be interested in the stereotyped forms of orthodoxy. He invented for them simpler moulds, as when writing to his wife, he makes this statement: "Christ gathered up the Ten Commandments, and redistilled into the clear liquid of that wondrous Eleventh, Love God utterly and thy neighbor as thyself." Forms were nothing to him but the vehicles of devotion, love and worship.

Here we have a combination of genius and probity—of purity and strong mentality—the subordination of every faculty to the high claims of truth and virtue; and all of his splendid gifts of mind held in leash at their bidding. Beneath the generous soil that produced such a life, there must have been a rich substratum of Christian virtue which was responsible for the moral and religious bent, evidenced in all of his writings, and made conspicuous in his private life. If he suffered more than others by reason of his sensitive nature, and the wearing disease that so early fastened itself upon him; by the same token, he felt thrills of joy seldom known to mortals. This is one of the compensations generotis Nature extends to all of the afflicted sons of earth. His love for his wife was beautiful beyond compare, and in triumphant contrast with the simply tolerant estate, that so often marks that holy relationship. His song—"My Springs"—is no less a tribute to his heart than to the charming eyes of his wife. He reaches the climax in that song in the last two lines, where he says:

"I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine."

With a body often tortured with pain, and unceasingly depressed by a relentless disease, there was superadded oftentimes the harrying consequences of poverty. Yet, in these despites, his wife was never forgotten. When separated from his companionship, as was often the case, she was regularly the recipient of messages of tenderest love and encouragement.

that you are correct there." "I noticed you mentioned Sidney Lanier," he queried. "Do you take him to be a good poet?" "One of the first seven," I answered. "Old Sid," he mused, "well, we always expected something of him, but who ever would have thought that he would become a Longfellow? He was my college mate," he added. "Do not worry about that thousand dollars. I will attend to that." It was J. O. Varnedoe, who was speaking, and they made it over a thousand. Twelve men in Valdosta gave a hundred dollars each and put Major Varnedoe on the board to represent them.

And here is *Rome*. Julian Cumming and B. I. Hughes each gave their thousand, and Dr. G. G. Sydnor, their pastor, was later added to the board by a group of Roman givers. It only

As has been suggested, music became to him a passion, and held him enthralled, as a charmer holds his victim. To him, music had a language, passionate, pure and sweet, which none could interpret better and which he constantly employed as a vehicle for his thoughts, his aspirations, his hopes, his fears, and his emotions. To ears prosaic that language is unintelligible, but to him it was as luminous and sweet as an angelic whisper. In fact, he did not hesitate to trace its origin to Divinity; as when he writes: "Music means harmony, harmony means love, and love —is God."

It has been suggested that his poetic genius was the offspring of this passion for music that so held his soul in vassalage. However this may be, certain it is that the inter-blending of these superb gifts gave a character unique to the exercise of either. The critics have attempted to disparage Lanier, by comparing him with Whittier, Longfellow and others. Such comparisons are not only odious but unjust. Lanier's genius blazed its own way, and compelled him to ignore the technique observed by his predecessors and contemporaries. It has been claimed for his contemporaries and others, that they were the poets of the people; Lanier was the poet of poets. His genius scorned beaten tracks. Others may follow, but he must choose paths of his own creation. For this reason, time alone can justly fix his place in the galaxy of poets. Let us not forget that that genius of war—Napoleon, discarded all established rules, and by that token, won his brilliant victories. It is noticeable that, while carping critics are endeavoring to rob him of his well-earned repute, time is weaving a chaplet of imperishable renown, wherewith to crown him. His poems have already been adopted as a text book in some of the educational institutions of England. His supremacy as a musician is unchallenged, and his primacy among American poets is being more firmly established, as the years go by. His scintillant genius will radiate with increasing sheen adown the corridors of time.

Gifted son of Georgia, Poet, Musician, Comrade! hail and farewell, "Until the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

adds to the praise of it to say that everybody expected it of them.

I recall the day at *Griffin**, where a total membership of a hundred gave over three thousand dollars to Oglethorpe. That was how *Brawner*, *McDowell* and *Hammond* were added to the list. Also *Decatur*, represented by Mr. Chas. D. McKinney on the board. And then *Elberton*** I can see Dr. Stacy now as he

*** GRIFFIN PRESBYTERIANS BREAK RECORD IN GIVING.**

The First Presbyterian Church of Griffin, has broken the state record for giving, in the widespread canvass now being waged in the interest of the Oglethorpe University, which the Presbyterians of the state propose to establish in Atlanta. With a membership numbering only 139, this local body of loyal Presbyterians contributed \$3,000. to the fund being pledged by the denomination for the proposed great educational institution. This amount will entitle the church to three Founders on the university board.

This creditable achievement was recorded at the Sunday morning service of the First church, when the congregation was addressed by Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, of Atlanta, one of the leading factors of the university movement. The Atlanta minister's appeal for aid was quite eloquent and forceful, and, as stated above, the response on the part of the Griffin Presbyterians was remarkably liberal. \$3,000, from a membership of 130, means over \$21 for each person on the roll, a record that has not yet been equalled by even the rich churches of Atlanta.

At the night services Dr. Jacobs spoke very feelingly of the liberality of the church, which is a very small one numerically, and said no congregation in the state had responded so nobly to the call for help, considering the strength of the membership.—*Griffin News*.

**** AT ELBERTON.**

The 'model church' has done the model thing. In this case the model church is the First Presbyterian Church of the city of Elberton, Ga. The model thing they did was to place a representative on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University. They also did it in a model way. They were just about to begin a canvass of their membership to make a next-to-last payment on their church debt when they heard the story of how the Presbyterians of Georgia were refounding their famous old college. Under the circumstances even those who knew the church best doubted their ability to add over one thousand dollars to their gifts.

On Sunday recently they were told the story of what the other churches had done and of the fine work which the other Directors had accomplished. The response was instantaneous, liberal, big-hearted. Not a man who was called upon to give his part of the necessary thousand dollars refused until it was all raised. Then they chose Dr. Stacy, their pastor, to represent them on their Board and he was present in Atlanta on the evening of Sept. 17th, at the first annual banquet and meeting of the Board. The election of Dr. Stacy to a seat on the Board forms one

said to his people after they had heard the story: "Brethren, you know how our church debt must be paid this week and you know how hard it is to do it. But I have waited a lifetime to hear this call and now that I have heard it, it shall not fail here. I will be the first of ten to make up the thousand." Of course, the other nine followed. And then *Dalton**, where my college

*** DALTON PRESBYTERIANS AID NEW UNIVERSITY.**

They Place Representative on Board of Trust—Banquet at Piedmont Tuesday.

The last of the first one hundred men needed on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University was placed there by the splendid liberality of the First Presbyterian Church of Dalton on last Sunday morning. The circumstances surrounding their gift were so unusual that they will prove of deep interest to all friends of higher education in the South. Dalton, as everybody knows, is the home of Will Harben, the novelist, and Robert Loveman, the poet. It is also the place where Mark Matthews, now pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in the world, began his remarkable career. Dr. Walter Lingle was at one time pastor of the Presbyterian church there and Dalton is a sort of second home to Dr. Hugh Walker, of Atlanta.

The Presbyterians of Dalton are on the point of building a new church and every man in the congregation was calculating the utmost capacity of his gift to it. Yet when they learned the fine story of how the Presbyterians of the South were refounding their famous old Oglethorpe University and of how it was desired that a man from Dalton should be on the Board of Directors, they did one of the most remarkable things that has been done in the entire canvass. Conscious of their own needs they nevertheless in the most unselfish way gave more than a thousand dollars, more than five dollars for every man, woman and child in the church, and chose H. L. Smith, one of their best loved elders, to represent them on the Board. In doing this they closed one of the finest records of liberality ever made in this country, for it can now be said that although the cause of Oglethorpe University has been presented in many churches in Georgia from Valdosta to Dalton, not one church has failed to put one or more men on the Board of Directors and to

of the most interesting connections between the old and new Oglethorpe. It was his uncle, Dr. James Stacy, of Newman, who was Stated Clerk of the Synod of Georgia for a whole generation and who in word and deed preached the gospel in Newman for almost half a century. Dr. Stacy was the last living member of the Board of Directors of old Oglethorpe University. He died just four days after the movement to refound that Institution had begun. He died knowing nothing whatsoever of the plan to revive his Alma Mater, and Dr. Stacy of Elberton, who is his nephew and nearest living relative, now takes his place on the new Board.

classmate Frank Sims was pastor. It was after the service when H. L. Smith said: "Do you know why we are going to do this thing? Well, it is because you believe in us." And then comes LaGrange. Dr. Herndon had told me that I might come to *LaGrange**, adding that there were three men in the congre-

* A RECORD OF GLORY.

Not very long ago a certain Presbyterian minister, having been asked why it was that there was no Presbyterian college in Georgia where all the great denominations have colleges, and no Presbyterian University in the sixteen southern states where all the great denominations have universities, replied: "On the quiet, son, it is because the Southern Presbyterians are just naturally stingy and no account, and the Synod of Georgia is the stingiest of the whole bunch."

Whether the bathos or the pathos of such a sentence is the more astounding let him reply who may.

On Sunday, October 13th, the members of the Presbyterian church at LaGrange, Ga., were told the story of the refounding of Oglethorpe University. It is the smallest church in which the subject has been presented, having only eighty-five members. It was a bad Sunday, besides being the thirteenth of the month, and two of the most liberal men of the congregation were away.

Yet look what the baby did:

Those eighty-five members averaged thirty dollars each for every man, woman and child of them. They put two men on the board at one thousand dollars each, and had some left over for good measure.

If every church in the Southern Assembly were to equal that they would give *nine million dollars*.

Take the record at Griffin, Ga. That church gave a little under twenty-three dollars for every man, woman and child in it.

Take Atlanta, Ga. They will give somewhere between fifty and one hundred dollars per member.

And, listen to this: The smallest average that has yet been made by any church is ten dollars per member.

Does that sound like stinginess?

Mind you, that is an average and includes the sick, absent and the dead-broke.

Aren't you proud of the folks you come from and the church you belong to?

Isn't it a record of glory?

pledge as an earnest of their devotion to the cause not less than one thousand dollars for every man so placed.

The greater part of these one hundred men met at the Piedmont hotel Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock for the first annual banquet and session of their Board. They organized, appointed committees, elected officers and laid plans for the founding of a million dollar university for the Southern Assembly.

gation who combined might give as much as a thousand. When he met me at the station on Saturday afternoon he was distressed beyond measure. Thinking it might be the prospect of rain for the morrow, I suggested that it might clear up. "Oh, it isn't that!" he exclaimed. "Listen! You may remember that I told you of three good men in the congregation who might make up the thousand? Well, the first one I had in mind has gone to a convention in Detroit, the second one was ordered to the west for his health, and yesterday the third man sprained his knee and has gone to the hospital!" I remember also that it was the thirteenth of the month. When the little congregation assembled that day with the skies overcast, nothing seemed possible. Yet I had learned my lesson at Milledgeville. It was: Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. I had been talking perhaps five minutes when a man with a set, pained expression came limping in. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that he was the third best man and had just come from the hospital. I can tell you even the color of his eyes for I watched them for 30 minutes thereafter. When the service was over, he rose slowly, seemed to waver and then walked straight out the door. The dull thud that followed was my heart sinking. Then I heard a little woman say: "Quick, give me the pen. I want to be the first on that list." Others followed until over a thousand dollars was subscribed. Then I felt a touch on my arm. It was my friend with the game knee. He had another man by the arm. "I thought he would do it," he was saying quietly, "we are both good for five hundred each."

That is the way it has been always. As I glance at my little red memorandum book I find that I have told the Oglethorpe story in one hundred pulpits, from Milledgeville to Pittsburg, by way of Galveston and Tampa. One hundred times I have hung upon the will of God facing congregations who were as utter strangers to me for the most part as I was to them. And one hundred times he has heard the prayers of those who are compelling this old cornerstone to come on into the building, for not one single church of the one hundred has failed to give its member to the Board of Founders.

It is always a shameless thing for a man to be aided by a

"And the Synod of Georgia is the stingiest of the whole bunch."
Then all we can say is that the balance of them have got to go some.

friend, tremendously aided, and then fail to give him the proper acknowledgement of it. Particularly is this the case when that friend is really the one real factor in the doing of the deed, and insists on saying nothing aloud for himself. The writer of these lines has witnessed just such a case during the past months. He has seen a marvelous thing happen. Nearly three hundred Presbyterian men have been gathered together to refound Oglethorpe University, and the smallest contribution for the hundreds is one thousand dollars. The person who has done such a thing deserves praise and gratitude, and since he himself will not do it, we should always tell his name.

It gives us the great pleasure to do this because we have had the privilege of watching, first-hand and fully, the quality of his work. Every single time that any man has been approached on the subject of making his gift to Oglethorpe this fine friend of the movement has contrived to be present. Sometimes the Oglethorpe representative bungled his words (we saw that often) and this person saved the day with an eloquent suggestion of some sort that moved the heart of the man to whom he spoke. More than one member of the board he alone secured without aid of any one else, and in his own quiet way he really has done it all. The men who heard him speak, the whole three hundred of them, want his name told, and they are determined that every one who hears of Oglethorpe shall hear the name of him who in his own good time and in his own good way brings about whatsoever cometh to pass. And because he is our Father and our God, who has done so many other wondrous things, we thank Him all the more.

And so on the cornerstone of her first building we have engraved the motto of the new Oglethorpe: *Manu Dei Resurrexit*. For by the right hand of God she has risen from the dead. To have Him do this is a greater thing than to have a University. Lowell used to say that the American people could not distinguish between a big thing and a great one. Oglethorpe may never be a big university, though doubtless she will, but she is already a great one. When one considers one hundred congregations, varying in number from fifteen at Sparta, Ga., when we sang the opening doxology, to many hundreds in Dr. Vance's mammoth church in Nashville; varying in riches from poor little country churches to rich city congregations; varying in condition from

those burdened with a heavy debt and behind on even the pastor's salary or about to build a new structure or just paralyzed by a storm; varying in temperature from sweltering heat of mid-summer to the icy chill of a zero blizzard; varying in location from Texas to Pennsylvania, and from Florida to Missouri; varying thus in every conceivable way and then realizes that not one of them failed—surely the Lord was in these places and we know it well. And so, when I think of Oglethorpe, of the men and women who in all the years to come will call her theirs, I want to be sure that they know this thing; that they also may understand how the unmeasured God has arranged all His providences so that answers follow prayers.

And because I want the story of their generosity and of His loving kindness remembered in the after years, I am going to count them over, naming them one by one. They are all of them worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with LaGrange, so we write *Newnan** by her side, whose pastor, J. E. Hannah, con-

* AT NEWMAN—HER PRAYER MEETING.

One of the most interesting events in the campaign for the refounding of Oglethorpe University occurred last Sunday morning at Newnan, Ga. The Presbyterian congregation in that city is in the charge of Rev. J. E. Hannah, who was preceded by Rev. C. O. Martindale, but before him Dr. James Stacy was for forty-three years their pastor. At the time of his death, which occurred last spring, he was the historian and for nearly forty years the stated clerk of the Synod of Georgia. He is the man who was requested by the Synod to write a history of Presbyterianism in Georgia. This history was barely completed when he died, and at the request of the Synod, Dr. C. I. Stacy, of Elberton, edited it for publication. It is the first and only history of the Presbyterian Church in Georgia ever written and has recently been published by The Westminster Company of Atlanta. In a remarkable chapter of that history, dealing with Oglethorpe University, Dr. Stacy, after noting the glorious record of the Institution, uses the following words in a concluding paragraph:

“Let the Presbyterians of Georgia awake, and like Jews of old, after their return from captivity, and viewing their beautiful Temple in ruins, stop not simply with the shedding of bitter tears, now wholly unavailing, but like them to go to work to rebuild and with firm resolve to make their latter house even more glorious than the former.”

About two weeks before Dr. Stacy died the first subscriptions to refund Oglethorpe were made in Atlanta, but no announcement was made of the plans till after his death, so that on the one hand he died ignorant of any plans to refund Oglethorpe and on the other hand those who were refounding the Institution did not know anything of his article

tented, but not satisfied because his people had done their duty, told of young Stacy Capers, who for his Church's sake and in the spirit of old Dr. James Stacy, alumnus and last living member of the old Oglethorpe board, gave a thousand dollars as his personal expression of hope and desire.

Thus one by one the Saturday afternoons came with their trains and the Sunday mornings with their congregations. One by one they added each their thousand, until the day came when I went to Clinton.

*In Clinton** were the orphans and there also the Presbyte-

*** OGLETHORPE CROSSES THE SAVANNAH.**

The little city of Clinton, S. C., comes about as near belonging to the Presbyterian Church as any town we know of. Not only is the Presbyterian denomination the strongest there, but Clintonians have for so many years been so much interested in so many Presbyterian enterprises that some remarkable privileges have been accorded them. It was their privilege to lead the Synod of South Carolina in the founding of an orphanage. It was their privilege to lead the Synod of South Carolina in the founding of a college.

On the twenty-seventh day of October, 1912, *it was their privilege to lead the Synod of South Carolina in the founding of a University.*

It was their own University, old Oglethorpe, founded by a Presbytery

on Oglethorpe. Last Sunday morning the Newnan Church heard the story of how that Institution was to be rebuilt and they enthusiastically and liberally subscribed the amount necessary to put a director on the Board. A most interesting fact in connection with this gift is that Dr. Stacy was an alumnus of Oglethorpe and the last living director of the old Board. That his life-time should have overlapped the movement to refound his Alma Mater and that his own church should respond so liberally to its call is an interesting coincidence.

By the way, down in Newnan they have one of the most interesting prayer meetings in the South. It is inter-denominational and began in the Presbyterian Church. When the Sunday School of that church was organized in 1838 it was done by two women because no man could be found in Newnan to lead in prayer. Then there was organized in recent years a little prayer meeting for the specific purpose of teaching the men of the church how to lead in prayer. It was so successful in the Presbyterian Church that the other denominations asked for its enlargement to include them, and although it is hardly believable it is nevertheless true that there are now over two hundred men in Newnan who may be counted on to pray publicly or lead Prayer Meeting. This is a little city of less than ten thousand people. Over half the men in the Newnan Presbyterian Church may be called upon to lead in public prayer.

Doesn't this offer a fine suggestion for your own home community?

rians of the state have placed their state college. Somehow, I felt that the Oglethorpe story should be told first in South Carolina at Clinton. She is my old home town, where Dr. Jacobs

of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia in days before there was a Presbyterian college between Virginia and the Pacific ocean. For years it was maintained by the Synod and later by the Synods into which it was divided.

It was founded to become a great Southern Presbyterian University. It was beginning to become it. It boasted the finest college chapel in the United States before there was such a town as Atlanta on the map. It graduated the greatest southern-born poet who ever lived and the only one who ranks with the seven immortals of American literature. Fifty years after the civil war swept it off the face of the earth, the Governor of the state in which it perished is an alumnus, one of the senators, a descendant of the men who founded it and the other the First Vice President of the Board of Directors who are refounding it. As if this were not enough, the President of the United States was partly reared on her campus and his only real rival traces his lineage back to her cornerstone.

So when the people heard the story of how the Southern Presbyterians were going to refound Oglethorpe University they counted it a thing to be grasped after that they should have the honor of being the first church in the Synod of South Carolina to put a representative on her Board of Directors.

And it was not so much that they did it, for every one knew that that would happen, but it was the way in which it was done that tells.

The first two men on the list of contributors were the first two men who years ago made the first two contributions to found Clinton College.

A half dozen of the contributors were among the original Board of Trustees of that institution.

The first man to say, "We must do this thing," was a graduate of Davidson College and the second of Clinton College.

The whole attitude of this fountain-head of Presbyterian education in South Carolina was: We have aided in founding an orphanage; we have aided in founding a college and now we have the privilege of aiding in the founding of a University.

And there is this about it. For years Clinton institutions have been appealing to the Presbyterian public. This is probably the first appeal of the Presbyterian public to Clinton Institutions. They were not found wanting.

And their pastor, Rev. F. D. Jones, who has made good so abundantly in his labors there in college and community and church—one of those big-hearted, reasonable optimists who believes in his people and in whom his people believe—all South Carolina will be glad to know of his fine success in this important field where are located some of her most important institutions and it will do them all good to know, also, that at a time when a man was needed as the pastor of the Clinton church he was to found there. He believed that his people would do it nor did they disappoint his faith.

is softened into Thornwell. When Dr. Jones, who had succeeded my father after his forty-seven years' pastorate there, wrote me that I might come, I went gladly. It was the first time the story had ever been told outside of Georgia, and there before me sat the old familiar faces of the days that had been. It is easier to speak to strangers than to those with whom we used to make mud pies when we were boys and girls. One comes down to the fundamentals with his home folks. My old father was there that morning and perhaps may have remembered the strange noises beneath the room where his session was holding their weekly Sabbath meeting and did not know that they came from a royal cock-fight in which his young sons were engaging. And there was my friend, George Young, looking me straight in the eye and probably thinking of the watermelons or the plums that used to disappear from his orchard. At least I thought of the nice green apples we used to find on that farm. And there was Cad Bailey, my boyhood chum, and the girls whose mud pies I used to smash. Yes, you have to know what you are going to say to the homefolks, especially when your Sunday school teachers and the professors who recall your college days are in the audience. After the address, I stepped down from the pulpit wondering what would happen. "Cad Bailey says he'll give the whole thing rather than see it fail," was the first words I heard. Others added their gifts and good wishes and later I grasped the hand of my farmer. "How are you, Thornwell?" he asked. "All right, Mr. Young, except a little frightened." "Scared?" he inquired. "Why?" Well, I explained, "it's the first time in South Carolina, and it's in my home town and all—" "Why, my boy," he interrupted, "you didn't think that we would let a Clinton boy come home on a mission like this and send him back defeated?"

Just the old home folks! I learned to love them all the more that day. I found no folks were better than they. When the fin-

"One stone the more swings to her place,
In that dread temple of Thy worth;
It is enough that through Thy grace
They saw their duty to Thine earth."

And as it was at Clinton, so will it be elsewhere. The Southern people want their University resurrected from its ashes, and what they want they are now able to get.

gers of God play upon the hearts of men and women, anywhere, they are all his folks.

Side by side on that Clinton list are the names of the three men who gave the first three gifts to Clinton College. They are J. W. Copeland, M. S. Bailey and W. P. Jacobs.

Having led South Carolina in the founding of her college and also her orphanage, they now led in the founding of her University.

The magnanimity of the city of *Macon** was made plain on

* THE MEASURE OF MACON.

It is a trifle too early for us to announce the full size of the thing that Macon is going to do for Oglethorpe, but enough has already been done to give us a line on the size of her heart. It is a big, fine heart and it beats true to the memory of the Alma Mater of Sidney Lanier the Macon boy whose fame has girdled the earth.

There are now four names on the list of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe all of them secured in Macon, and one of the strongest churches in the city has not yet been visited. In addition to this, it is likely that two more Macon names will soon appear on the list.

One of the heaviest contributors is the Chairman of the Capital Removal Association.

That of itself tells of the kind of men who live in Macon.

Presbyterians never did believe much in mixing politics and religion, anyway.

Macon knew that a strong delegation of her citizens was wanted on the Oglethorpe Board and in her big-hearted way she is going to see that they are there.

MACON PRESBYTERIANS HELP REFOUND COLLEGE.

Oglethorpe University, the Alma Mater of Sidney Lanier, the poet whose fame has gone over the world, is to be refounded and the fine story of it was recited at the First Presbyterian Church yesterday morning by Thornwell Jacobs, the secretary of the movement.

Oglethorpe was the first Presbyterian college south of Virginia, and the first denominational college for men in Georgia. For many years it did a magnificent work at Milledgeville, the then capitol of the state, producing some of the brightest minds of the country. Destroyed by the war, after 50 years it is to be rebuilt.

Two hundred men, each representing a gift of one thousand dollars or more, are being gathered into a Board of Directors to control the institution. While the smallest gift will thus be a thousand dollars the largest will be much more and the average will be something like two thousand. A site of 137 acres including an 82-acre lake, valued at \$100,000, on Peachtree road, Atlanta, has been given and accepted for the institution and over one hundred of the men secured. It is particularly desired that there should be a strong Macon delegation on the Board.

The plans contemplate the securing of something like a million dollars

the following Sunday when in the midst of the campaign for the removal of the Capitol from Atlanta to that city, the chairman of the removal committee made a subscription of \$500 to Oglethorpe and other friends added more than a thousand. But it was on the succeeding Sunday at *Columbus**, Georgia, that

* THE GENEROSITY OF COLUMBUS AND QUITMAN

When one of the biggest churches of the Synod does a big thing and one of the smallest churches of the Synod does a big thing, and when both of these churches may be classed with many other churches who have also done a big thing—all for the same cause—it is certainly worthy of note.

The First Presbyterian Church of Columbus, Ga., is one whose history is interesting and whose record is glorious. It has a fine membership and a large one, presenting a magnificent opportunity for service, and it has a pastor who measures up to the opportunity. Dr. I. S. McElroy was born at Lebanon, Ky., educated at Danville, and at Union Theological Seminary, Virginia. He was pastor at Stanford, Ky., Mt. Sterling, Ky., Lexington, Ky., and now at Columbus, Ga. He was the representative of the Synod of Kentucky in raising the endowment fund for the establishment of Louisville Theological Seminary, 1890-94. Later he was the superintendent of the synod's evangelistic work during the latter part of his pastorate in Lexington. Since that time his life has been full of honors and labors. Witness the following: Elected by unanimous vote of Jackson, Miss., assembly as secretary of Ministerial Relief 1902-1904; accepted urgent call to pastorate of First Church, Columbus, Ga., 1905.

Received his degree (D. D.) from Central University of Kentucky 1894. Moderator of Synod of Kentucky, at Danville, 1899, and of Synod of Georgia at Cedartown, 1909. Elected by three general assemblies as representative to Pan-Presbyterian Council. The last assembly elected him to bear fraternal greetings of the southern church to A. R. P. Synod and to attend as the representative from the Synod of Georgia the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which met at Aberdeen, Scotland, June 17-27, 1913. He has also been elected with Dr. Morris and Dr. Fleming of Baltimore to represent the Southern Presbyterian Church in the

in the next five years, at least half of which will be set aside for endowment.

Among the most interesting features of the plan is the proposal to establish in the University a chair of English literature to be named for Sidney Lanier. This will be the first monument of the sort to any Southern poet and the fact that Lanier was a Macon boy adds especial interest for this city.

The address was accorded a splendid reception by the Presbyterians of the First Church. The presence of two representatives from this body is already assured.

Mr. Jacobs is stopping at the Lanier Hotel.—From the *Macon Telegraph*.

a really amazing thing happened; within fifteen minutes after the morning address members had voluntarily subscribed over \$5,000. It was one of the most magnificent displays of generosity which had as yet greeted the presentation of the cause. Not a man, woman or child was spoken to personally. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that while the amounts subscribed in other churches have rarely equaled the Columbus subscription, yet the spirit shown almost universally had been identical with the open handed liberality of the Electric City.

Here, for example, is *Quitman**, Georgia, with a little mem-

* And if you have never been to Quitman, Ga., we will tell you in advance that it is worth a trip there just to see the Presbyterian Church in that thriving young city. What would you say if you were told that a little Presbyterian Church with approximately one hundred members had built and dedicated free of debt a \$30,000 church, steam heated throughout, and containing among other things an echo organ and a Sunday School equipment that are the marvel of the neighborhood? Well, that is just what the Presbyterians at Quitman have done under the magnificent leadership of their pastor, Dr. Charles A. Campbell. "That Scotchman can get anything he wants for that church," said one of the men who did it. He has certainly got it. There is not a more complete church plan on the map. And the fine part about it all is that all this work has been done in a pastorate of five years, during which time the membership has been largely increased, the church built and paid for, and the pastor's salary trebled. Before the whole story is finished the Presbyterian churches of South Georgia are going to be leading the whole South—if we don't watch out.

And have you heard what they did for Oglethorpe?—two directors,

World's Congress on Evangelism that will meet in Great Britain the last week of June next. It is a decided distinction for the First Church at Columbus to have their pastor selected as a delegate to two such world congress meetings in Europe in the same summer, but no church is more deserving of this honor. Dr. McElroy ought to attend these great assemblies and his church will doubtless see that he goes or know the reason why.

With such a pastor and such a church no wonder that they broke all records outside of the city of Atlanta. As a consequence the delegation from Columbus on the Board of Founders of Oglethorpe University will be the largest from any church outside of Atlanta, six men representing a gift of \$6,000 or more. In doing this these noble people fulfilled the fine tradition of their fathers. The first pastor of the Columbus church was a professor in Oglethorpe. Dr. McElroy's predecessor, the beloved Dr. Carter, was an alumnus of Oglethorpe, and now the church and its present pastor play one of the most important parts in the refounding of that old institution.

bership of slightly over one hundred, who had just built a \$32,000 church. I remember remarking in my address that our record up to that time had been so splendidly unbroken that I expected to stay in Quitman until the \$1,000 had been subscribed. In response to the invitation to speak to me privately after the service, on that morning no one proffered a subscription; passing out through the open door in front of the church, I met a Mr. McIntosh. "Well," said he, "I understand you are going to be here quite a while, so I guess I'll see you again." He did see me again. That afternoon a big automobile rolled up to the door of my host, Mr. J. H. Malloy, and, after a conference, they decided to put two men on the board instead of one.

At *Greenwood**, South Carolina, the same story of loyal liber-

* THE GRIT AND GRACE OF GREENWOOD.

Suppose you were a member of the Presbyterian Church of Greenwood, S. C. Suppose the crops in your immediate neighborhood had been unusually poor. Suppose you had been recently struck for a heavy subscription for an interurban car system. Suppose your church had just raised its pastor's salary and you were a member of the Sunday School (as everybody is there) which holds the banner for liberality in the Presbytery for Sunday School extension work and where a single class pledges a hundred dollars as a Christmas gift for the Thornwell Orphanage. Suppose that the three C's campaign (Clinton, Columbia and Chiora) had just been presented to your church, and that you had been right at the top of all the churches in proportionate giving to that. Suppose that you were just in the midst of raising \$2,500 for a new organ in your church and suppose that your town as well as your church was struggling to raise \$40,000 on a local college proposition. And then suppose that on Sunday morning you heard another appeal—Oglethorpe University—what would you do?

Well, if you lived in Greenwood you would do just what the Greenwood people always do, the big-hearted and generous thing. We men here in Atlanta often speak of smaller towns and cities catching the Atlanta spirit. It begins to look as if we might some day have to change that and urge Atlanta to catch the Greenwood spirit. For this golden-hearted people when they heard the story of how their old university was being refounded, put one of their members, representing a gift of more than \$1,000 on the Oglethorpe board. If the whole Synod of South Carolina should do as well, their gifts would amount to enough to replace in full the old South Carolina professorship in Oglethorpe, which

two thousand dollars, with the possibility of a third; \$20 per member.

It is a little church, but it has a big pastor, and big men and women in it. They live in a big country and have big hopes and plans and they do big things for their church and their God.

erality was repeated. It had been a bad year for the cotton crop in South Carolina, and in addition to that the Presbyterians of the state had recently canvassed very thoroughly the city of Greenwood for their local state institutions. As if that were not enough, the church had recently raised their pastor's salary and the ladies of the church were working to secure funds for a new pipe organ. In addition to that, the business men of the city had recently subscribed heavily to a trolley line to their community and also to a new school which was being removed from another county to their town. In the midst of all of these competing and distracting causes, the story was told one Sunday morning in Greenwood. Personally, I felt very much as if the words of another were true, "I know they will, but I'm afraid they won't." Never did a people do more nobly for they gave more than I asked and added their beloved pastor, Rev. J. B. Green, to our list of founders.

And then came *Old Ebenezer Church**, the first suburban

*** WHAT AN OLD COUNTRY CHURCH CAN DO.**

The Wonderful Story of What is Perhaps the Oldest Presbyterian Church in the Synod of South Carolina and of the great Record They Made for Oglethorpe.

Old Ebenezer smashed the South Carolina Oglethorpe record on the third Sunday in December, and although many other South Carolina churches will be found also doing their duty, is it likely that any one of them will do better in proportion to their membership than this fine old suburban church has done? Their membership numbers an even two hundred and they gave an even two thousand dollars, one golden-hearted man alone giving one thousand to seat his pastor on the Board. Nothing finer or bigger-hearted has been done in South Carolina in years, and the names of men and women who did it should be written imperishably

was invested in confederate bonds and to build a South Carolina hall on the University campus in addition.

It should not be forgotten that when Oglethorpe University was founded there was no Synod of Georgia. It was begun by a Presbytery of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, about the same time that Columbia Seminary was started. Of these two institutions one was located in the capital of South Carolina, Columbia Seminary, and the other in the capital of Georgia, Oglethorpe University.

Rev. J. B. Green, the pastor of the Greenwood Church, was unanimously chosen by his people for their director. And thus—

"One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of thy worth,
It was enough that through thy grace,
They saw their duty to thine earth."

church to hear the story. J. T. Dendy, college mate and friend, was their pastor. Whatever fears we may have entertained because of the previous drain of their resources for other causes, were dissipated when Johnnie Steele gave a thousand dollars to put his pastor on the board and other members of the congregation made up another thousand in the name of Henry M. Massey.

It was because of the vision and interest of W. Moore Scott that I was invited to the *First Church of Savannah** and that

* IN THE CITY OF OGLETHORPE

Among the churches which have set forward the Oglethorpe work in a telling manner, is the First Presbyterian Church, Savannah, Ga., whose pastor is Dr. W. Moore Scott, and whose membership showed their fine quality in putting two of their members on the Board of Founders of Oglethorpe University.

The Independent Church was the only Presbyterian Church in the city of Savannah till 1827. About that time several of the members of that church petitioned the Presbytery of Georgia to organize them into a church. Accordingly, at a called meeting of the Presbytery, held in Savannah June 6th, 1927, the petition was acted on and a church organized, consisting of fourteen members, with three Ruling Elders; under the name of "The First Presbyterian Church of Savannah."

The following are their names: Joseph Cumming, Mrs. Joseph Cumming, Edward Coppee, Lowell Mason, G. G. Faries, William King, Jas. C. A. Johnson, Capt. Crabtree, Mrs. Crabtree, Mrs. L. Gardiner, Mrs. Clifton, Mrs. Harbuck, Miss Spalding, Miss Lavender. Messrs. L. Mason, J. Cumming and G. G. Faries, Ruling Elders.

The little flock worshipped in a frame building, known as "Lyceum Hall," on the southwest corner of Bull and Broughton streets.

The present church structure is commodious and adequate. It is beautifully situated on the loveliest street in the city, fronting one of Oglethorpe's famous parks. Some magnificent work has been done during the last five years in equipping this church for effective leadership in Savannah, and Dr. Scott has been untiring in his efforts and

into the fine history of the greatest movement that has engaged the energies of the Southern Presbyterian Church in this generation.

Rev. Joseph T. Dendy, who is an alumnus of Clinton College, went to Ebenezer four years ago last August. During that time they have built the manse, remodeled the church, and received seventy members into the church. The congregations are large and growing. The Sabbath School retains the banner of Bethel Presbytery the third year for making the largest contribution to Sabbath School Extension, averaging fifty cents per capita. The "every member" plan is in operation, and has made wonderful increase in contributions for benevolent causes, also she has done her part in the three C's campaign.

the congregation with a liberal subscription of \$2,000 placed both Mr. Lee. M. White and their pastor on the board of founders.

I recall with delight the name of C. M. Gibbs, of the *Independent Church in Savannah**, and his desire that the old Independent Church be represented in the founding of Oglethorpe, a desire that was worth \$1,000 to the cause, as also the cordial reception of the story at Waycross and the addition of their pastor, Rev. R. A. Brown, to the board of directors.

To the capitol of my old home county, *Laurens***, South Car-

*** TO C. M. GIBBS AND THE OLD INDEPENDENT CHURCH,
SAVANNAH, GA.**

Mother of them all, she stands there at the corner of Oglethorpe avenue and Bull street—the oldest living Presbyterian Church in Georgia, unless the church at Flemington through old Midway could claim that honor. Unique also among the churches in that she alone is a complete Session, Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly. Like old Oglethorpe University, she was burned down, but not destroyed. And among that fine body of strong and powerful men there was found one who believed that his people who had rebuilt the church of their fathers must also rebuild the university of their grandfathers. Of all the men on the board, none will represent any more of historic interest than C. M. Gibbs, whose faith and consecration made him the representative of this great church in Savannah on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University.

**** TO C. F. RANKIN AND HIS CHURCH AT LAURENS.**

The capital of our old home county where amid many happy and holy memories we told to old friends and acquaintances the fine record of nearly forty different Presbyterian Churches. Here also we found generosity and a world of human interest. Among the men of the

remarkably successful. Thousands of dollars have been spent on the interior of the building, which now has as elegant an appearance as even Savannah could desire. The pulpit furniture is especially handsome, but even handsomer is the attendance at Sunday School and church, and the generosity of this splendid people toward their old University.

It was in the city of Savannah, on the 12th day of February, 1733, that Jas. Edward Oglethorpe founded the colony of Georgia. As time goes by he is beginning more and more to be recognized as the one big-hearted and big-brained colonizer of the colonial period. It was his far-seeing and esthetic eye that made Savannah the most beautiful city in the South, so that the men and women who are still enjoying his blessing in the city that he founded look with a grateful interest upon the plan of Southern Presbyterians to name their great University after Georgia's foremost citizen.

olina, Rev. C. F. Rankin extended me an invitation and it was because of the splendid generosity of some noble women of this city, Mrs. J. O. C. Fleming, Mrs. C. M. Gibson and Mrs. W. L. Boyd, combined with the loyalty of an alumnus, Col. J. W. Ferguson and of a personal friend, Mr. Minter, that the name of Col. Ferguson appears among our list of founders.

One of the most amazing chapters in the history of the cause was written at *Blackshear**, where a little congregation that

* TO THE HEROES AND HEROINES OF BLACKSHEAR.

No finer chapter has ever been written in the History of Oglethorpe University than that which four men of Blackshear, Ga., aided by as noble a band of women as ever lived in this world, wrote on Sunday, February 9. The Presbyterial Institute, into which the little church of Blackshear had put a fortune, has just closed its doors. It represented a total loss to the community of one hundred Presbyterians of something like fifty thousand dollars, had not the Methodists bought it for twenty-five thousand dollars, cutting the loss in half. In addition to that, a floating debt of nearly two thousand dollars will have to be met by somebody in Savannah Presbytery and it looks as if that somebody is to be the little church at Blackshear. Unless somebody helps them, they expect to have to pay this debt dollar for dollar. There are about twenty families in the church. Their greatest loss, however, is the loss of confidence, confidence that Presbyterians of Georgia would not let Blackshear Institute die. Again the old adage proves true of Presbyterian schools, "It will die like old Oglethorpe." Since the death of Oglethorpe University, the grip of our denomination on educational matters in Georgia has been nerveless. A black pall of pessimism has overspread our educational horizon, nor will the sun shine again till the school that lived for its church and died for its country has been resurrected. And put a pin down in this:

When the dead begin to rise there is no telling how many of them are coming up.

Let the friends of Blackshear and the Presbyterian Hospital and Donald Frazer and all our other loved and departed remember this.

And the people of Blackshear, those dear lovable Presbyterians, for generations they had been trained to do their duty for love of the duty, rather than for love of town or glory. Burdened as they were, disappointed as they were, small as they were in numbers, they nevertheless put their man on the Board. It was their pastor, whom they chose,

church was one of the best loved of them all an alumnus of Oglethorpe, Col. John W. Ferguson. He graduated in the year 1857, three years ahead of Lanier. Among them also was Perrin Minter, son of a man who is loved and known all over the state, and a worthy son. And among them were four of the best women God ever made. They saw to it and old Laurens will have a representative on the Oglethorpe Board.

had valiantly sustained a Presbyterian high school as long as they were able and had just buried it with infinite sorrow, yet rallied around Oglethorpe and placed their pastor on the board. The name of Blackshear will always be associated in the memory of Oglethorpe in the same sort of way that Leonidas is with Sparta.

To those who have never been in South Georgia, the growth of the city of *Waycross* will seem phenomenal and to those who desire or need some encouragement about the progress of their church it may be added that the growth of the Presbyterian church in Waycross during the last twenty years, under the efficient leadership of R. A. Brown, has exceeded even the rapid growth of the city. For the membership of that church has increased from something like thirty members to over four hundred. Waycross is one of the liveliest, happiest and most industrious cities in the South, with a population of something like that of Spartanburg, S. C., or Meridian, Miss. The church is composed of big-hearted optimists and when they heard the story of how Oglethorpe was being refounded, they said: "We must put a man on the board." Then they asked how much Valdosta did. Afterwards they would put two men on the board. When Major Varnedoe reads this he will smile out loud.

There is such a thing as having too much praise for a good deed. If this be so, then certainly Mr. W. P. Anderson* has a

* AT WESTMINSTER.

Verily we may be permitted to make a new proverb! Be sure your friends will find you out. Here are Editor Gossett and our old friend whose name is withheld tracking our movements around Westminster as if they had put Mr. Burns on the job. The next thing we know they will be telling about that game of hop-skotch we had with Janie and Frank (wasn't it?) and the other pretty little girl, also on Retreat street. Oh, that was a fine game of hop-skotch—far ahead of turkey trots and such like. And the editor learned something about life from that game—both the girls said it was true that you shouldn't put both of your feet down unless you were "in home," and you mustn't hop on anybody else's name in your rounds.

because he has served them well and has a faith in them that makes all things possible.

Presbyterians all over the assembly will learn of this deed which falls not one whit short of heroism and bless God that there are such people in this world as constitute the little Presbyterian Church at Blackshear, Ga.

right to desire no further mention made of the fact that he was once the little orphan lad who gave the first fifty cents to found the Thornwell Orphanage. That was sometime about 1872. Since that day many changes have come about. Three hundred children are in the orphanage that these two W. P.'s planned for that day. One of them is the president of that orphanage and the other is the president of a bank at Westminster. All of those

But just look at what they wrote about us!

VISIT FROM A DISTINGUISHED EDITOR OF ATLANTA, GA.

Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, M.A., editor-in-chief of The Westminster Magazine, published at Atlanta, Ga., was in the city yesterday in the interest of Oglethorpe and other business matters. Mr. Jacobs is a fluent and interesting writer, and his magazine is among the foremost in the country. The Westminster Magazine was established about a year ago and its subscription list has already gone to the 6,000 mark.

Mr. Jacobs is a son of Rev. W. P. Jacobs, president of the Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton. He is a graduate of the Orphanage, of Clinton College, and Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.

He was here in the interest of Oglethorpe University, a \$2,000,000 college to be established in Atlanta. Oglethorpe was the first Presbyterian college south of Virginia, and the first denominational college for men in Georgia. For many years it did a magnificent work at Milledgeville, the then capital of the State, producing some of the brightest minds of the country. Destroyed by the war, after 50 years it is to be rebuilt. Mr. Jacobs is vitally interested in this work.

Meets a Schoolmate.

One of the printers of The Tribune is a schoolmate of Mr. Jacobs, they having been together at the orphanage. They spent many happy days in their youth while there. This was their first meeting in about eighteen years and both were unusually glad to meet again.

At the orphanage they had to sweep the yards, cut wood, etc. Mr. Jacobs, although well established in the business world, has not forgotten how to cut wood, as evidenced by the following, and we know he will be surprised when he reads this:

He happened to pass where his schoolmate lives in Retreat street. There was a pile of wood in the back yard of the printer's home and Master Burt Singleton, son of Mr. W. A. Singleton, was cutting the wood up. Mr. Jacobs wanted to take some exercise, probably thinking of his boyhood days, so he went to the wood pile and told Burt he wanted to cut some. He proceeded to take off his overcoat, coat and vest and cuffs. He cut up a good-sized log before stopping. After his task he re-arranged his clothing and came down town, but he will not know that he cut wood at his schoolmate's house until he sees this paragraph. (Chester Witherspoon, my little buddy at the orphanage. T. J.)

May success attend him, The Westminster Magazine and Oglethorpe University.

names sound homelike at this office: W. P. Anderson, W. P. Jacobs and Westminster. Both the Westminsters were delighted to learn that both the W. P.'s are to be on the board of directors of Oglethorpe University.

Then followed two great Sundays in the old First Church of *Nashville*,* Tennessee, whose subscription, largely through the fine liberality of Dr. C. L. Lewis, totaled nearly \$5,000, and the

*** THE HELP THAT CAME FROM THE HERMITAGE.**

**How the Largest Church in the General Assembly Did a Big Thing
in a Big Way.**

One of the really strategic churches of the entire nation is the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, Tenn. And one of our really great preachers is Dr. James I. Vance, its pastor. Several years ago when the plan to revive Oglethorpe was first taking shape, the Presbyterians of Atlanta held their first jubilee in the auditorium. Seven thousand people heard Dr. Vance speak on that occasion. It was the privilege of the editor of *The Westminster* to extend to him the invitation to visit Atlanta. In his reply he was thoughtful enough to ask whether there was not in our hearts a plan for the doing of some great deed for our church and country. We wrote him of our hope that the Southern Presbyterian Church might some day have an institution that would mean to them what Vanderbilt means to Methodism, what Sewanee means to Episcopalianism, what Boston means to Catholicism. In his address later, Dr. Vance took occasion to express his own feelings in the matter and to call on Atlanta to lead the Southern Assembly in the doing of this fine deed.

It was therefore fitting that the First Church of Nashville should be the first church of Oglethorpe in Tennessee. Occupying, as it does, a position of commanding importance in the South, as well as in the Volunteer State, the great record it made when the Oglethorpe story was presented recently, offers the entire Assembly a superb vista of educational opportunity. Here in a city that has no local educational need, and large local obligations, we found some golden-hearted men and women. There was Mrs. M. G. Frierson with her big-hearted generosity, and Dr. C. L. Lewis, whose magnanimous liberality made our coming the success it was. There also was Mr. Joseph H. Thompson, loved wherever he is known, and Dr. J. D. Blanton, whose labors and gift added another man to our board. And while we are telling the story of it, let us add the names of Edgar Foster, and Leland Hume, and Duncan McKay, and Geo. W. White. As a result of their fine enthusiasm for Christian education, the greatest church in our Assembly will have a fitting delegation on our board of founders.

First Church of *Houston*,* Texas, with over \$5,000, to which the

*** OGLETHORPE CROSSES THE MISSISSIPPI.**

How It Took a Big Rule to Measure the Hearts of the Texans and How They Made a Better Rule for Others.

We told one of the Houston Presbyterians that if *Texas were to turn over in her sleep* she would stretch from Mobile to Chicago and from Little Rock to Wilmington. He replied, "Doubtless, but *she never sleeps.*"

Of such a live and interesting quality also are her Presbyterians. And of such a size are the hearts of her people: great big Texan hearts, broad with philanthropy, full of an optimistic love for Christian education.

The First Presbyterian Church of Houston is now one of the two or three largest in our Assembly—in membership, in wealth, in love. As if Texas were not big enough to embrace her interests she lends a helping hand to all good causes, and more particularly she did a great day's work for Oglethorpe.

After the Presbyterians of Houston took charge of the Oglethorpe movement for a week all former records were broken outside of Georgia, and all records in Georgia, outside of Atlanta, were equaled. Six Houstonians will be on the board of directors, five of whom come from the First Church, and one from that devoted band of enthusiastic workers, the Second Church.

To appreciate the fine quality of this deed it should be remembered that Houston is farther away from Atlanta than is New York, by time. It should be remembered also that the main building of the Presbyterian College of Texas, at Austin, has *just been burned*. It should be remembered also that the Presbyterians of Texas, like those of South Carolina, are in the midst of a campaign to raise a large sum for their local state institutions. And it should certainly be remembered that because a man lives in Texas, where hearts grow large, is no reason why even Texas should bound his horizon. Knowing as they did that they constituted the largest church of the largest state in our Assembly, they determined to show the Southern Presbyterian Church *the quality of our Western Presbyterianism, and they did.*

When some three or four years ago a series of articles was published in one of our church weeklies from the pen of the editor of *The Westminster*, calling for the establishment of a Southern Presbyterian University, it was a *Texas Presbytery that answered* by that fine overture to our General Assembly in which Atlanta was specifically named as the desirable location for the institution, the Presbytery of Paris. It was fitting, therefore, that from Texas should come, and to Texas should be accorded, the record that has just been made at Houston.

Readers of *The Westminster* will be particularly interested in the fact that these fine results were obtained by the enthusiastic co-operation of all the Presbyterians of the city. Propitious also in its meaning, is the fact that every educational interest of Texas Presbyterianism is represented in the men who accept seats on the board from Houston.

We feel very certain that the editor of *The Westminster* will be for-

Second church* of that city added another thousand the following Sunday.

*** ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE RECORDS OF THEM ALL.**

The Oglethorpe story has been told in something like forty churches, in various parts of the South, and there are now more than one hundred and thirty names on her board of directors, each of whom represents a gift of one thousand dollars or more toward her refunding, the largest of them being thirty-five thousand dollars (\$35,000). In these churches many variously interesting records have been made, such for example as that of the First Church, Houston, described above, or the first Church, Columbus, Ga., where five men, each representing a gift of a thousand dollars, accepted seats on the board within fifteen minutes

given his desire to say a word of appreciation of the pastor of the First Church and of his efforts in the Oglethorpe cause. It is permitted a man to speak well for his cause, even of his brother. And when that brother not only opens the door of opportunity, and not only urges others to enter, but goes in himself, when to his efforts may be attributed directly the success in a great way of a great enterprise in a great crisis—surely a man may be forgiven his saying: "God bless you," in his own paper, to his own brother.

Houston itself is a great city. Since Atlanta is widely known in the Southeast, it will be interesting for many to learn that while Houston is considerably smaller than this city, it has about the same number of sky-scrapers and presents about the same metropolitan aspect. Furthermore, their office buildings are all occupied, and they are building four or five of them every year. One lay Houstonian remarked that there was a forty story sky-scraper being built somewhere in the city. When we asked his fellow-citizen about the location of it, he answered: "*He lied, God bless him.*"

They are digging a big ship channel, which will put Houston on the Gulf of Mexico, by way of the Buffalo Bayou; they are doing a tremendous business in lumber, and rice, and oil, and cotton; their bank clearings are so far ahead of most other cities of their size that they are being classed in such matters with the real centers of the world trade; their real estate men are as alive as Atlanta's, and that is putting it about as strong as it may be put; they are building a big city in a big state, but the biggest thing we saw in Texas was the big-heartedness of our Houston Presbyterians, who sent this message to the men of the East:

"Rebuild old Oglethorpe; rebuild her in Atlanta, where she died. But if you don't want her yourselves, Houston has a half million ready to locate her here."

Of such a fine quality, and of such a generous quantity was the gift of these dear men and women of Houston, that the whole Presbyterian Church of America should rejoice in it. Hardly ever has it been equaled, all things considered, and the story of it will send a thrill of delight and cast a beam of hopefulness all over the South.

It was in Texas that I was told one of the best stories which I have ever used in connection with Oglethorpe: Professor Welch, one of the best known educators in that state, reminded me of an incident in the life of Senator Tillman. In the beginning of his career when he was trying to persuade the farmers of the state that by voting together they could obtain their full rights and when he was repeatedly hearing that this was an impossibil-

after the address was completed. LaGrange, Ga., broke all records ever made on earth, so far as we know, when she gave nearly thirty dollars for every man, woman and child in the church of eighty-five members to an institution a hundred miles away. Also such records as Elberton, where a debt was to be paid off the next week; Milledgeville, where it rained bull-frogs and slick-backed lizards; Dalton, where a new church subscription was engaging everybody's attention; Greenwood, S. C., where they had just bought a new organ, purchased a new school, filled the purses of three C's campaigners, and raised the preacher's salary, in addition to building an inter-urban, and harvesting the poorest crops of a decade; Clinton, where they have a college problem of their own; Blackshear, Ga., where the vespers of their dead institute became the matins of Oglethorpe; and what shall I more say for time would fail me to tell of Valdosta and Waycross and Savannah and Ebenezer, and Laurens and Greenville, of Westminster also, and Marietta, of Rome, and Quitman, of Nashville and Durham, and Martinsville—who through their faith are subduing a kingdom, working righteousness obtaining a promise and stopping the mouths of those who say:

See the Southern Presbyterian Church, which once was first in education, now the only great denomination in the South without a University."

To all these records we add another, that of the Second Presbyterian Church of Houston, Tex., this being the thing that will be remembered of her, that when the names of those who put a representative on the Oglethorpe board were read, it was found that every member of her session, and every member of her board of trustees has put his signature there, and F. E. Fincher, their pastor, says that he believes every deacon will be found on a second directorate sheet.

The Second Presbyterian Church, Houston, Tex., has done the following things in the last six years: Received 1,050 members, 800 on confession of faith; established and maintained regular work at five chapels in the city; has a yearly enrollment in Sabbath schools of 1,100; has sent out three missionaries to the foreign field, two to the home field, and has several volunteers taking courses of preparation for service; has increased in net membership from 127 to 850; has gathered a constituency that numbers between four and five thousand who attend the church or its chapels; has given to beneficent causes about \$50,000. The congregations have increased steadily until an enlarged building has become a necessity. Rev. F. E. Fincher, their pastor, a Texan born, is the man they unanimously chose as their representative on the board.

ity and that the politicians of the state had so firm a grip on the machinery of the government that they would be unable to wrench it from their grasp, he made an address before many of his followers in Columbia, the capitol of the state, and in the address he told them a story which many of our readers will doubtless recall:

There was a traveler once, he said, who went to Paris and stopped at a little pension there whose proprietor owned a bird that had been taught to sing one single sentence; that sentence was, "I can't get out, I can't get out, I can't get out." The bird sang it in the morning, at noon and at night. Finally, the song got on the nerves of the traveler and, going to the proprietor, he asked if the bird could be bought. The price was named, the bird was bought, the traveler took him with cage and all to his room, opened his window, opened the door of the cage and said to him, "Now, my little bird, you are as free as the air; go; fly." And the little bird hopped into the door of the cage and sang, "I can't get out, I can't get out, I can't get out." For fifty years the Southern Presbyterian Church has been singing that miserable song. While the Baptists have been pouring their thousands into Mercer and the Episcopalians have been building their superb little university at Sewanee and the Methodists have put their millions into Trinity, Vanderbilt, Emory and Dallas, and the Northern Presbyterians have built up a dozen great schools, it has remained for us constantly to sing morning, noon and night, "I can't get out, I can't get out, I can't get out."

Thank you, Mr. Welch.

*The Third Church of Greenville**, South Carolina, did their duty in a great way by placing Dr. Davis, their pastor, on the board with a subscription that amounted to more than \$1,000, and at Fort Mill, South Carolina, whose generous-hearted pastor

* WITH DR. DAVIS AT GREENVILLE

The Second Presbyterean Church, Greenville, S. C., recently set forward the cause of Oglethorpe University in a notable way. Their pastor, Dr. E. P. Davis, known everywhere for his broad minded interest in education, had invited through his Session the Secretary of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University, to tell the remarkable story of the refounding of that institution by the Southern Presbyterian Church. When the story was told in the Second Church last Sabbath the responso was exceedingly gratifying. The full amount of \$1,000 was spontaneously given and that church will have its representatives on the Board.

had written me that he felt sure that nothing but defeat could possibly attend our efforts, partly because the community had been drained of all that could be secured for Christian education by my old Alma Mater at Clinton, South Carolina, an unusual thing occurred, for when we compared the subscription lists, we found that there was only one name that was on both.

I remember *Montgomery**, Alabama, and the song the children were singing in the Sunday school as we approached the church on Sunday morning, a song that meant more to me than to them, the encouraging refrain of which came to my ears at a needed moment, "God will take care of you." I can see W. B. Tanner as he stood in the aisle after the service and wrote his name for \$1,000, as also the young men and women, led by Thomas L. Hackett, who made up another \$1,000. It was on that Sunday that I learned something of the warm heart of old Alabama for the first time in the history of Oglethorpe. I have told the story of that Sunday all over the state and have yet to see the town or city of Alabama that is not willing to follow the lead of the First church of their capitol city.

The session of the *First Church, Augusta***, told me after a long

* IN OLD MONTGOMERY.

Dr. H. M. Edmonds was the pastor of the First Church, Montgomery, Ala., where he has just resigned to succeed Dr. Plunkett in Birmingham. Before he left Montgomery he made arrangements for the telling of the Oglethorpe story to his people. We found that it was from this church that one of the Alabama Directors had come in the days when Oglethorpe was the Princeton of the South, and it was also in this church that many of the best of her friends of former days were to be found. The intimate ties that bound the old state of Alabama to the old Oglethorpe were apparent everywhere. *Sidney Lanier, Oglethorpe graduate, greatest of all Southern-born poets, had once played their organ*, and the children of her alumni rejoiced to hear that the institution of their fathers was being refounded. It was a fine day for Oglethorpe and we found two men, each of whom represented a gift of one thousand dollars or more to the rebuilding of the institution. The generosity of this fine old church has made a good opening for Oglethorpe in a great state.

** *Dr. Joseph R. Sevier* is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Augusta, Ga. This is the church whose former pastor, Dr. Samuel K. Talmadge, was called to the first presidency of Oglethorpe and whose later pastor, Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, was intimately associated with the progress and development of that institution. It was to be expected, therefore, that this church would play her part well in the refounding of Oglethorpe. This she did in good old-fashioned style. After the

conference, that I might have the liberty of their pulpit with the understanding that I would devote a part of my address to the mention of a canvass for funds for a local home mission, which they would conduct the following week; also that I would ask for no subscription for less than \$200. It speaks volumes for the character of that church that I see before me here, the names of men and women whose subscriptions totaled \$5,475.

I shall not soon forget the fine words of a lady from Philadelphia who gave a thousand dollars for her pastor, Dr. Sevier, that he might be on our board of founders, nor the other splendid gifts and names who are written on the Oglethorpe book, some of them with the request that their gift might never be mentioned. Thus, the First Church of Augusta, in which the Southern Assembly was organized and from whose pastorate, one of the most distinguished presidents of the old Oglethorpe college had once been drawn, wrote their name highest of all the Georgia churches, outside of Atlanta in the point of amount given, to rebuild their university.

It was the following Sunday in the *First Church at Atlanta*, after the sermon that Mr. James R. DuBose, one of the best brothers-in-law that the Presbyterian church has in all the world, put the name of his son, James, on our board, and Mrs. E. H. Phillips made the first subscription in the Atlanta campaign which was to follow later, of \$500.

A happy visit was that to the *First Church at Jacksonville**,

* *The record* in Jacksonville was an equally fine opening in an equally important field. Dr. Junius B. French has recently been called to Jacksonville and he has made for himself an enthusiastic and devoted following in the First Church of that city. As a consequence of the telling of the Oglethorpe story in his pulpit, there will be some three members of the Board from his church. Coming as they do from the largest church in the largest city of the Synod of Florida, *they form an auspicious opening for the work in Florida.*

story was told some five men, each representing a gift of one thousand dollars, were added to the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe. *This fine generosity is in keeping with the history of a church in which the Southern Assembly was organized, a church that has never yet failed to do its part in any labor and to bear its part of the burden of any work.*

This record of a month's work is one the reading of which will bring satisfaction to all lovers of education and the friends of Oglethorpe will particularly rejoice in so large and so important additions to the forces that are behind her resurrection.

even though their recently installed pastor, Dr. Junius B. French, was away for the Sabbath. The total of their subscription was \$3,125, and it was all given as a man should give to his God.

"I am in favor of that university proposition," wired John W. Stagg, from *Orlando**, as also were his people the following Sunday, which may be shown by their subscription of over \$2,000. I know not which to be the more grateful to, their brilliant pastor or their own good hearts.

I see in the record that the next two Sabbaths were spent in Atlanta attending the *Pan-Presbyterian Jubilee*. It had been my good fortune to suggest to the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Atlanta, the possibility of holding a session of each of the four great Presbyterian Assemblies simultaneously in our city. Interestingly enough, this suggestion was first made in the initial number of the *Westminster Magazine*, which also contained the editorial calling for the re-establishment of Oglethorpe. The development of the two plans had gone on side by side so that at the time of the gathering of the Assemblies, the Oglethorpe plan was in a fair way of accomplishment. On the floor of our own assembly, on the motion of the chairman of the committee which the Assembly had appointed to investigate the feasibility of the establishment of the university and on the recommendation of the Assembly's standing committee on education, I was invited to tell the Assembly the story of our work to date. It is not a part of this book to describe the marvelous gathering of Presbyterians, which was said to be the largest in number that had ever assembled in the history of the world, in that it comprised the Southern, the Northern, the United and the Associated Reformed branches of the Presbyterian tree, but it is permissible in this paragraph to say that the direct influence

* *The story of what was done at Orlando* is equally interesting. Orlando is really in Florida, and Florida is in Orlando, just as Jacksonville in the United States and the United States in Jacksonville. To one who has ever been in Central Florida where every private citizen has an orange grove in his front yard and a lake in his back yard, it is unnecessary to attempt any description of the wonderful beauty of that section and it would be impossible to give to any one who has not been there an adequate conception of the beauties of that charming country where the crane is as common as the jay bird and the leaf of every tree is a flower. Beautiful as is the country, it is no more beautiful than the people, as Oglethorpe knows quite well, for there are now two members of her Board of Directors from the city of Orlando.

of this great gathering was felt in a large way, in the later canvass during the Atlanta campaign towards which we are steadily marching in this story.

The remainder of the spring was spent in the *Greene Street Church of Augusta**, in the two churches that comprise the *Lawrenceville***, Georgia, group, in the beautiful stone church at *Vicksburg****, Miss., and in the historic old town of *Cartersville*****, Georgia. Each of these four did their duty and added their links to the hitherto unbroken chain.

* *Up to the time* that the Secretary of the Board visited the Greene Street Church in Augusta, the cities of Houston, Texas, and Columbus, Georgia, were the only two who could boast of having six or more men on the Oglethorpe Board, Atlanta, of course being excepted. A previous visit to the First Church, Augusta, had opened the way for that city to join the other three and make it the "Big Four." It is hardly necessary to add that they did it. These three cities, therefore, now stand as the leaders in numbers, though not in proportion to membership. Nashville, Tennessee, is a close fifth.

** *The smallest membership* to which the Oglethorpe story has been told is that of the church at Lawrenceville, Georgia, the town you cannot see from the railroad. There are probably some sixty members in active service in this organization and another sixty in old Fairview the country mother-church which is joined with Lawrenceville under the pastorate of Rev. J. M. Harris. These two churches, mother and daughter, have not only the same pastor, but their church structure being the same, one photograph will do for both. They are a fine, sturdy people and their thousand dollars means all the more because of the smallness of their numbers. Their generosity is another triumph for their University.

*** *Out at Vicksburg, Mississippi*, is a body of Presbyterians who have built the only stone church in the state under the leadership of Dr. J. S. Hillhouse. It is a magnificent and well-appointed structure costing in the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand dollars. Not all of it is quite paid for and there were other pressing local duties on this church when the Oglethorpe secretary told them the story of the refounding of the old school that perished in their environs. Then, too, the boll-weevil and the spring floods were looking over the fence at them as they made their subscriptions. But all that did not hinder them. There are now two men, each representing a gift of one thousand dollars, on the Board from Vicksburg. Dr. Hillhouse had written the secretary: "You may come if you want to try it. I am willing to see a miracle performed." As he left the church building, he remarked with a smile: "Well, I saw it." Given such people, miracles are easy.

**** *As it was also at Cartersville, Georgia*. There they had first torn down their building and built it over and then added to that. The expense of it had been something heavy. They now have a beautiful

When T. M. McMillan of the old *Government Street Church*, in *Mobile**, Alabama, told me of his brother's connection with old Oglethorpe college and Mrs. Burgett and Mrs. Bestor added \$500 to his \$1,000, that historic old church was added to the Oglethorpe list in a splendid way and the following Sunday at *Galveston***,

* Have you ever been to *Mobile and the famous old Government Street church there?* Dr. Carr was the pastor, but left them for Fort Worth the very Sunday before the Oglethorpe story was told in their pulpit. That made the Oglethorpe secretary an absolute stranger in Mobile when he faced this congregation. One of the things about the fine old Government Street church, however, is this, no man whose cause is worthy is ever a stranger in this church. This the Secretary found out quickly and much to his delight when the address was over and Mr. T. M. McMillan began talking to him. "I had a brother in Oglethorpe," he was saying, "he was an older brother, whom we loved twice over. He died there. I have a thousand for Oglethorpe." We found also that Dr. Burgett, for forty years the revered and beloved pastor of the church, had received his doctorate from Oglethorpe. They say in Alabama that it is a toss up between the Government Street and the First Church of Selma for being the banner church of the Synod, though Dr. Edmunds (now of South Highlands) maintains that his new charge is even with the best. There was Montgomery, First—was there ever a finer reception given anything than the way they ushered off the Oglethorpe campaign in Alabama with two thousand dollars? No Alabama church has passed that yet, although Government Street and the First church, Birmingham, have equaled it.

The story of the way in which Oglethorpe University is rising from the dead has had no more fascinating chapter written into it than this last in which the Good Hand has told a wonderful story of generosity on the part of a people whose business it is, in part, to go down to the sea in ships."

** *There is Galveston.* It has been a good many years now since the great storm swept that city and thousands lost their lives in the waves. No more terrible story of disaster was ever chronicled on this continent. In addition to the lives lost were the millions of dollars of property and the terrible blow of fear. Then the people of that plucky city took hold again. They resurrected their city from the waves. They built a great sea wall to keep back the waters of the great deep. They raised the level of their city. They built a giant causeway connecting their island with the mainland usable by train and trolley and motor. And to crown their

auditorium for which the congregation had sacrificed. The secretary was told that if he would wait until later it could be done. But Oglethorpe needs not dollars alone, but a little blood that she may be born again. Some of the men and churches who are resurrecting her have gotten down under the skin to bring out their gifts. That is what Cartersville did. By such people as these are all things done that are worth while.

Texas, the city that had risen from the storms sent her message to the university that was rising from the flames, accompanied with a thousand dollars as an expression of their duty and interest.

When the first article was published, as hitherto described, in the Presbyterian of the South, calling on the Assembly to establish a Presbyterian university, the first response made to the call was a postal card from Rev. J. C. Barr of the *LaFayette Presbyterian Church, New Orleans**. I recall our prayer, in his study before the story was told to his people that morning. He asked

* *Dr. J. C. Barr* is the pastor of the Lafayette church in New Orleans. For earnest, prayerful devotion to the job of the Presbyterian ministry, commend him. Dr. Barr is doing a great work in New Orleans. Some day when you are in that city next ask some one to direct you to the Presbyterian Hospital and then ask some of the ladies of Dr. Barr's church to tell you the story of it, from the time it started on a prayer and a dollar or two. Some people have faith after the event. Dr. Barr and his people had theirs beforehand.

When, some three years ago, the present Oglethorpe Secretary issued a call for building of a Southern Presbyterian University by publishing an article thereon in one of our papers, there came in answer to it one lone reply. It was a card from J. C. Barr, saying: "I am with you!" His church backed up that card with over two thousand dollars a few Sabbaths ago, and put Dr. Barr as one of two men on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe. The Secretary asked them for one. Dr. Barr asked God for two. Two it became. That will give the reader a glimpse into the meaning of the motto of the coming university. It reads: *Manu Dei Resurrexit*. "By the hand of God she rose from the dead."

Any man who cares to do it may inquire into the struggle that this man and his church are having for the cause of Presbyterianism in New Orleans. After he has learned all about it, he will wonder how they ever found time to aid Oglethorpe. But that is one of the strong points with people and churches who are really doing things—they want to do more things. It is always the liberal man who has money to give. It is always the church that helps outside causes which has money to look after its own affairs.

achievement they built beautiful hotel Galvez, overlooking the sea-wall and facing the gulf, unafraid.

Of course, it was to be expected that a city freshly risen from the waters should know the fellowship of suffering for the University just rising from the ashes. They did. Dr. R. M. Hall, their pastor, is now on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe, put there by his generous people and representing a gift of a thousand dollars to the University. Dr. Hall is a grandson of Oglethorpe, his father having graduated from that institution in the early fifties.

me what I wanted and I told him a representative from his church on our board of directors. The man had the audacity to pray for two! After the service, his people, following his own generous personal subscription, made up more than \$1,000, and that generous-hearted friend, R. P. Hyams, learning that the congregation wanted him to represent them on the board, gave another thousand in order that his pastor might also be with him.

The Sabbath on which the story was told to the members of the *First Presbyterian Church at Birmingham**, was raw and windy. I remember still the sunlight that broke upon the tower of their building as I turned the corner walking hurriedly to the appointment. I remember also being told that it seemed useless to attempt the presentation of a call on that morning, the congregation was so small. The city was in the throes of a Y. M. C. A. campaign, the subscriptions previously made to a church at Auburn, I believe it was, where the state technological school is located, had just been called; the Presbyterian college for girls had just begun a campaign in Birmingham, and the Presbyterian college for boys at Anniston was looking to this church for a special contribution in a campaign which they also were waging with headquarters in Birmingham. Yet after the service, the subscription was found to amount to approximately \$2,000, and the chain was unbroken.

I believe that Dr. D. A. Plank, of the *Central Church**, will

* *That Brings us to Birmingham.* It also brings us to the first real blizzard of the winter and a cold raw day. Also to a host of other so-called difficulties. For example, on the Sabbath on which the Oglethorpe story was told in the First church, Birmingham, there were no less than five different campaigns for money going on in that city and church. One was for a male and one for a female college. One was for a home mission church. The other two were for a free medical dispensary and Associated Charities, respectively. It looked so much like failure that even Dr. Foster thought success impossible. The Secretary asked for two members of the Board, this time. He got two. Each represents a gift of a thousand dollars to the enterprise.

Come we now to the Central Church, Dr. Planck's church, of Mobile. Next Sunday, November the sixteenth, the story will be told to them. As this line is being written it is twenty-three minutes to twelve o'clock on Thursday, the thirteenth of November. Here is a prophecy. We prophesy that the Central church will put a representative on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University next Sunday. These dots represent the time taken to go to Mobile and tell that story to that congregation.

bear me out in saying that few more remarkable Sabbath mornings have ever been enjoyed than the one on which they surprised even themselves by the result of their generosity, when nearly a score of their members crowded around the table after the service, to add their names to the Educational Honor Roll of Southern Presbyterians.

THE HELP OF THE PSYCHIC CITY.

We have come now in our story to that critical time in November when the hour for the inauguration of the Atlanta campaign at last struck. On my desk here before me is a large scrap book, into which I often look for encouragement and to no page oftener than to those which contain the story written in hope and faith by all three of our great Atlanta dailies, telling of the work that had been done up to November 23, 1913, and prophesying that the city of Atlanta would now do her part to clinch the great educational project.

It was no matter of surprise outside of Atlanta that they should set about to do this enthusiastically, for wherever the story had been told, faith in the ability and willingness of the great city to do this thing had been everywhere proclaimed, yet when the actual moment for the inauguration of the campaign had come, the time seemed most inopportune to some and among these were more than one of the very best business men of the city. At a meeting of the leading citizens, called to discuss the time for the campaign, it was necessary to press the urgency of the matter, but after this was done, there were no voices to say no to the motion of Robert C. Alston that we proceed now to raise the sum of \$250,000 as the local bonus for the location of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta. It is enough to add that business conditions steadily grew worse from that day for fully two years. It is hard to predict what would have happened had the canvass been postponed.

Once resolved upon, it was a matter of but a few days to put the resolution into effect. A large amount of work had been done in advance, complete lists of the probable subscribers had been prepared and a large number of liberal subscriptions had been previously made. Among these we have already mentioned the seventy Atlanta men, each of whom had given \$1,000 to the en-

Later.—Friday, November 21, 1913. They did it. Put Dr. Planck on the Board. Total Mobile subscription, \$3,500.00. You can set your watch by Presbyterian generosity.

terprise. To these should be added the generous promise of Mr. S. M. Inman to give \$5,000 when the sum of \$250,000 had been raised and an additional \$5,000 when the total of \$395,000 had been raised, and an additional \$25,000 when a total of \$875,000 had been raised.

We record with gratitude that the first two installments of this pledge have already been paid and, inasmuch as Mr. Inman gave a total of eight years for the earning of the third, it seems likely that this additional \$25,000 will be won for education before that time has elapsed.

I shall ever think with gratitude of those three great papers of Atlanta and, inasmuch as a paper is but the expression of the man who controls it, the hour will never come when those who love Oglethorpe University should cease to bear the names of James R. Gray, Clark Howell and William Randolph Hearst in grateful remembrance. It would seem impossible for any one of these three men to have done more than the other, for each played his part so generously, so liberally and so powerfully that any comparison between them would indeed be invidious.

Clark Howell, of the Atlanta Constitution, had watched the campaign from its very beginning with an appreciative eye and scarcely a month had passed that there was not some encouraging editorial, calling attention to the progress of the movement, appearing in his great morning daily.

W. R. Hearst, the owner of the Atlanta Georgian, who was represented in this city by Mr. Keats Speed and Mr. Foster Coates, devoted all the powers of the Georgian's publicity to the same fine end and no one who was at all familiar with the campaign will ever forget the day when John Temple Graves read the telegram from Mr. Hearst, subscribing \$5,000 to the university. It was to Mr. James R. Gray, of the Journal, that the duty and honor fell of leading the city that he loves, in a task, which, considering the times, was a herculean one. Ever ready to devote the powers of his great paper to the best interests of Atlanta, he felt even more keenly the importance of this particular project because of his association with the movement as a member of the board of directors and as one of the very first men to make his personal subscription of \$1,000 to the enterprise. Never a day of campaign came that The Journal did not have its front page dominated by the news of the work of the committees,

while at every critical hour, his editorial columns were filled with inspiration and encouragement.

It is true that of the \$250,000 constituting the Atlanta popular subscription, approximately \$125,000 had already been pledged in advance, but I bear witness as one who knows the truth, when I say that the remainder of that subscription would, in all human probability, never had been secured but for the masterful leadership of Mr. Gray.

And I think it will not detract from the statement to say that the glory of Atlanta lies in the fact that there were other men, also, without whom the work could not have been done. I think of Captain James W. English, chairman of our campaign executive committee, and of the true and staunch manner in which he stood by the enterprise from its very beginning. It was another of the fine enterprises to which he has set his hand for the good of the city of his adoption.

I think of Ivan E. Allen, present Chairman of our Finance Committee, and then Vice-Chairman of the Campaign Executive Committee, whose daily word of encouragement at the workers' banquets, whose wisdom and experience, won previously by just such labors in other spheres, made him able to speak a word in season to him who was weary and whose kindly and encouraging smile was a positive asset to the various committeemen whom he led.

I think of Dr. Cheston King, indefatigable worker, who devoted his whole time and that of his automobile and driver for nearly six weeks, to the work of the campaign and whose committee led all other committees in the securing of subscriptions for Oglethorpe. The story of the campaign could not have been written without him.

I think of Dr. H. J. Gaertner, who heard the message on the very first day that it was delivered from any pulpit, at Milledgeville, Georgia, and who became so interested that, paying his own expenses, he used to come up to Atlanta week ends to aid in the preliminary work of the campaign and who, during the entire canvass, rendered services that were utterly invaluable.

And I think of that band of workers*, every one of whose

* *The canvassing committees*, every one of them, did good, hard work. Some of them, for one reason or another, secured better results, but every man's work counted.

names are mentioned elsewhere in this story, composed of men of all faiths and all creeds, who, not content with giving their money, gave also their time that Oglethorpe might live. I think of them with that joy which comes to a man when he views

The two leading committees in the campaign were those of Dr. J. Cheston King and L. P. Bottenfield. Dr. King's committee led in the total amount of money raised by something more than \$900, but Mr. Bottenfield's committee secured an amazing number of small subscriptions ranging all the way from a dollar in cash up to sums of \$250 to \$500. The exceptionally fine work of these two committees has been widely applauded and complimented.

There was always a generous rivalry among the committees and when somebody got ahead one day the other fellow worked harder the next. It was this spirit and this work which built Oglethorpe.

The central committee, as the executive committee was called in the canvass, naturally secured the largest amount of contributions because of its facilities for solicitation, but it was in no sense in competition with the other or individual committees, and the honors went to those headed by Mr. Bottenfield and Dr. King.

The total raised by each committee during the three weeks' campaign was as follows:

Joel Hunter's committee, \$2,449.50; Charles P. Glover's committee, \$6,413; Dr. William Owens \$6,440; L. P. Bottenfield's committee, \$14,-863.50; Harris White's committee, \$3,965; Henry Schaul's committee, \$6,960; Porter Langston's committee, \$1,000 (this amount went to the Central Committee); F. E. Callaway's committee, \$885; C. D. Montgomery's committee, \$3,352; A. W. Farlinger's committee, \$3,260; Dr. J. Cheston King's committee, \$15,792; Ad Men's Club committee, \$3,815; John A. Brice's committee, \$6,086; Dr. H. J. Gaertner's committee, \$7,332; J. R. A. Hobson's committee, \$3,301.50; Central Committee, \$41,306.

Here is the Oglethorpe Honor Roll—the men who did the actual work in the whirlwind campaign December 20th, to help raise \$250,000 for Oglethorpe University in Atlanta:

William Owens, chairman; Thomas B. Lumpkin.

L. P. Bottenfield, chairman; E. P. McElroy, W. L. Cline, J. A. Agnew, J. H. Holland, E. Anderson, D. G. Jones, Joseph Kopp, S. A. Givens, G. Walter Corley, J. Gregory Murphey, G. Lynn Barber, Thomas M. Turner. C. D. Montgomery, chairman; W. S. Lounsbury, F. W. Coleman, Hill R. Huffman, D. W. Carson.

Charles P. Glover, chairman; Porter Langston, W. T. Martin, E. C. Stewart, F. R. Graham, Martin Ransen, Philip F. L'Engle, F. L. Clement, Carl Witt.

A. W. Farlinger, chairman; Frank E. Kamper, O. T. Camp, H. Ashford. Dr. Cheston King, chairman; Harrison Jones, George Bonnell, Dr. C. L. Lewis of Nashville, Norman Poole, Dr. H. J. Gaertner, L. E. Hamilton, Jr.

John A. Brice, chairman; Henry A. Inman.

the spirit of his brothers engaged in the very finest of battles and loves them because they are worthy to be loved.

And to those who read this story, whose homes are outside of the city of Atlanta, I, who was not born here, but who chose her for my mother city because of just such qualities as this which I have described, say that it is this splendid spirit of enthusiastic willingness to serve their community by serving others, that has made this splendid city possible. The spirit in which any man does his work is the greatest element of his character and the spirit in which Atlanta does hers has marked her as a queen among her sisters.

Again the Churches.

It was J. H. Henderlite, whose invitation to *Gastonia*, North Carolina, gave me my introduction to the noble generosity of the old North State. "I am glad you stopped when you did," said one of their members, as he wrote his name down for a liberal subscription, "as it was it cost us over \$50 a minute." I found *Gastonia* to be a great church in every true sense and the \$2,000 which they added to the Oglethorpe list, like the names of Mr. George W. Ragan and Mr. Thomas W. Wilson, who represent them on the board, have proven invaluable to the cause. They led North Carolina* known to be perhaps the

*** THE GENEROSITY OF GASTONIA.**

The city of *Gastonia*, North Carolina, has written a fine introduction to a great and promising chapter in the church history of the state and of the South.

Away back in the eighteenth century the Synod of the Carolinas met in the little Presbyterian church at Morganton, North Carolina, and set up the Presbytery of Hopewell.

Joel Hunter, chairman; W. B. Seabrook, T. M. Fincher, John S. Carroll, Edw. Clarkson.

Harris White, chairman; S. O. Vickers, B. M. Grant, Loyd Parks, S. B. Turman, George M. Napier.

Henry Schaul, chairman; Henry Grady, Frank Lowenstein.

F. E. Callaway, chairman; Arnold Broyles, C. T. Nunnally.

Fred Houser, chairman; W. F. Parkhurst, Edgar Harrington, W. G. Peebles, A. S. Adams.

J. R. A. Hobson, chairman; Victor L. Smith, Roby Robinson.

Central Committee—This committee had the same personnel as the executive committee, to-wit, as follows:

J. W. English, Sr., chairman; Ivan E. Allen, vice-chairman; James R. Gray, Clark Howell, Frank Inman, Thornwell Jacobs, Keats Speed.

chief dynamo in the Presbyterianism of the South, and they led her by an example that has continued its blessings from that day to this.

The following Sunday at *Selma, Alabama*, another story of generosity was written. In this fine old aristocratic city we found the same warm hearts as elsewhere, and they added their

The Presbytery of Hopewell was to cover the whole State of Georgia and contained about two thousand members.

The Presbytery of Hopewell did more for the cause of Christian education than any other single Presbytery the Southern Assembly has ever had.

They began the movement that founded Columbia Seminary.

They began the movement that founded Mercer University.

They began the movement that founded Emory College.

They began the movement that founded Oglethorpe University.

And through these institutions, through their influence, through their example, through their graduates they founded every denominational college and university, with practically no exceptions, between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, south of the Virginia line.

We venture the assertion that there was never done by any Presbytery of any Synod of any nation any finer work for the cause of Christian education.

Gastonia thought the same way about it.

And not only so, but they also thought that the Old North State was still capable of doing exactly the same quality of work that their ancestors did.

And they demonstrated it to a Q. E. D.

Gastonia is a city of somewhere between ten and fifteen thousand people. It has seventeen cotton mills within the corporate limits of the municipality and sixty-five in the county of which she is the county seat.

The Presbyterian church there is one of the strong ones of the state, having some six hundred members. They have a beautiful church building on which they have just spent \$12,000 for improvements and a beautiful new pipe organ for which they are paying \$3,000. They recently gave approximately \$1,200 to the Barium Springs Orphanage Fund and spent the greater part of \$800 on a splendid series of revival services.

About three months ago their pastor, Rev. J. H. Henderlite, got a letter from the executive representative of the Oglethorpe Board requesting an opportunity to tell his people the Oglethorpe story.

He said: "COME."

"Some Great Cause. God's New Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right.

And the choice goes by forever twixt that darkness and that light."

The biggest need of the church of God today is the need of big-hearted, hopeful men in her pulpits, men who are in favor of things, men like J. H. Henderlite, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Gastonia.

link to the chain choosing Mr. Thos. E. Gary as their representative on the Board of Founders.

When Dr. Moffett invited me to *Pensacola**, I did not know

*** TO ALL THE FAITHLESS—HAIL!**

Cities like men should be judged by what they do and think in adversity. It is easy to be happy when all goes well and easy to give of one's surplus. But it is not so easy to give when the bank in which that surplus was has broken and all around you the crashing of business concerns may be heard.

Now listen to a story.

Dr. A. S. Moffett is the pastor of the First Church, Pensacola, Florida.

Along about last December one of the big banks of the city of Pensacola failed.

In January another went to the wall. One of these banks was the biggest bank of the city, carrying as large assets as all the others put together.

After these two came seventeen other firm and individual failures,

When the address was finished, the deacons of the church got together and said: "We want a representative on that board of directors."

So they put him there and handed him a thousand dollars to give his institution as an earnest of their good will.

The elders of the church got together and said: "We want a member of that board also."

So they put him there, backing him up with a thousand-dollar gift also.

That made two thousand dollars for Gastonia for the resurrection of Oglethorpe University from the dead.

Gastonia calls on all North Carolina to follow her lead.

The plan is to build a memorial of every State Synod in the South into the new university—which is the old university.

The Board of Directors will decide whether that memorial will take the form of a building or of a memorial professorship.

The Synod will name the building or the professorship.

Thus Oglethorpe University will be an immense hall of—merit—of love—of devotion—of honor.

It will register the high-water mark of the determination of a great body of Christians to build an Intellectual Beacon-light for the nation.

As they counted the Tribes of Israel so shall they count the Synods of the South. Each will gather her sons and her dollars about her and bring them to the building of this, her lighthouse, her temple.

Georgia has almost finished her memorial and in her contributions the quarter million dollar gift of the city of Atlanta is not counted.

South Carolina and Texas are tying for second place.

And now North Carolina enters the list with Gastonia leading that great Synod. If the remainder of the Synod equals her work, the North Carolina memorial will show up close to two hundred thousand dollars.

Will any other Synod equal that?

of the financial crash in which the whole city was involved. In December, preceding my visit, a large state bank had failed and in January a strong national bank, and they carried down with them some twenty-five individuals and corporations involving amounts from a few thousand to one and one-half million. Had I known how deeply the whole citizenship was involved in these disasters, I should certainly never have dared to venture to Pensacola at that time, yet after the service the same splendid story was repeated and the subscription to Oglethorpe amounted to nearly \$2,000. Was ever a finer story told of a finer people?

On two successful Sundays in the same February, I told the Oglethorpe story in the two big churches at *Fort Worth, Texas*.*

*** AFTERWARD CAME FORT WORTH.**

Fort Worth is the center of the cattle-raising section of the only real Empire State in the nation.

Her population will soon be a hundred thousand.

Her skyscrapers have passed the number when her citizens boast of them.

In Fort Worth are two strong Southern Presbyterian churches. Dr. William Caldwell is the pastor of one and Dr. A. F. Carr is the pastor of the other.

Here is what the Fort Worth Record had to say about the result of the presentation of the Oglethorpe Story in those two sister churches:

according to the best estimates that reached the ears of the Oglethorpe representative.

Yet Dr. Moffett was not afraid. Although he did not expect anything great, he was not afraid of, or for, his people.

It is a curious fact that all the Presbyterian banks are reported to have stood the storm in first-class condition.

In the midst of all this local disaster the Oglethorpe Secretary spoke in Dr. Moffett's church .

The response was worthy of the people.

Out of the storm came a marvelous record.

They gave practically two thousand dollars to resurrect the old institution from the dead.

One man, Mr. Richard Pope Reese, after giving us a message to take to Texas the next Sunday, put his name down for a thousand dollars "to do a work that I have long yearned to see done for the Presbyterian Church in the South."

Practically another thousand dollars was given by other generous-hearted friends.

And every cent of it was absolutely VOLUNTARY.

The thing that Pensacola did will never be forgotten.

The first of these was Dr. Caldwell's church, the lovable, generous, scholarly man, whose name is blessed. The second had recently called my friend, *A. F. Carr, from Mobile*, by whose

"The marvelous story of the resurrection of Oglethorpe University was told Sunday morning at the Broadway Presbyterian Church and the previous Sunday morning at the First Presbyterian Church of Fort Worth, by Thornwell Jacobs, the executive representative of the institution. This institution, famous in ante-bellum days, was the oldest and most celebrated institution between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans south of the Virginia line. It was founded as the southern mate for Princeton and numbered among her graduates some of the most famous men of the nation. Sidney Lanier was one of her graduates. By the way, Lanier was a cousin of Mrs. Carr whose husband is pastor of the Broadway Presbyterian Church, Joseph LeConte, the famous geologist, was one of her professors, as also was Dr. James Woodrow, the distinguished uncle of President Woodrow Wilson. Both Theodore Roosevelt and Senator Bacon, of Georgia, are directly descended from the men who founded her originally. Secretary McAdoo was reared on Midway Hill, the campus of the university. Dozens of other well known men are historically connected with it. When the war came the boys went into the army and the money into Confederate bonds so that Oglethorpe died at Gettysburg.

To Build State Memorials.

The Presbyterians of the South are busy now refounding Oglethorpe and into the new-old university it is planned to build a State memorial of each of the sixteen Southern States. These memorials will average approximately \$50,000 each, and will be either a professorship or building as the board of directors may determine and will be named by the synod of the State in which the money is raised, either for the State or for one of its distinguished citizens.

The churches of Fort Worth have given the institution a most hearty and encouraging reception. In fact Texas is well up toward the front in supplying the sinews of war for the resurrection of old Oglethorpe. Last Sunday Mr. Jacobs presented the matter to Dr. Caldwell's church, the First Presbyterian, and the contribution made was most liberal, amounting to an even \$2,000. The same fine reception was given the cause at the Broadway church, of which Dr. Carr is pastor, the same being contributed. Both Drs. Carr and Caldwell will be members of the board of directors of Oglethorpe. These splendid contributions complete the first quarter of the Texas building or professorship of \$50,000.

Work on the buildings of the institutions, which will be located on a splendid campus of 137 acres of land on Peachtree road, Atlanta, Ga., is expected to begin shortly. Atlanta has already contributed over a quarter of a million dollars on her local bonus for the location of the institution there."

The point of it all is not in the above article. In fact the point is not a point at all, but a straight line.

kindly invitation I had been allowed to address the Government Street Church in Mobile. I love them both as also their churches for their great-hearted treatment of the cause, not less than for their own delightful personalities. As the result of the two addresses, they wrote the sum of \$4,200 opposite the name of Fort Worth, in our books and sent a thrill of joy through all the friends of Oglethorpe.

Just here I want to say that one of the marvelous findings of this whole campaign has been the discovery of the great heart of the Southern Presbyterian church. Beyond the little accidents of time and space, above the necessities of local conditions, that heart beats true and loyal from El Paso to Baltimore and from Kansas City to Tampa. I have found no difference in the quality of their generosity. Texas has responded as nobly as Georgia, and Missouri and Florida and Virginia may be compared in great hearted generosity even to Atlanta herself.

What an interesting trip that was to *Thomasville**, Georgia! I seem to hear young Watt saying even now, "How much did Valdosta give, and how much did Waycross give?" When he

*** A MAN AND HIS SONS.**

One day I was talking to an Atlanta man about going into South Georgia in the interest of Oglethorpe University and he asked me whether I had been to Thomasville yet. To this I replied, "No." Then he said: "Down in Thomasville there lives a man named Watt. When you go there, don't fail to see him."

Later I went to Quitman and some one there asked me the same question and received the same answer, to which he replied:

"Down in Thomasville there is a man named Watt; you must be sure to see him when you go there."

At Waycross, at Valdosta, all through south Georgia, it was the same. Well, on the first Sabbath of March I went to Thomasville.

That line runs from Atlanta to Fort Worth.

It is something like twelve hundred miles long.

Yet their hearts were warm for Oglethorpe.

What does that mean to you men of Carolina and Alabama and Tennessee?

This is what it means: it means that when you hear the story you also will do your part to aid in this: the greatest single piece of educational work that the Southern Presbyterian Church has ever attempted.

But the people of Fort Worth did even better than that; they did more than they were asked to do!

That is why you will also do more than you will be asked to do.

After all, is not that the way to do, anyway?

learned that one had given \$1,000 and the other had given \$2,000, "It will come hard, but we must make it three from Thomasville,

I had been warned that the people of that city were not interested any more in "Christian education," it having already cost them dear.

It was pictured as another Blackshear. You remember Blackshear?

And when Dr. McCarty met me at the station Saturday afternoon, he had just said to John Watt:

"It's a shame for a man to come way down here from Atlanta and get what's he going to get."

Where to John Watt agreed.

It was not raining, but it was blowing a fifty-mile gale and the worst blizzard for four years was upon Thomasville.

The next morning it was as clear as any South Georgia whistle.

At Sunday school I met Will Watt, the superintendent. He is often called thereabouts "Captain" Watt. He is the man who held a mob of would-be lynchers at bay with the pointed bayonets of his company when the dignity of his state required the protection of a negro accused of assault on a white woman. He is also the man who teaches the negro Sunday school in Thomasville. He is an elder in the Presbyterian church and a graduate of Davidson college.

I also met Hansel Watt. He is a deacon in the church and the church treasurer and he has one of the finest looking little boys I ever saw.

Then I met Mr. Watt.

James Watt came to this country in 1866. Practically all of the time since then he spent in Thomasville. He is utterly Scotch. He married a daughter of Judge Hansell. He started life as a tinner in a little shop in his adopted village. He has seen it grow into a most beautiful city and his little tin shop has multiplied into I-don't-know-how-many-big stores throughout South Georgia.

And when I left Thomasville his pastor said to me: "You cannot say anything too good of Mr. Watt."

After I had finished telling the Oglethorpe story in his church, I felt a touch on my arm and standing there was Mr. Watt.

"You may put me down for a thousand dollars," he said.

I had been wondering whether they were right about him.

I am going to take a big paragraph off just here and tell you about some other charming people.

I was delightfully entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rockwell and, although I tried my best to keep them from doing it, they insisted on putting a handsome subscription into the Oglethorpe pot.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Merrill were so generous as to hand a gift of some five hundred dollars to the cause. That was a big-hearted thing to do. In the same class were Mrs. C. S. Cassels, Mrs. E. H. Mallard, Chas. P. Hansell, R. G. Mays. Together, these good friends of a great cause gave some fourteen hundred dollars, and Messrs. Stewart and Watson added three hundred more.

On the way to church that night, Will Watt said:

"I think it's about time that Davidson College should be heard from.

for we led the South Georgia League and if we can beat them playing baseball, we must lead them also in generosity." Over \$3,000 they added to the Oglethorpe fund.

To mention any name rather than the other would be invidious for they all did their part, yet I think when William A. Watt told me of how his father had sent his sons to Davidson and how, if their education at Davidson was worth anything, they ought also to build such a university as Davidson was a college, that my cup was running over with happiness. It was a splendid utterance of one of the finest types of young Georgia manhood that I have met anywhere.

I think with delight of *Sanford, Florida**, of the twenty girls

* A YOUNG MAN AND HIS PEOPLE.

I have just had one of the most interesting experiences of a year full of interesting ones. Here is the story of it:

Fifteen months ago, Dr. E. Darnall Brownlee, who writes the Sunday School lessons for The Westminster, was the pastor of the Rock Spring Church, a medium-sized country church outside of Atlanta, and a good one. Unfortunately for his Atlanta charge Rev. F. D. Hunt and Dr. Holderby kept talking about Brownlee's being one of the best informed young men in the Southern Church and incidentally mentioned how much the Rock Spring people thought of him. That reached Sanford, Florida, some way.

Then they called him and that was how Celery Avenue first heard of Oglethorpe University.

When I reached Sanford, Brownlee was at the station and young Charley Whitner with him, and a car with them both and myself was soon speeding up to my room at Mrs. Long's, where I found a comfortable room awaiting me.

After that Brownlee and I took in the movies and I watched them "live happily ever after" while he invited everybody he saw to preaching next Sunday.

About midnight came the first fire, afterward the second, then the third. Some time during the night also it rained and that woke me instantly. Forty-seven times I have told the Oglethorpe story in pulpits all the way from Texas to Virginia, and not one time has it rained (saving only that first Sunday at Milledgeville).

I was confessedly anxious about the situation at Sanford. Brownlee was my friend and like Sims, at Dalton, might have just let me come to Sanford to talk over old times, not realizing that should we fail to get our thousand dollars and the man for our board it would be the first failure in the forty-seven and would ruin a record of which the whole

Put John and Hansell and myself down for another thousand."

That made three thousand six hundred dollars from the Thomasville church.

who gave their \$1,000 that their pastor might represent them on the board; of the orange trees, scented with blossoms and hung with golden fruit, in one of which I buried my nose and the other my teeth; of Celery Avenue and Brownlee, their young

South has become proud. Later I found out that he and Mr. DuBose had actually agreed that it seemed impossible for us to get that thousand.

Sunday morning my fears increased as I saw the shape his church was in. The need of a new church building was as instantly apparent to me as it had long been to them. The Sunday School classes were so crowded that men had actually stopped coming to their Bible Class because they could not hear for the voices of the other nearby teachers. I learned that they were trying to buy adjacent property and afterward to build, and all this expense would shortly be upon the people.

But do you know what they sang at Sunday School?

"God will take care of you!"

I told them the story and left the rest to them—and Him.

After the service, Mr. Runge came up to me, saying: 'I want to sign my name for \$600. Eight other members of the church raised the amount to \$1,450. Then a gentleman asked me if he might see me a moment privately, and it turned out to be another \$1,000.

Then one of the most interesting and beautiful things happened that has ever occurred in the history of that city or other church.

Twenty young ladies gave fifty dollars each, making a thousand dollars, and put their pastor, Dr. Brownlee, on the Board of Directors to represent them thereon.

Dr. Brownlee will have to talk a great deal when the board meets to do that.

And there will be no man on the board who will represent more beauty or more lovely generosity than he.

When I went to Waycross, after the telling of the story, a gentleman approached me and asked:

"How many men did Valdosta put on the board?"

When I answered One, he shook his head knowingly and in a few moments came back to me and said:

"We will put two on."

A gentleman in Sanford asked: "What did Orlando do?"

And when I said Two thousand dollars, he added:

"We must make it three."

They did that and put \$450 in as extra measure just to show that they really were the county seat.

Sunday afternoon I told them all about the Thornwell Orphanage and her fifty cents, and when I preached Sunday night I was ready for bed. But we talked it over at the Whitners' till nearly midnight.

Monday morning they took me out Celery Avenue.

Fourteen years ago a gentleman cut a road through about two miles of farm land near the St. Johns River to Sanford, through land worth a few dollars an acre to get his children to school.

pastor, and of the \$3,000 that they gave to Oglethorpe.

Came also the day when the story was told in the *First Church of Greenville, South Carolina**, when \$2,000 was added to the subscription already made by one of their generous elders, thus

* THE GENEROSITY OF GREENVILLE.

To begin with, Mr. _____ had already given a thousand dollars which should of course be credited to the First Church of that city.

But Dr. Sloan wanted his people to hear the Oglethorpe story and set a date for the hearing.

The First Church of Greenville has one of the finest memberships in our entire Assembly and the sight of their worshipping congregation is one never to be forgotten. Greenville herself is a little marvel in her growth, in her spirit, in her climate, in her manufactories.

At the hotel Sunday morning I said to the negro waiter:

"This is a pretty good town you've got here."

"Yaas, suh, dis is; hits a pow'ful good town."

"About the best town in the State, isn't it?"

"Well, suh, hits amongst de bestes."

"Couldn't quite say it is the very best?"

"Well, I tell you, Boss, I couldn't quite say hit was the very bestes; you see, Boss, I'se a Spartanburg nigger!"

But so far as Oglethorpe is concerned, in respect to total amount given, she is "the very bestes."

For C. C. Good added a thousand dollars to Mr. _____'s and other members of the church made up over a thousand dollars more.

It is fitting that this great church in this great and generous city should do this great thing.

When South Carolina shall have all done anything like as well, the South Carolina Memorial in Oglethorpe will be one of the very best of all.

That is now Celery Avenue.

I stood watching them cut the celery from a ten-acre tract and was told that it was making thirteen hundred crates per acre and selling at \$1.50 per crate. It costs about four or five hundred dollars to raise it, per acre. That was the finest in the country.

The consequence is that all around Sanford is becoming an immense truck garden. It is the home of twenty-four pound cabbages and of the tenderest lettuce.

Then they took me to Mr. Dingee's and there I buried my face in orange blossoms and pulled a basket full of oranges, juicy and golden (my, how my little sinners at home did enjoy them), and when four o'clock had come I took the limited to Jacksonville and thence home.

I shall never forget Celery Avenue or the fine little city of which it is so important a part—

Nor the twenty girls who did so excellent a thing—

Nor Brownlee—who opened the door.

placing Greenville at the head of all South Carolina towns in point of the amount given to her university.

Afterwards came *Sparta**, memorable from the sleet of Saturday night and the little congregation of fifteen who sang the long meter Doxology together. There had been no congregation so small to hear the Oglethorpe story since the days of the rain at Milledgeville nor any more noble to answer it for opposite their name on the Oglethorpe ledger is written the sum of \$1,000, in the name of W. P. Beman, descendant of C. P. Beman, one of the most famous educators Georgia had ever known.

*Palatka*** came next, being the fifty-first church to hear the

* THE SPIRIT OF SPARTA.

There are two people who will always remember how it snowed and sleeted and rained on March 21, 1914. They are Dr. Britt, pastor of the Sparta church—and myself.

His membership is about a hundred and we were afraid that Sunday would not see one-fifth of them present. But it was clear.

Dr. Britt had told me that there were four people who MIGHT help if they were there to hear the story.

There were nineteen people in the church when we sang the longmeter Doxology. The total number was thirty-one after a few stragglers had come in. Four or five of them were strangers and Methodists.

As I was about to rise to speak, Dr. Britt whispered:

“None of the four are here.”

Yet that noble band of men and women, than whom I have met none finer in all my travels, made up that thousand dollars within ten minutes after the service was over and the list finally went up to fifteen hundred dollars.

“Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

** IN PRAISE OF PALATKA.

Purcell is the name of their pastor, a man who believes in God and fears not what man may do unto him. He is one of the best preachers in Florida and he is pastor of one of the dearest, quaintest little churches that ever you saw.

What's more, his people believe in him. At Greenville, S. C., I found a great preacher, at Sparta, a father of a whole village, at Palatka a brother of a whole county.

If you ever go to Palatka look up into that gigantic tree in front of the manse and you will see my old friend, a gorgeous blackbird with a voice that took me back to swaying reeds of childhood's brooks. I have been in Palatka twice, a month apart, and he hadn't moved.

Purcell told me that there was a man in Palatka who might give the Oglethorpe thousand if he happened to hear the story and he was always there, rain or shine.

story and to do her duty with a subscription of \$2,173. I wonder if the big black-bird is still sitting on the limb opposite Dr. Purcell's home which overlooked the St. John's river. He was there on the same limb each of the times that I visited Palatka.

*Water Valley, Mississippi**, was the fifty-second church to hear the story, and it was an alumnus of the Southwestern College at Clarksville who led the subscription that placed R. F. Kimmons on our board of founders.

The following Sunday at Tampa** was the second rainy Sunday

* WESTWARD TO WATER VALLEY.

Water Valley is a little city of approximately five thousand population on the I. C. R. R. in Northern Mississippi, among the hills. It has the purest of water and the I. C. shops.

Dr. Hobson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church there, is a home mission worker whose labors have been blessed marvelously. We have a story and an interesting one prepared for this issue of *The Westminster* which has to do with one of his mission chapels.

Water Valley also has the most remarkable street I have ever known in one respect.

It is called Main street. On it is located every church in the town except one, and that one is called the Main Street Methodist Church.

I was delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Leland, a Clarksville man. If all the Clarksville men are like him, that institution has got the world beat on alumni.

Although Dr. Hobson was eighteen miles away and it was the first time Water Valley and I had ever met, they gave Oglethorpe the man she asked for, being the fifty-second church to do it.

** THE TESTING AT TAMPA.

I am just back from my trip to Tampa, riding the Royal Palm into Atlanta at six o'clock this morning in the midst of what my stenographer calls "some rain!"

Dr. J. C. Tims is pastor of the Tampa First Church. He is a man of such a kind as may not be met with any too often.

I saw an unusual thing happen there, too.

It rained!

It was the fifty-third time that I had told the Oglethorpe story in various pulpits from Texas to Virginia, and, excepting only that first Sunday at Milledgeville, it had never rained.

When I woke up and looked out of the hotel window at a tropical downpour and realized what it meant for the congregation, it seemed impossible that it should really be raining!

The trouble was that I did not realize what it meant, for that congregation—that reminds me of a story. Mrs. Tims told it to me.

The sky was perfectly cloudless.

He was not there.

out of fifty-three. If it be true that those who look for providences shall have providences to look for, surely some meaning shall be gathered from this fact. But rainy though it was, the Oglethorpe list was well filled and Tampa took her place in accordance with her power.

One of the most interesting paragraphs of this whole story concerns *Little Rock, Ark.** As I write, I can see the beautiful

*** THE LEADERSHIP OF LITTLE ROCK.**

When the Spanish explorer sailed up the Mississippi and thence up the Arkansas they found their first rock (and it was none too large) within a quarter of a mile of the present center of the metropolis of Arkansas.

The first time you cross the river the view of Little Rock from the bridge will strike you most attractively, and later when you stand in the center of the city and notice its well-arranged buildings and streets and its towering office structures, you will like Little Rock.

There are three strong Presbyterian churches in the city.

Dr. John Van Lear is the pastor of the First Church. They have just sold their old building and are erecting a new church a few blocks away. The Sunday School building has just been finished and it is probably the best arranged in the Southern Assembly. The auditorium will be built soon.

When I told the Oglethorpe story in Dr. Van Lear's church it was the first time in all Arkansas. Yet I found that the way had already been prepared by the Great Hand (*Manu Dei Resurrexit*) and the First Church led the state with approximately two thousand dollars.

The very next Sabbath I was at the Second Church, of which Dr. Hay Watson Smith is pastor, and a greatly beloved pastor at that. I found in him the same warm friendship and the same big-hearted optimism that Dr. Van Lear had shown toward Oglethorpe. Again they showed that Arkansas may be depended on to do her duty and they added two

Mr. C. L. Nance has a very, very sweet little girl who was talking to one of her playmates about the rain one day. Mr. Nance is a young elder of Tims' church. The little playmate had told her friend of how the rain had rained out their congregation the Sunday before. Then little Miss Nance replied:

"It didn't rain at our church!"

Dr. Tims' congregation kept coming and, although it rained everywhere else in Tampa, "it didn't rain at our church!"

Again they gave us the man we asked for and as if that were not enough made it two.

Dr. Tims is going to build a handsome new church on a new site before long. The present building is too small and too poorly equipped and needs to be changed.

But he will never have to change his people.

river and the new modern city rising just beyond her and I think of Dr. Van Lear and Dr. Hay Watson Smith and Dr. J. L. Read, the three beloved and efficient pastors of the Presbyterian churches in Little Rock. Each of these churches had its work to do and each had its burdens to carry, but each also did its duty to their university. Worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with them was *Baton Rouge, Louisiana**, whose splendid generosity (I find that this language does not contain enough adjectives expressing the idea that I want to convey, so I am

*** BIG-HEARTED BATON ROUGE.**

Elsewhere in this issue is told the story of the progress of Presbyterianism in Louisiana and especially around Baton Rouge, but when it comes to telling in a deserving way the story of their generosity to Oglethorpe University, it is hard to find the right word.

Here is a church which ten years ago had one hundred members, giving four thousand two hundred and thirty-five dollars to refund Oglethorpe, and giving it voluntarily, without solicitation except the presentation of the cause from the pulpit.

What if the church has grown under the ministrations of Dr. Hunter to over four hundred members? That is ten dollars for every man, woman and child on the church roll.

The removal of the duty on sugar had disastrously affected a large part of the community and the day I was in Baton Rouge a large sugar planter committed suicide.

Yet as I listened to the choir I heard them sing:

Be thou still, it is thy Father's work of grace,
Wait thou yet before His face,
Be thou still, be thou still.

Excluding Georgia, they broke the record for proportionate giving for any church above four hundred membership.

thousand dollars to the part the Presbyterians of Little Rock would take in the resurrection of their old University.

Then just a week or two ago I went back to Little Rock to be with the Central Presbyterian. J. L. Read, one of the most lovable young men in our Assembly, is the pastor of this, one of the most devoted organizations in the South. Their membership is not large, but their hearts are. One of their greatest souled men gave a thousand dollars and others added to it until the subscriptions of the Presbyterians of Little Rock (there are only about a thousand of them) amounted to over five thousand dollars.

It is easy to write this marvelous record of generosity, but it is practically impossible to match it—except in a few other Presbyterian churches.

The work of Oglethorpe University has just started and here is one band of Presbyterians offering five thousand dollars!

using the best that it has over and over again), added \$4,235 to our ledger and ranked that church, which a few years ago was practically a mission, up with the dozen leading churches of the Assembly hitherto visited.

Afterward came *Greenville, Mississippi*,* and Jackson, Tenn., and Norfolk, Virginia, to complete the work of the spring and another year had written almost \$100,000 to the Oglethorpe list. In each of these three cities the same reception met us.

I mention particularly that generous hearted Pennsylvanian, L. L. Curtis, of *Jackson*,** because his heart was too large to be

* ON THE BLUE GOOSE TO GREENVILLE.

The Blue Goose leaves Birmingham at seven in the morning and gets to Greenville, Miss., at seven-forty in the evening, and whether it is on time or not, if you are the Oglethorpe Man, Dr. Graves will meet you at the other end.

The boost they gave Oglethorpe!

Again that ten-dollar a member proportion, almost.

Dr. Graves has just been called to Greenville and his work is opening up there finely. The men of the church are back of him and he is after them.

After the service, while men and women were putting their names to the list of givers, came a young man:

"My father also was at Gettysburg," he said, "on the Federal side. He was there where Oglethorpe died. And I, his son, want to help her to rise from the dead."

Then he put a liberal subscription down on the list.

What a marvelous thing is this great kind heart of the Presbyterian church. Its generosity is past belief.

I never cease wondering at the way they are learning to love Oglethorpe.

** JOHNSON AND JACKSON.

They sound well together, do they not?

They also are two good generals. One of them is leading the progress of the central western section of Tennessee and the other is leading the progress of Presbyterianism in a thriving city.

Albert Sidney Johnson—and Jackson, Tennessee.

Johnson told me at the beginning that as soon as that magnificent church they had just finished was completed he would be ready for me to tell the Oglethorpe story to his people, and, true to his promise, he was.

I found a pretty city with every evidence of prosperity on all sides, but the prettiest thing in Jackson is the First Presbyterian Church.

By the way, this is the church that Dr. Mark A. Matthews was once the pastor of, but they have built the new structure since he left.

As soon as Johnson found out that I was at the hotel he took me to the homes of his congregation, not knowing—or did he know?—what a blessing he was conferring on me in the doing of it.

confined to his native state or even to the state of his adoption, and also F. S. Royster, of *Norfolk*,* the first city of Virginia to hear the Oglethorpe story.

*** THE PACE THAT NORFOLK SET.**

Stuart Nye Hutchison is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Norfolk, Virginia.

He is a son of that Hutchison and a nephew of that other Hutchison, the one of whom was salutatorian and the other the valedictorian of that famous class in Davidson's history, before the war.

When the war came these two brothers and a third were separated. One lived in New York, one in Charlotte, and the other *far out west*. They never saw one another again though they all three lived to be over eighty years of age.

Stuart Nye Hutchison is a son of the New York brother. He was graduated from Lafayette College and Princeton Seminary and when the First Church, Norfolk, needed the right man, James I. Vance knew where to help to find him.

When I told the Oglethorpe story to his people it was the first time that the old familiar name had resounded in a Virginia Presbyterian pulpit for a half century.

Was it not a fitting thing that it was in such a pulpit?

For the First Church, Norfolk, is the oldest Presbyterian church organization in the Southern Assembly and for aught of denial to the contrary the oldest on the North American Continent.

It has seen Oglethorpe come, live her half-century of wonderful life and go with the sixties.

So she reached out her hand and helped her to rise again from the dead.

And because I cannot possibly explain what I mean by it you must just believe me when I say that I saw there as sweet and pure an illustration of how joy may be brought out of infinite pain as I have ever seen in all my life.

Sweetness from suffering, joy from great regret, cheerfulness out of an unlesened burden.

To be a person like that is a much bigger thing than to build a University.

Any one who knows Jackson and the people of the First Presbyterian Church there would be a winner in a guess as to what they did for Oglethorpe.

But we may as well write it out plain so that those who do not know either may hear.

They gave an even two thousand dollars to give the Southern Presbyterian Church a University worthy of all her traditions.

So far Tennessee has averaged something like one hundred thousand dollars for the Synod. That ought to give us a first-class Tennessee Memorial at Oglethorpe.

On September 27 the work for 1914-15 began at *Grenada*,* Mississippi, in the midst of the terrible depression caused by the world war. It is not the least of the remarkable statements that may be made about the history of the founding of Oglethorpe University that at a time when such cotton as could be sold was bringing five and six and seven cents, the marvelous record of the Oglethorpe chain was not broken at a single link. Grenada,

* THE GRIT OF GRENADA

Grenada, Mississippi, is in the northern part of that state adjacent to the great Delta cotton country and dependent upon the fleecy staple for its financial progress. It had every reasonable excuse whereunder the Oglethorpe cause might have been postponed, yet its pastor, Rev. J. C. Carothers, is not the kind of man who makes excuses and he and his session willingly invited us to tell the Oglethorpe story to their people. This was the first time that he had made a public presentation of the cause since the great war of the Eastern Hemisphere began, so we were just a little frightened over the possibility of this church being the first to fail to put its member on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe. How useless this fright was, was shown by the splendid response given by the Grenada folk. Facing all that the war might bring to them, they nevertheless over-subscribed the \$1,000 and will shortly choose their member for the Board.

For the grit and grace of such a folk as these all who love Christian education are grateful.

* HIS WHOLE LITTLE LIFE.

One night in Grenada, Mississippi, a young couple waited by the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church to shake hands with the Executive

F. S. Royster, when he heard the story—

Have you ever met Mr. Royster? You have heard of men who look like Woodrow Wilson? Well, Wilson looks like Mr. Royster.

Their features, their set jaws, their silhouette, their eyes, their smile are so similar that you would recognize the one from having seen the picture of the other.

Twenty-two hundred dollars was the total from the Church.

Of which Mr. Royster gave one thousand and other members of the Church gave another twelve hundred.

When I walked into the marvelously beautiful interior of this church, finished in such exquisite taste, I wondered what sort of hearts were inside the breasts of the people who worshipped there.

May I tell you?

A little lady who is a seamstress gave one hundred dollars.

A strong man gave a thousand dollars.

And between them were a noble band of men and women who heard the voice of God in the call to Oglethorpe, who saw what was and what might still be and who were not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

Mississippi, was the first to prove this and *Fayetteville*,* Tennessee, endorsed it on the following Sunday.

*Crowley, Louisiana***, forgot that there was a war for a little

*** THE FAITH OF FAYETTEVILLE.**

Fayetteville, Tennessee, is located in one of the most beautiful sections in the southeastern part of that State. It is also one of the oldest Presbyterian organizations in Tennessee, there being only one other church in the State whose organizations preceded theirs.

Their centennial was celebrated some years ago and the fine old church in which they worship at present has something like 75 years of age.

The kind of people that they are is evidenced sufficiently by what they did for Oglethorpe University. "If Grenada can do it, so can we," is what they said in their hearts, and so they did.

To Rev. R. S. Brown, the pastor; to George A. Jarvis, who entertained the Oglethorpe man so hospitably and kindly; to the boys of the Morgan School, who came out in force and crowded the church at the night service; to all the big-hearted Presbyterians who made their subscription in order that their old university might be restored, we hereby return thanks in the name of all lovers of Christian education.

**** CROWLEY, A NATIONAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN LOUISIANA.**

Elsewhere in this issue we print a most remarkable story. It describes a church at least half of whom are from Illinois and Indiana or, elsewhere in the Middle West, and who, having gone to Louisiana during the last

Representative of Oglethorpe University.

"We heard you tell the Oglethorpe story this morning," the woman said—and there were tears in her eyes.

"Yes," continued her husband, "and we have been talking it over since"—there were tears also in his eyes—"We had a little boy. On his birthday we put a little sum in the bank for him, and we and others had added to it from time to time until it reached \$85.00. And then he—died."

There was silence then for a moment.

"And we thought"—the mother said. "Yes," the father continued, "we've been talking it over and we've decided to give it all to you. We want to put his whole little life into Oglethorpe."

Sleep, O little one in peace. And may the gentle angels tell you of this, that you may love father and mother all the more.

"A whole little life for Oglethorpe."

Into the blue granite of Oglethorpe's first building the little life-savings will go. There it will help to bless others.

It will speak to them of God and wisdom and Jesus.

These Three shall be known on her campus and honored in her classrooms. Her great men shall sing their praises.

For if not—the very stones would cry out.

while and wrote \$3,750 down as the part that she would like to take in her university.

*Danville, Kentucky**, whose pastor, Dr. E. M. Green, was an

*** COLLEGE DAYS IN OLD OGLETHORPE.**

By E. M. Green.

When the Presbyterian Council met in Washington City in the fall of 1899, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge, who was at that time pastor of a church in that city, invited the whole body to a reception at his house. When presented to him, I remarked that I was a student at Oglethorpe University while his uncle, Dr. Samuel K. Talmadge, was president of that institution. He seemed much interested and said, "Please walk into the next room and see his portrait." Stepping into the room indicated by a wave of his hand, I enjoyed one of the pleasantest surprises of my life—a picture hung on the wall which I instantly recognized and the history of which I well knew, but which I supposed had been destroyed during the war—it was the portrait of President Talmadge, presented by the students in 1859. Its history was this: Seeing that the health of their beloved president was failing, the students held a meeting and resolved to have a handsome portrait of him painted by a distinguished artist who had temporarily opened a studio in Milledgeville. A committee of which I was a member, was appointed to wait on him and ask him to sit for the picture. He was much affected by this evidence

ten or twenty years, have formed a Southern Presbyterian Church and have come very close to leading the entire Synod in those qualities and labors which characterize excellence.

We told the story of Oglethorpe University to this church just a week or two ago. When we learned that the entire choir was from Illinois, and almost the entire church from elsewhere than Louisiana originally, we knew that it would be a splendid opportunity to test the appeal of Oglethorpe University to the Presbyterianism of the Nation; the result of this test was magnificent; two members of the church each gave \$1,000 to Oglethorpe, and other members made up a contribution of some \$1,750 more, this making a total of almost \$25.00 per member for every man, woman and child in the organization. This should mean to all intelligent people a great deal more than the fact that Oglethorpe has received a fine contribution from some generous-hearted friends. It shows, among other things, what brothers can do when they pull together. It shows what fine Louisiana Presbyterians the Illinois Presbyterians make, and it leads us all to that irresistible hope that some day there shall be on the books, as there is now in the hearts, no line of division between the Presbyterians of this nation.

And so the whole Southern Presbyterian Church extends to you western men and women of Crowley, who have come down to the Pelican State to throw in your lot with what we may call our people and our Church, a cordial greeting of thanks and appreciation. You did a great thing and you stand for a great thing, and your Church that is built upon God and united Presbyterianism is a great Church.

alumnus of old Oglethorpe college, put \$1,000 beneath it and

of regard on the part of the student body, demurred kindly because of the expense they would incur, but yielded to their request, and in the course of a few weeks the portrait was finished and handsomely framed. On commencement day it was unveiled and was presented to the board of trustees by one of the students selected to perform that duty, Stinson Little, in a brief and very appropriate speech. It was accepted for the University by the president of the board, the Hon. John T. Gresham, of Macon. And now I looked on that portrait once more which I had not seen since that memorable commencement day, forty years before.

Returning to the parlor, I found Dr. Talmadge still standing at the head of the receiving line, and asked him to tell me how this portrait so long lost had come into his possession. He said that after the death of his uncle, in the dismantling of the college building, the portrait was sent to the home of the widow nearby, probably for safe keeping, and visiting her soon after the war she presented it to him, and it had been in his possession ever since.

Soon after this Dr. Talmadge died. A few years later when the surviving alumni of Oglethorpe University proposed to have a reunion, I wrote to the Rev. James H. Taylor, of Washington City, requesting him to see Mrs. Talmadge and have a photograph of the portrait taken and sent to me to be shown to the old students, who would be happy to see it. He found her at the hotel, and she told him that after her husband's death the home was broken up and the portrait had been sent to their son, Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmadge, in Philadelphia. I immediately wrote him, making the same request. He replied that he would have a photograph of the portrait taken and sent to me; but his death occurred soon after and there my quest ended.

The Professors.

In the old days it was thought that four professors were enough for a college. Whether more would have been better, I may not say, but as things were those we had seemed to be all that we needed; teachers and students were brought close together, and felt the mutual benefit of personal contact and intimate acquaintance; all did good work; fairly good scholars were turned out from the institution every year, very many of them became useful men, and some quite prominent both in church and state. ,

Dr. Talmadge was a gentleman of the old school, courteous and kind, of dignified and elegant demeanor, an eloquent preacher, and a scholar of culture and polish. He always commanded the respect and affection of the students.

Professor Lane was a man of great simplicity of character, "an Israelite in whom was no guile." He was universally esteemed for his goodness and was an excellent and faithful teacher.

Professor Smith was a more rugged character, a man of philosophic mind and great strength of character. He was very kind, though somewhat reserved, and got nearer to the students than any of his colleagues.

But the scholar of the faculty was the young professor, still in his

*Monroe**, North Carolina, did the same with an open-handed

*** MONROE AND HER PRESBYTERIANS.**

Monroe, North Carolina, is considered one of the best all round towns in the state.

The Seaboard Air Line Railway has made it a sort of headquarters for many clever conductors and trainmen of their line by selecting Monroe as a division headquarters. When you come south from New York you notice that you change conductors at Monroe.

A man who was born and reared on the Seaboard comes to know the conductors almost as brothers. They are a fine body of men.

Yet the city is not a "railroad town." Its population is cosmopolitan and includes all ranks of life.

When we went to Monroe to tell Dr. Gurney's good people the Oglethorpe story we expected to find just such a church as we did find.

You see we knew Captain Lane and Dr. Gurney and—J. M. Belk.

Have you ever met Belk?

Well, any sensible church would be glad to trade a dozen perfectly excellent men for one J. M. Belk.

If you have ever had anything to do with Montreat you know him, and the story of his generosity there.

If you have ever read the Presbyterian Standard you have him to thank for it.

Every other agency in the church has felt his kindly touch, including his local state educational interests.

But Belk can see even beyond North Carolina.

So he set his hand to join in doing the biggest thing that his generation has planned to do for their church, and joined the Oglethorpe Founders.

And there is a little class of girls in that church who have promised us their picture for the Westminster. That will come later.

twenties, who had just returned from Heidelberg with the highest honors of that great university, where he was known as "the wonder of America." Professor Woodrow possessed the finest general scholarship and could have filled with ability any chair in the college, but he was specially accomplished as a scientist. His instructions were highly valued, and in later days his attainments not only in natural science, but in other departments of learning, were recognized both in this country and in Europe.

Lanier.

At the beginning of the last term of the collegiate year, April, 1857, a new student appeared one morning in the sophomore class room. He seemed very young, with a sweet girlish face, and his manner was very shy and diffident. The question passed around the class, "Who is this little innocent that has dropped in here this morning?" and the answer was, "Sidney Lanier of Macon." The first time that he was called to recite, his Latin was read with such fluency and translated with such

generosity, doubled by the financial situation in the Old North State.

elegance and correctness that, young and almost childish as he seemed to be, he was recognized as easily the peer of his older classmates.

Sid Lanier soon became a favorite in the college, and by his gentleness and courtesy, his purity and real manliness, he gained the affections and commanded the respect of all his fellow-students.

It was soon learned that he was master of the flute; and with Little LeConte's violin and John Lamar's violincello a college orchestra was formed that gave us exquisitely beautiful music. In his junior year he proved himself a fine student; and his essays, somewhat out of the line of the ordinary student's thought, were always interesting, but a little above our comprehension. At the end of the year he dropped out of the class and we graduated without him. But the next year he returned and finished his college course. The rest of his brief career the whole English-speaking, poetry-loving world knows.

The Old Stand.

In recent years, visiting my sons who are on the medical staff of the Georgia State Sanitarium, near the site of old Oglethorpe University, I have frequently stood on the ground so familiar to me a half century ago. But all is changed, not a building is standing that made the university of my college days. The main building, a large and imposing structure, stood at the head of the campus, while rows of cottages on either side provided rooms for the students. It was proposed to erect two large dormitories, one on either side of the main building, and one of these was built and still stands, being now used as a private sanitarium. But there is nothing left to remind one of the Oglethorpe of my day. On the 20th of July last I stood nearby the spot where the old Central building once lifted its majestic form, and I remembered that 55 years ago that very day the class of '59 received their diplomas and separated, each to go his own way in the world, never all to meet again in this life. Of that good class some soon ended their brief careers on the field of battle, and of many others I never heard again. So far as I know, only four of that class remain today, all ministers of the gospel, viz.: Rev. Dr. George L. Petrie, of Charlottesville, Va., our first honor man; Rev. J. D. A. Brown, of Aberdeen, N. C.; Rev. W. B. Bingham, of Mt Olive, Miss., and the writer of these reminiscences. If any others of that class are living, we would be glad to hear of them.

I remember, too, that 57 years before, at the annual commencement, the handsome and accomplished young minister, who had just come from Staunton, Va., to become pastor of the First Church of Augusta, Ga., Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, had brought his little family to visit his wife's brother, Professor James Woodrow. The young professor was very proud of the baby, his little nephew, just six months old. Looking admiringly at the little fellow as he sat in the middle of the floor, playing with his rattle, so plump, serious, and quiet, he said to me, "Did you ever see such a splendid, dignified baby as Tommie? He looks to me like a moderator of a General Assembly." Had he been a prophet he

And then came one of those things that makes a man know that there is a God in Heaven and that He lives in the hearts of men. Dr. J. W. Bachman, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of *Chattanooga, Tennessee**, a man of clear outlook and kindly

* **The Presbyterians of Chattanooga** gave over thirteen thousand dollars to refund their old University.

This was made possible by the liberality, largely, of one man, J. T. Lupton.

In a way that that shall connect his name most intimately with the great work to which he set his hand, with a generosity that all Presbyterians who love their Church must ever cherish, and with a faith that ought to thrill every worth-while person in our Church, he wrote a check for ten thousand dollars as his opinion of what we must do.

The sight of such a giver ought surely to make the whole Church freely give.

And when "Tom McCallie's Church" heard of it, they did a splendid part by their University.

Outside of giving more than two thousand dollars, they put McCallie and Milligan on the Board of Directors to represent their Church, two men who match with Dr. Bachman and J. T. Lupton of the First Church.

would have said President of the United States. Tommie lost somewhat of his good looks as he grew up, and also lost his first name; but as Woodrow Wilson he is known to the whole world.

But time moves on and changes come. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh," babies grow up and become moderators and presidents; college students become old men and end their days; and it may be that a new and greater Oglethorpe may arise out of the Oglethorpe of old.

Dr. Green and Danville.

Fifty-three years ago there was a boy at old Oglethorpe University named Ed Green.

As he reads these lines what memories must come to him of those days!

He has written out for you to read in the Westminster a good long Story of Old Days at Oglethorpe which will begin with the next number of this magazine. Having read them, we can promise our readers a treat.

In the meantime let us announce that Dr. Green's people at Danville, Ky., put him on the Board of Directors of his old Alma Mater.

Dr. Green is the only living alumnus of Oglethorpe who is an ex-moderator of the Assembly.

Dr. Green says he is over seventy years old. It is one of his few real mistakes.

By the way, he is chairman of the Alumni Committee appointed to reorganize the Alumni of Oglethorpe at the next meeting of the board of directors. This meeting will be held on January 21, 1915, when the cornerstone of the new Oglethorpe will be laid.

sentiment, invited me to tell the story in his church at a time when the clouds were deepening rather than being dispelled. The Belgian Relief Fund was claiming the generosity of the whole church except what they could give to the Associated Charities, to the Y. M. C. A., and to their own finances. When the story had been told that morning and the invitation had been given to any who would like to aid in the great enterprise to speak to me privately after the service, it was with a fear and trembling that had reason for its basis, that we both descended from the pulpit to meet whoever might care to come. One by one they came forward, each writing the subscription beneath the other until more than a thousand dollars was totaled. Then I saw a man with iron grey hair and kindly eyes approaching me. "How much would you like for me to give you?" he asked. "Anything," I answered, "from a penny up." "Well," he replied, "I think I will give you about ten thousand dollars." Frankly, I thought he was joking, for there was a little smile on his lips, but I handed him a paper to sign. "How would you like it paid?" he asked. Thinking I would carry the joke out, I answered, "Make it payable on demand." A moment later he handed me back the paper and there was ten thousand dollars written on it, "Payable on demand." His pastor had seen it and I heard him say as he extended his hand, "Splendid, Mr. Lupton, splendid; I had half an idea that you would do something like that."

I pause to pay this tribute to J. T. Lupton, of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Even he did not know what a great thing his God was doing when the two of them wrote his name on that paper on November 1, 1914, for the gift that he made had about it all of the fine aroma of similar gifts already given by men of smaller means who must sacrifice to do their duty to Oglethorpe, and it had this rather fine thing in it; that it was given as a son of God ought to give if he can do it. There were no strings tied to it; there was no if and no and; it was, therefore, something more than a gift, it was a prayer and it had combined the finest

The four will represent the Presbyterians of Chattanooga on the Board.

Other gifts came in during the month also, generous gifts from great-hearted people, until the total subscriptions for the month mounted to practically twenty thousand dollars.

And this was a war month.

The motto of Oglethorpe University is: *Manu Dei Resurrexit.*

For by the hand of God she has risen from the dead.

elements of prayer: faith in the cause; faith in the man presenting the cause; faith in the pastor inviting that man; faith in his church who had hitherto responded so splendidly and faith in that great, vast power by whose hand his university was rising from the dead.

When the check that Mr. Lupton sent a few weeks later reached the Oglethorpe treasury, it deepened the faith of even our men in Atlanta. I took it up to the *Journal* office and showed it to Mr. Gray. He contemplated it incredulously. Finally he asked: "Is it real?" It was the first large contribution given in cash to the cause and it sent a thrill of satisfaction and inspiration to every person who had contributed in money or in work or in prayer to the work that had been done up to that time.

For three years I had been searching the South for just such a man. I found many like him among our men and women in spirit, but few like him in that rare combination of means and spirit. As long as there is an Oglethorpe University, the name of J. T. Lupton will be indissolubly connected with it.

As if Chattanooga had not done enough, "Tom McCallie's Church," for so it is popularly known in Chattanooga, added over \$2,000 two weeks later. Indeed, it seemed as if almost every family in the church were represented on the list. The two combined placed Chattanooga, Tennessee, first of all the cities of the South, excepting, of course, Atlanta, on the Oglethorpe list in point of amount given to the institution, the total from their city being \$13,640.

And just to prove that hearts beat warm even in the midst of adversity, *Alexandria, Louisiana*,* wrote her paragraph in

* THE STORY OF A GREAT NOVEMBER.

One would hardly select November, 1914, as an ideal month for raising money for philanthropic purposes.

Scarcely, indeed, would one find heart to criticize institutional heads who during the last few months have ceased all efforts to secure subscriptions to their several works.

Yet how great His mercy towards those that trust Him!

First, let us tell about Alexandria, Louisiana.

A beautiful little city, one of the best in the state, a great lumbering and wood-working center—and therefore feeling the full effects of the war.

A little Presbyterian Church, pastored by one of the most faithful men in the Southern Assembly, with a noble and devoted people whom he has shepherded for an even twenty years.

the Oglethorpe history; wrote it with a golden pen, a loyal heart and an ink that was reddened with sacrifice; \$3,510 was the figure she put opposite her name, but even that amount does not express her splendid loyalty in her darkest hour.

Beneath her is the church at *Albany, Georgia**, who heard

• **ALBANY AND HER DUTY.**

Albany, Georgia, has one of the most interesting Presbyterian churches in the whole South blessing it.

The city itself is modern and up-to-date. Great, broad streets, high class mercantile houses, splendid railroad facilities, and The Albany Herald.

Have you ever met Mr. McIntosh or his son?

The father started The Albany Herald as a daily newspaper years and years ago. It has now become a really great little daily, sold everywhere through southern Georgia, read by probably twenty or twenty-five thousand people. His son—H. T. McIntosh—teaches the Men's Brotherhood Class in the Sunday School.

It is a Brotherhood and it is taught.

The membership totals almost two hundred. Think of that! The whole church membership is far less.

Do you know of any larger men's class in any Sunday School in the South?

They help carry the Church and the Sunday School.

They support a child in the Thornwell Orphanage.

They have an employment bureau to assist the men of Albany to obtain work.

And they gave a thousand dollars to put Mr. McIntosh on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University.

By the way, Mr. McIntosh has one of the finest private collections of Indian relics in the world, right there adjacent to his office in the Herald building, and he has promised to help out the Oglethorpe Museum when the time comes.

There are lots of other interesting things about the Albany Church, particularly about the way S. E. Crosby has worked and prayed and led it into a broader, fuller life, and about the fine spirit of co-operation

In membership made up of folks from every State in the Union, with a consequently broad outlook upon the position and responsibilities of their own Church.

When they heard the Oglethorpe story they forgot the war, the depression and all the consequent pessimism. They remembered only duty and faith and God. They put some thirty-five hundred dollars into the Louisiana memorial at Oglethorpe and did it gladly as a people should give to their King.

We have promised an article for the Westminster about this Church and about the work of their pastor in his twenty years of service.

the story on the first Sunday in December in the very midst of the worst month and the worst year that she has had since the war, yet she has nothing to be ashamed of even compared with the generous gifts of the preceding year, made by other churches, for her total approximated \$2,000.

*Marshall, Missouri**, the farthest point in the Northwest, heard the story in the midst of a blizzard fresh from Alaska and little *Centerville, Alabama,*** wherein dwell some of the noblest hearts on earth, added also her thousand before the Christmas holidays had come. One visit only was made between that date and the laying of the corner stone of our first building. It was

*** ANOTHER STATE SWINGS INTO THE OGLETHORPE COLUMN—MISSOURI.**

It was at Marshall, where R. C. McAdie (pure Scotch) is pastor, that the Oglethorpe story was told for the first time in Missouri.

Do you recollect the blizzard of December 13-15, the one that broke the record for chilliness? Well, we saw it leave home to come South that day in Marshall. But the hearts of the people were warm and they were the first in the fine old Synod of Missouri to do their duty to their University.

There are others in Missouri who will follow suit when the time comes. We have seen enough of Missouri Presbyterians to know that.

**** THE THIRD TIME THAT IT RAINED.**

It was at Centerville, Alabama, December 20th, 1914. The other two times had been at Milledgeville, Georgia, and Tampa, Florida.

On all the other seventy Sabbath mornings when the Oglethorpe story has been told from Presbyterian pulpits from Missouri to Florida, and from Texas to Virginia, it has not rained.

Centerville has a population of approximately one thousand people and the Presbyterian Church a membership of about one hundred.

Yet they put their member on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University.

And after they had made up their thousand dollars, one good woman put a bale of cotton on top of that just to weight it down.

In doing the generous thing for their University they designed to restore the old Alabama professorship, which Dr. R. C. Smith occupied at Oglethorpe before the war.

Alabama has already given about one-fifth of this. The balance will come before the job is finished.

A big-hearted folk are the Presbyterians of Centerville, led by a fine-spirited pastor, J. P. Stevenson. God bless them all.

that pervades it from the pastor and Sunday School superintendent down to the very little fellows.

Drop in on them some Sunday. You won't know it from home.

to *Lakeland, Florida*,* where another triumph of generosity was recorded.

LAYING THE CORNERSTONE.

Thursday, January 21, 1915, will always be Oglethorpe Day for it was on that date that the cornerstone was laid.** Those

* IN LOVELY LITTLE LAKELAND.

We are just back from a most interesting trip to Lakeland, Fla., where we had the pleasure of telling the Oglethorpe story to a little Presbyterian congregation of slightly over one hundred members. It was the seventy-third time that we have presented the cause to various congregations between Texas and Missouri on the west, and Virginia and Florida on the east. Up to this time not a single church has failed to make a contribution of one thousand dollars or more toward the refounding of Oglethorpe University.

In this particular instance we had a rather unique experience. Not only did this fine little band of Presbyterians give the thousand dollars which was asked of them (in fact they made it eleven hundred, just to be sure of the amount), but Oglethorpe also received her first gift of ten ostrich eggs.

To people accustomed to the prices of hen eggs nowadays, at this time of the year, this gift will probably appear respectably large, but when they learn the value of an ostrich egg, it will seem to be a rather handsome gift. Mr. Ford, who gave us the eggs, says they weigh on an average about four pounds, and are worth fifty dollars each. This makes the ten eggs equal to five hundred dollars.

We are not planning to start a "Buy-an-Egg" movement. Mr. Ford tells us that he will sell the eggs himself, and send us the money.

The Presbyterian Church at Lakeland, one of the most beautiful little cities in Florida, is composed of great-hearted, loyal, lovable people. Under the leadership of their faithful young pastor, Rev. W. S. Patterson, they are steadily growing in numbers, grace and power.

** LAYING THE OGLETHORPE CORNERSTONE.

As Told by Mr. McIntosh in The Atlanta Constitution.

Thursday morning, January 21st, 1915, at 10 A. M., prior to the laying of the cornerstone, exercises appropriate to the founding of the new Oglethorpe were held at the North Avenue Presbyterian Church.

These services were presided over by Dr. W. J. Martin, moderator of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and president of Davidson College.

The invocation was pronounced by *Dr. R. A. Brown of Waycross, moderator of the Synod of Georgia.*

The scripture lesson was read by *Dr. I. S. McElroy, of Columbus, Ga. Calls Roll of Alumni.*

One of the most interesting and touching scenes of the entire exercises was when Major J. O. Varnedoe, of Valdosta, Ga., an alumnus of the old Oglethorpe, called the roll of the living alumni of the old

who thought most of the coming occasion, had noted with the greatest anxiety the threatening weather, replete with cold and

institution. Of that handful of men, there were present at the North Avenue Church Thursday morning but *eight* to answer the roll. These men are:

A. C. Briscoe, Rev. W. T. Hollingsworth, B. L. Gaillard, Clinton Gaskill, Rev. E. M. Green, William L. LeConte, B. T. Hunter and Major Varnedoe

As their names were called and each got to his feet to make a short talk it was the first time that some had seen the others in very many years, and before there was any speaking they hailed each other by their first names across the floor and rushed up to shake hands with each other.

When Major Varnedoe called the name of Dr. E. M. Green, of the class of 1859, Dr. Green rose and said:

"Before I say anything I am going to shake hands with a man who doesn't think that I recognize him." He walked over to Major Varnedoe and said, "Hello, Varnedoe," and shook hands with him warmly. There are but four members of Dr. Green's class living today. Dr. Green spoke of *the days when President Woodrow Wilson was the baby at Oglethorpe*, known to the boys there as "Tommy Wilson." He said that "Tommy was a pretty baby."

Other Days Recalled.

There were many other reminiscences of the old days at Oglethorpe as each alumnus present made a short talk.

Dr. Martin read *a letter from President Wilson* in which he expressed his regret at not being able to be present upon the occasion of the corner stone laying. The letter is as follows:

"The White House, November 8, 1914. My Dear Mr. Jacobs: Your letter of November 7 revived my feeling of deep regret that I cannot be present in January at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Oglethorpe University. I feel myself in some respects so intimately associated by tradition with Oglethorpe through my father and through my uncle, the Rev. Dr. James Woodrow, that it is a personal as well as an official disappointment to me that I cannot be present and express in person the deep interest I feel in the revival of a university which deserves to be cherished by all who are interested in the higher ducation.

"Cordially and sincerely yours,

(Signed)

"WOODROW WILSON."

Introduced by Lucien Lamar Knight, *odes to Oglethorpe University* were read by ten of the leading southern poets.

Those present to read their own poems were W. H. Hayne, of South Carolina; Robert Loveman, of Georgia; C. W. Hubner, of Maryland, and Benjamin C. Moomaw, of Virginia.

Mr. Knight read odes written by the following, who were not present: William Hurd Hillyer, of Georgia; Starke Young, of Texas; Carl Holliday, of Tennessee; Henry Harman, of North Carolina; Madison Cawein, of Kentucky, and Samuel Minturn Peck, of Alabama.

wind and rain and wondered whether the members of the board of directors would gather from all over the South and whether

CORNERSTONE HYMN.

The cornerstone hymn, which was written by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs of Atlanta, was sung by Miss Mayme Clyburn.

Fair Alma Mater, Oglethorpe,
Thou did'st for others die,
And now above thy broken tomb,
Thy Lord uplifts thee, high!
For he doth live in every stone
We worthily have brought,
And he doth move in every deed,
We righteously have wrought.

We give to thee our lives to mold
And thou to us dost give
Thy life, whose pulse-beat is the Truth,
Wherein we ever live.
And, as the times pass o'er our heads,
In this we shall rejoice:
That we may never drift beyond
The memory of thy voice.

Fair Alma Mater, Oglethorpe,
Thou didst for others die,
So now, above thy broken tomb,
Thy God doth lift thee, high!
His be the earth whereon we place,
Our cornerstone today,
As His the sky, whereto we raise,
Our trustful eyes, to pray.

Dr. William Owens spoke for the "*Oglethorpians*," which is the name of the organization instrumental in raising the Atlanta bonus of \$250,000.00.

Masterful Address By Dr. Vance.

Dr. Vance's address follows:

I believe in the resurrection of the dead. I believe in life. I can not deny death. But there is something greater than either. It is that dynamic insistency which, having tasted life, and having surrendered to death, shakes off its shroud, bursts the bands of the grave, rolls the stone away, and having left the tomb behind, emerges in the might and glory of the resurrection.

Thus we hail Oglethorpe today. The splendor of this hour is not the celebration of a birth. We are not here to sing a lullaby at a cradle. It is not the renaissance of a life that had fallen into decay. We are not here to recite an ode to returning spring. *The splendor of this hour is life from the dead.* We are here to chant the glory of a resurrection,

the North Avenue Church, in which the exercises were to be held, would be even partially filled with those who dared to

to lay the cornerstone of a Christian college that lived and died and is alive again.

It is a distinguished company that gathers to witness the rising of Oglethorpe from the pile of gray ashes to which the Civil War reduced the old college. The state and the church have sent their sons to honor this occasion. *The President of the United States*, himself one of the foremost educators of the world, has found time in his busy life to think of Oglethorpe and send a message of congratulation. A *galaxy of Southern poets* have found something in the event to stir them, and each gives a song. Philanthropists and reformers, financiers, educators, churchmen and leaders in all the movements which make for human uplift, are here to take part in an occasion which "marks the fair beginning of a time."

These, however, are not the only ones to honor this event, and by their presence to signify their estimate of its significance. There is an *invisible company here today*, and they are profoundly interested in the college that is rising from the ashes of the past.

Chivalry and courage salute each other here today.

The chivalry of the Old South steps out of the shadows and bows to us, for the Oglethorpe that has been was the college of that chivalry—the chivalry of a civilization whose blossom has withered, but whose fragrance abides, the chivalry which made the Old South the land of gallant men and gentle women, and that makes it now the land of song and story, to which novelists come for tales of love and romance, and poets for some theme worthy of their muse.

And the courage of the New South turns aside for a moment from its busy tasks to greet us here, for the Oglethorpe that will be is the college of that courage—the courage that has faced ruin without a fear, that has fought its way through grim poverty and stark adversity, that has never wavered nor turned backward, and that is making the South sunny with hope, and blessing her people with prosperity and peace.

Chivalry with a flower and courage with a tool step out side by side, and hail the day, and tell us they are proud of the hour, and pledge themselves to guard the destinies of the college we are refounding.

Tradition and emancipation are here today.

Oglethorpe starts out with an historic background. This is something money cannot buy. Millionaires may found and endow great schools, but they cannot purchase the past. The past must be inherited. Oglethorpe has a rich heritage of tradition. As the youth gather here to be fitted for life, the past will speak to them. Down the silent halls of tradition noble spirits will come to meet them, and out of the spent years will flow a presence to cast the spell of greatness over life.

Oglethorpe starts with a dowry of freedom. Its face is toward the morning. The strength of youth is in its blood. *While it is blessed by tradition, it is not hampered by tradition.* Its policies are not to be cramped in the grip of a dead hand. It will adapt its courses of instruc-



LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE—*Of the First Building*



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come. This is a fact which may be placed side by side with the weather record, previously referred to, that Wednesday was

tion to meet the needs of the living present, and train men to face and master the actual problems of life as they exist today.

Thus tradition and progress lay their hands on the cornerstone of the new Oglethorpe, and say: "Let us help you build."

Faith and fruition meet here today.

Faith is here, splendid, courageous, undismayed, unwearied faith—the faith which is not lamed by criticism, nor soured by pessimism, nor crippled by flattery, nor spoiled by success, the faith which "endures as seeing Him who is invisible," the faith which sees the unseen, the faith which burns its bridges behind it, stakes all on its great adventure, and cries ever as it presses on: "*If I perish, I perish.*"

That faith is among us today, thank God.

And fruition is here—not the fruition of a tree that has borne its last crop, but of a field that is giving us its first golden harvest, not the fruition that has finished its work, but that is demonstrating it can do its work, not the fruition of a goal that is reached, but of an undertaking that is vindicated.

Such faith and such fruition join hands on this occasion, and pledge themselves to the future of the university we are refounding. These are a few of the invisible faces which look out on these exercises today. May we not say in the words of one who felt the spell of the unseen and the tug of the eternal at his work: "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto *Jesus the author and finisher of our faith?*"

This day of the laying of the cornerstone of Oglethorpe University is a man's great day. A man has raised the dead. One man has had a vision so keen that he has seen the unseen, a purpose so steady that he has allowed neither the frowns of foes nor the counsels of friends to swerve him, a courage so dauntless that obstacles have crumbled in his path, an enthusiasm so contagious that under the spell of his appeal the impossible again and again, has come to pass, a self-effacement so utter that he has thought more of his work than of himself, an industry so tireless that from its inception the enterprise has never lagged, and a faith so confident that there was nothing for the dead to do but rise. This is Thornwell Jacobs' day. All honor to him for what he has done. Without him this hour would never have arrived. His itinerary through the churches has been a triumphal procession. He has again and again appeared before congregations which thought themselves in extremes financially, but after he had injected the Oglethorpe anti-toxin he left them amazed at the vigor of their own state of health. He has found springs in the desert, and secured thousand-dollar contributions in very dry places. As we lay the cornerstone, let us honor the man whose vision has been big and clear enough to see what is now coming to pass, whose splendid faith and tireless effort are written this day into the life of Georgia and the Presbyterian Church, and whose

cold and wet and Friday was cold and grey, but Thursday, January 21, 1915, was as clear as a whistle and as beautiful as a bright, blue sky could make it.

name must always be the first name on the honor roll of the new Oglethorpe.

But Dr. Jacobs would have found his task, not impossible, for I have come to believe that the man can do anything he starts out to do, but far more difficult, without the *help of certain other men*. Oglethorpe had put itself into some lives of lofty ideals. It had sent out Sidney Lanier to sing of friendship and hope. It had written itself across the careers of men of noble purpose and unselfish service, and these men, most of whom have crossed the Great Divide, have stood at Dr. Jacobs' elbow as he has made his plea. Being dead they have spoken, and men have listened, and said: "*The college which has given such sons to the land shall have a new day.*"

Nor are these all. Here in this magic city of Atlanta, a company of big-hearted, resolute friends have rallied to the cause, and in one of the most remarkable money-raising campaigns with which you have entertained yourselves, you have raised a quarter of a million dollars towards the refounding of Oglethorpe. It was a superb exhibition of the Atlanta spirit, without which this enterprise would have been immeasurably more difficult. Along with you have enlisted generous-hearted givers from all over the land. This is their day, too. They have all made it possible for the impossible to come to pass, and they have done this, not merely because they were appealed to, not simply in response to the moving eloquence of a man who had put himself into the cause, but they have done it because *deep down in their hearts they felt that the South needed the university whose cornerstone we are laying today.*

Oglethorpe is rising from the dead because it is needed. Its mission is not completed. A college, like a man, is immortal until its work is done. What is to be the mission of the new Oglethorpe? How will it vindicate itself? By what will it prove its right to be?

It will nourish our ideals. It will keep us from becoming the slaves of our senses. It will teach us that there is something bigger and better to live for than commercial success. It will introduce humanity into industrialism, internationalism into citizenship, and fraternity into all social relations, arraignment once more with Oglethorpe's great singer the soulless greed which says:

"And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say, Go.
There's plenty that can if you can't; we know;
Move out, if you think you're underpaid,
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid;
Trade is trade."

It will train our sons for service. It will give to youth the conception that life's horizon is not to be bounded by selfish interests, and that success is, to be measured, not by what one gets out of life, but by what he puts into it. It will teach our young men that true citizenship

Those who heard the exercises incident to the laying of the corner stone will recall that an Atlanta audience sat for three

is not provincial, but cosmopolitan, and that the heroes whose trailing clouds of glory neither dim nor tarnish *are those who devote their lives to the service of their country and their God!*

Oglethorpe as a Christian University will give to the church the power which comes from trained, intelligent and educated leadership. Religion is not hysterics. It is not spasms of pious emotion. It is conduct controlled by lofty and intelligent motives. It not only does not degrade the reason in order to exalt the heart, but it saves and sanctifies the emotions by harnessing them to the great tasks of life. Oglethorpe will give to the state the power which comes from men in public life whose conduct is controlled by conscience, whose convictions are forged on the anvil of Christian truth, and whose contribution to the public welfare will be Christian statesmanship, and not the opportunism of partisan and time-serving politics.

Thus our university, with the other colleges of the land, will make its contribution to Christian education, and to that civilization which is coming, and "of whose increase there shall be no end." By such a mission will it vindicate its right to be.

Let us therefore lay the cornerstone with a great faith, with some of the splendid optimism which has made the present hour possible. Difficulties will continue to pile in the way. Much remains to be done. Other buildings are to be erected. Endowments must be secured. Faculty and students must be assembled. It is not easy. Nothing great is easy. Thank God He does not give us easy things! Thank God for tasks big and difficult, so difficult that we cannot do them without Him! Again let difficulties summon us! Once more let enthusiasm light its torch in the embers of predicted defeat!

Let us catch the immortal hope of Lanier as he lay on his deathbed and wrote his last song. It was in December of 1880. He was in the last stages of the terrible disease that took his life. With a temperature of one hundred and four degrees, too weak to lift his food to his lips, between severe paroxysms of coughing, he wrote his last and greatest poem, "Sunrise." *Let us lift from the dying pen and lay on the lips of his Alma mater as she rises from the ashes and faces the morning the lines with which Lanier's unconquerable soul saluted the future:*

"Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas

Of traffic shall hide thee,

Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories

Hide thee.

Never the reek of the time's fen-politics

Hide thee,

And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide thee.

And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee,

Labor, at leisure, in art—till yonder beside thee,

My soul shall float, friend Sun,

The day being done."

hours listening to addresses and poems and prayers and that so far as I recall, not a single person left the building before the services were completed.

At the close of Dr. Vance's address the dedicatory prayer was led by *Dr. E. M. Green*, followed by the benediction, pronounced by *Dr. W. P. Jacobs of Clinton, S. C.*

After the exercises at the church, the directors and the visitors were entertained at *luncheon by the ladies of the North Avenue Presbyterian church.*

The party then motored to Oglethorpe campus, where the cornerstone was laid.

Distinguished men from all part of the south and aged alumni of old Oglethorpe, who had not seen each other in some instances for more than half a century, took part in the exercises.

Several hundred people gathered around the 2,000-pound block of granite that formed the cornerstone at Oglethorpe campus and witnessed its sealing and setting.

Campus Exercises Opened.

The exercises at the campus were opened by a prayer by *Dr. W. J. Martin*, president of Davidson College, North Carolina, and moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, for the blessing and guidance of Divine Providence upon the life of the new Oglethorpe.

With a few brief words about the history of the old and new Oglethorpes, *Dr. E. M. Green*, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Danville, Ky., and ex-moderator of the Southern Presbyterian assembly, introduced little *Frank Inman, Jr.*, who placed the copper box in the heart of the huge block of granite. Master Inman is the grandson of the late *Samuel M. Inman*, who was deeply interested in Oglethorpe.

The spectators stood hatless and breathless with interest as the little fellow struggled with the heavy copper box, a foot square, and finally placed it in its resting place.

Before the box was closed and sealed many of the spectators walked up and dropped small coins or some memento of some sort into the box. When in future years the cornerstone may be opened one of its mysteries will be names of the donors of these small coins and trinkets.

Cornerstone Is Laid.

When Master Inman had placed the box and all its contents were snugly stored, it was sealed up and the big derrick creaked, swinging the stone into place. The mortar and trowel were applied and the cornerstone of the first building of Oglethorpe university was laid.

The group of people about the stone then sang the doxology and a benediction was pronounced by *Dr. James I. Vance*, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Nashville, Tenn., and president of the board of directors of Oglethorpe University.

Meeting of Board of Directors.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, who has been the moving spirit in the re-establishment in Atlanta of Oglethorpe, the famous war-time university, was elected president of the new institution at a meeting of the board

The features of the occasion, which are given more fully in the Appendix, consisted largely in the number of prominent men present, including Dr. W. J. Martin, President of Davidson College and the then Moderator of the General Assembly, and Dr. R. A. Brown, the Moderator of the Synod of Georgia, and Dr. E. M. Green, ex-Moderator of the Assembly, who was also an alumnus of old Oglethorpe College. A roll call of other distinguished alumni, a letter from the president of the United States, and a series of poetical tributes written by the most distinguished singers of the South which are to be found elsewhere printed; the Corner Stone Hymn, sung so beautifully by Miss Mayme Clyburn, the message from Dr. William Owens, and the masterly address by Dr. James I. Vance, were other features of the day. They were followed by the dedicatory prayer, led by Dr. E. M. Green, and the benediction, pronounced by my dear father, the same who used to say that the ravens fed us.

Then the ladies entertained the directors and their friends at a luncheon in the North Avenue Church; and public-spirited Atlantans furnished enough automobiles to convey the entire church full, for it was full to overflowing of guests, to the campus out Peachtree Road, where the corner stone was set.

Because little Sam Inman was ill at home, his younger brother, Frank, placed the box in the corner stone, and Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in the South, and President of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University, pronounced God's benediction upon it. There were few present on that memorable day who doubted that the walls of that building would be finished and even they dismissed their fears when they saw graven upon the corner stone the motto of the University: **MANU DEI RESURREXIT.**

of directors held at the North Avenue Presbyterian Church Thursday afternoon, immediately after the cornerstone had been laid with impressive ceremonies at the campus at Silver Lake, on Peachtree road.

At a banquet to the board of directors of the new Oglethorpe university and the alumni of old Oglethorpe, at the Winecoff hotel Thursday evening, *an alumni association of old Oglethorpe* university was organized, largely through the activities and interest of Dr. E. M. Green, of Danville, Ky., and Major J. O. Varnedoe, of Valdosta, Georgia.

Dr. Green was elected president of the association, and A. C. Briscoe, of Atlanta, was elected secretary.

The Association will hold annual meetings and a list of the living alumni of the association will be compiled at once.

THE MARVELOUS RECORD.

It remains to record the remainder of the work done through the spring of 1915, and a great spring it was. *McComb City**, *Mississippi*, of which church my former college mate, B. C. Bell, was pastor, in the midst of an unprecedented storm, added her link to the chain, and *Murfreesboro, Tennessee***, as much to the

*** THE BLESSING IN A BLIZZARD.**

McComb, Miss.—This is the way the Monday morning paper described it: "Mississippi shivered yesterday and last night in the throes of one of the most severe blizzards experienced in years. A mantle of snow and ice, ranging in thickness in the northern sections from two to three inches, covered the greater portion of the three states, and for the first time in years eastern Texas reported snow as far south as the Gulf. The coldest Sunday in recent years was reported last night. Snow flurries were recorded throughout the day with a violent sleet storm preceding the snow."

As we sat in the pastor's dining room Sunday morning at breakfast, looking for the clouds to lighten and the fair weather to come, which the weather man had promised, it began to sleet.

The wind was blowing a gale. Perhaps twenty-five per cent. of the congregation braved the gale to hear the Oglethorpe story.

My college friend, the pastor, said: "There are three folks that may help you: A lady, an officer and a friend of the church."

That morning he added: "The lady is out of town, the officer also is away, lying desperately ill, and the brother of the church had an operation last week on a broken toe and can't come."

But what are dark moments for except to trust in?

The little band of Gideon were enough—in the hand of their God.

They added their man to the Board of Directors and gave an even thousand to Oglethorpe.

So a baptism of sleet also was a baptism of the Holy Spirit.

**** THE MESSAGE IN MURFREESBORO.**

What ought a church to do in war time (a church with a debt of \$19,000 on it), for the Oglethorpe cause?

Does that seem a different question from: What will a church do?

So it may seem to some, but not to the Presbyterians of Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

They were the seventy-fifth church to put their man (Professor Lyon), on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe.

And they did it with such a hearty good will that you would never have known there was such a thing as a church debt in the world.

Except that one man—after it was all over and the thousand dollars (it was eleven hundred) had been subscribed—said, "Now, let's get together and finish up that debt."

That is the way it works: One good gift provokes another.

Dr. J. Addison Smith, the beloved and distinguished pastor of this

amazement as to the delight of their noble pastor, J. Addison Smith, did not fail to follow.

Came next, *Corinth, Mississippi**, of whom the same words of praise are to be used as of the city that preceded, and the fine old *Second Church of Charleston, South Carolina***, my father's old mother church, comes next on the list.

*** MORE AID FROM MISSISSIPPI.**

Add the church at Corinth, Mississippi, to the Oglethorpe Roll of Honor. It was the same old story—a great-hearted people, a plain duty, an amazing story and a splendid response.

We found the church in splendid condition, showing the fruitful personal work of Dr. W. S. Lindsay.

Some good friends of Oglethorpe were already in Corinth, acquainted through the Westminster with the full story of her development. That was a pleasure and a co-operation and a great aid.

The people of Mississippi realize what the lack of a strong central university has meant to their own synodical school system. They are going to do their part to remedy that defect.

**** SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH GIVES GENEROUSLY**

(From The Charleston News and Courier.)

At their morning service yesterday the congregation of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city made a contribution of \$1,000 to the re-founding of Oglethorpe University, the famous ante-bellum Presbyterian institution. This institution, which perished in and by the War between the States, was the alma mater of many great and distinguished men, among them being Sidney Lanier, one of the seven immortals of American literature, and the famous geologist, Joseph LeConte, was one of its professors, as was also Dr. Samuel K. Talmadge, uncle of T. DeWitt Talmadge, and Dr. James Woodrow, uncle of President Woodrow Wilson. Founded in the early days of the nineteenth century it did a work of unparalleled influence, being the first denominational college or university between Charleston and San Francisco south of the Virginia line.

The story of its founding was told by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, a grandson of the church, his father, Dr. Wm. P. Jacobs, President of the Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton, having been a member of this church during his boyhood and college days. After the address various members of the congregation offered voluntarily their contributions, which amounted to a subscription of more than \$1,000.

This is the 77th time Dr. Jacobs has told the story of the refounding of Oglethorpe University in various pulpits, from Texas to Virginia, and from Florida to Missouri, and not one church has failed by its gift of

church, is a unique man, and his congregation is to be congratulated on having him as pastor.

The church, also, is a great-hearted church. In a great emergency they were true and faithful.

When we think of *Pulaski, Tennessee*,* I see the snow falling outside of the window and a loyal congregation listening to the Oglethorpe story, adding later over \$2,000 to the record.

Pleasant memories of a delightful trip to *Raeford, North Carolina*** , followed and of the liberal gift of \$1,000 made by their pastor, Rev. W. C. Brown, duplicated by \$1,600 given by members of the congregation.

Then came the *Central Church of Anderson, South Carolina****, whose liberality was even surpassed by the numbers

* THE PEOPLE OF PULASKI.

In the midst of a beautiful snowstorm, the Presbyterians of Pulaski, Tennessee, assembled on the last day in February to hear the story of their famous old university.

M. S. Kennedy, one of the biggest hearted men in our ministry, a true man and good, had told us that while he did not know what the people would do, he knew they would do their part, and if they did not, he would pay our expenses to the next town.

The people did all that he expected of them and more.

Twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars was their contribution. We asked them to put one man on the Board of Trustees. They put two.

People to depend on are the people of Pulaski.

** THE RECORD OF RAEFORD.

Rev. W. C. Brown, of Raeford, N. C., did a unique thing. He put the question of whether they should hear the Oglethorpe story up to the people themselves. They heard it.

Raeford, N. C., is a brand new town, less than twenty years old (founded in 1896.) There is now a little city of twelve or fifteen hundred people where there was not a house twenty years ago. The church is situated in a beautiful grove of pines, and W. C. Brown, whom we knew and admired fifteen years ago in old Concord Presbytery, is their beloved pastor.

In spite of the war—and the church is strictly in the cotton belt—Raeford exhibited the spirit of which the Southern Assembly is composed. After they had heard the story they consulted one another and made up—twenty-five hundred dollars!

It was a rainy Sabbath morning, the fourth out of seventy-nine, yet see how well they did their duty.

"The Lord's weather never interferes with the Lord's work."

*** THE CENTRAL CHURCH OF ANDERSON.

Sitting here in the old Chiquola Hotel, our mind is fresh with memories of yesterday in the Central Church of Anderson, S. C.

\$1,000 or more, to place its member on the Board of Founders of the University. Approximately \$60,000 has already been pledged.

It was particularly gratifying to Dr. Jacobs to have his father's old home church respond so generously toward the great work he represented.

of names on her list, showing how the spirit that has made Anderson great, has permeated the entire membership of her Central Church and laying a foundation upon which, perhaps, Anderson may approach Greenville in the leadership of South Carolina for Oglethorpe.

I think that what the *Franklin, Tennessee**, people did must

*** WHAT FRANKLIN DID.**

In his invocatory prayer at Franklin, Tennessee, Rev. W. A. Cleveland, the pastor, prayed that it might be "a day long to be remembered."

His prayer was answered—marvelously.

To begin with, the weather man celebrated the first day of Spring (it was March 21st), by the heaviest snow of the Winter.

The Sunday School attendance was marked way down; but the Church was comfortably filled.

W. A. Cleveland is not only one of the best-loved and ablest of our younger pastors in the Synod of Tennessee, but is what Woodrow Wilson would call "a forward looking man."

His church is of the same sort. It is one of the all-round ablest and best churches in the Southern Assembly.

After the service was over, and they had heard the Oglethorpe story—how the Southern Presbyterian Church was rapidly redeeming itself from the stain of being the only strong denomination in the United States without a university for its sons—Cleveland's prayer was answered.

Four thousand, three hundred and ninety dollars was their contribution to Oglethorpe, and there is talk of another thousand.

Isn't that a record to make the hearts of Southern Presbyterians beat faster with happiness and thanksgiving?

It was a day long to be remembered.

A dollar for each man, woman and child, black and white, in that city.

What a marvelous people they are!

They hold the Tennessee record for proportionate giving to Oglethorpe. Who can ever beat them?

D. Witherspoon Dodge, for whom the church waited a long while until he could complete his seminary course, is making these people a most admirable and exemplary pastor.

Everybody wanted to know if we had ever heard him preach.

That was one of those questions that mean whole chapters in church work.

His people added seventeen hundred dollars to Oglethorpe's life, voluntarily, as a man would and should give to his God.

Greenville holds the South Carolina record for generosity to Oglethorpe—over \$4,000—but she has a rival.

There is another church in Anderson, the old First Church, and with the record of the Central before them they will doubtless put the Anderson result close by that of their sister city.

ever stand as a great source of inspiration to all who love to see men and women do the right thing in a great way; \$4,490 is the sum written opposite their name on our ledger, but large though it is, it fails utterly to express the greatness of their heart, the spontaneousness of their liberality and the blessed kindness of their manner. I think often of them when I need encouragement and of none more than my friends, Captain N. B. Dozier and his family, whom I mention not by way of invidious comparison, but because every name of his family is on our list, and every one of them has paid his subscription in full, the captain himself leading them with a check for \$1,000. The whole church is of the same sort and because so many others have done nobly before them, there are no words left wherewith to speak in any new fashion of this noble church.

The same may be said of *Kingstree, South Carolina**, and of P. S. McChesney, the young man under whose enthusiastic leadership the little congregation has become a strong one. Nearly \$3,000 they gave, and with such an evident delight and with an interest so genuine that my day at Kingstree must ever remain in my heart a day of encouragement, of blessing and of inspiration.

* THE KINDNESS OF KINGSTREE.

A dismal, cold rain was falling all day Saturday, March 27th, but when we saw the big horseshoe over Mr. Hammett's porch on our arrival at eleven o'clock that night, we ventured to say:

"Perhaps it will clear up by tomorrow." It did. Sunday was clear, beautiful and mild.

The Kingstree Church is one of the oldest Presbyterian Churches in South Carolina. It is also one of the best.

For some fifteen thousand dollars they have built a structure which is a marvel of convenience and beauty, with a seating capacity of approximately five hundred.

Speaking as a man, their young pastor, P. S. McChesney, has done a wonderful work here, and he has back of him a loyal, liberal, devoted people.

All South Carolinians will be interested to learn that Kingstree people broke the State record for liberality to Oglethorpe, so far as proportionate giving is concerned.

A congregation of one hundred and ninety members (190) gave two thousand, seven hundred and ninety-five dollars (\$2,795.00).

May God bless you, Kingstree, and all the dear people whose loving generosity made March the twenty-eighth so great a day for your University.

The two following Sundays were spent in York County at *Clover** and *Yorkville***. This is the same county in which Old Ebenezer is located, and also Fort Mill. Of all these four churches, not one failed to give \$1,000 or more. Indeed their total amounted to nearly \$6,000.

At *Morristown, Tennessee****, to whom Dr. Lynn R. Walker had

• THE COURAGE OF CLOVER.

Here was the situation at Clover: Friday, snowstorm; Saturday, rain-storm; Sunday, a bright, beautiful Easter day.

A splendid little city of twelve hundred people. A live, hustling, consecrated pastor, A. A. McLean. A church membership of approximately two hundred and seventy-five; in a cotton country.

The Oglethorpe story was presented on the same Sabbath that the Every-Member Canvas was made (!). Also, the Clover people had been on the point of building a new Church, until the war came on, when their plans, to use McLean's telling phrase, "were shot to pieces on the firing line." They will soon be redrawn.

Yet, this splendid body of Presbyterians did their duty to their University, and added one of their number to the Board of Founders of Oglethorpe.

The truth of the matter is that the Clover Church is a great deal stronger and abler Church than they themselves realize. They are a noble people, and they made the eighty-second Church to give one thousand or more to build a Southern Presbyterian University.

Among the contributors were liberal givers from the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Was that not a fine spirit?

All praise to you, Mr. McLean, and to your noble people.

** IN THE CAPITAL OF YORK COUNTY.

The Editor of the Westminster may be forgiven for saying that he loved Yorkville before he had ever seen her, for his grandfather, Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs, founded the Presbyterian Church there, being its first pastor. On our recent trip to the beautiful capital of York County we saw for the first time the old home where his son, Dr. W. P. Jacobs, of Thornwell Orphanage, was born.

It was the fourth time the story had been told in York County, Clover, Fort Mill and Old Ebenezer being the other three points.

We found some lovely people in Yorkville, among them more than one reader of The Westminster who were waiting to hear the story.

Exactly one thousand dollars was their contribution, and our friend, Dr. Gillespie, will represent them on the Board of Founders.

*** MEMORIES OF MORRISTOWN.

Among the most pleasant memories of the campaign for the rebuilding of Oglethorpe University one of the brightest will ever be the day spent in Morristown, Tennessee.

It was Sunday, May 9th, one of those beautiful spring days when one

recently come as pastor, another story of happy success was written. And then came the remarkable day at *Paris, Ky.*, where, then and since, over three thousand was added by old Bourbon County generosity and where the pastor, Dr. B. M. Shive, became so interested in the ideal that he left all to follow it. That was a great day for Oglethorpe.

I think the First Presbyterian Church of *Greensboro, North Carolina**, of which Dr. Melton Clark is pastor, did one of the

*** A WONDERFUL DAY AT GREENSBORO.**

Everybody knows the First Presbyterian Church of Greensboro, N. C. From the day of its founding in 1824 to Sunday, May 23, 1915, it has been a church that led other churches. Great names have been associated with its life. Great names are still on its roll. Perhaps, of all the churches in North Carolina, none was more important in the Oglethorpe program.

When Dr. Melton Clark, their loved and devoted pastor, invited us to tell about Oglethorpe, we knew the tremendous importance of the result.

Nothing could have ended more happily. Though Dr. Clark was away at the General Assembly, a Southern Railway engineer with his name on it pulled our train into Greensboro. We were entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brooks, a home whose kindly hospitality was only matched by the great-hearted generosity of its owners. But Greensboro Presbyterians, not satisfied with bestowing every comfort and convenience upon their guest, insisted on making a marvelous record for

wonders why the whole world cannot be as beautiful as the valley of East Tennessee, a day full of sunlight and songs of birds.

Dr. Lynn R. Walker is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Morristown, a man of hopeful heart and earnest enthusiasm.

When his people heard the story of Oglethorpe it was not a question of whether they would take part in its resurrection, but of how much they could possibly give.

One of God's great-hearted women gave a Thousand Dollars and requested that her pastor should serve on the Board of Founders.

And one of His fine-spirited young men, a man related by blood to one of the most distinguished Presbyterian families of the South, also gave a Thousand Dollars, and will himself be on our Board of Founders. Other members of the Church subscribed more than Five Hundred Dollars, and an earnest friend is still at work to make it One Thousand.

Their contribution carried the total for the Synod of Tennessee past the Thirty-Three Thousand Dollar Mark, of which more than one-third has been actually paid in cash.

But then, not only is Tennessee the Dimple of the Universe, but the President of our Board of Directors is the pastor of her largest Church, and our First Vice-President is perhaps her most powerfully generous-hearted Presbyterian layman, and the first member of our faculty to be selected, Dr. G. F. Nicolassen, is the Moderator of her Synod.

greatest things in its history, when it not merely did its duty, but did it in so large a manner as to attract the attention of the whole South to its generosity. Four individual members of that church gave \$1,000. Other smaller subscriptions totaled more than another thousand, and then Mrs. James Woodrow, mother of Mrs. Melton Clark, widow of James Woodrow, the brilliant scientist and humble Christian, and aunt of the President of the United States, promised \$5,000 as her contribution toward her institution that she remembered with love; in which her husband had done some of the best work of his life, and on whose campus her nephew, the President of the Nation, had often been rocked to sleep by the professors' wives. It is an interesting historic fact that at this writing, there are still living three widows of perhaps the three most distinguished teachers that old Oglethorpe college ever had: Mrs. James Woodrow, Mrs. Sydney Lanier and Mrs. Joseph LeConte.* We are hoping for their presence at the opening of the university in the fall of 1916, but whether the good God of providence permits their coming or not, we shall always carry with us the blessed benediction of their lives and the lives of their husbands.

A unique presentation of the Oglethorpe story, made at this time, was in a great Northern church of a great Northern city, *The East Liberty Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*. It was through the broad-minded courtesy of their pastor that the invitation was given and accepted.

I can still see the young man who wrote his name for \$1,000

* Mrs. LeConte died in California shortly after these lines were written.

Oglethorpe. Mrs. R. F. Dalton gave a thousand dollars: Mr. A. M. Scales, Mr. R. G. Vaughan and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brooks did the same. Other generous friends with smaller amounts, make up over a thousand more, and then Mrs. James Woodrow, the gentle and beloved widow of Oglethorpe's great professor, added five thousand dollars as a gift in memory of a man who was known as widely for his brilliant scientific attainments as he was loved for his humble devotion to his Lord.

When it was all done we sent the following telegram to their pastor at Newport News:

"By reading this telegram please announce to the General Assembly that as a first answer to their prayer, voiced by the Moderator, the Presbyterians of Greensboro, N. C., on yesterday gave over ten thousand dollars to Oglethorpe University."

What a wonderful people He has and what a wonderful God have we.

to help his brothers in the South to build such an institution as he and his enjoyed for years in the North, and I think often of the fine old Federal veteran, whose subscription of \$250 has already been paid, and who lost his arm on the last day of the war, and of how he told me he was giving it because he loved the South and her people. Other generous hearts were there, too, for their subscription totaled \$1,505.

John E. McKelvey, the youngest member of our board of directors, will represent East Liberty.

I had long wished to tell the Oglethorpe story in the *First Presbyterian Church of Charlottesville, Va.**, the more especially, because their beloved and distinguished pastor, Dr. George L. Petrie, was a member of the famous class of 1859, in old Oglethorpe. So when his session invited me to come I knew just what it meant. It did. With beautiful generosity they placed Dr. Petrie on the Board of Founders of the University.

Shortly afterward came *Manning, S. C.***, fine and generous even in the terrible days of the European conflict, a church which under the leadership of their young pastor, L. B. McCord, did more than her part for Oglethorpe, there being a representative on the subscription list from practically every family in the congregation. Shortly thereafter came *Millersburg***, Ky.*, the pastorate of A. S. Venable, earnest, devoted,

* IN THE CHURCH OF A FIFTY-NINER.

One of the most interesting results in recent months was the gift of the First Presbyterian church at Charlottesville, Va., whose pastor, Dr. Geo. L. Petrie, was a member of the class of '59 at old Oglethorpe, a classmate of Sidney Lanier, Maj. J. O. Varnadoe, Dr. E. M. Green and Col. Jno. P. Fort. This church, although a liberal giver to Hampden-Sidney and Union Seminary, as well as to the University of Virginia, promptly added over a thousand dollars to the Oglethorpe fund and placed Dr. Petrie on the Board of Founders to represent them.

** The First Presbyterian church of Manning, S. C., is the last church in which the story has been told, the result of their generosity was something over \$1,300, and their pastor will represent them on the Board. How nobly they gave—all voluntarily, after the service, none waiting on the other. And that, too, when scarcely a family in the organization was without its case of illness or its sorrow from a recent death.

*** Millersburg is situated in that immeasurably beautiful Kentucky county, the envy perpetually of the less fortunate in more forbidding countries. Venable was a true friend and to him was the gratitude due

optimistic. It was largely by his aid that his church took her position as among those who had not broken the chain, but had aided in the founding of the great school of learning. He is a type of many hundreds of such Presbyterian pastors all over the South. Then came *Bradentown**, *Fla.*, and the lovely hospitality of that big Scotchman, J. E. Henderson, coupled with the fine generosity of his great-hearted people.

Few trips have been more interesting or more productive of good than those to *Texarkana, Arkansas***, and *Texarkana*,

* IN BEAUTIFUL BRADENTOWN.

What a kindly and beautiful surprise was Bradentown, Florida. A modern little city of handsome homes and pretty bungalows, and lovely, generous people. I am telling you good-bye for only a short while, I hope, as my train crosses the beautiful Manatee river on its way home to Oglethorpe. Palmetto is on my right and Manatee on my left and Bradentown follows the sinuous course of the water front directly before.

Yesterday morning they heard the Oglethorpe story at Bradentown and a score of generous givers added \$1,500 to the Oglethorpe list with promise of more. And it was as beautifully as it was generously done. Voluntarily, as men and women should give to their God, these noble people did their duty.

Rev. J. E. Henderson is their great-hearted pastor. Eight years ago he found a little congregation of eighty or ninety members worshipping in a wooden building. Today his membership is two hundred and sixty, and their church building of pressed brick is one of the most complete and beautiful in Florida.

And here is a singular fact. Of the two hundred and sixty members of the church, how many adults do you suppose were born in Florida? Just one. And in the entire South? Perhaps twenty-five per cent.

It was the ninety-second time the Oglethorpe story had been told from Galveston to Pittsburg and from Marshall, Missouri, to Tampa, (hereafter it will have to be Bradentown), and not one single church has yet failed to put its member on the Board of Founders with gifts varying from \$1,000 to \$11,500 each.

Manu Dei Resurrexit.

** THE SIXTH RAINY SUNDAY.

After one of the most beautiful autumns known to man, on the second Sabbath of November came one of the worst days of the year. A cold, steady rain beginning Saturday, continued Sunday, dropping dismay into the heart of the Oglethorpe man.

Rev. C. H. H. Branch, a lovable hustler, is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Texarkana, Arkansas. In a pastorate of less than a year he has seen over sixty new members added to his church,

and felt, a type of those fine pastors whose words of counsel and encouragement have been the necessary setting for each success here recorded.

*Texas**, which are one and yet divisible; which are two and yet equally generous. Then followed the memorable Sabbath in the *Second Church of Memphis***, and I can still see Judge

*** A TWICE-TOLD TALE IN TEXARKANA.**

Texarkana, Texas, differs from Texarkana, Arkansas, only in an imaginary line which is easily straddled. Indeed, at least one church in the bi-city has done just that thing, having its Sunday School room in Arkansas and its auditorium in Texas, but the Presbyterians of the city have a church in each state.

On Sunday, November the 21st, the Oglethorpe Story was told in Dr. Carroll's church, Texarkana, Texas. It was the ninety-fourth Oglethorpe Sunday to witness a triumph of Presbyterian generosity under the eye of one of the three Oglethorpe representatives. To the gift of Dr. Branch's Church it brings the Texarkana total to \$2,420.11.

For all the lovely generosity and kindly hospitality of the Texarkana Presbyterians—thanks—and a University.

**** THE SECOND CHURCH IN MEMPHIS.**

One of the really great churches of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly is the Second Church of Memphis.

Dr. A. B. Curry is their able and beloved pastor. Mrs. Curry, his dear wife, is a sister of the Quarterman brothers, known all over the South.

Dr. Curry was away in Birmingham for the day and the skies were cloudy, reducing the attendance somewhat, and it was the ninety-fifth time the writer had told the Oglethorpe story from as many Presbyterian pulpits.

So far as we recall it was the only time except one when we have returned home without a paper in our pocket showing a subscription of one thousand dollars or more to Oglethorpe University.

Yet the great-hearted Memphis Presbyterians gave three thousand dollars voluntarily after the service.

You see the paper is in the hands of friends who insist that there must be some more added to it. That was the way it was also done the other time by Varnadoe of Valdosta.

At Memphis there was a little boy who gave a dollar a year for ten years and a distinguished judge who gave two hundred dollars for five years. What great gifts they both were! Three different societies or

This was the first rainy Sunday of his pastorate and the sixth out of ninety-two of the Oglethorpe Campaign. Only forty-two out of a membership of two hundred, braved the storm, yet they were a fearless and generous hearted forty-two. With a right hearty good will they wrote down \$1,270.00 as an evidence of their longing to see their Church again in the forefront of the work for Christian Education.

In the responsive reading before the address, had they are not read together:

"Blessed be Jehovah for He has shown me His marvelous kindness in a great city."

Heiskell as he started the list off with \$200 a year for five years, and such men and women as——, but their names are all written in the Founder's Book at Oglethorpe. *Marshall, Texas**, did her duty in the same splendid enthusiastic way. *Newbern, N. C.***, swept at that time by an epidemic of grippe, one of the oldest Presbyterian churches on the coast and one of the best, put her pastor on the Board shortly afterward, and then *Tattnall Square, Macon, Ga.,**** the 98th presentation, added the 98th marvelous result.

* The First Presbyterian Church of Marshall, Texas, and their pastor, Rev. A. O. Price, have one thing in common, they are both of them live, wide-awake, optimistic and hard-working. Their new Sunday school building is a perfect marvel of completeness and efficiency and no one would believe that it was constructed for the price at which they obtained it. Their young pastor has proven an unusual leader in the hard labor of building an efficient church organization. His church gave Oglethorpe a splendid boost with a subscription of almost \$1,700, practically every family in the church doing its part toward founding their university. Immediately thereafter they closed their fiscal year with every debt paid, and as Mr. Lyt Womack stated, "with checks in every pocket left over." It is a splendid sight to know and love a church and pastor such as they have at Marshall.

** A lovely old church is that at Newbern and a rich experience was ours. It seemed impossible for the church to do anything. The terrible scourge of the grippe which covered the country had decimated the congregation. Yet they were a brave-hearted folk who came to their fine old church that morning and forgot even the pressing needs of their own work to take part in founding a university for their Church. And after they heard the story they took up their part of the burden.

*** THE NINETY-EIGHTH TIME.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs has just returned from a trip to Macon, Ga., where he told the Oglethorpe story to the Tatnall Square Presbyterian Church on last Sabbath.

This is the 98th time that he has personally presented the cause of Oglethorpe University in various pulpits from Texas to Virginia and from Missouri to Florida, and on last Sabbath the Tatnall Square Presbyterian Church was the 98th to give \$1,000 or more to Oglethorpe. Their subscription amounted to \$1,560.

The Tatnall Square Church, under the inspiring ministry of Rev.

classes of the church and nearly a score of generous individuals each gave as God touched their hearts. May He reward them all.

It will be a wonderful day when the Southern Presbyterian Church at last has her university, but the most wonderful thing about it will be its location—for it is founded in the hearts of her children.

And the ninety-ninth time came quickly. It was in the *Alabama Street church in Memphis*, where a generous-hearted people for the ninety-ninth time did the same wonderful thing.

And what of *the one hundredth*?

We close the record of the first one hundred presentations of the Oglethorpe cause with one of the most wonderful of them all.

It happened at *Quincy, Florida*.

Nearly a half century ago a young minister, an alumnus of Oglethorpe University, was called to the pastorate of the Quincy church. Through all the long years that followed he was their friend and adviser, their companion and brother, and above all, their pastor.

The whole town loved him and when he died the whole Synod mourned him.

His name was N. P. Quarterman.

In the meantime his old college had perished and after a half century of sleep was rising again from the dead.

On May seventh her President told his people her story.

What a strange coincidence it was that the first time this story had been told had been in Milledgeville, where the old school died, and now the one hundredth time in this church where all these years she had lived.

Is it any wonder that the people of this beautiful little city did a noble thing?

For the one-hundredth consecutive time a Presbyterian church gave one thousand dollars or more to found Oglethorpe. But that was not all.

Voluntarily, after the service, they came forward, and forty-one signatures totalling \$4,000.00 pledged this royal gift as a memorial to this dear old beloved pastor who for so many years had exhibited to them the type of Oglethorpe's alumni.

And thus did the one hundredth presentation crown an amazing record with glory!

"And so will I go unto the King, which is not according to

Percival Morgan, son of the beloved Dr. Campbell Morgan, is growing in strength and power. Its congregation increases steadily and its work prospers.

With two more presentations the first one hundred trips will be completed and a record of generosity established for Oglethorpe that has never been duplicated in the history of America. The smallest of the subscriptions amounts to \$1,000 and the largest to over \$11,000.

the law—and if I perish, I perish.” That was the text of each of the one hundred addresses.

For the one hundredth time has He held out the golden sceptre that Oglethorpe might live.

One hundred times and not a break in the chain! One hundred congregations from little Sparta with fifteen present, when we sang the Doxology, to Dr. Vance’s great church in Nashville, whose membership numbers over 1,600! One hundred times from Galveston rising from her floods to Pittsburg answering with her love, from Tampa with her rain to Marshall with her Missouri storms and each time that strange power which guides the destiny of men has touched the hearts of those who were hearers and whispered the words that have meant life to Oglethorpe.*

* May I tell you a story that to me is very marvelous? In the State of North Carolina is a little city called Laurinburg, wherein is a Presbyterian Church of some three hundred and fifty members, and by the gracious courtesy of their Session I was recently permitted to tell the Oglethorpe story to their people. No canvas was to be made nor any personal appeal to individuals for subscriptions; just the story of our hope and prayer and plan to build a Southern Presbyterian University. It was the *one hundredth and first* time that I had enjoyed such a privilege and each church had given me one thousand dollars or more to the enterprise, when asked. Amid the utter turmoil of a gigantic world-struggle, with all the usual and many unusual difficulties surrounding the presentation, with all the usual means of success barred, with only the Father to depend on I faced the congregation. One prayer had been in my heart, that God would start the second hundred presentations with the same lovely benediction with which He began the first, giving us two thousand dollars for what we believe to be His University. No means was available but prayer. No Pastor was there to help, no canvas with its powerful personal appeal was to be made. If the Father would not answer, the record would be broken and the first failure recorded. If the people did not voluntarily come forward by His urging all human means was stopped from persuading them.

Now, see how good He was to us and how very swift in coming to our help.

Scarcely was the presentation over before a generous-hearted woman came forward offering fifty dollars as her gift. Another followed and another, and then a man gave two hundred and fifty. A generous lady pledged a hundred dollars for her society which was later raised by them to two hundred and fifty dollars. After the night service a woman added twenty-five and a man one hundred dollars. And there it stopped until Monday. Then one by one they came to me, those generous, great-hearted people—first, a gentleman who wanted to give us a hundred dollars. Then I was invited to the other Church Society and they added two hundred and fifty dollars. A fine-spirited man hunted me up at the hotel to hand me a check for one hundred dollars, and one man and woman with a marvelous liberality added a whole thousand to the list. Then, to make it a good measure, pressed down and running over, another woman, having heard that the gifts had reached two thousand

If this story seems to you who read it to be a boast, even in the slightest, where it should be a prayer, this should be said: The work has just begun and the same faith that has been necessary to accomplish that which has hitherto been done must be doubled for the finishing of the deed. I know the name of Him who has done this thing, for I have seen and heard Him at every stage of His progress and I believe that He is not only able, but is willing to finish the task. Nearly five thousand names are on our books and we know them all at heart. Often we think of the other names that must come before the university is established. There will be many, many new ones or else we shall not reach our goal. Perhaps yours is to be one or else having been, will appear again on our books.

Come and help us do this great thing for our church, our country and our God.

So we look forward to the future, knowing that "He who putteth on his armour, should not boast as he who taketh it off," yet we do boast in Him.

If Oglethorpe University had received already some millions of dollars in cash donations, there would have been no need to write this story. To those who know, it would have sounded like the empty boasts of a man who is no longer in danger. The essence of our glory lies in just this; that we have not yet won.

It is true, of course, that the whole world now knows that there will be an Oglethorpe University and that the future will mark its size rather than determine its existence, but we have just begun the work. We intend to tell the Oglethorpe story in every Presbyterian pulpit in the Southern States just as soon as our pastors and sessions will allow it to be told and with the money, which we know the people will give, we intend to build a great university rather than a big one, knowing that the bigness may come at any time and will certainly come as the days pass, but that greatness must begin where the soul begins. To that end we are determined that the key word of Oglethorpe shall be quality and that quality shall be expressed in her every sphere and form. That is the reason why, when we selected the location for Oglethorpe, we chose the suburbs

two hundred and twenty-five dollars telephoned twenty-five more to make it two thousand two hundred and fifty even.

All this God did for us because we needed Him so, and another prayer was answered.

of Atlanta where the quiet of a college town would protect as the neighborhood of a great city would stimulate the minds of our students. That is the reason why we chose the best street in Atlanta and secured a campus of 135 acres of land, including an eighty-two-acre lake, which we believe to be the most beautiful university campus in the South. That is the reason why we decided to build the institution in a permanent as well as an efficient way, according to a design prepared by the most eminent architects and landscape artists we could secure. That is also the reason why we are constructing each building in the most modern, up-to-date fashion; fireproof throughout, built entirely of granite with limestone trimmings; of brick and hollow tile partitions; of steel where steel is needed and covered with variegated matched green slate. That is also the reason why we are providing every comfort for our students, arranging their dormitories in suites of bedroom, bath and study and charging such a price for table board that the services may be of the kind that a growing, working student should have, and avoiding the skimmed milk diet which leads to skimmed milk thinking and living.

And we are determined to do for the South and for the Southern Presbyterian Church a thing that has never yet been done; we are going to furnish a post-graduate school where our Southern men and women may take their Masters' and Doctors' degrees in the same intellectual atmosphere which they will find in the best schools in the North and in the same moral and religious atmosphere which they will find in the best schools of the South. We know that even our county high schools are more and more demanding as their principals and teachers, men and women who have and deserve university degrees, and we propose to build a school where those degrees may be obtained and merited.

Afterward, the professional schools will come also.

In this fine undertaking, we ask your help, gentle reader.

I wonder if a paragraph could not be inserted here that would help some man or woman who at some future time may be trying to do a very difficult task for their Master, under most adverse circumstances. If so, its value would certainly consist largely in a memory of the Rod of Hermes, which was able upon touching any object to transmute it into gold. That is what always happens when an obstacle or a difficulty is wisely han-

dled. The value of any achievement in this world is always enhanced in proportion to the difficulty of its accomplishment. If great tasks were easy, there would be as many people to undertake them as there would be beggars riding horses if every wish were a horse. In our own work we have found that there has been slowly created a species of magnificent confidence in the undertaking which is just in proportion to the ridicule which it first met. It was first called a "Folly," a "Fatuous Dream," "A futile undertaking." Similar words of warning were passed everywhere advising all wise people to have nothing to do with it. Many believed these words and followed their warnings, and at the beginning a great deal of harm was done. Those who were back of it even, didn't escape from personal flings approaching false accusations. So the cause was impeded and the task made more difficult. But, as we have slowly and steadily surmounted the obstacles those who were deceived now believe in us with a double belief. Dr. Mark Baldwin, at Princeton, used to tell his psychology class that all true faith was resolved doubt. Certain it is that he who has once doubted and after investigation has cast his doubts to the winds is a very truest sort of friend in the end. We have many such. May God bless them all.

Having read this story, will you not give us aid, in whatever form and way the gracious providence of God may permit you to give it. We need buildings and we need endowment, we need encouragement by prayer and written word; we need you. Come join the ever-growing band of men and women who are trying to do this thing. Write your name on the honor roll and help us to do this which we believe to be the greatest deed of our generation for our church, our country and our God.

Just here I make a memorandum of a rich experience which has befallen me in connection with obstacles. When a man is endeavoring to supply a great need in the name and for the glory of his God alone; when he is ready and willing to take any personal risk necessary to its accomplishment; when he knows that his cause is righteous and good and his motives true and loyal and noble; then every obstacle is an opportunity, and every difficulty a rich blessing. To such a man there is open a great door and effectual and there will be many adversaries. Every worthy achievement that history has ever re-

corded is a story of danger and difficulty and trouble, and the final day of triumph. After all, is not the chief joy of life the discovery of God and its chief glory the knowledge of His ways? And when may he manifest himself so well as when all other friends have gone and all other dependence failed? So I say with the solemnity of a man who writes of the Infinite, that greater than our vision of Oglethorpe is the vision of the hand of the Power, who alone has raised her from the dead; made so plain to our eyes by a thousand strange and beautiful providences. When all others failed to enter, see or do; when even the "leaders" of His people, standing in the door of opportunity would not go in, He made bare his mighty arm and is touching thousands of hearts of his own by word and pen and prayer to do his marvelous will. Oglethorpe will be a great university in every true sense of the word, but its finest greatness will lie in the fingerprint of God which was and is upon it.

The glory of Gideon's band lies in just this: It revealed the Vast Sword of the Victor. Though Oglethorpe may serve a thousand thousand generations she will do no greater thing than tell the story of her founding.

I had rather have seen God build this school than have it after He has built it.

* * * * *

Here ends the brochure, *The Oglethorpe Story*. It was published in July, 1916. Today, (1945) thirty years later I contemplate its record with delight and amazement. It seems so overwhelmingly wonderful that I find difficulty in realizing that I was the subject of its story.

In reading it again, after so many years I have only one regret: that the churches which were so generous and enthused do not have a more intimate contact and a more authoritative relationship with Oglethorpe, today.

CHAPTER 12.

THE OPENING.

HERE AT DAYTONA BEACH, Florida, where I am writing these pages, I leave the sick room of my brother Dillard and sit, alone, on a little bluff overlooking the ocean. White butterflies, like great snowflakes, drift by me on their annual migration northward. Swallows pass more swiftly. Pelicans, from ten to fifty per squad, in perfect V-formation or single file soar silently on their ceaseless patrol of the shore. In the distance, far out on the ocean, a little boat trusts the great sea for passage, a little boat like the one in which I shall some day attempt the Bitter River. In this heaven, one would not be surprised if, at any moment, he should see a ship arrive from far-away earth, full of little children and tired mothers and fathers, from that distant land below the verge where millions of men are murdering millions of other men because they are made to do so by incompetent, vainglorious and greedy rulers. Yet, out of his bosom the sea pours forth of his abundance and spreads his riches upon the level table of the beach. On its sands, scores of sandpipers and plovers and terns move in and out with the waves on the borders of the tides. These are the fowl of the air which "sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns and yet their Heavenly Father feedeth them." Every gorgeous color known to heaven is splashed upon the blue canvass of the west and reflected in the emerald globe of the east. Somewhere between them lie all the happenings of your life. You see them very clearly. They connect up into a chain of events. They divide into periods and chapters. Their shadows are long as becometh the sunset.

For it is only in the later years of life that one is able to discern its divisions into distinctive epochs, characterized by differing atmospheres and activities. "We spend our years as a tale that is told," he then sees to be much more than a mere euphemism. Especially does the plot appear and one discerns the style, purpose, philosophy, characters and even the pathos and humor of the Author and feels keenly the suspense and the conflicts necessary to the telling of a good story—and the black chapters.

By 1916-17 the first three periods of my life had been con-

cluded. Singularly, each was of thirteen years duration. The first comprised my childhood, days of care-free joy spent in perfect faith in the goodness of all things and in complete absence of fear as to the future. I had two fathers. They would take care of me. Joy, health, freedom, protection of older and wiser persons, confidence, exuberant vigor and abounding happiness, possessed without responsibilities, anxieties or cares—thirteen years of that!

Then had come thirteen years of preparation and education in college, seminary, church and orphanage, spent in getting used to the harness, learning to bear responsibility continually and as a matter of course. I remember returning to my old home just after we had run the Junior Aid Excursion from Newton to Asheville, quite exhausted and certain that never again could I assume such responsibilities or possess the strength to carry through so great an enterprise as the Morganton pastorate. One must learn to bear the loads of life as the locomotive engineer's ear hears the noises of the engine, so completely used to them that only the unusual sound makes any impression, but noticing the faintest new creak or rattle immediately. "Enduring hardship as a good soldier," is largely a trick of time.

The third period had now just been finished, thirteen years—26-39—of exploration and adventure. It is a life-law that, as with Rudyard Kipling's good ship, the *Dimbula*, the jarring discords and noises of each new boat and engine and man must melt into the harmonious note, the song of the soul of the ship. Each man, like the *Dimbula*, must have his sweetening; he must come to himself. Woodrow Wilson used to say that when a man loses himself he loses everything *except himself*. So, when he finds himself, he finds everything except himself. He becomes aware of duty to others, to his ideals, to his God, and forgets himself. Truly he that loses his soul shall find it and he that finds *his* soul, only, shall lose it. The raising of a quarter of a million dollars in 101 churches had been a great spiritual adventure, the like of which few people in all religious history had ever enjoyed, an adventure in faith and hope and love equal to the stories of Jules Verne which had filled my boyhood days with thrills and wonder.

And now I was about to enter the fourth period of thirteen years the era of successful work and victorious accomplishment. For a little space between the armistice and the depression—1916-1929, I was to have an opportunity to build, enlarge, consolidate

and found a genuinely excellent school not simply another small college. As I entered on this period of my life I was confessedly dominated by certain ideals and motives. I summarized them once in a single sentence: "A college is a housing arrangement wherein the best of the present teaches the best of the past to the best of the future." There is a "stream of civilization", a line of progress of humanity, a process of development, a principle of evolution, a Will of God, to discover which, to interpret which and to strive with and for which is the chief end of man, the heart, soul and essence of religion. I was like the great black iron thing that arrived on a wagon one day at the Orphanage. We boys followed it eagerly and saw a dozen husky negroes lift it and prize it into place in a little room specially prepared for it. It was so stolid and cold and helpless that I wondered what use it could be in our Technical School. But the next day I returned and peeped in through the window. A belt had been attached to the dead, black thing and its big wheel was revolving rapidly. All the machinery of the saws, planers, printing presses—was whirring. Plainly, that belt on the pulley was turning all that machinery! Then I looked closer, determined to solve the mystery. Finally, I succeeded. That cold, dead, gasoline engine had come to life. It had a *flame of fire in its heart!* That is just what happened to me and, so far, no one had stifled that flame nor thrown a monkey wrench into the machinery.

As I re-read "*The Oglethorpe Story*", after the lapse of nearly thirty years, the first thing that impresses me is that I did the deeds described in it and wrote the history of them under the impulsion of a divine urge and in a totally unpoisoned atmosphere. My ecclesiastical contacts had been with the individual preacher in his pastorate. There, I found him to be altogether admirable, devoted, self-sacrificing, kind, sincere, earnest. I was now to come in contact with quite a different breed of cats, the ecclesiastical politician, as thoroughly oiled, hypocritical and selfish as any political party has bred. The young man who took *The Oglethorpe Story* to one hundred and one churches by the grace and aid of their pastors saw only a great need of a great church for a greater revelation of a greater God. He was now to see the scribes and pharisees in action.

Equally naive was his faith in educators. He had pictured college presidents and professors as being interested in the cause of enlightenment, primarily, in strengthening the character and

broadening the outlook of the student, in discovering the truth which is God and revealing Him more clearly than ever before—and, such many of them are when taken individually in their class-rooms. He had not yet met the educational politician, who makes his living by corrupting the spirit of his profession; who, under the guise of “maintaining standards”, contrives, enacts and executes rules which, by reason of their hypocrisy, are a disgrace to labor-unionism, rules which, in the name of “raising educational standards”, actually only lighten the work of the professor, multiply his loafing hours, decrease his teaching load, limit the number of students in his class whose papers must be read and marked, lengthen his vacation, increase his salary, mulct the public by requiring heavy endowments of professorships, require permanent tenure of office and even defy state governments by dropping their schools from “the accredited list” when the tenure of office or salary of one of their members is affected; all of this without the faintest regard for its real educational value in the life of the student or of the institution affected. And he did not know that at the very time when he was refounding Oglethorpe the ecclesiastical and educational politicians were welding their fetters on their respective professions and preparing their Siegfried lines against such adventurers in faith as himself. Soon he was to learn that his progress throughout the churches and their outpouring of hundreds of thousands of dollars had been marked by envious eyes and that resolutions had been drawn up and would shortly be introduced in ecclesiastical courts opposing the opening of any more pulpits to his presentation of his cause until the *local* institutions had been fully housed, equipped and endowed, which would be never. The educational politician also was preparing his fire and pot for another broiler. Both in the church and in the educational world, he was to be ordered, within the year, to get his Union card or get out. (See appendix).

The story of the Great Opening remains to be told. When I saw the hosts of Presbyterians gathering in Atlanta from all parts of America to assemble in and fill Atlanta’s great auditorium, the first time in history that such a thing had been done, I thought that, never again would I know such a day. But when, on September 20, 1916, the first session of Oglethorpe University began with a Freshman class of forty eight students, all past joys and services faded into insignificance. The story of

that day is entirely worth while recounting. The following news story from the *Journal* by Ward Greene is so well written that I give it to you entire: I can still see its four-column headline "ENROLLED TO CAPACITY, OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, FUTURE OXFORD OF THE SOUTH, BEGINS FIRST YEAR."

* * * * *

Single Building Near Silver Lake Is Model of Classic Perfection From Parapets to Basement.

One of America's greatest universities opened Wednesday morning in a single building on the outskirts of Atlanta, near Silver Lake, six miles from the city.

This is the university's first year, but already it possesses a spirit, ideals and legends. The University has but one building, but it is a marvel of style and construction and in it are incorporated the qualities of another Oxford. It, the building, is the personification of all the university stands for.

To realize this fact to the full, you yourself will have to visit Oglethorpe University—the housewarming Saturday night will be a good time—and walk through it from top to bottom. Enter the boys' rooms, which are more like hotel suites than ramshackle college dormitories. Step along the noiseless corridors floored in heavy tile. Touch the solid oak, the walls of lasting stone. Go into the basement to the perfectly appointed kitchen, where a gleaming refrigerator in white tile and German silver stands. And stop for a while in the lofty lobby and look up at the coat-of-arms of Oglethorpe bedded into the wall like the heraldic emblem of some English house of ancient lineage.

Then only will you understand that in Oglethorpe, the South has not the nucleus, but the already realized dream of southern educators for years—the ideal scholastic institution.

There are seventy five students enrolled in the Freshman class at Oglethorpe. That is the present capacity of the institution.

One of them arrived in Atlanta for the first time Tuesday. He was met at the train by a committee from the Atlanta Club of Oglethorpe. Seventeen Atlanta boys enrolled in the Freshman class have organized themselves into a voluntary committee of welcome.

"We will meet you at the train", they wrote all prospective students. "We'll take you to the University. Wear the college colors—Old Gold and Black—that's all that's necessary."

That was the spirit of Oglethorpe already acting. At other colleges they meet freshman with "pie checks" and "keys to the campus".

The new boy motored to Oglethorpe out Peachtree road, past the end of the Brookhaven carline, past sunny lawns and pillared mansions and stretches of brown fields and woods burnt with the first flame of autumn.

At the top of the grade near Cross Keys his companions pointed northwest. "There's Oglethorpe", they said.

In the distance a bulwark of gray stone, a roof of gray-green tiles girdled with a parapet of gray, reared itself from a raw, red earth around it against a woody background of green and gold. The sunlight glanced from many windows and a line of Tennyson flashed across the new boy's brain, "The splendor falls on castle walls and snowy summits old in story."

They stopped him for a moment before the vaulted entrance.

"This step", somebody told him, "is nine-inch granite, set in concrete. You'll find that's true of everything in Oglethorpe—permanent, lasting. It was built to stand forever."

The new boy looked up. High above a bronze sun dial cast a shadowed line across the hour. A little lower, his eye fell on the coat-of-arms of Oglethorpe—three boars' heads, on a field argent, slashed with a black chevron. And still lower an inscription was carved, just above the entrance, into the solid rock:

"A search is the thing He hath taught you,

For Height and for Depth and for Wideness."

That, too, is the spirit of Oglethorpe, they told him—here he would be taught to search for a world's wideness.

"This is the loafing room, the college lobby", they said, just inside, as he entered a lofty reception hall, the registrar's desk to the right and in front of him a spreading fireplace.

They are proud of that fireplace at Oglethorpe. They see a future in which it will always burn warm in the memories of generations of Oglethorpe students.

It is built of limestone, flanked by settles of solid oak, the mantel of oak hand carved, the coat-of-arms above the mantel of oak, the walls inlaid with oak, all of that same solidity, all carved by hand. There is a Dickensonian touch to it that conjures up pictures of winter nights and smoking back-logs and flames roaring up the yawning chimney. Somehow, too, it brings back fragments of "Tom Brown at Oxford".

The entire floor at Oglethorpe is taken up with class rooms and office rooms and corridors and laboratories. Even in these—though they are trim and business-like—there has been carried out that Gothic style of architecture which stamps itself on everything in the building, even to the electric lights. The files of student's chairs, the black-boards, the professor's rostrums, all are expensively new, yet there is an indescribable touch of dignified age about them. Mission furniture has given you the same feeling, no doubt. This is because money has not been spared at Oglethorpe. Only the best was bought, and the best is always free from the flimsy and the gaudy.

"We could have built six college buildings of a kind, instead of this one with the same money," Dr. Thornwell Jacobs said. "People have asked us, for instance, why did we not buy a cheaper refrigerator, instead of putting all that money in one

that is as good as can be found in any hotel in the country. But we wanted to do this thing well if we did it at all. Why spare a little money when it meant a little less thought toward a man's stomach? We are teaching our students to do the best thing; shall we not show them we are doing the best for them?"

This was the ideal of construction which has been carried out at Oglethorpe even to the plastering. It is like no other plastering in Atlanta, but is old English, made with great outlay of time and money in Atlanta. And ceilings and walls gleam like the polished floor of a skating rink.

Oglethorpe is fire-proof. When you traverse its corridors you step on solid tiles set in concrete; when you go through swinging doors, they are of steel; when you ascend the stairs—unless you want to take the electric trunk elevator—your feet rest on steel and concrete.

There are three floors and two basements. The top floor is dormitories. The cost of the smallest room among them is \$25.00 a year, the price for a month in an ordinary hotel. Yet few hotels in the country have better facilities.

Here is one room that is typical, planned for two students: It is a big room with wide, deep-set windows. It is steam-heated of course and a wash-stand in the corner provides running water, hot and cold. Electric lights are set in the ceiling. Like all the lights in the building they do not shine in the eyes but are indirect. There is not a double bed in the building. Two students in a room are given their choice, either two single beds or one "double-decker". The latter are specially constructed, one a single bed on top of another, like upper and lower berth. The beds are massive and the mattresses are five inches thick. Two bureaus—solid oak again—are in the room for two students; there are solid oak chairs; and in the center a big double desk of solid oak.

Just outside in the corridor, a door leads to a bathroom that would do credit to any country club in the land. The showers are modern, the floors tiled, the place is spick and span as the shower at the Y. M. C. A.

"Our idea is to give a man respect for his body," said Dr. Jacobs. "I have seen boys straighten their shoulders when they came in here. No rich man's son ever had a better shower room than this. It will not lower him. No poor boy could have a greater spur to physical ambition. And the room is for the rich and poor alike.

On the second floor—besides a library already well equipped with valuable and necessary volumes—are private suites which students may have if they wish to pay the price.

The suites comprise a study on one side, a bedroom on the other, with private bath between. The walls are 12 inches thick, shutting out all sound, the transom is made of heavy ground glass, invisible. Suites are well equipped with showers or tubs,

the low, deep kind, set against the wall and in the floor such as you find in up-to-date hotels.

"That is not a luxury," said Dr. Jacobs, "it has simply demonstrated that tubs like this are better than any other kind of tubs."

Not six colleges in America, he said, have private suites such as these at Oglethorpe. There are a few in eastern universities, but if you are looking for them, you had better go to the Knickerbocker and not to college.

The first basement is planned for four dining rooms. The kitchen would rejoice a house-wife's heart. The refrigerating system is the last word in sanitation, cooled with a continual flow of iced water, electric lighted, with white tiles. Even the room for the servants on this floor is perfectly fitted.

The second basement has a furnace and a steam heating and an incinerator in which to burn garbage.

There is no back entrance to Oglethorpe University. So said Dr. Jacobs when he stood where the back entrance should have been. There was the same vaulted roof as at the front, opening on a sort of bridge of red dirt that led to the woods of Silver Lake.

"See the dirt bridge?" said Dr. Jacobs. "It has been built to lead to the site where our next building will go. We don't know where our next building is coming from, but we have faith and trust. That's the reason there isn't any back door, and no back yard. Everything here leads forward, not backward."

Sharing the front page with this account of the opening of Oglethorpe, were:

**TEUTONS STRUGGLING TO BLOCK RUSSIANS
MARCH ON LEMBERG
CHIHUAHUA CAPTURED BY VILLA BANDITS
WILSON MUST NOT BE INDORSED
AT MACON TOM WATSON ORDERS and
SKIRTS FOR COMING WINTER TO BE OF ANKLE LENGTH**

Getting into the building in time for the opening was a very close shave. That Saturday evening, a half hour before our guests began assembling for the reception, I was down in the butler's pantry sweeping the floor clean of carpenters' trash. The Georgia Railway and Power Company connected up our lighting system only a few hours before the boys moved their trunks into their rooms. As it was, the third floor of the building remained to be finished. The rest of the structure was, as the *Journal* said, "Enrolled to Capacity".

We began with four professors and a Freshman class of forty-eight, about half of whom were boarders and half day-students, no co-eds for the first few months. The Senior professor was

Dr. G. F. Nicolassen who taught Bible, first year French, Latin and Greek. Dr. H. J. Gaertner taught mathematics, history and German. Dr. B. Palmer Caldwell, who came to us from Tulane, taught chemistry, physics and biology and acted as registrar. W. E. Dendy taught English, kept the books and acted as post-master. Prof. E. C. Gruen was added almost immediately as the head of our School of Commerce. Miss Ricks was our matron and Cephas our janitor. To get to the college from Atlanta one took the trolley to the county line (between Fulton and DeKalb) two miles away, and thence came in by an improvised bus over a jagged road and was landed in front of the school whence he would walk over five or six hundred feet of freshly graded road of mud or dust to the entrance of the new building. Our budget called for \$15-20,000 expenditures of which a little over half was collected from the students. The balance came from gifts.

All subscribers to the campaign fund were invited to the House-warming and as something like twenty-five hundred of them lived in Atlanta every room in the structure was properly warmed. The central figure in the reception line was James R. Gray, chairman of our Executive Committee, without whom the Atlanta campaign would have amounted to little. There came also, almost purely by chance, Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Hermance, who had read the general invitation to the public to attend and who had just happened in. It was a happy happening for us as Hermance Stadium proves.

The time had now come for the new institution to adopt its formal policies and to prove its right to exist by exhibiting their excellence. Of these there would be three principal ones: our policy toward Presbyterianism and organized religion in general; our policy toward education and organized education, in particular; and our policy toward our faculty and students in respect of academic freedom and intra-mural conduct and control. The first of these was already pressing hard for solution.

The chief court of the Southern Presbyterian Church is the General Assembly which meets only once each year and never consists of the same membership twice in succession. The only permanence about its organization is comprised in the secretaries of its boards and in the clerks and other officials who usually serve during their good behavior. These, with the heads of the church institutions, particularly of the theological seminaries and colleges constitute the groups who interpret the acts of the

Assembly and issue "directives" to the synods and presbyteries and churches based thereon. Those secretariats are interlocking. The constant tendency is to concentrate power in their hands. The Secretary of Ministerial relief, for example, raises and administers a large endowment fund to take care of aged ministers. He is also secretary of Christian education and is intimately associated thereby with the presidents and faculties of the educational institutions of the church who, in turn, are members of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Taken together, this group tends to form a powerful church cabal whose spirit of selfish ambition and self-advancement in the name of Jesus Christ and his church is exactly opposite to that of the minister and his local congregation. They afflict the Southern Presbyterian Church, not only, but also all other large organizations. It was from this group that resolutions began to be introduced in various church bodies opposing any further presentation of the Oglethorpe cause in Presbyterian churches. Pamphlets, apparently bearing the church's imprimatur, were distributed widely. It was even implied that we were obtaining money under false pretenses as we were not really a Presbyterian institution. We decided therefore to offer Oglethorpe, lock, stock and barrel to the General Assembly. We were never able to find out who put up the money to pay for the pamphlets and for their distribution.*

The Assembly met in Birmingham, Alabama, on May 29, 1917, contemporaneously with the great Atlanta fire, the worst in her history. Dr. J. I. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, President of our Board of Directors and universally acknowledged to be the greatest preacher in the Assembly, presented our cause. With him was Dunbar H. Ogden, the brilliant young pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, myself and others. We were opposed by the hierarchy, unanimously, especially by the local Synodical Colleges and the money-raising boards. Even at that the Assembly almost accepted the University as their own, the majority vote being, as I recall, only a dozen or so against us. Those extra votes were presumably lost because of an alarm sounded by a friend of my Morganton days, Dr. C. M. Richards, father of the distinguished present president of Columbia Theological Seminary, who claimed that universities were notoriously centers of heresy and infidelity and that it would be dangerous for the Southern Presbyterian

* Footnote: See Appendix: "A Necessary Answer," etc.

Church to have one. The result did not displease some of our own leaders, especially Mr. Gray who, from the beginning, had been leery of church control. But its terms were so clear-cut as effectively to end my solicitation of funds for Oglethorpe as a church-wide, Southern Presbyterian University. The motives back of its adoption and the back-stage cabal which brought it about were revealed in it with equal clearness. The Assembly took the following action:

1—That the Assembly records its appreciation of Dr. W. L. Lingle and his associates in the arduous work they were called upon to perform.

2—That the Assembly commend the zeal and energy of the managers of Oglethorpe University and wish them great success in building up an institution in Georgia, which we trust will be a blessing to generations.

3—That the Assembly decline to adopt Oglethorpe University and decline to commend it to the churches for their contributions.

4—That the Assembly urge our Presbyteries and Synods to increased diligence in building and maintaining *their schools and colleges.*" (Italics mine)

Perhaps, Richards was right. Perhaps it is inevitable that a great institution of learning, seeking for the truth and proclaiming it to the world when found, would inevitably be a source and center of heresy. Perhaps the church is not interested in newly discovered truth, only in the old beliefs, and fears any disturbance of them. Perhaps, also, that is why the church is so inhospitable to educated men and women and so incapable of interesting and holding the well-informed, and so dead on its feet, knocked out by the on-rush of the new scientific age. Perhaps also that is why the Southern Presbyterian Church, in particular, has no great preachers, no great scholars, no great discoverers in it—because they love darkness rather than light, as Jesus said of the same type of church leaders in his day.

I had hardly gotten back from Birmingham before the issue was put before me in an acute form. Dr. Benjamin Palmer Caldwell called at my office. In his hand he held a little book. He wanted to know what the policy of the school would be as to allowing him to teach it in his class in biology. I took the book from his hand and examined it. The title was *The Theory of Evolution*. It was written by William Berryman Scott of Princeton University.

"This is still supposed to be a Presbyterian school," he ventured hesitantly, "and I didn't want to get you into trouble."

I gave him a quizzical smile, remembering Birmingham.

"Is it true?" I asked him. He hesitated. Perhaps his job depended on his answer.

"Yes," he finally replied, "I believe it to be true".

"Then teach it," I said. "That is what Oglethorpe is for—to find the truth and teach it, regardless of consequences."

The consequences were heavy. In later years I caused an anthropological chart showing the evolution of man to be purchased and displayed in our library. Shortly thereafter I was in extremely hot water. Some of my Woman's Board and some of my Executive Committee were frankly antagonistic. The wife of a member of that committee had heard of the chart and had cancelled a bequest for \$10,000, which she had planned to leave us. "I thought it was a Christian institution," she upbraided. The story of the incident permeated the city. Thereafter we were known as a "center of heresy" and largely black-listed by Christian leaders, the *Unco Guid*, and especially by the Presbyterian ministers. All of Dr. Nicolassen's orthodox Bible courses could not blot out that "damned spot". We were not sound in doctrine. We would "upset the faith" of our students. I had run head-on against orthodoxy, the vast inertia that hangs like an enormous millstone around the feet of the church and makes it prefer a fire-fly to the sun. Nevertheless, my determination to open a Pierian Spring in the "Desert of Bozart" was full, final and fatal. I had faced what Warfield at Princeton had described as a "necessary disjunctive". I must deny either the gospel of Jesus or the gospel about Jesus. If, with Jesus, I chose the truth, I would lose all of my ecclesiastical honors, positions and friendships and probably end up on some sort of cross, as he did. If I denied the truth—I would lose my soul and Oglethorpe would be just another denominational college. So I told professor Caldwell:

"If it's the truth, teach it! That's what Oglethorpe is for."

Jesus also had tried to put new wine in old bottles with disastrously explosive results. He loved the truth of his day more than the church of his day and he had anathematized the ecclesiastics who infested the synagogue as "scribes, pharisees, hypocrites, whited sepulchers, within which are dead men's bones." If they called the master of the house Beelzebub what

would they do to his disciple? Plenty! I know.

On September 10, 1917, I lost my father. For a short time thereafter I kept a diary, which he had done regularly for the sixty years since he began it as a boy of fifteen. From these entries I select a few which tell the story of the remainder of the year 1917, through 1918. A diary entry seems always to give a more authentic picture of happenings than a story written from memory, especially when dimmed by the hazes of thirty years.

Introductory prayer:

Oh, my God, hear my prayer. Please fill this book with noble aspirations, courageous struggles, fine faiths and beautiful triumphs. Grant me my heart's desire, that I may labor and pray, through many long years, for our University and may live to see a more beautiful exterior given her than that planned in our birds-eye view, and an interior of thought and soul worthy of thy glorious blessings.

Oglethorpe University, Ga.
Nov. 24, 1917.

On September the tenth, in the early morning, I was awakened by the ringing of our telephone. It was a long distance call from Clinton and I knew something had happened, of a serious nature. Father had died after just an hour's illness at 5:40 A. M. and we prepared at once to go to Clinton.

It was the most tragically beautiful occasion I have ever seen. The story of it I shall tell in his biography, for his last will and testament made me his literary executor.

For myself, personally, it has meant a strange and sorrowful blessing. Meditation on and study of his life has mingled joy and pain into a beautiful wisdom. I am determined myself to follow his footsteps as I may, though, not having had his past I cannot have his future. In reading his diary I have seen the father in the son many times but always the image is dimmed and marred. I think the greatest single event in his life was the Great Discovery—I think I have made it also—that He whom we call God is conscious of us, hears our prayers and answers them in such striking and providential coincidences as to warrant our *knowing* that He has heard and intentionally answered. These answers are never given so that they put a premium on laziness but are God's imprimatur on qualities which He would develop on earth.

Having seen the mantle of my father lying on the ground, Elisha-like I am going to pick it up, for it is better that he should have a poor successor rather than none at all. I suppose God will give me his fears, his sufferings, his struggles along with such

part of his faith and courage and wisdom as he vouchsafes. This book was taken from the little cabinet where he kept his diary. Had he lived he would have filled it with other wonderful chapters of gentle grace and divine benediction. With such shall it yet be filled, God willing.

The beginning of this record finds me the President of Oglethorpe University, for establishment of which I have been laboring for five years and dreaming for many more. With faltering steps I have been led over very much the same pathway my father trod. The story of it is told in a little booklet "*The Oglethorpe Story*". I am now in the midst of some serious problems many of which are difficult and all fascinating. Like my father I rely only upon the *Will* of God and such wisdom and courage as He gives me. My chief trouble and danger is not my father's. It lies in the difficulty of controlling a soul, my nature selfish, impetuous and undisciplined. I am firmly convinced that no man can or need expect his prayers answered unless his life can pass the generous judgment of God. My chief trouble is not to pray earnestly nor to yearn infinitely nor even to work hard but to live near the Conscious Ideal we worship as God.

And not only have I not attained, but my enterprise, Oglethorpe University has not, either. While we have subscriptions amounting to \$725,000 and more, some \$400,000 of which is not yet collected, yet our needs are many and the times are out of joint. Like my father, in '65 to '80 I am passing through my period of struggle. It will probably be the greatest period and most admirable in my whole life for the work *now* requires every element of greatness he had and the very same Presence and Guide.

One of the last things my father ever said to me—in Grady Hospital after the operation on his eye for cataract was in regard to our beautiful plan the birds-eye view of which we had been discussing. "I shall not live to see it," he said, "but my spirit will be with you."

I believe in the truth of that prophecy and although I have ever found it almost agony to unbosom my inner soul to any one, yet I shall tell my journal that I am determined to stake my all upon living such a life that it *shall* be true. For I know that where his spirit is, the spirit of God will be also.

Saturday, Dec. 1st, 1917.

By the ruling of the Georgia Railway Commission I was permitted to ride out to Oglethorpe this morning for ten instead of fifteen cents. This reduction of fare is almost as necessary to us as the building of the car line itself. It reminds me that 1917 has been our "Transportation Year". It has seen work started on and money raised for our beautiful stone railroad station, "Oglethorpe University"; it has seen the street car line extended and the fare made reasonable; and now the U. S. government is going to make a forty foot boulevard of Peachtree Road from

Camp Gordon past our doors to Atlanta. These improvements, combined, are of an importance so great that without them we could hardly progress. They are the foundations that the Good Power is laying for us.

The November collections, not including gifts to railway station or "specials" amounted to \$2,500.00. This leaves \$4,500.00 needed to make the \$7,000.00 I am praying for.

My days are very full and I do not suppose that I shall ever be busier or happier. I have found that Bagehot was right in saying that "Business is more interesting than pleasure." If the Great Power continues to build Oglethorpe University, bestowing on me not only the money and friends and wisdom necessary to do it for Him but making of my soul a fit instrument for handling His affairs, I shall have need to go no further to find Heaven.

I am planning to found a town—*North Atlanta*, taking in a radius of about a mile from a common center for purposes of improvement and protection.

For my own encouragement and by way of adding a little drop to the ocean of God's Glory it is my intention to set down in this book similar events all of which could be and some of which must be evidences that a Consciousness, other than mine or men's, hears and answers prayer.

For if the Power is conscious of us, it is the greatest fact in the world.

Dec. 31, 1917.

On this, the last day of the old year, I record this remarkable fact that the Power has given me that \$8,580.97 and some three hundred dollars additional! While this is no more wonderful than anything else God does, it is startling in its coincidence with my prayers hitherto recorded herein. It really seemed so impossible of accomplishment that it was tempting God to pray for it.

This year of 1917 has been one of dramatic success and apparent failure in my work. The last embraces our failure to get the General Assembly to adopt plans, agreed on by the Assembly's Committee and ours as to the control of our school. This cloud has turned out to be not so bad after all. 2—The location near us of the Military Training Camp which bade fair to be all around us at first but later was located a mile and a half to two miles away. This has proved a blessing by giving us a street car line and a boulevard and many officers' families to board with us, thus aiding us financially. 3—The death of James R. Gray, the splendid chairman of our Executive Committee, a calamity mitigated only by the increased endearment of his family to Oglethorpe. His son takes his father's place on our Committee and his family founds a loan fund for us. 4—The drowning of young Forbis in the lake last spring was a great sorrow. 5—The death of my father on September 10th, leaving its vast sorrow and holy memory.

But at the eventide of this year He has sent light. I feel that He is with little, unworthy me. I shall watch for His beckonings and count on His aid. I wrote once in the "*Oglethorpe Story*", that "I had rather see God build Oglethorpe than have it after it is built." I am still of the same mind.

Jan. 9, 1918. Today our coal came! It is very difficult to get nowadays. These forty-five tons in our bins, combined with wood from our campus guarantee us from calamity. Work also began yesterday on our boulevard, Peachtree Street to Atlanta. We have about seventy students and a creditable group of men they are. We begin today making three new bedrooms, formerly recitation rooms of our School of Commerce, for rent to officers.

Jan. 19—I was scheduled to make an address before the High School students of Atlanta today on Lee but the fuel famine has closed all the public schools, their coal having been sold to private consumers. They will open again February 4, according to announcement. Tomorrow I preach at the Central Congregational Church which is now vacant. I shall probably supply it for a few months. Ernest Duffy, one of our students, was taken quite ill with pneumonia a week ago. We called an ambulance and had him taken to St. Joseph's. While his life was in danger we had a special prayer for his recovery at College Chapel. The following day the report was quite favorable and he, today, seems on the highway to recovery. I told this "coincidence" to the boys in Chapel adding that this was about as close as one gets to seeing prayers answered, for one, not being able to touch or hear or see God, can only judge of His presence by the results.

Feb. 13—Many things have happened since the last entry in this journal. For one, I have been five days ill at home, this being the first time in years I have been so long ill. On returning to take up the routine I found some things needing attention—a little discipline and other work. Beautiful weather has come. The birds are coming up from the South. Robins are expected any day. I shall be forty one years old day after tomorrow.

Feb. 20—After the coldest, hardest winter that I recall, spring is at last coming. On my morning walk from 235 Prado to Buckhead (four miles—one hour) I heard the call of a robin and the first spring song of a mavis (brown thrasher). Mr. Reuben Harmon is beginning work on our campus. Baylis Sutton began today hauling 50 tons of manure from Camp Gordon for us. The camp sells it to us at twenty five cents per ton and Baylis hauls it for sixty cents, total cost eighty five cents per ton delivered. Many shrubs have been given us and some we shall buy. The card below was from a beautiful box of flowers sent me while I was ill.

"To Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, our beloved president, from the boys of Oglethorpe University—Robert G. Nicholes, Chairman."

Bob Nicholes is our outstanding, campus student-leader.

Feb. 23—I am sitting here in my office at Oglethorpe writing

this entry. One hundred and seventeen dollars in checks coming in by today's mail, lie before me on my desk not including a \$50.00 check from Dr. Armstrong for our railway station. The boys—this being Saturday afternoon—are playing the Edison just outside. A few visitors have just passed through the halls where perhaps a dozen boys are listening to the music and I am thinking how these simple facts tell the romantic story of another God-given dream come true. For years I pictured this scene as too beautiful, too wonderful to happen and now this marvellous building with its fine doorway and Great Hall are here, risen from the dead, by the grace of God. *Manu Dei resurrexit*, indeed.

April 2—In connection with the series of sermons which I am giving at the Central Congregational Church, I have an interesting fact to record. These sermons are based on a Theistic Evolutionary interpretation of the subject matter. The ordinary congregation of the church does not usually exceed sixty. They are a rather wealthy but numerically weak flock. Yet this series of scientific sermons have steadily increased the audience until the last one had about four hundred auditors. I am hoping—and praying—that before the series is over I may see the galleries occupied. This would call for perhaps 500 or 600.

Our collections for last month were over \$3000 but 80 percent goes to pay a loan at Fourth National Bank and twenty percent to other indebtedness for building and operating expenses. We need help sadly. To proclaim it publicly would only make matters worse. The terms of the bank loan negotiated by our Finance Committee are working great hardships on us. Having made these strangling terms they have placed full responsibility for meeting them on my shoulders. The bank will not lend any more and says if we raise money for obligations it should be for theirs. Only God is my helper. I have appealed to men and been rebuffed. I am setting down this critical situation in detail that I might enter this prayer also: O Lord deliver us safely from our troubles and set us forth prosperously in a broad place. Send us aid from thy sanctuary.

April 24—This afternoon our team plays Tech on their field and tonight our dramatic club gives THE MELTING POT at the Atlanta Theatre. In five weeks our second year of school life will be over. Our total enrollment this year is 71 vs. 67 last year. We are planning and working for 100 next year. J. B. Langley is constructing our first pasture fence for the registered Jersey cow Dr. Armstrong gave us. How like and yet how unlike my work is to my father's. I seem to be living through his life over again. If only I can win and keep his spirit! I never want to be independent of God any more than he was. My prayer is that my work may, like his, be interwoven with divine love and blessing so as to leave no doubt of His *conscious presence*. Collections so

far for April on subscriptions: \$2,732.71. I have not received my March salary. That also is like my father.

May 2, 1919—Years ago when I first came to Atlanta, I used to go down occasionally to see the baseball and other games at Ponce de Leon Park and dreamed of some far-off day when "my" school should play there and perhaps win the game against some big University. That was before a penny had ever been given to Oglethorpe, in fact, before Oglethorpe was born. It seemed hardly more than a wild fancy then. Yesterday I saw the dream come true. We played Vanderbilt University. It was a fast, hard-fought contest. In the sixth inning we had one man on base (Mason) and Warwick, a fine young fellow who had recently been in the hospital and who was our best pitcher, up to that time, came to the bat. I breathed a prayer: "Please have Warwick make a hit that will win the game". I was especially desirous of his doing it because his illness had made another man "first pitcher" in his stead. Within ten seconds his single to left had answered my prayer. The boys are having a fine athletic year. This victory over Vanderbilt has put "pep" in them all. They are going to try to bring each a boy with him next fall.

What a lot of jobs I am on now! President of Oglethorpe and engaged thereby in raising money, planning curricula, electing a faculty, getting students and *raising money*; editor of the *Westminster Magazine* which in common with all newspapers is seeing hard days; preaching at the Congregational Church; publishing my father's biography; and rearing a family—all of them hard and delightful jobs.

I had my first and I hope my last operation on the morning of July 4 at the Piedmont Sanitorium at 8:30 A. M., Dr. McRae (Floyd). That is a strange feeling as one goes under ether. I was, as it seemed to me, still conscious but in another world, the paramount idea in my mind being the absolute impossibility of communicating with others because of everything, even the forms of thought in that world, being so different as to be utterly beyond intelligence, as if time and space and colors and sounds had all passed away and things no mortal knows had come. Today, four weeks ago, I went to the hospital. I am getting back to my work steadily. Through all of this God has taken good care of me.

Sept. 14—What a whirl of events I have been in since the last entry, just one month ago. The whole college situation has changed. The government is making contracts with standard American colleges to teach a prescribed course to certain students between 18 and 45 years—the new draft limits. It practically turns Oglethorpe into a little West Point. It looks now as if we shall have something like 200 students. We are receiving them by mail, special delivery, telephone and telegram. Will have to build barracks. Luckily our teaching and mess arrangements are ample. Last week (Sept. 3 and 4) I was at Plattsburg for a conference of 200 college presidents, Eastern section, on this subject.

The plan is to teach four terms of 3 months each, intensively, certain courses set by government. The 20 year old boys will probably be with us 3 months, 19 years old 6 months, 18 years old 9 months. Two hundred and eighty have applied. Many will fail to pass the physical or educational tests. All the children are back for the winter's work.

Oct. 27—Over three hundred men have come to us for matriculation and if we had only had induction blanks in time we would have inducted all of them. Unfortunately they had us down in Washington for 100 men. Later by wire and letters we got it raised to 200 men and it took a hurried trip to Washington to get it up to 300. The barracks are progressing nicely. Rain today interfered with it. One more week should finish them. I am beginning to see daylight ahead now, financially. I have an idea that this SATC is His way of answering my prayers for three of the four things I asked of Him this year. Major E. T. Winston is the name of our Commanding Officer, Lieutenants Potter, Goldsby and Cox are his assistants.

Nov. 11—The war is over! This A. M. at 6 o'clock the Germans signed the armistice terms. Today all our boys are in Atlanta joining in the celebration. Great questions as to reconstruction of broken empires are now on us. Many problems will also confront Oglethorpe. I wonder whether the boys in our SATC unit will be withdrawn? In a few short weeks we have made much progress. Our farm, barracks, library, hospital, dining hall, faculty; everywhere we have flourished. It is to be hoped that things will be kept pretty much as they are for the rest of the college year. The jacket of my father's biography was received today from the publishers. The date promised was Nov. 11th, long to be remembered in history as the last day of the great war.

Nov. 25—I began today a series of 25-35 lectures to our student body. My hour is 10 A. M. each Monday morning. Eight or ten of them will cover the "God of the Great Sciences." (See Feb. 28). Then will follow a series on History, covering all of the great nations of the world and then a series on the great poems of English-speaking peoples. My purpose is to coordinate the knowledge gained by the students in other departments and to Theize it, to shoot it through and through with Theistic philosophy. The first, this morning, was well received.

Nov. 27, 1918—This is Thanksgiving Day and I take my Thanksgiving dinner at the University with perhaps forty-five of our 253 boys, the remainder having gone home. This morning I saw our football game with the "Non-com school" at Camp Gordon where I had an interesting experience. In the first ten seconds of play John Knox, our fullback, made a sensational run after catching their kick-off, the whole distance of the field, and then kicked goal making seven points. I was very anxious for our team to win at this critical hour when orders have been received for the demobilization of the SATC and this being our

last game for the season. I kept praying for us to keep the victory which we had won so far, but in this last quarter they tied the score 7-7 and made such constant and lengthy gains that it seemed probable they would make another touchdown. I suppose I must have said "God help our boys," a hundred times for it would help "our" school and the non-coms are only temporary, anyway. Well, in the last minute of the game one of their men kicked the ball from almost their 5-yard line and it was blocked by one of our men, being recovered by one of theirs, but giving us 2 points. Within thirty seconds the game ended.

Feb. 15, 1919—This is my forty-second birthday and it reminds me of the passage of time most sharply. During the last quarter the slowness of government pay and the other difficulties of an harassing situation combined with slow collections of pledges and heavy expenses make a dark and discouraging condition and there has been no good thing to write about. But the skies are brightening.

On February 6, Mr. Lupton gave us \$50,000 for a new building, more than our entire collections last year.

CHAPTER 13.

"LUP"

IN THE YEAR 1887 there arrived in the city of Chattanooga a young Virginian, recently graduated in arts and sciences by Roanoke College and in law by the University of his native state, through both of which institutions he had skillfully and manfully worked his way. In the city of his adoption he found another youth who had but recently moved to that community as Deputy Clerk of the United States Court and had begun there the practice of law. The latter youth was William Gibbs McAdoo who loved to tell how during his early days he allowed young John Thomas Lupton of Virginia to occupy desk space in his office and to share with him the lone book which constituted the complete law library of the future Senator, Secretary, and son-in-law of President Woodrow Wilson. As time passed over their heads, both of them climbed the ladder of fame and usefulness. Before many decades had gone, Mr. McAdoo was an international figure and just as steadily and surely John Thomas Lupton became the best known, the best loved and the most useful citizen in his adopted city, not only, but also built so well and wisely that millions, all over America, will know and love him during the centuries which are to come.

On November first, 1914, twenty-seven years after young Lupton had arrived in Tennessee, Dr. J. W. Bachman, "the grand old man of Chattanooga", welcomed me to his pulpit that I might tell to the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church the story of the resurrection of old Oglethorpe University, the alma mater of Sidney Lanier, an institution which had died for its country and which, after a half century of sleep beneath the gray ashes of fratricidal strife was now rising again from the dead. On that memorable morning the world was falling in ruins, Chattanooga was stupefied by the horror of the great war and burdened with a multitude of charitable appeals. I remember that Dr. Bachman took me into his study just before we entered his pulpit and after describing local conditions, said to me:

"So, Thornwell, you see how impossible it is for our people

to help you today but we will just get down on our knees and ask God's blessing on what you say. Maybe at some future time we shall be able to be of real service to you."

I do not know whether it was the faith in his prayer or the challenge in his prophecy that inspired me the more but I remember saying to myself:

"This is the sixty-sixth church in which I have told the story and not a single one of them has failed to give \$1,000 or more to the refounding of Oglethorpe, and this church is not going to fail this morning."

After the services some twelve or fifteen people came up to put their names down for subscriptions which totaled more than a thousand dollars. While I was waiting for them to sign the paper, with delight and with a sense of great relief in my heart, I noticed a man standing at my side. I remember the genial smile on his lips and the kindly look in his eyes as he asked:

"How much do you want me to give?"

"From a penny up," was my answer.

"Well, I think I shall give you about \$10,000" he said.

Now, in all the three years during which I had been working to re-establish Oglethorpe University there had never been any one who had given any such sum, so I may be pardoned my utter incredulity as I heard his words. Naturally I thought that he was jesting. But I was courteous enough to hand him the subscription paper and say:

"Put it there."

"How do you want it paid?" he asked.

Thinking that I would carry on the joke, I answered with a smile, "Why not make it payable on demand?"

Without saying a word he took the paper, wrote out a subscription for \$10,000 payable on demand, returned it to me and, while I was talking to some other members of the congregation, turned to go. But as he began to leave the church, Dr. Bachman, who had seen the paper, called him back, exclaiming:

"Splendid, Lupton, splendid!"

And to me:

"I thought he would do something like that if he were here."

I suppose a thousand times I have said to myself:

"Suppose that he had *not* been there."

But God, who doeth all things well, saw to it that he *was* there.

A few days after I had returned to Atlanta, the check for \$10,000 came and I rushed over with it to the office of Mr. James R. Gray, Chairman of our Executive Committee and the then editor and proprietor of the *Atlanta Journal*. I remember that he looked at the check with astonishment and, turning to me, asked:

“Is it real?”

During the years that followed I used often to tell Mr. Lupton how his first act of faith had inspired a whole city to follow in the footsteps of his generosity. During the nineteen years which intervened between that good day and the hour of his departure, his faith never failed. Soon he was giving us a building, erected in memory of his mother, Rebecca Catherine Lee Lupton. This was followed shortly by another whose cornerstone witnesses that it was erected by his wife, Elizabeth Patton Lupton, and then a third structure grew with the other two into Lupton Hall, carrying upon its cornerstone the inscription:

“Cartter Lupton built it in honor of his parents.”

The three constitute what is perhaps the handsomest single college structure in the Southern states, a building than which there is none more beautiful in all the world, devoted to educational purposes.

And during all these years he was constantly providing funds whereby the annual deficits of the college could be met and with his money, giving of his time and counsel and wisdom freely. As he approached his three score years and ten, conscious of his love and devotion and duty to the child of his faith, he wrote this letter:

Camp Sapphire
Sapphire, N. C.

August 18, 1930.

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

During the last sixteen years we have been laboring together to found Oglethorpe University with the result that we now have nearly \$2,000,000 invested value in campus, buildings, and equipment. As you know, the maintenance of the institution has become a very serious problem by reason of the fact that we have no endowment, the need for which has now become imperative. You have told me that other friends of the college desire to institute a campaign to raise \$2,000,000 for its endowment and maintenance and you have asked my aid in the matter. As I told you yesterday, it is my intention, God willing, beginning shortly, to give Oglethorpe approximately \$10,000 per month

(\$120,000 per year) until the sum of \$1,000,000 shall have been given, provided I live. . . . May God bless Oglethorpe.

J. T. Lupton.

August 18, 1930.

Camp Sapphire, N. C.

He was well on the way to the fulfillment of this high purpose when God took him. From that first memorable day of our meeting in Chattanooga, I knew, as I used often to write him, that he was "The man sent from God whose name was John". He was and is the marvel of my life, not because he was so good or so great or so rich or so generous but because he believed so in me. Nothing that I ever did was wrong. I never made a mistake if I had done my best. Never once did he deny me a request. It was as if I had God for a friend. Always he did more than he promised to do. He used to tell me that both in business and philanthropy he picked his man and then bet on him. What I think is that he recognized in my appeal on that blessed Sabbath morning in Chattanooga the overtones of the voice of the God who had sent His little spiritual adventurer to tell him of a thing that was so beautiful and needful that it had to be done. I used often to quote to him that famous saying, "I have made thee a God unto Pharaoh", for that is just what he was to me. When I was in need of advice and counsel I would go to him. When I was disheartened and in need of encouragement, I went to him. When I needed money I went to him. When I had won some great victory I went with it first to him. How often in the midst of some great emergency have I knelt in agonized prayer and on arising found him standing by my side with the answer of God in his outstretched hands, so often that he became to me the explanation of those beautiful words, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father."

And in return for all of his unbelievable kindness and confidence I could give him only three things—gratitude, and love and a university after his own heart. As I watched him die there came to me this comforting thought, that I had never failed to let him know how I loved him and how grateful I was to him for having made my life possible.

And as to this child of his hand and heart, Oglethorpe University—after all the great buildings that he erected in Chattanooga have perished and it has been forgotten where the tallest skyscraper in Atlanta stood, Lupton Hall and the Lupton college

of Liberal Arts will be witnessing the daily devotion and emulation of a student body perfused with his breadth of culture, his depth of heart and his gentleness of spirit.

Only the members of the immediate family know better than I what a wonderful husband he was; likewise, only they know better than I what a wonderful father he was; I doubt whether any one in the city of Chattanooga knows better than I what a wonderful citizen he was; and I am absolutely sure that no one on earth knows as well as I what a wonderful friend he was.

There is an immortality of lovely things. There is a way to live on this earth beyond the grave. Such a life is that which John Thomas Lupton is now enjoying. Oglethorpe University will see that he is never forgotten. From the Oglethorpe University Press, housed by his generosity, there will perpetually pour forth papers and magazines and books in his memory. Every song sung in the chapel which he gave to our students will carry overtones in praise of him. The wisdom and learning of the thousands of books in the library of the building named in his memory will speak no more lovely sentiment than the gratitude of the boys and girls of his college, felt toward the man who played so wonderful a part in giving them their alma mater.

What a glorious thing it is to be thus able to defy death, to fling in its face the supreme challenge,

"O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?"

What a marvelous thing it is to have the noblest and the best and the finest that you have developed within you during a long life of toil and study and experience live on forever in the hearts and lives of others who, taking from you the torch of life, carry it over all the world, throughout all time, in your honor and memory!

At dawn on July 31, 1933, as the eternal sun rose over the North Carolina mountains we watched him go. I shall always treasure with holy satisfaction the faint smile upon his lips when momentarily aroused from his final slumber, he recognized my presence and with the same old friendship in his eyes, said: "Hello, Doc!"



MRS. LUPTON "BREAKS GROUND" FOR LUPTON HALL—"Lup" stands at her left.

"I could sail the waters of all the world—
 Bitter and wild and blue—
 And never find a friend to love
 Like the friend I've found in you.
 I could walk down all the roads of the world
 And knock on the doors forever,
 And never find a friend like you—
 Never, never, never."
 * * * * *

Today, eleven years after Mr. Lupton's death, I have been reading over our correspondence which covered a period of nineteen years between 1914-1933. It began as World War I began. It ended in the midst of the Great Depression, the Judgement Day in which our sins against our race and religion, our sons and civilizations were financially assessed. Better than anything I can now write, those letters to (and a few from) "Lup" tell the story of earnest prayer, of victorious faith, of abiding devotion and of incredible generosity. Also, they give, incidentally, glimpses of contemporaneous happenings and reveal my own psychology, motives and reactions better than my most accurate recollections and clearest descriptions could now do. Therefore, I am presenting many of them, partly to show the spirit in which Oglethorpe was founded, partly to record the wholly indispensable source of her life and partly to offer a laboratory course in the goodness of God. Here they are. They are prefaced by a letter to his grandson, John Thomas Lupton, II, for whose library many of the letters were copied.

Saturday, August 26, 1933.

Master John Thomas Lupton II,
 Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear John:

This is a big book and it has taken a long time to write it, nineteen years. It was written by your grandfather whose name you bear and he left it to you to read and to own. It cost him more than a million dollars to write this book but he has gotten it all back up in heaven where he is now with God. Some day you will read this book through from cover to cover or perhaps your father and mother or grandmother will read it to you and then I think your grandfather will smile happily to himself—because you cannot read it without loving him more and more and wanting to be like him more and more and that is as fine a thing as you could want to do or to be.

I wish I could wait to see you grow up into a mature man like your father for when I see your grandfather next I want to

tell him what a splendid man you have become and how nobly you bear his name. But in any case he is certain to hear about it.

So I feel sure that you will be very proud of this book and read it often and love it truly.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

February 1, 1919.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Lupton:

I have before me the most difficult task and one of the most necessary ones that Oglethorpe has yet confronted.

We have a gift of \$35,000 promised us by the Inman estate provided we secure within a limited time a total subscription of \$1,000,000 for Oglethorpe University. We have already secured approximately three fourths of this sum. As I work on, hoping and toiling, I find the situation very difficult and the obstacles very great. Above everything else we need one good round boost or a reasonable proportion of it.

The terms on which our payments will be made are easy, fitting the wishes of the giver, and the money may be devoted to memorials as the donors prefer. Furthermore, any part or all of the subscriptions may be paid in Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps or any government issue of securities.

Our greatest needs are in the line of new buildings and equipment and endowment. Every room in our present splendid structure is full and we have either got to stop growing or begin the erection of another building. This is true of our class rooms also. The professors need more space as the classes grow.

So we face a brilliant opportunity and we need help desperately. I crave the opportunity of coming to Chattanooga and placing the whole plan in detail before you. May I do so?

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

(This letter secured an interview with Mr. Lupton which resulted in a \$50,000 gift to Oglethorpe)

Miami, Florida
February 20, 1919.

Dear Mr. Jacobs:

Found enclosed waiting me. (1) Didn't answer it, for the reason that it is not signed personally. But I wish you would. I can't furnish any photos. Rather none could be found. I cannot see that featuring this in a paper will help the "cause". In fact, as we understand fully, *no* publicity except *only* such as may con-

tribute to the welfare of the University. Such as you are sure will be of direct positive service to the institution, I cannot easily oppose. "*Newspaper notoriety*" is of doubtful good in all cases. Usually harmful to all concerned and very distasteful to me. You understand. I would *actually prefer* that my left hand know not my right's actions. My family not *very* well. Poor accommodations and *crowds*. Best wishes.

Sincerely your friend
J. T. Lupton

March 11, 1919.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

My dear Mr. Lupton:

It is a singular thing how the generosity of a man stirs up the same spirit in other people. You may recall that when I was in Chattanooga I told you of a certain person from whom I hoped to secure a gift for part of the equipment of our new building, the clock and chimes. I sent this person, the other day, a copy of the matter in the enclosed bulletin and I received this morning a letter which, after speaking of their admiration of your and Mrs. Lupton's big hearted gift, stated that they wanted to give the chiming clock for the tower, having in mind something like \$5,000.00 as the cost of it.

I know how pleased you and Mrs. Lupton will be to learn this, for it not only assures us of the one principal article of equipment that would have been needed to complete the architectural effect but shows how quickly other hearts respond when they have the example of a leader.

Plans are pretty well along and we should be able to commence building now in a few weeks. I shall keep you advised from time to time of all the interesting incidents, such as the above, in connection with our building, and I am going to keep a kodak picture book, something like the one we looked over in your office, showing the site first and then the various stages of the construction of the building and send it to you and Mrs. Lupton from time to time so you can see how everything is progressing and after it is all over you can keep it in your library.

Most gratefully yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

November 5, 1919.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Lupton:

I love to get your letters because they are so full of the kind of spirit that is the finest thing in the whole world. I wish I

could tell you how much you and Mrs. Lupton mean to me and this great enterprise. There may be other institutions that you think just as much of as you do of Oglethorpe but there is no other on earth that thinks as much of you.

I wish I had been at Oglethorpe Wednesday to have seen you both and I hope that you will be able to come down from time to time as our work proceeds. We are going to have our Fall Banquet in about two or three weeks. I will let you know the exact date so if you happen to be in this vicinity you can meet our boys and faculty.

Our boys play Sewanee up on the mountain next Saturday and I am hoping to find time to go with them.

I am happy to say we are keeping the expenses of the building fairly within the limits estimated by our architects. We have only struck one serious difficulty and that is the carved limestone without which the building would lose much of its exquisite grace. So far the bids have been above our estimates but we are hammering them down and have already clipped \$4,000 off of the original price.

A splendid thing has happened to us. An Oglethorpe friend has pledged himself to raise \$50,000 to build us a stadium. This will give us the handsomest college stadium in the state if he succeeds in doing it.

With lots of genuine appreciation and gratitude,

Heartily yours,

Thornwell Jacobs,
President

April twelve, 1920.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Lupton:

It is a very wonderful thing to me to be able to write a letter and within a few days have a check for \$5,000 come back in the mails. The only thing I can compare it with is the lamp of Aladdin, about which we read when we were little boys, only your big-hearted generosity is far more wonderful than the fictitious stories of childhood.

We are all a-quiver with delight here at Oglethorpe; our boys beat Georgia Tech Saturday afternoon in a game of baseball, the final score standing 5 to 1. Isn't that a splendid record for a young school to make that has not graduated its first class?

Heartily yours,

Thornwell Jacobs,
President

Chattanooga, Tenn.
June 21, 1920.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

I appreciate your nice letter and want to congratulate you on the gift of the drive-way.

As long as you are pleased and enthusiastic and the college is going forward under your direction, I am sure that Mrs. Lupton and I have every reason to be satisfied. As I have often told you, I am investing in *you*. If Oglethorpe is a success it is *your* success. An educational institution is simply an embodiment of the personality of its head. Oglethorpe is going to succeed because you are that head. Otherwise, I would not be interested in it. I believe that you have the ability, energy, and ideals required for success.

With best wishes,
Sincerely your friend,
J. T. Lupton

May 10, 1922.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Lup:

I am ready to swear before anybody on earth that you are the finest fellow in the world! If you had to deal as I have to do every day with other men supposed to be big-hearted and generous and leaders in civic affairs, asking them to help you build a great university, you would understand what I mean. The good Lord, who alone knows the story of Oglethorpe, sent you and Mrs. Lupton to do this job just as surely and just in the same sense as he sent me. I have seen a lot of fine fellows but I do not know of another man in the world, other than my blood kin, whom I love as devotedly or admire as extravagantly. *You* are founding a great University. May the good Lord bless you and yours ten thousand times over.

With lots of love,

Affectionately,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

January 27, 1923.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Lupton:

I wonder if you remember one day down in the Piedmont Hotel when you were very tired, lying on the bed in your room but, nevertheless, willing to listen to me for a few minutes while I

told you of a dream that I had that I wanted you to make come true, a dream of the most beautiful building on the Oglethorpe campus, designed really to be three buildings which I suggested you should build, the first as a memorial to your wife, the second to your son, and the third to yourself, all of them constituting the main academic building of the institution, approximately sixty by one hundred and eighty feet in size. Later, in Chattanooga, you told me to go ahead with Lupton Hall, and you remember that we wrote upon the cornerstone in Latin:

‘Lupton built it in
Memory of his mother.’

I have always carried in my mind these other two cornerstones. On one of them I want to write: ‘Lupton built it as an inspiration to his boy’, and on the other: ‘Lupton built it in love of his wife’, all three of them constituting one great Gothic structure known as Lupton Hall, carrying your own name as its giver down into the ages.

Now, I have learned to know you so well since that day in the Piedmont Hotel that I have made up my mind never to ask you to give anything more to Oglethorpe, but I am going to submit to you herewith just what it would mean to your college for this plan to be carried through—for you have already, from the financial standpoint, done about fifty per cent of it. Consultation with our architect confirms my own estimate that the other two buildings could be erected for approximately the cost of the first, because of reduced construction expenses, not only, but also because the present building required so much expensive carved limestone in connection with that wonderful tower which, as you know, is the most charming bit of college architecture in the Southern states.

I hardly know how to describe the tremendous increase of facilities and efficiency that the completion of this building-group would mean. For example, our library stack room in the basement, to begin at the bottom, is already filled and the new structure would more than double our present capacity.

Again, our student body has grown to where we have no single room that will seat them all. It is, therefore, impossible for us to get the entire student body together and the new buildings would contain a chapel large enough to seat some six hundred which is merely three times the number of our student body, and it would then be possible for us to present plays and hold other public exercises on the campus.

Again, we have the beginnings of a very beautiful and valuable museum and no place to house the specimens excepting a room in the dormitory. We have been offered a loan of some very beautiful paintings that could form the basis of an art museum. This department would also be taken care of in the new structures.

Again, under present circumstances, all of our teaching must be done in the first floor of the Administration Building, which, as you know, is really a dormitory. These class rooms should and could be moved to the new buildings where the work could be conducted under so much better conditions as to increase very much its efficiency, and the old space could be used for dormitory, adding a capacity of some forty students and, therefore, earning capacity of around \$20,000 per year, gross.

There are a number of other equally important benefits which the college would enjoy especially in additional classroom space which would make it possible for us almost to double our student body and, therefore, the value of the institution to the public.

I have had in mind the construction of these buildings somewhat along the same line as Lupton Hall, that is to take our time about it, first gathering the materials on the site and then beginning the construction, doing it slowly, taking a couple of years or more to finish it, and thus making it easier for you to handle the matter financially and, at the same time, not costing any more for its construction.

Now, I suppose that you have really had all of this in your mind and probably would have written to me about it when you had made up your mind that it was time to take the matter up, and I am not writing now in any sense to make the request that you do it but only to let you know that I have never wavered one moment from hoping that that triple-dream would come true and that the place and the space and the location is all reserved for whatever you may make up your mind to do in the future about it.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

May 1, 1923.

Dear Mr. Lupton:

It is about time for me to write you about what we are doing at Oglethorpe and this is a particularly opportune chance—because today has been quite an exciting one. We have been wanting to use Hermance Field for our local ball games for a long while but on account of the fact that we had no restraint fence we have been unable to sell tickets and did not wish to use Mr. Hermance's money for anything so temporary as a wooden fence, but our Athletic Committee the other day, having been told of the needs of the college along that line, made a proposition to the students that if they would build the fence the Committee would buy the material—lumber, nails, hammers, hole-diggers, etc. The boys jumped at the chance. The faculty declared a holiday and this morning at 5 o'clock a score of the students began work, digging holes and getting ready for the balance of the boys who reported shortly after 8 o'clock. It was a great

sight. I got one or two kodak pictures of it and if they are good I will send you a print. The boys have worked all day long and at this writing, about four o'clock, the fence is nearly finished. It is some 1400 feet long and would have been longer except that part of the field is enclosed by the permanent stone wall. I thought it would tickle you to know this because it just shows that the work that we are trying to do and the work in which I imagine you take the greatest interest—that is, the winning of a genuine and enthusiastic loyalty from our students to the ideals of our college—is succeeding.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

August 15, 1923.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Lupton:

Although I have known for something like two years that this legacy of Mrs. Lowry, a full description of which is herewith enclosed, was coming to us, yet the knowledge was confidential and, now since it is known, I can think of no one in the world who should enjoy it more, or probably does enjoy it more, than J. T. Lupton. For you were the first man of any considerable means who believed in this institution enough and had faith and confidence enough in it to put any real money back of it. They have all followed you and, in fact, if you had not done what you have done in blazing the way and laying the foundations and showing by your courage and loyalty your own faith and purpose, others would probably never have become interested in the enterprise. So I feel that we should all be grateful to you for all of those big gifts that have come or will come to us in the future.

Give my love to Mrs. Lupton and Cartter.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

December 7, 1923.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Lupton:

There is an old parable that we learned when we were boys, of a certain wealthy man who gave a fellow ten talents and told him to take care of them for him. The fellow went and doubled his money and returned to his friend ten talents more.

I often think of that parable in connection with my friend, Lupton, and when you so graciously told me to go ahead with the finishing of Lupton Hall, I made up my mind that I would put on top of your gift ten talents more, gathering them from Atlanta. So I have started to work on it, as you will see by the enclosed clipping. The papers have helped me out some in the matter by their enthusiastic backing both with respect to publicity and subscriptions. This morning each of the papers subscribed \$1,000 and told me that their columns belong to Oglethorpe until this sum is raised. . . .

Lup, I love you like a father. I have never known in my life any such character as you nor had any such friend. To you and to my self Almighty God has given the privilege of founding a great university. For ten years we have been fighting an uphill fight, with a good chance of losing at any time. But with Lupton Hall finished and Lowry Hall finished and the present campaign successful we face our day of triumph.

If there is a good God in Heaven who blesses men who have generous hearts and a loyal devotion to high ideals, then you will certainly get yours.

With love to the whole family.

Affectionately,
Thornwell Jacobs.

Chattanooga, Tenn.
December 22, 1923,

To the people of Atlanta:

The South has many good colleges and universities, practically all of the larger of which are owned and controlled by either the church or the state. Whether this control is by church or state, it is open to some serious objections.

What the South wants and needs most is a great independent Christian university. This university must be founded or built up around the life and services of the right man—a natural born leader.

The right man at the head is absolutely necessary for the success of any great enterprise or institution.

Oglethorpe's leader must have the will and ability and the patience to win. He must be an educated man of high character and ideals and a winning personality, and endowed with the God-given faculty or talent to build all these noble qualities into the life of his institution and all its activities.

From the first time I ever saw him up to the present moment I have had no doubt in my mind that this born and trained leader was Doctor Thornwell Jacobs, our president. I consider it both a great opportunity and a great privilege to invest money in Doctor Thornwell Jacobs. I know that I will get the highest possible returns on my investment, in the quality and character

of the citizens that Oglethorpe has been and will for hundreds of years continue to turn out to bless the world.

Considering the athletic standing that Oglethorpe has taken, the enduring quality and great beauty of its buildings, the type of character that it endeavors to develop in its students, and Dr. Jacobs, our President, at its head to insure its success, I want to ask: what more can any man desire than the privilege of investing money in Oglethorpe University—the one great independent Christian university, located in Atlanta, the great central city of the South.

Finally, let us all join in assuring Dr. Jacobs that our prayers, our hopes, our cheers—if God so will, our tears—will all be with him. May God bless him, and may he find at Oglethorpe the perfect fulfillment of all his earthly hopes.

Very sincerely,

J. T. Lupton

February 20, 1924.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Miami, Florida.

Dear Mr. Lupton:

I thought perhaps you might be interested in a little story about how things are coming on at Oglethorpe. The campaign has been ended successfully and I really feel that the institution is now safely started on the second great epoch of its career. Up to this time we have had only two buildings and, compared with the larger institutions of the land, we have been considerably handicapped although these two buildings were the best two in the southern states. But from now on we need fear no comparisons with anybody's school. Our boys are beginning to refer to the bird's eye view showing sixteen buildings as Oglethorpe in 1940.

You will be interested in knowing that we have added thirty new students since the Christmas holidays. Usually we lose students at this time of the year and I believe this is the common story of all the colleges but I think the normal growth of the college combined with the unusual amount of publicity given to the building of Lupton Hall and the campaign in Atlanta and the legacy of Mrs. Lowry has given us a great deal of favorable publicity. With the exception of a cold day here and there our weather is beginning to shape up for what seems to be an early spring. The boys are practicing baseball on Hermance Field and earliest spring flowers are blooming. The robins have come and the other day we had a south wind from Florida which made it as warm as April. We have a good baseball team this year and the boys expect to give the best account of themselves on the diamond that they have ever done. You probably have heard

that we are under engagement to have our usual Thanksgiving football game in Chattanooga next year.

We are all of us hoping that this vacation trip to Florida is going to do you a lot of good in spite of the worries that have attended it. Give Mrs. Lupton our love and let her know that we are all of us anxious when she is anxious and we suffer when she suffers.

Don't bother to answer this letter. I am just writing to let you know that you are always in our thoughts.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

December 22, 1924.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Dr. Lupton:

The Christmas season is here again. The boys have all gone home, everything is just as quiet as it can be on the campus with just a little activity here in the offices. The weather is fair and sparkling and crisp, just suited to a happy Christmas-tide. Every year my thoughts go back over the Christmas seasons that have come to Oglethorpe and I review her history, and in doing it my heart always goes out in gratitude to God for my good friend Lup who has made all of our work here possible. I think of you as the best friend that I have ever had and, in fact, so do all of us, and at this Christmas season, knowing that you have passed the time in life when presents or cards or anything of the kind mean much to you, I am just writing you this little Christmas letter, trying to put into it for you and Mrs. Lupton and Cartter all of the love of a whole campus full of people, and especially of myself.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

LYNDHURST
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

My dear Dr. Jacobs:

I wish I could put into words the *real* feeling in my heart but I can't. It is too deep for expression.

Our little visit to Oglethorpe was a revelation to me. I have never seen such a wonderful spirit of love and companionship exist between faculty and students and at the same time the greatest respect and love for teachers and college. It is indescribable. Some way I seem to have caught the spirit of the college. It seems to permeate the air. It is my *ideal* of what every

school *should* have, but that you find so rarely. And I fear without Dr. Jacobs it would be lacking at Oglethorpe too.

Our visit to Atlanta seems like a beautiful dream. Every minute of it was a genuine joy and my "Annual" will always be my most highly prized treasure.

With every best wish and hoping to see you before long and with more gratitude than I can possibly express to you,

Sincerely,
Elizabeth P. Lupton

March 25, 1926.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Lup:

During the past month or so I have been rather worried by the cost of our two new units of Lupton Hall. I have carried constantly in my mind the thought that they should be constructed at a figure just as low as possible but at the same time I have remembered your instructions that, while I was never to waste a dollar, yet the surest way to waste one would be to build something shoddy and transient, that Lupton Hall was to be a memorial to your mother and wife and son and yourself which would represent everything worth while in human life and character and so I have been always torn between two opinions, one based on the fear that there should be something shoddy about Lupton Hall and the other based on the fear that the building would cost more than it should. I have also been constantly mindful of the wonderful way in which you have made your bet on your friend, Thornwell Jacobs, and have backed him up so loyally and liberally and I have been afraid that if I should fail in either of the above particulars I might lose a little of that high regard that I count as the most precious asset that Oglethorpe University has.

We are moving this week into the new printing office. I believe I wrote you that my brother had given us about \$7500.00 to buy the equipment. Within about two weeks more we shall be moving into the auditorium and then into the class rooms. Shortly thereafter we shall be in the swimming pool and gymnasium. We have already equipped the basketball court, as you know, and when you come down at commencement I honestly think that you will say, "Well, Doc, this building has cost me a lot of money but it is worth every cent of it and a lot more."

It is your great memorial and I think it is the finest college building in the South, nor is there a more beautiful one in America. It is a building, which on the campus of Princeton, would cost about three-fourths of a million dollars.

Now comes the bad news. Please send me another check.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

OFFICE OF
J. T. Lupton
Chattanooga, Tennessee

April 2, 1926 .

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

Hurray! I have found a little money and am sending you a check for \$10,000.

Now get that building finished and save about five thousand of this and have a spree with it.

Cordially yours,
Lupton

January 13, 1927.

Dear Lup:

I want to give you my report of the progress of our school during the last twelve months.

To begin with, of course, the biggest thing that has happened to us has been the opening of Lupton Hall, adding as it did a whole athletic section, basketball court, swimming pool, showers, etc.; new quarters for our University Press; a beautiful new assembly hall and theatre equipped for the presentation of plays and other public exercises; nine beautiful class rooms; dormitory rooms for thirty-two boys; and an increase of fifty percent of the capacity of our library. With it came the establishment of the Lupton School of Liberal Arts, the foundation school of our institution. This has transformed our work releasing us from the cramped conditions of past years and giving us the kind of equipment that we should have for the kind of school that we have built.

Second in importance to Lupton Hall is the finishing of Lowry Hall which will be put into service not later than next autumn and which is now practically finished at a cost of about \$200,000. This building will house our school of banking and commerce and in addition provide dormitory rooms for about forty students, thus bringing our capacity up to about five hundred students, past which figure we do not wish to go at the present time.

The addition of about one hundred acres to our campus is also a recent improvement. This gives us a total acreage of nearly two hundred not including Silver Lake which covers about sixty acres more.

There have been a great many additions to our equipment of minor importance. Among others a donation of \$1,000 to buy physical apparatus in memory of Dr. H. F. Scott and a gift by my brother of something like \$7500.00 to equip the new quarters of our University Press with a fine linotype machine and Babcock

press. We are doing some good work on this press, among other things printing my book, **THE NEW SCIENCE AND OLD RELIGION** which, in accordance with your gracious permission, I have dedicated

To
JOHN THOMAS LUPTON
 My Counsellor
 My Benefactor
 My Friend

As a consequence of opening Lupton Hall and of the success of various other school activities we have quite an enlargement in our student body. Our total enrollment this year will doubtless exceed four hundred and next year we should have an enrollment of not far from five hundred.

All this has come from the dream and hope and plan which you endorsed with a \$10,000 check in 1914 when the good Lord sent you to church that Sunday morning on which I told the Oglethorpe story to Dr. Bachman's congregation. We have had a wonderful experience together and we have almost got this job done insofar as founding the University is concerned.

After one more thing is done, you and I can rest ("and faith we shall need it") with the assurance that all of my life work and all of your consecrated thousands will continue after us to carry on our ideals and to build the characters of men and women and to shed that finest of all lights, the light of truth. We are in sight of one of the noblest ambitions entertained anywhere in the South, the establishment of a school which in physical appearance and in spiritual ideals and in form of control, represents the very best that intellectual liberty and religious devotion can produce.

The thing, as you know, which remains to be done, is the devising of a way to meet permanently our annual deficit which now amounts to about \$50,000. Year by year, as this has grown it has become increasingly difficult to get this in the small sums, obtainable from friends of the institution, many of whom give to other departments of work. Of course, the one satisfactory thing to do is to raise not less than \$1,000,000 as permanent endowment. I am gradually getting some plans into shape about which I want to talk with you some time. They have a New York end from which I hope to get about one-third of it and an Atlanta and Georgia end from which I can see another third. In the meantime while we are living from hand to mouth I am absolutely compelled to depend on you for help. I am going to need a check about the first of April and another about commencement time, say June first and then another to help me through the summer and by the autumn I hope to have plans in shape for our campaign.

So be sure to save these checks from the other donations that

you will make for they are the very life blood of our institution. Lup, I never go to sleep at night without thanking God that he gave me such a friend. I know that you have done some wonderful things for other people but you have never done anything as wonderful for them as you have for me and you have been engaged in some splendid enterprises but you have never been engaged in anything that loved you as much.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

December 5, 1929.

Dear Lup:

I lay awake last night for several hours thinking over the problem that you and I talked about in Chattanooga last week. It has been just fifteen years since you walked down the aisle of the old First Church and put your big, strong arms around me and the little baby Oglethorpe. We then had nothing but an ideal and a dream—no buildings, no students, no teachers, no equipment, no campus, no reputation nor goodwill, not even a subscription list of any appreciable sum. Today we have one building which could not be reproduced for less than \$425,000, another building for \$375,000, another building for \$200,000, a stadium for \$100,000, Library for \$50,000 and a campus of six hundred acres of land which is now easily worth \$600,000. Total \$1,850,000. Over against them we set our obligations in bonds, etc., amounting to \$450,000 and leaving us net assets of \$1,400,000 and we have done this during the worst fifteen years that either of us ever lived through, financially and economically. Now, Lup, the thing that struck me most as I thought over the matter was that you have given about half of it and I have gotten the other half. Dollar for dollar we have matched each other for fifteen years, and the good God who gave life to us both has given success to us both. I can still raise money and you can still make money. Furthermore He has given us something much finer even than the money, and the buildings and the campus. He has given us a marvelous institution—five hundred students, a really wonderful college spirit, a reputation which has already gone literally all over the world, a devoted faculty and ideals, architectural, educational and spiritual that are priceless.

But as I told you in Chattanooga it sends a chill of terror through my heart when I think of how dependent it all is upon your life and mine, humanly speaking, and unfortunately we must speak humanly. If anything should happen to you this college would close its doors more surely by far than if anything should happen to me. In spite of the strictest economy we have a big deficit each year. Princeton spends more than \$1,000 per student more than the student pays, and even Emory, according to the statement of President Cox spends \$240 per stu-

dent per year more than the student pays them. We spend slightly less than \$100.00 per student per year more than we receive from our students. Our tuition, board and room rent rates are the highest in this section. The salaries of our professors are so modest that there isn't a head of a single one of our departments who hasn't had offers of more during the last ten years than they are getting here but declined to go because they love the school and had rather stay here. Our trouble is that in spite of efficient management and low expenses we have no endowment at all. We have come to the point when we must do the final great, big thing for this college and that is to endow it. I have got to give half of it and true to the spirit of the old beggar I am asking you to give the other half.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

December 10, 1929.

Dear Lup:

I can read between the lines of your good letter of the 9th that sooner or later you are going to do what I ask you to and in the meantime I am going to work on my \$1,000,000 so that it will be in shape by the time you get ready to act. Also I shall remember about the six months and I shan't mention the subject again to you until six months have passed. Then I shall report to you what I have done in the meantime.

Believe me, I am going to hustle.

Affectionately,
"Doc"

J. T. Lupton
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Dec. 11, 1929.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

It is all right for you to go to work whenever you are able to do it but be careful what you say about me. I make no promise, either expressed or implied, except that I will do the best I can. I am surely not in position to justify you in going very far, for we must be careful not to make a mistake in promising what we may not be able to carry out.

Sincerely,
Lup

December 22, 1929.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Friends:

While I think of you the whole year long I believe it is on

Christmas day that I appreciate you most because of all the gifts that I have received since I became a man, the gift of your own dear selves is the finest. You go with me every day. You work with me in my office, you walk with me over the campus. Together we watch the boys and girls at their sports. Together we lay our plans for the development of our school. Together we rejoice in its progress, and together we thank our Father who is in Heaven for all of His blessings upon it.

So when Christmas comes and my mind goes back over the happenings of the year I find every day strengthened by your love and confidence and every good thing that my life holds rising up to call you blessed.

And so I pray with all my heart that this Christmas season and the bright, young year 1930 will be the very happiest of all that you have spent and that you will receive at least some little part of the joy that you deserve.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

May 8, 1930.

Dear Lup:

I am just back from my trip out west and the first thing I want to do is to thank you for taking such good care of us while I was away and to tell you that there was never a moment of the entire trip that I was not grateful to God for giving you and your love to Oglethorpe University.

What I went out to see Mr. Hearst about was to ask him to help me raise *my* million, of the two million that you and I are going to raise for Oglethorpe. I did not, of course, tell him that you had made any definite promises because you have not, but I did tell him that you never had made any promises to me so far as I remember except once, when you gave us the first \$50,000 on Lupton Hall but that you and I had a way of doing everything together and that I felt sure that if I could get my million you could get yours and that if you didn't, then he and I together would just have to turn round and help you do it. I am enclosing herewith copy of a letter that he wrote me which is self explanatory and which I thought you would enjoy reading yourself. He asked me to invite you and Mrs. Lupton to come out with me to visit him at some time that was mutually convenient and I am very anxious for you to accept it, perhaps next summer. He usually spends the summer on his "Ranch" which is a tract of land, thirty miles long and about twenty-five miles wide on the Pacific Coast. He has a marvelous palace overlooking the Pacific, some eighteen hundred feet above sea level with the mountains all around and a beautiful flower garden all about. I think that you and Miss Bess would have the time of your lives out there and the next time that I go I am going to let you know a long

time in advance and hope that we will all three be able to go out together.

You will be interested in hearing that we have the greatest baseball team that we have ever had and if we win the next four games we will have made the finest record ever made by any baseball team in the state of Georgia and probably one of the best made in the history of the world. These boys went over to Tech and beat them the first day, four to three, the second day, five to three and the third day fourteen to three. They went over to Georgia and won both games with them. They have beaten Mercer, our remaining rival in the state, and they have won other games from such schools as Clemson, Birmingham Southern, etc. We have only four more games to play and if we don't lose any of them we will have gone through the season without a defeat.

With love to you and Miss Bess,
Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tennessee

June 3, 1930

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Doc:

I read the newspaper accounts of your commencement and am glad to hear in your judgment it measured up to the flattering reports. Of course were sorry not to be there.

I was thinking that more than likely your exchequer was getting low. So is mine at present, but I am enclosing check for \$5,000 and will send you another in the course of a few weeks for a like amount.

With best wishes,

Devotedly your friend,
J. T. Lupton

June 4, 1930

Dear Lup:

That big, beautiful check came this morning. While you have sent me hundreds of them I never get one without a thrill and I never open one of your letters without saying, usually out loud, "That is the best friend that God ever gave any man in the world."

With lots of love.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs.

Step Down, Dr. Jacobs

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J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tennessee

June 14, 1930

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

All right. I am enclosing check for \$5,000. A number of things that were ahead of you in a way have cost a lot of money already this year, and I am going to send word to your Bursar through you to try and keep expenses down.

We are leaving here for New York on the 27th and sail on the early morning of the 30th on the Isle de France, returning about the fourth of September.

Our love and prayers and hopes remain with you while we are gone.

Sincerely your friend,
J. T. Lupton

CAMP SAPPHIRE
Sapphire, North Carolina

August 18, 1930

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

During the last sixteen years we have been laboring together to found Oglethorpe University with the result that we now have nearly \$2,000,000 invested value in campus, building, and equipment. As you know the maintenance of the institution has become a very serious problem by reason of the fact that we have no endowment, the need for which has now become imperative. You have told me that other friends of the college desire to institute a campaign to raise \$2,000,000 for its endowment and maintenance, and you have asked my aid in the matter. As I told you yesterday, it is my intention, God willing, beginning shortly, to give Oglethorpe approximately \$10,000 per month (\$120,000 per year) until the sum of \$1,000,000 shall have been given, provided I live.

May God bless Oglethorpe.

J. T. Lupton

September 11, 1930.

Dear Lup:

Your good letter of the first came in duly and reminded me once more of that wonderful trip I had up to Camp Sapphire. I wish I were up there with you right now, playing a game of golf and talking about any and every thing. I am particularly anxious to know what you think of the Golden Sayings of Epictetus after you have read them through. Every now and then I try to analyze the motives of my own life and the influences that

have made me what I am. I never have any difficulty getting at the evil things of my life, because, being a fairly healthy human animal I know where they come from, but the ones that interest me most are the good things, because it never has seemed quite natural to me to be good.

As I look back over my life I see the influence of two men whose example and affection have kept me from being any worse than I am. One man was my father and the other yourself. My father gave me instruction and faith and you gave me faith and encouragement.

As to books, of course, I would put the Bible first and there is an odd little assortment that I like, close up to the Bible. One is a volume of Astronomy by Camille Flammarion which I read when a little boy and which I have read a half dozen times since although it is a volume of 600 pages or more. Another is the Odes of Horace which give me special pleasure and the third is the Golden Sayings of Epictetus which I always keep next to the Bible. I wonder if they will appeal to you as they do to me.

Affectionately,
Thornwell Jacobs.

May 26, 1931.

Dear Lup:

We had a great time yesterday dedicating Station WJTL, with really beautiful exercises, between two and five o'clock in the afternoon. Our student orchestra did beautiful work as also our quartet and all of our distinguished guests paid you short tributes and spoke to the people of Atlanta on some appropriate theme. Among them was Fowler McCormick, grandson of Cyrus Hall McCormick and John D. Rockefeller; Ivy Lee, the distinguished publicist; Barron Collier whom you know well; Dorothy Dix whose readers number some 35,000,000; Joseph T. Dendy, Presbyterian minister of Grover, N. C.; Albert Edwin Smith, for twenty-five years president of Ohio Northern University; and Harlow Shapley, one of the half dozen greatest astronomers in the world. Sunday morning we had our baccalaureate sermon in Lupton Hall, broadcast over WJTL, the first time this has ever been done. Saturday evening we had a lovely buffet supper in the library of Lupton Hall and Dr. Shapley delivered an illustrated lecture on "The Expanding Universe" in the Chapel of Lupton Hall. We had a beautiful luncheon at the Driving Club at one o'clock and after the dedication exercises in the afternoon we had an art exhibit in Lowry Hall, the first thing of the sort we have ever been able to present. Then the baccalaureate services came Sunday evening at seven-thirty o'clock in the First Presbyterian Church. The church was packed with people standing up all around the walls. Each of the honor guests made short responses and your ears must have been burning during that

whole day as we talked of you and thanked you for all of your kindnesses. I am sending you stories from our Atlanta papers which describe the exercises.

With all sorts of gratitude and affection, I am
Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

June 10, 1931

Dear Doc:

I wish that in this sad hour I could be with you and have my arms around you and help you to bear up under the great loss that has come to you in the death of your brother. You know that what touches you so closely is also of great concern to me. And that I am now, as always, most sincerely your friend even though I am a sad one in this hour.

All my love and sympathy.

Lupton

J. T. Lupton
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Oct. 16, 1931

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Doc:

Nice people you are dealing with. I am glad there are not more of them.

Keep on fighting for the right, if you can do it without overtaxing your physical resources. I wish I could help you, but you know I am not worth much.

With lots of love,

Sincerely yours,
J. T. Lupton

Dr. Jacobs: Mr. Lupton has been right sick since he went home at noon. He seemed well this morning except tired from a strenuous day yesterday.

Regards,
F. R.

J. T. Lupton
Chattanooga

Dec. 22, 1931.

Dear Doc:

I have had lots of reminders of you and yours. I've been busy too. So busy that it put me in bed yesterday. I am alright today. Going to keep that way. Let work and worry slip. How are you

getting along? Have you taken a reef in your belt and cut corners and saved money? I think it would be wise to do so. The future is full of clouds.

I am wishing you all a most happy Christmas.
Lupton

Dec. 24, 1931

Dear Lup:

My heart is so full of gratitude and thanksgiving to you that I do not know how to express them adequately. All I know is that I wish I could throw my arms around *you* on this Christmas day and tell you how much I love you. I carry you with me all day long in my mind. Each day you and I make every decision made about this college. The whole year through we bear its burdens together, settle its problems and enjoy its victories.

This year has been the hardest year through which the college has ever passed, I think. Financial conditions have so affected the patrons of the institution that collections have been all upset. I have cut every expense possible. Particularly has this been the case with those departments where the reduction could be made without also reducing the income. I have been compelled to reduce the salaries. They have taken it cheerfully and are cooperating with us in a fine spirit. The greatest deflation has been in football and also the greatest disappointment from the point of view of income yet although our income this year from football is very greatly decreased the football balance sheet will show up as well and a little better than last year. For example, we have reduced our coach's salary by \$200.00 per month. In some instances I have been compelled to cut expenditures even at the expense of income simply because we didn't have the money.

The worst part of this year has been the fight we have had with Emory University influences to destroy one of the finest departments of our work. I will not bother you with details but will only say that it is the hardest thing to fight we have ever had and we have won it. Some time when I see you next I am going to bore you with the whole story of it.

This year has taken more out of me than anything I have passed through in a long while and I know it must have been hard on you. I am hoping every day that you will write me that you have gotten away to Miami or some other place where you can spend several months away from the worry of it all. I remember what a wonderful thing that vacation was for you last year. Doubtless after the Christmas season is over you will be able to do this. In the meantime God has been good to us even in our adversities and I count it the best gift of all that He has kept you well. There are signs of better days ahead. We won't have much more of this kind of weather. Pretty soon the

papers will be printing records of improved business conditions and when once that begins don't you think things will get well pretty quickly?

This is a long letter, probably too long, but I just wanted you to know that every moment of the day I am trying to run this college in the careful and business-like way that you have taught me to operate it. Our per capita deficit still remains the smallest of any standard college in the United States and this has largely been made possible by the fact that our teachers and officers have some of your spirit and are willing to work at least partly for the sake of the work itself.

I think we have the best faculty of any small college I know. This is one of the secrets of our relatively low per capita deficit.

I am planning to have you get this letter on Christmas day and if I could get into it the full weight of my love and gratitude it would take the entire post office force of Chattanooga to deliver it.

Love to everybody in the family.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs.

J. T. Lupton
Chattanooga, Tennessee

To the Students of Oglethorpe,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

My dear friends:

I deeply appreciate the unprecedented honor done me in sending me the wonderful message of love and sympathy in which all of you joined.

I shall treasure your tribute as one of the bright spots in my life. My prayer shall always be that your kindness and thoughtfulness shall help to fill your lives with many blessings.

As always,

Your friend
J. T. Lupton

J. T. Lupton
Chattanooga, Tennessee

June 7, 1932.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Doc:

I think you probably have before this had a premonition that I could not keep up a ten thousand dollar monthly payment to Oglethorpe. Until further notice I will send you \$5,000 monthly. I hope I shall not have to cut that but may be able to go back to \$10,000.

But you know that all people and institutions today are careful

and economical and make five thousand go as far as ten would go several years ago. You probably know also that it is harder for a man to lay his hands on five thousand now than on ten thousand a few years ago.

Just smile and cut your suit to fit your cloth.

With best love,

Sincerely

J. T. Lupton

August 29, 1932.

Dear Miss Raulston:

I am glad that in writing for our check I am able to add some pleasant paragraphs about my recent trip to Sapphire where I found my Boss and Miss Bess happy and well and both enjoying a most pleasant vacation. They told me that I brought with me some fair weather for it had been raining constantly for some days.

We went fishing and boating and had an all round good time. Also, I saw Cartter and had a nice talk with him. It was a pleasure to tell them about my recent trip to England where I found a priceless portrait of General James Edward Oglethorpe who founded Georgia, including the city of Chattanooga, and was able to buy it for a small sum of money left us by a good friend of the institution in her will which was most fittingly to be devoted to the art work of which she was the chairman and founder.

Also, while I was there I went over with the Boss every detail of our new budget, made expressly in order to meet the new financial conditions under which we are now operating and I had the pleasure of having him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant", which was ample reward for all of the anxiety and work that it has taken to adapt ourselves to the new conditions.

We are enjoying an excellent opening as to numbers but with greatly reduced prices.

Ever with gratitude and appreciation, I am

Heartily yours,

Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

September 24, 1932.

Dear Lup:

I want to tell you about the opening of school for 1932-33.

To begin with about a year ago, as you know and as you advised me, it became perfectly plain that we should have to do something to hold our student body as well as cut our expenses. I have told you how the latter was done but until last week I was not sure that we could do the former at all but after three days of registration I am happy to say that it looks as if we will have a larger attendance this year than last. In fact every bed

on the campus is now taken and there is not a single inch of waste space in any one of our buildings.

The way that we have been able to do this is by helping every student who was in distress to the limit of our ability by giving him some form of self help work. For example, we cut our janitor squad down from eight to four and the janitor's work is now being done by the boys. Instead of employing colored waiters, all of the waiting on the tables is done by the boys. We must have around a hundred students whom we would not have unless we had been able to give them some form of self help like this which has reduced their expenses. At the same time I have been able to do something that you will hardly believe possible and that is to add four members to our faculty at an additional cash outlay per month of \$55.00. This was made possible by picking up some extremely good men and employing them as assistants in some of our departments, men who had been thrown out of positions at other institutions and who had absolutely nothing to do. I offered them their board and a few dollars per month spending money and they were glad to get it. So this year we really have the best faculty we have ever had, the largest student body we have ever had and are running on the lowest expenses we have ever run on.

I think the income from students will be about the same that it was last year, that is to say, the additional students will make up for the reduced amount of cash that they pay.

Also last night we actually pulled off a football game in Atlanta without losing any money on it. In fact, I think we made a few hundred dollars which is certainly better than the loss which we have hitherto had to take on practically all of the games we have played here.

I thought you would be interested in the above as it indicates that our plan is working out just about as we expected.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

J. T. Lupton
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Sept. 26, 1932.

Dear Doc:

I appreciate your nice letter of Sept. 24. To me it makes plain what you are trying to do and how far you have succeeded.

Whether an increase in your student body will help keep the cost of operation within the limits of your resources is a matter about which you are better able to judge than I.

I think you have shown that you are not only a professor-president of a college but a practical business man as well, by the way in which you have gone about readjusting yourself to the present conditions.

I hope everything will work out to your complete satisfaction. At any rate, I will know that you have done your best, and I don't think that either of us will have any cause for reproaching ourselves, whatever the future may hold.

With love and best wishes,

Sincerely your friend

J. T. Lupton

November 28, 1932.

My dear Miss Raulston:

I have asked Dr. Jacobs if he would allow me to write you for the check this month because I wanted to give you some of the details of the unveiling of Mr. Lupton's bust. It was really a wonderful day and I know that, as one of the audience, I got a much clearer impression of what was going on than those who took part in the celebration.

In the first place the day was beautiful. We had issued invitations to notables all over the state of Georgia and to our surprise and delight over two hundred were present on this memorial occasion. Dr. Willis Sutton, Superintendent of Schools, made a splendid address on the 200th anniversary of the founding of Georgia and Dr. M. Ashby Jones read a poem written by Dr. Jacobs. Dr. Jacobs then told the story of the finding of the portrait and then came the best part of all as Dr. Jacobs told the story of the founder of the greatest memorial to Oglethorpe and how appropriate the unveiling of the bust of Mr. Lupton was as a climax to the exercises; that he had not only founded this institution but had done so, so quietly and unnoticed that most people did not realize the tremendous nature of the task which he had performed; of how he had been created a citizen of Atlanta and of how deeply appreciative all of the citizens of Atlanta and the State are for his gracious generosity and that of his family. I only wish, Miss Raulston, that you could have been here. Words can't possibly express the impressiveness of the whole affair and practically every day Dr. Jacobs receives letters from persons who attended the exercises, congratulating the University and Dr. Jacobs personally.

As you doubtless noticed, we lost our Thanksgiving football game with Mercer 7 to 6 but it was a hard fight and our boys did well. The day was miserable, on account of which the crowd was not as large as we had hoped and planned for but perhaps next year we will do better.

With very best wishes, I am

Faithfully yours,
Margaret Stovall,
Secty. to Dr. Jacobs

Miss Fannie Raulston,
Secty. to Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

December 19, 1932.

Dear Lup:

You should see Atlanta today! Nothing but ice and snow everywhere. Every twig of every tree is covered with icicles and the ground is covered with snow. It has reached a low of about 22 degrees. Today, however, it looks as if we may have a little warmer weather soon. Already there are signs of a let-up and we are hoping to get back to normal in a short while. It has made everything beautiful but it has also been destructive to our shrubbery and we had to feed the birds to keep them from starving.

I thought you would be interested in this because you are probably having nice, warm, sunny weather in Miami. At least, I hope you are and I am happy to know that you are far away from the inclemencies of this climate.

Flu has been raging all over this section of the country. I hope you haven't any of it down in Florida. Fortunately for us we have only two boys in the infirmary this morning and we have never had more than twelve sick at one time. Examinations are on and will end Thursday. It will be something of a relief to know that we have gone through the session without having felt the epidemic severely.

We, all of us, hope that this Christmas season will bring you great satisfaction and much happiness. If gratitude and love can do anything to make a man happy you should be the happiest man in the world. We shall be thinking of you during all the Christmas holidays but for that matter we think of you all the time anyway. Along in January, the latter part of the month, I am hoping to see you. Harry Robertson and I may come down in his Chevrolet for a few days trip to Miami.

I shall be thinking, as 1932 closes, of the twenty years since we first began the job of founding this university. They have been troublous years, full of pitfalls and disasters and yet today we have an institution which is known all over the United States for its educational quality and outstanding achievements. It is the best known American small college in England and I believe it is the best known small college in America. We have, beyond any doubt, the finest college campus in the South, six hundred acres on the outskirts of Atlanta, containing an eighty acre lake. We have three (really five) beautiful granite buildings valued at over \$1,000,000 and a stadium which cost \$100,000. We have another \$100,000 worth of equipment. Our job for the future is to pay off our bonds and establish an endowment. All the rest is done.

Whatever may happen to us, one thing we know, that the history of the South will be a better history and the men and women of the South better men and women because we lived. I consider myself to have been your agent in doing this, for at times like these, when practically all others have failed, my Boss and Miss Bess and Cartter (and with Cartter I include Mar-

garet) have considered Oglethorpe to be their own, have surrounded it with their love and benefactions and have kept it safe from disaster. That is why all of us, faculty, students and city love you and hope that we shall be able to convey some little part of our gratitude and appreciation to you on this Christmas occasion.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

January 27, 1933.

My dear Miss Raulston:

I am expecting a telegram from the Big Boss any minute telling me whether I can go down to Miami on February first and in case the telegram is favorable, I should like to get a few of the more important matters attended to before leaving so I thought I would write you a few days in advance this month.

I had a letter from Mr. Lupton, telling me of the birth of little Elizabeth Patton Lupton and we, all of us, faculty, students and President sent her the following telegram:

“In after years, when you will look
In your beloved memory book,
Count this among your highest joys,
That half a thousand girls and boys,
United in a mighty yell,
To welcome little E. P. L.”

We are much prouder of the baby than we are of the poetry.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

Miss Fannie Raulston,
Secty. to Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

February 13, 1933.

Dear Lup and Miss Bess:

I wanted you to have the first Georgia Bicentennial Celebration stamp bought at the Oglethorpe University Post Office for yourselves not only but also to hand down in the family. Perhaps there will be one of the grandchildren who will be interested in stamps, so here it is, cachet and all on the front of the envelope, written on special stationery so that it will carry the coat-of-arms of the college and written in Lupton Hall, your magnificent gift to this institution and written to the man and woman whose generosity to Oglethorpe University has been the greatest contribution ever made to the cause of resurrecting and enlarging and preserving the memory of the founder of the state of Georgia which included also the states of Alabama and Mississippi and the strip of southern Tennessee in which Chattanooga is located.

With this stamp goes the love and devotion of faculty, students and directors of our institution, not only, but also of all the celebrators of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of these commonwealths.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Lupton,
McAllister Hotel,
Miami, Fla.

March 19, 1933.

Dear Lup:

Before sending the enclosed letter to the Hibernia people [The letter explained why we would have to delay the payment of interest on our bonds. T. J.] I wanted to be sure that it met with your approval. Won't you please look it over and if you don't like it or any part of it, please indicate your wishes.

I sent you a telegram on March 6th which expressed in four lines the full content of my heart. I know how busy you must be and probably everybody is trying to pile their troubles on your shoulders. That is why I am trying to be an exception by taking your advice of a year ago to let it hit me right on the chin and grin back at it.

Give my love to Miss Bess and all other members of the family if they are still with you in Miami.

How late will you be in Florida?

With love and gratitude.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

Mr. J. T. Lupton,
McAllister Hotel,
Miami, Florida.

March 22, 1933.

Dear Doc:

The enclosed letter is okeh. I am going fishing tomorrow. And home on the 30th inst. Your birthday telegram was appreciated by all. We are all well. But then lots of trouble at home.

Lots of love.

Lup

March 22, 1933.

Miss Fannie Raulston,
Secty. to Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Miss Raulston:

Your letter of the 20th, in spite of the sad information that

it contained, really gave me a little thrill of pride because I can see from it that you are doing just what I have always wanted you to do and that is to count us as just another member of the family, ready always to take our chances with the other members of the family. I have explained to our faculty and officers and creditors that the banking situation is such that we have not yet been able to meet our obligations to them and have asked their cooperation which has been gladly given. One saving feature of these terrible days is that the best qualities of human nature come to the surface.

So what I shall do is to request further postponement of our obligations and meet those that cannot be postponed, as best I may.

But in the meantime, please tell the Big Boss and everybody in our family that so far as this child is concerned, we are happy to share the fortunes of our Daddy, good or bad, always.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs.

April 29, 1933.

Dear Lup:

Your good letter of the 28 came this morning. I have carefully refrained from saying much about the details of our business here because I know that you are doing everything that you can for us anyway and I can see no use in worrying you with anything when I am such a good shock absorber myself. I would much rather tell you the good things and there are many good things to tell you.

Never before in my life have I been so aware of the big job that we have done as this spring. In spite of all our troubles, we have the best school we have ever had, doing the best work we ever did and really deserving the love and support and admiration of the world. We are the only college in the United States, so far as I know, that has not discharged a professor or an officer and that was done because I had sense enough to follow your advice. We are the only college in this section of the country that has actually increased its student body over last year and that was done by still further following your advice and recognizing the fact that we had to reduce our charges as well as our expenses so that our income from students has not fallen more than 10% to 16%, although our charges have been cut much more than that. Other institutions' receipts have dropped as much as 50%, schools that haven't the difficulties to overcome that we have. Our applications for admission from students for next year are far ahead of those of last year. For the first time since Lowry Hall was built, we did not have a vacant bed and it is entirely possible that we shall have to turn them away from our dormitories next fall.

Above everything else don't worry about us. You have enough to bother about. I know that you will help me with every nickle you can squeeze out of your own situation and be assured that I will make two nickles of it the minute it comes to my desk. I am going to get out of this burden of debt. Our institution is safe the minute these bonds are paid, and I have a feeling in my heart that amounts to a hunch that we will be free of them in the next year or so.

With lots of love.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

J. T. Lupton
Chattanooga, Tennessee.

May 3rd, 1933.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Doc:

Perhaps you will be able to find a use for this.
As ever

Yours,
Lupton

May 5, 1933.

Oh, Lup!

It was just too wonderful to open that letter this morning. You have sent me a lot of money but I don't believe that you ever sent a single check that meant as much as this one unless it was that very first check for \$10,000 which made my whole life possible.

You will remember how Jehovah said once unto Moses: "Behold, I have made thee as God to Pharaoh." Well, that expression comes to my mind hundreds of times each year because that is just what He has made you to me. The goodness of God, His kindness and friendship and affection and wisdom and courage; all of the things that God represents and should represent in the life of a human being, that is what you are to me.

I didn't care to tell you how much I needed that check. For two months I have been exploring every possible avenue of aid. People who ordinarily are glad to help have been either paralyzed by fear or by facts and I just don't see how I could have gotten along much longer without a check.

And now here it is! That is what I call a beautiful way for God to answer prayer.

Love from everybody.

Affectionately,
Thornwell Jacobs.

July 3, 1933.

My dear Miss Raulston:

This summer is teaching me one of the great lessons of life. I have always been grateful but never before as I am now. Our national troubles came just as the summer was about to begin and the summer is the one time when we have no income whatever of any size, from students. Therefore, I faced four months with almost regular expenses and no income to meet them. You know, therefore, how happy your letter of the first made me and I wish you would tell big Boss that I shall see that every dollar of it gets two dollars for Oglethorpe. Tell him that I am seeing to it that every article purchased is paid for C. O. D. and our pay roll is a little less than 50% of what it used to be. Tell him that there is not a human being among the army of the unemployed who can say that he was discharged by Oglethorpe University. Professors who used to make \$250.00 per month are now getting \$75.00 to \$100.00 per month. In other words, tell him that I am following, regardless, the policy that he laid down for me up at Sapphire two years ago and that it is because of the wisdom of that policy and his generosity only that our institution is able to weather this storm.

And then tell him I love him.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, President

Miss Fannie Raulston,
Secty. to Mr. J. T. Lupton,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

August 7, 1933.

Dear Miss Bess:

I have been thinking constantly of you. It was just a week ago to the moment that I received Allen's telegram and left immediately for Brevard. The memory of it makes me yearn, both for your sympathy in my immeasurable loss and to sympathize with you in your deeper grief. Please let me ever be a younger brother, dear to you always, bound in the unbreakable bonds of gratitude and love.

For several days I have been reading "Lup's" letters as well as I might, through my tears, beginning away back in 1914. They are very wonderful. An almost complete story of Oglethorpe is in them. Some of your own dear letters are among them. Everywhere your name appears. I am having a set of bound copies made for you and will send them to you before long. I shall always treasure his last letter to me and, as you told me, the last he ever wrote, inviting me to come to see him at Sapphire. It pleased me to learn from the Chattanooga papers that you had bravely returned to North Carolina. There is no way to avoid the pain of the memories of him, nor can any thief rob you of its joys. Time

will try to soothe your agony into the sacred music of sweet gratitude that God gave him to you for so many years of happy usefulness, showering upon you both, above all others whom I know, the admiration, gratitude and affection of millions.

When I woke this morning I could hear the waters of the fountain falling just as if I were sleeping in the little "Honeymoon Cottage". I can see him now, casting his line for trout on the lake. God! How I shall miss him. As with you, my only relief is in prayer and tears.

But we shall be brave and fill our remaining years with lovelier thoughts and nobler deeds in his memory and for his sake.

Ever with love and gratitude,

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

Mrs. J. T. Lupton,
Sapphire, N. C.

CHAPTER 14.

"HARRY."

ONLY ONCE in the life of Oglethorpe University will there be such an evening as Thursday, Dec. 4, 1919, at which time the officers of the Woman's Board, the Atlanta members of the Board of Directors, the fathers and mothers of local students and other guests of the institution assembled in the dining hall for a happy evening together, celebrating the closing of a successful year of University life. Many well phrased speeches were made, and also full reports of work by members of the faculty and student organizations.

The last subject on the program was athletics and the last speaker was Mr. Harry P. Hermance, who some months ago, had told us that he would undertake to raise the sum of \$50,000.00 for a stadium. At the close of a short, terse address, in the midst of a deep and expectant silence he announced that he and Mrs. Hermance "had found a family" which would give \$5,000 per year for ten years to commence the building of this stadium on the campus of the University, work to begin in the Spring of 1920.

There has never been any finer appreciation of any gift than that shown by the students and faculty of Oglethorpe and their guests when this splendid announcement was made. There was a moment of silent astonishment followed by a roof-raising "locomotive" from the student body, and, after the banquet, by many earnest and appreciative congratulations.

This gift was probably the largest ever made for athletic purposes in the South, up to that time, but it was not so much the amount that thrilled the men and women who saw a dream come true, as the magnificent spirit of the fine moral sportsmanship which characterized the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Hermance, and of Miss Helena and Master Hal Hermance as well, for it was a gift, as Mr. Hermance well phrased it, of a "family". By unanimous vote of the students and faculty, later unanimously ratified by the Executive Committee of the University, the athletic field was named Hermance Stadium.

One never remembers Harry Hermance without a quickening of the pulse. Of all the men I have ever known, he reveled most in sports. He saw and loved all natural beauty. He was the only person who ever called my attention (on the Brookhaven golf course late one afternoon) to the beauty of red embankments, loblolly pines, brown sedge, sunset tints, and weary wastes of weeds. He went at the job of enjoying himself with the same happy vim as that with which he tackled his business problems. In his summer home at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, by the time the birds had concluded their matins, he had aroused the family and was playing tennis. After breakfast, there was a row on the lake and a swim. Then more tennis. Then lunch. Then golf. Then dinner and more tennis, before or after. Then games and—not till then—bed. In his sixties, he loved sports and took a larger part in them than any boy I have ever known in his teens.

And more, he fountained unceasingly at it! He bubbled over with joyful vitality. There were no clouds in his sky and when God sorted out the weather and sent rain, as with Riley, rain was his choice. That was one of the secrets of his personal magnetism, abounding health of body and mind which manufactured so much physical and mental pleasure that they immersed his friends in a sort of confident optimism which cured all their *malaises*. His mere presence, to use one of his own favorite expressions, was "good for what ails you."

Mrs. Hermance was a perfect foil for Harry. She was serious, contemplative, deliberate and philosophical. Harry avoided books as far as possible. "Sibyl" was never so happy as when reading an article or volume that had struck her fancy. Yet she was a perfect house-keeper and the meals—good, tasty, well-balanced meals,—were always on the table and on time. Harry's public speeches came as near ten-word telegrams as possible. Sibyl's were equally infrequent and trenchant but took as much time as might be appropriate to the occasion. Harry was a blond, Sibyl a brunette, yet it was he who was always bubbling over with vitality and Sibyl who was undemonstrative, self-possessed, and whose manner gave you the impression of great reserve power. Most of her qualities went to Hal. Most of Harry's to Helena. What a family they were!

To two great coaches goes the credit for Oglethorpe's amazing success in inter-collegiate athletics, Frank Anderson in baseball

and Harry Robertson in football. Harry had the advantage of having been preceded by two other fine coaches, his brother, Jim, and Walter Elcock. Frank laid his own foundations. From his first year his baseball team became more and more famous until in 1924 and again in 1930 it won the mythical Southern Championship. For the size of the college the Oglethorpe baseball team has probably been the most famous for its exploits in the whole United States.*

Side by side with the Tech scores engraved on a tablet of Hermance Stadium is another, reading

IN HONOR OF
THE OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY BASEBALL TEAMS OF
1924 AND 1930
UNDISPUTED SOUTHERN COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS
1924: WON 22 LOST 2
1930: WON 13 LOST 0

A few months before that remarkable dinner, I had asked Frank Anderson to get the principal men on our football squad together. Then I phoned Harry Hermance, whose office was in the Hurt Building, that I would like to have an appointment. When some twenty or more football huskies followed me into his private office his eyes opened to their limit. But the famous Hermance smile flashed confidently. This looked like fun and he loved fun. One by one I introduced them, tackles, guards, ends, centers and back-field men. As they crowded in from his outer office his amazement grew.

“What’s this all about?” he chuckled, finally.

“We want you to be our daddy!” the boys explained.

“Well, I never expected to become the daddy of so many men at one time,” he laughed, “but I’ll do my damndest.”

* That no-hit game pitched by James (Dizzy) Dean of Oglethorpe, the other day, was his second of the season. In the Mercer game not an Oglethorpe outfielder had a chance through nine innings. Not a fly ball or ground ball reached them, as the Mercer batters couldn’t get one out of the infield.

There have been many no-hit games pitched but we doubt if there has been another one in history when the outfielders didn’t get a putout. The Oglethorpe picket men could have enjoyed a game of bridge together in center field, with sandwiches and coffee, taking time out only to go to bat. They were certainly not needed in the field—Morgan Blake in the *Atlanta Journal*.

Hermance Stadium was part of the result. Year by year he (they) sent that \$5,000 check regularly until the whole \$50,000 was paid. Year by year the stone was quarried and hauled, the plans drawn and the east section finished. We had been using the playing field long before we dedicated the stadium by a game with Dayton University on Oct. 26th, 1929. Harry and Mrs. Hermance and their son, Hal and daughter, Helena, attended. Mr. and Mrs. Lupton came down from Chattanooga. We won by a score of 20 to 12. Harry had just told me he was going to try to arrange to build another section costing fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. After the game, he and his family left by motor for Florida. While he was on his trip the stock market collapsed. He could not be reached by his brokers. When he reached Miami he had lost heavily. "I am shy a fortune which I needed to carry on with," he cheerily expressed it. The second section of the stadium has never been built.

Over one of the stadium window panels is carved a trenchant record of what had been going on during the intervening ten years on Hermance Field.

	Tech	Oglethorpe
1920	55	0
1921	44	0
1922	35	6
1923	27	13
1924	19	0
1925	13	7
1926	6	7

Early in 1920 Dr. W. B. Crenshaw, Athletic Director of Georgia Tech phoned me, suggesting that we both open our 1920 season with a game at Tech. It seems that the University of Georgia was planning a game with some other college to be played at Ponce de Leon Park on that date. For several years before this date, the feeling between Tech and Georgia had been so tense that both college faculties had agreed that a football game between them was unwise. Of course, the opportunity afforded by Dr. Crenshaw was so great that I accepted it immediately. We played eight games. The scores of the first seven are detailed on the above inscription.

In the whole history of athletics there is no such remarkable record as this. In the 1920 game, Tech used her first string men

for only a few moments. Her second and third string men beat us by a merciless 55 to 0. The next year the first string men played the greater part of the first quarter. The third year they stayed in the greater part of the first half. The fourth year we actually led at the end of the first half and Frank Anderson almost cabled me to England that we were beating Tech! The fifth year brought the Tech score still lower. The sixth game was a hard-fought battle between equally matched teams. The seventh game—we won! Notice the steady reduction of Tech's score: 55, 44, 35, 27, 19, 13, 6! I have never heard of anything like it. We had a great reception for the team at the Henry Grady that night, and Harry Robertson, the coach, was Anu, Bel and Ea, all combined. The eighth game was played the following year. Tech won and immediately dropped us from her schedule—permanently.

During the two years of my dormitory life in Brown Hall, Princeton Seminary, I frequently studied until two o'clock in the morning. Often, to rest my eyes, I would go to the window and look eastward where the glowing earthworms crawled from Philadelphia to New York. It comforted my loneliness to know that I was only three miles away from coaches which, twenty four hours ago, had passed through Clinton. But, never in my most ambitious imaginings did I dream that one of them would, some day, carry the football team of a college I had founded as a little Southern Princeton to the Polo grounds of New York where they would win the first night game ever played in America's metropolis and see their victory celebrated by air-plane sky-writing over that city. Yet that was exactly what occurred in the autumn of 1929, Oglethorpe, 14—Manhattan, 3. Truly, life is a fairy story. Nothing is too beautiful to happen!

Another giant that fell as a victim of little Oglethorpe's sling-shot was the University of Georgia. In true Goliath fashion they made fun of us, at first. "The Oglethorpe student body came over in a Ford to witness the game," their correspondent once wrote for an Atlanta paper. Soon they were lucky to win a baseball series from Frank Anderson and the football scores became closer and closer. At last, they set the stage for a great drama. They built a magnificent new bowl and the Yale Bulldogs were to dedicate it. The last game on the old field was to be played with us; we one Saturday afternoon, Yale the next. It

took more than one Ford to get us over and it was a wonder that we ever got back. We won the game 13 to 7!* They beat Yale the next Saturday.

* Bill Mundy told the story of it in the *Atlanta Georgian*:

Contemplating the impending opening day struggle between Oglethorpe and Georgia at the ball park here next Friday night, one cannot resist the temptation to reflect on a similar season's inaugural involving the two—that of 1929, the last football game ever to be staged on historic Sanford field and one which brought the Petrels their only victory over the Bulldogs.

Consider the dramatics of it all!

You see, the Atlantans had been selected by the Athenians for a bit of warm-up a week prior to the much-publicized and acclaimed dedication of the beautiful and modern Sanford stadium with Yale slated to furnish the opposition. And it was to mark the Elis' first trip farther South than Princeton, N. J., Georgia being thusly signally honored because two of the founders of this oldest of state universities were Yale men—Abraham Baldwin and John Milledge. In fact, Georgia's first structure, Old College, is an exact replica of Connecticut Hall in New Haven.

TUTORED BY MEHRE

Georgia, tutored by Harry Mehre, in the main was composed of sophomores. Oglethorpe, under Harry Robertson, possessed a veteran squad but negligible reserve strength. As will be the case analogously in 1940.

Anyway, the Bulldogs were highly favored. So much so that many Athens folks didn't bother to attend, saving their money for tickets to the colossal Yale affair. Of course, the Petrels would be but a breeze and the Blue would hornswoggle their "boys." But, what of it? The gala festivities would more than mitigate the dregs of disaster, they mused.

How mistaken they were is a matter of record! They had not reckoned with those stormy Petrels!

For three quarters the Atlantans held their foes at bay in a bitter give and take imbroglio and the fourth ensued with the score dead-locked, 0-0.

Shortly after its advent, to the amazement of everyone the Petrels launched their first sustained drive, pounding to the 1-yard line. Here the memorable protechnics began to explode. A fumble. A Bulldog recovery. And, as though inspired, Guard Hoke Bell broke through, blocked Half-back John Davidson's punt behind the goal line and End Paul Goldsmith pounced on the bounding oval for a touchdown. Half-back Amos Martin converted and the Petrels led, 7-0.

GEORGIA TIES SCORE

Tensing the seriousness of the moment here, the Bulldogs "bowed

Intercollegiate athletics is a shield of gold and glamour on one side and of dirt and disgrace on the other. To the average American youth the educational world has nothing else to offer comparable to a great gridiron event. With it go intense excitement, glorious contest, manly competition, beautiful girls, high physical, mental and social stimulants, carefree, joyful celebration, complete release from the strain of hum-drum academic regimen. For years he has been taught to regard college as a cultural country club the most attractive feature of which is a "colorful" foot-

their necks" pronto and marched to the enemy 16, from where on a marvelously executed air hoist by Quarterback Austin Down and a miraculous catch by Halfback Spurgeon Chandler they scored. End Catfish Smith kicked goal to knot the count, 7-7. All were sophomores.

Only minutes remained now and both aggregations determined to stake all on glory or defeat. They became frantic and furious and fumbles and wild passes were frequent. One of the latter was intercepted by Oglethorpe on her 35. A 5-yard gain through the line. But still 60 yards away from law.

Then evolved one of the most spectacular plays in the annals of American football. It attracted nation-wide attention and was likened unto Bo McMillin's famous gallop when Centre vanquished Harvard, 6 to 0, in 1921 for Dixie's initial triumph over a major eastern adversary.

And Halfback Cy Bell was the villain of the situation. He was the veteran who in 1926 on two long-distance jaunts had touchdowned to bring the Petrels their first and to this day their lone win over Georgia Tech. The score was 7 to 6.

Well, in this instance this "will-o'-the-wisp"—and that is what he was literally—started out wide around his right end. He outflanked End Catfish Smith and, as two of his men drove Smith out wider and another boxed in the tackle, he spun and cut back inside the end and loafed into the "groove." But as soon as Quarterback Dapper Myers took out the key backer-up he threw the old machine into ultra-high and, unmolested, sped into the promised land. He had reversed his entire field. The 60-yard touchdown maneuver had been perfectly executed and the whole Georgia team fooled. That was the ball game, 13 to 7, in the last seconds.

Writing in *The Atlanta Constitution* of the run, the late and beloved H. J. Stegeman blamed its success on what he termed "sophomoric hesitancy." That phrase since has been oft quoted throughout the land.

"It was the failure of the Georgia secondary to charge in to tackle. . . . Their sophomoric hesitancy," he declared.

At that, though, those Georgia second-year men of 1929 thoroughly redeemed themselves the next week and upset Yale, 15 to 0. But "sophomoric hesitation" was in evidence in many subsequent tiffs!

Will it be another matter of "sophomoric hesitation" here this week? Or too much Stormy Petrelism!



ONE OF THE HAPPIEST MOMENTS IN HARRY'S LIFE—Oglethorpe is defeating the University of Dayton. Helena and Mrs. Hermance are helping him dedicate Hermance Stadium.

ball squad. He knows that the game is considered profitable to the University both in cash and patronage. He knows that whereas a scholar pays his way through college, a good quarterback gets all expenses and a reasonable allowance for three months exercise of his prowess. He knows that he will be a hero to the other boys and an object of adoration to the co-eds. He knows that fraternities, class and student elections, social privileges are awarded with his sweater. He knows that many professors will look with lenient eyes upon his academic failings and that tutors will be appointed to help him with his hurdles. All these things and many more like them he learned in high school where college representatives explained them in detail.

The consequence is that emphasis on football attracts, for the most part, a certain type of man, the physical type, rather than the mental or moral. In simple phrase, they do not go to college to study but to have a pleasurable time by means of football. Too frequently, but not always, they are poor students, and poorer campus citizens. Too often their chief relaxations are liquor and women and their light exercise, breaking down doors and smashing dormitory furniture. As complainants they are superb. As Francis Taye reminds us: "There is no person quite so insistent on his rights as he who has acquired the habit of receiving something for nothing." Compare the New Deal and the labor-loafer. A large university can take care of such a situation much better than a small college. Including the Freshman team the football squad of one of our smaller colleges would number from 75 to 100. In many cases this would be a third or a fourth of the student body. The presence on the campus of such a large proportion of such a type of student tends to wreck all serious academic work and to blackout all spiritual and intellectual ideals. If the college is fortunate enough to have a coach who does not smoke or chew or drink or do anything else that makes him smell like a man, the situation can be handled fairly well. Otherwise, it is hopeless.

Furthermore, competition among colleges for outstanding football stars is so keen that it not only tends to ruin the student and the idealism of the institution but also to defeat its own ends. It is, of course, the gate receipts which furnish the chief incentives, and means for subsidization of athletes. It is for them that the best stars are pampered, praised and paid. But the presence

on the campus of a hundred—in some institutions hundreds—of non-pay students tends immediately to strengthen the demands of other classes of students for scholarships, fake jobs, and grants of all sorts and seriously to diminish the income of many smaller schools. In addition to this, the conviction that they are indispensable to the college is at the root of a majority of intra-mural troubles. All in all a cracking good football team isn't all it's cracked up to be. Nevertheless, given only a moderate emphasis on intercollegiate athletics and a well-behaved coach and a screen for players with no big holes in it, a good football and baseball team is a source of an enormous amount of pleasure and inspiration, both to faculty and students. As to alumni, that is one of its principal drawbacks. They swarm out to see your winning team beat Tech but don't give a tinker's dam about your Chemistry lab—always with exceptions, rare exceptions. Also, all football players are not alike. Some of the finest young fellows who ever attended Oglethorpe were on the Varsity squad. Some of them won the highest academic honors. Others stood high above their fellows, morally and ethically.

As for pure football prowess, our teams were always “colorful” and often veiled the campus in glory.* We had half a hun-

* Now we are going to have at the ball park—that is, Ponce de Leon—one of those football games which are very good for a public that affects to love football, just as the good old public affects to love baseball—because it is a great game to watch. Oglethorpe University and Rollins College will get together at Ponce de Leon Saturday afternoon, and as a prospective observer myself, I will take the liberty of promising one of the finest-played games of football to be seen in this section this year. Of course, my friends, we do not promise one of those championship combats where all the world is at stake. The Petrels, and the Tars, both have been defeated. But I can promise you this, solemnly. Out at Ponce de Leon Saturday afternoon you will see two of the best coached and brilliant football teams in the world today. Smart football—clever football—football played from the book, with all the histrionic phases underlined, will be on tap at Ponce de Leon. They tell me that the Petrels who were reported out of the game by reason of injury, all will be back in the line-up Saturday afternoon, and that John Patrick and Harry Wrens, alumni coaches, have worked out a couple of new spinner plays to be added to the dazzling repertoire of the Petrels, which will be something like a marine picture by Turner, or perhaps a landscape by Corot or Millet, for the casual observer. Beautiful football, and a kick in it, is on tap this week-end.

I think that with no exceptions, the Oglethorpe military shift is the

dred great football stars on our teams. Without invidious comparisons, however, three names always come back to the minds of Oglethorpe students when they talk over old times. All of the three would rank as all-American, good enough for anybody's club at any time. All three were half-backs. Adrian Maurer was, perhaps, the greatest broken-field runner that ever played for us or against us. His fame was celebrated in every account of every game in which he took part. Johnny Knox* was not only a

* From the *Atlanta Journal*

The sporting department is in receipt of a letter from Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University in which the writer pays high and deserved praise to Captain John Knox of the Petrels. The letter follows:

"It may be a rather unusual thing for the president of a college to write a letter to the sporting department of a newspaper, giving his estimate of one of the players on his team, but I have felt on more than one occasion in the past that one of the boys now playing on the Oglethorpe team has done such an unusual thing, that I would be warranted to say almost anything about him that I chose. I refer to John Knox, Captain and halfback of the Oglethorpe Petrels.

John came to us in the fall of 1918 to equip himself as an officer in our army, being a member of the S. A. T. C. He played with our S. A. T. C. team of that year and has since played with us two years, in the fall of '19 and '20. I have seen him play at least half of the games on our schedules and have watched him very closely and I honestly believe that this boy is not only a member of the mythical all-

prettiest play and one of the best formations from which any football attack of the modern era can be operated. The very effective "Formation A" or "Formation B"—the single or double wing back plans by "Pop" Warner—in comparison are slow and stupid-looking. The carefully cadenced military shift of the Petrels, from which they start all their plays, is one of the outstanding features of football today. There is nothing quite like it.

To me an Oglethorpe football team always is a joy to watch—trained and coached to the last minute and the first step and producing plays with the smooth precision of the Prussian Guard of a score of years ago doing the goose-step on parade. The comparatively small squad, composed, I should say explicitly, entirely of students, always works with the intelligence and enthusiasm of actual students—the boys at Oglethorpe play football as a personal sort of game, and work at their sport with all their hearts. Real football fans who love the game for the game's sake, will have the privilege Saturday afternoon at Ponce de Leon of seeing in action one of the very prettiest football teams in America, and against Rollins, one of the best football games in the United States. O. B. Keeler in the *Atlanta Journal*.

great broken-field runner but, "Oh, Johnny, how you could kick", and punt and pass. How often have I wished that I could see them in a game together! Cy Bell won eternal glory by making the winning touchdown against both Tech and Georgia. I happened to say at Assembly one morning that to make the first winning touchdown against Tech and Georgia was something that no Oglethorpe player could ever hope to duplicate. My words seem to have stuck in Cy's memory. A few months later, at a college dance, being in a convivial state and an imparting mood he came over to my chair and was about to sit in my lap seeing which I rose to meet him. "Doc," he confided, "I beat 'em both, didn't I? Doc, there never will be any other football star like me at Oglethorpe, will there?" And Cy was right. There will not be.

The nearest to a satisfactory solution of this football problem at which I was able to arrive was threefold. First, I secured a

southern eleven but is as good a backfielder, pound per pound, as is today playing on an American gridiron.

I have seen him in all kinds of emergencies. I have watched him place a beautiful 55-yard spiral within one foot of out-of-bounds diagonally across the field. I have seen him make similarly safe and excellent punts on a hundred occasions when the opposing team was streaming through the line. In fact, during these three years he has practically never had a fair chance to make a punt because Oglethorpe has, from her birthday, played colleges that were from two to twenty times as large in student body and many of them twenty times as old.

I have seen him make broken field runs under circumstances that marked him as the equal of any man whom I have ever seen play on a Southern team. I have seen him buck lines, regardless of their weight or ability, and make steady gains there when no one else on the team could advance the ball a foot, and he has done all of this without ever having spoken a word, so far as I know, of self-praise.

During all this time I have never known him to bring a penalty on his team for rough playing, holding, off side, or any other causes—and only once has he ever been taken out of the game for injuries.

But I do not think I would write this letter to you if John Knox were simply the best backfielder in Atlanta which he is, were it not that as I happen to know, he has had many opportunities and many offers from teams with far greater reputation than the one which he has chosen to lead. At the present moment a good many schools are after him but they will not get him. The reason why they will not is because John Knox is doing something bigger than play football, and he knows it. Two years ago, when John had his trunk packed to go to Georgia he came out to see me and we sat down in my office and

coach whose personal habits were exemplary. Second, I made him Dean of Discipline. Third, I put all athletes on the same level with other students insofar as subsidies, scholarships and other forms of student-aid was concerned. As obviously wise as this was, morally, academically and financially, yet I was amazed at the reaction against it from quarters where only approval would be expected. I was not surprised when the alumni, some of them through the newspapers, showed their bitter disapproval but when members of the faculty and students began to lament the good old times I *was* surprised. Nevertheless, the relief from any association with the debauchery of education involved in "big-time football" was so great that we stuck to amateurism right up to World War II. In the meantime, however, our schedule had changed. We no longer played Tech and Georgia and Auburn and Alabama and Syracuse, but Erskine and Alabama State Teachers College and Newberry and Rollins. The

talked about Oglethorpe. We had nothing to offer the boy but just the privilege of founding a university. We had a good, long talk. John made up his mind that he would rather devote his football ability to the founding of a great institution of learning in Atlanta than to his personal advancement and profit. Since that day he has been doing just that thing. I feel that John has given more than his thousand dollars to Oglethorpe and has classed himself as one of that unique group of men whose names will be inseparably associated with the life of this institution. He is, therefore, face to face with a very paradox of God. He came to us in self-denial, knowing that he was a great football player and giving up some brilliant opportunities in order that he might devote himself to helping us found Oglethorpe and yet to him has come, is coming and will come more real fame and reward and joy than he would have secured if he had gone to Harvard or Princeton or Yale and been their greatest football player for it is not possible for any of the star football players of our great American universities to do a thing that he is doing. He is founding a university. He has been the heart and strength of our team for three years. He has two more years in which to strike for his college blow after blow that will bring her higher and higher among our sisters and lay her fine foundations deep and strong, and after those two years have passed, no matter what he may do in years to come, he will have done, during his four college years, as big a thing as anybody has done or ever will do in the founding of his Alma Mater.

John is a quiet boy. He has not the remotest idea that I am writing or would write such a note as this but the thing he has done is so unique and so beautiful that I think the time has come for us to give him his reward.

conclusion of the whole matter is that if you expect to compete in intercollegiate football within the big tent you will be compelled to pay the price of admission. If you are not willing or able to do so your only recourse is amateur athletics and a schedule limited to a few fellow travelers along the rather drab road of wisdom. In which case it will be found that you and the camel and the football players will have equal trouble in entering the Kingdom of Heaven through that needle.

The golden side of the athletic shield is very lustrous. Rarely is it given to any man to enjoy a moment more than I enjoyed the climax of that last game with Tech which we won 7 to 6. I watched the great crowd of astonished spectators disperse, waited until almost all of them had left the field, saluted the Oglethorpe pennant which fluttered gaily in its victorious breeze, thanked God for a consummation devoutly to be wished and walked up to the Henry Grady hotel to see that all was in readiness for our big celebration. You should have seen the faces of our freshmen that night!

Or, can you imagine a happier hour than the evening in New York when the airplanes were skywriting our victory over Manhattan in the first night football game ever played in that city? Or the last whistle-blow that gave us our victory over Georgia, something our rival, Mercer, had never been able to do in her hundred years of history! Or going with your team to your old home town, winning a close, exciting game over your alma mater and listening to your boys as they gave a fine glee club and orchestra recital in the Thornwell auditorium!

Yet, above even these great moments two others stand out supreme. One was the annual visit to Chattanooga, the lovely twenty four hours with "Lup" and "Miss Bess", the game with the University and, if it was our time to win, the victory for "our" college. The other was such a home game on Hermance Field as that which we played with the best team Furman had ever put out and which we won, after sixty minutes of hair-raising suspense, by a score of 3 to 0. Or, perhaps the greatest of all moments when "Lup" and "Miss Bess" came down to the game with Dayton University, dedicating the stadium. "Harry" and "Sibyl" were there, of course, and we won the game! The financial world was crashing around us and "sound money" was sinking with the autumn sun, but for a little while our Ogle-

thorpe family was blissfully happy. The band had stopped playing but in the joyful silence the newly-installed chimes were ringing out the alma mater song. Students, faculty, alumni, Woman's Board members, friends, and best of all, the Luptons and Hermances enjoyed that beautiful hour which crowned all of their generous gifts and earnest prayers with victory. I can still see the beaming face of big 220 pound Freshman tackle, Dan Kenzie of *Chicago* as he yelled gleefully to me after the game:

"Doc, we beat 'em! We whipped those damyankees! Oh, boy!"

It was a sad day for me when the Hermances left Atlanta. F. W. Woolworth, for which concern he was the Southeastern Chief Executive, transferred him to another post. Atlanta citizens gave him a great goodbye in the form of a testimonial dinner. I was among those who tried to express their appreciation of his short, radiant life in Atlanta. In looking over some old papers an hour or so ago, I found that speech. Here it is:

"In a cemetery of Richmond, famous throughout the nation for its sacred beauty, is the grave of one of the South's most distinguished sons, and on the stone at its head is engraved one of those remarkable inscriptions which compresses into few words a world of profound thought. The line reads: "And they who wonder shall reign."

I have been thinking of that sentence tonight, seeing before me this remarkable assemblage—perhaps the most remarkable in the history of the city of Atlanta on any similar occasion. I have been trying to fathom the reason for the gathering together of this most unusual body of men and women, comprising leaders in all the various spheres of a city's activity, who have this distinguishing quality in common—that they have come from their diverse walks of life to pay tribute to a common friend. I do not think that this evening may be properly understood until we remember that it is the product of many years. Nothing less could have gathered together so many and so complete a body of representative citizens. It is a tribute to a man who, from time he was a little boy, saw the world around him as a palace of wonder.

So, I wish that tonight, that little wondering boy might have been included in this list, the little boy who kept wondering at how beautifully the world was made, such a little fellow as would walk out into the world with wonder in his eyes to see

the many beautiful things that God has made. It was that little boy who, on one occasion, with a brother whom he loved, undertook the remarkable exploit, perhaps unparalleled in the history of America, of floating down the Missouri-Mississippi River in a flat-boat, as if he had something besides the spirit of adventure in his heart, having put his faith in that great Providence that cares for little boys who are willing to trust Him. I seem to see the little fellow with his only brother for nurse and physician, lying in a raging fever out of which that same kindly Providence brought him, having in mind for him a better thing than to perish unknown and unloved. I wish that little boy could have looked forward by some species of clairvoyance and have contemplated this scene. I should like to see him in his raggedy clothes, stand there for a moment in that doorway and gaze upon this brilliant assemblage met together in surroundings of beauty and luxury, with great adornment of ferns and flags, to do honor to one of the best loved citizens in sixteen Southern states. I should like to watch him as he furtively steals around the table, to sit here by Hal's side—and I think I know what he would say:

"Hal," he would ask, "who is this great man to whom all this honor is being paid and for whom all this affection is being shown?"

And Hal would reply:

"It's my daddy, Harry. *It's you.*"

Now, I think that in this occasion there is to be found something much finer than praise and much deeper than adornment, for between this hour and that little lad there is stretched almost a whole life-time and that life-time is full of toil and endeavor and defeats and discouragements and disappointments, as well as of victories and achievements. Along the path that the lad followed, lay all those pitfalls and temptations and difficulties which have tried the souls of men since time began—but upon them all both lad and man gazed, with wonder in their eyes as if some great thing would surely be worked out by them, as if some beautiful hour would most certainly, some day, strike. And now, tonight, we know that the little boy was right.

For myself, I have tried to explain the reason why this man, in so short a while, has been able to go down into the heart of Atlanta and walk up and down in it. I found much of that expla-

nation to lie in the life of a girl whom he met and loved and whose soul has blended with his and has largely made him what he is—a man of culture as well as one of high achievement—so that tonight I think that this remarkable thing may be said of them, that they are among the few who have ever lived in this city who have really seen Atlanta. For though there may be thousands and hundreds of thousands who walk her streets and look up at her tall buildings and hear the roar of her traffic, and trade and barter with her citizens, how few have ever seen this city! The best that may be said of the multitude is that they recognize the phenomena of the present hour. But her past, how out of the ashes she rose again from the dead, how she put away all bitterness and wrath and anger from her heart and welcomed to her bosom any man or woman who would contribute some good thing or some new thought to the up-building of a great city, how she toiled and struggled and hoped and dreamed until she has become what she is, the capital of a vast empire and the metropolis of the greatest section of the greatest nation in the world; these things, only her truest sons have understood. And her future: how the unlimited years of God lie before her; how the steady tramp of millions may be heard, coming to throng her streets, to rear her halls, and to extend her beneficent power; how her voice keeps calling to her sons or daughters to do for her this or that great deed of faith in the founding of her institutions, in the protection of her children, in the broadening of the avenues of her life; these things, passed by of the multitudes, this man and woman have seen, and being as they are—great moral sportsmen—they have thrown the whole weight of their position, their money, and, more especially, of their spirit, to the leading of us all forward along the pre-designated line of future glory for Atlanta and for the nation at large.

And to this thought I would add another: for he to whom we pay honor this evening, has this as perhaps his chief glory—that he has believed in us and, unlike Him of old time who “could do no mighty works there because of their unbelief,” we have also believed in him. This Harry Hermance whom we trust, trusts us also. Of which of us may it not be said that when we told him our hope and our dream of some great accomplishment, he did not see it even better than we and work for it with a greater faith? What street of our beloved city, what enterprise for our

common welfare, what element of public advancement, what by-way or country road or links on what golf-course have not yielded for him their wealth of beauty and fascinating mystery? To Him, as to the great Pasteur, "*Tout est miracle*" (It is all wonderful), and of him it may be said, as our own Longfellow wrote it:

"Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The inspiration, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
And what it cannot find, creates."

CHAPTER 15.

"THE CHIEF"

IT WAS DURING MY PRINCETON DAYS that I first heard of Mr. Hearst. He had just moved into the New York newspaper field. War had been declared between *The World* and *The Journal*. The young westerner was steadily winning. At the Seminary the big box-car letters and the display of sensational news and the splashing of colored inks was called yellow journalism. Both *The Journal* and *The World* were barred from the Seminary reading room. That made me want to read them which I always did when I went to New York. Hitherto I had subsisted on the twelve to eighteen point headlines of the *News and Courier* which had been my father's daily newspaper for nearly fifty years. Nothing short of imminent collision with another planet could have increased their headings to one-half that of these two modern journals. Nevertheless, I was, even then, dimly conscious of the fact that this young man from California was starting something, but I did not realize that it was a new school of journalism.

When I next heard of Mr. Hearst I was looking at him. He was attending Grand Opera in Dick Gray's Auditorium-Armory in Atlanta. Some one whispered: "There's William Randolph Hearst!" I looked and saw a tall, spare blond with a quizzical smile talking to one of our prominent citizens. I watched as long as possible. He seemed to me to be remarkably reserved and composed in the crowd of jovial jabberers. I wished that I could meet him, but his dignified manner did not invite attentions from little unknowns like me.

It was the autumn of 1913 before I really came in contact with him. Our Atlanta campaign was on and he was now the proprietor of the *Atlanta Georgian*. John Temple Graves was his editor. One day Mr. Graves attended our daily workers' luncheon and announced that Mr. Hearst, through the *Georgian*, had subscribed \$5,000 toward the refounding of Oglethorpe. The announcement was followed by great and grateful applause. His was the largest personal, unconditional gift of the campaign.

Thirteen more years passed before I met him face to face. In

the meantime, I had been to England in quest of the remains of General Oglethorpe and had spent years in the study of his life and policies. On more than one occasion I had emphasized the fact that he had been the first great Anglo-American. One day there appeared in the *Georgian* one of Mr. Hearst's characteristic double-column editorials on the subject, advocating the very principles for which Oglethorpe had lived and fought. Here was what the sports writers call a "natural", the greatest newspaper publisher in the world preaching the distinctive doctrines of the founder of Georgia for whom I had named my University! Through his Atlanta publisher, I communicated with him at once, asking him to visit Atlanta on the occasion of our approaching commencement, and to make our baccalaureate address and seeking the privilege of conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. He very graciously accepted. His visit to Atlanta was a personal triumph for himself and an institutional triumph for Oglethorpe. He was given a big banquet at the Biltmore Hotel and the Tabernacle was packed to hear his address on Anglo-American World Cooperation. The idea was old to Oglethorpe and to Mr. Hearst but it was new and objectionable to many others. Nevertheless, he has lived to see it become the necessary foundation of world order and peace. When Mr. Hearst's face is considered in repose it seems somewhat austere but when it is animated by an interesting conversation or lighted by a smile it melts the hardest heart. Some of my Atlanta friends who had believed him to be a cold-blooded radical subscribed for the *Georgian* after hearing his addresses and listed him among America's great.

From February to April, preceding our commencement exercises, I had been ill, the greater part of the time in the hospital. When Mr. Hearst heard of this he invited me to visit his "ranch." I was blissfully ignorant, at the time, of what "the ranch" really meant. To me it brought visions of herds of livestock grazing on plains and hillsides, of windmills and waterholes, and of a rambling old house somewhere on it, shaded by a few trees and surrounded by the usual barns and outhouses. So, I wasn't very enthusiastic about going. A month or so later, however, a call from the office of the *Georgian* advised me that they had received instructions from Mr. Hearst to furnish me with tickets and expense money and ship me out to California at once. Colonel

Hollins N. Randolph, courtly Virginian, was Mr. Hearst's special representative in Atlanta at the time. He advised me to go which was quite unnecessary after he had given me a description of what the "ranch" really was. As I was still feeling a little shaky, I took my oldest son, John, along with me. Colonel and Mrs. Randolph, also, promised to join us in San Francisco and go down with us to San Simeon.

The trip was one of the most delightful experiences of my life. It included the Royal Gorge, Salt Lake City, a week in Yellowstone Park, the desert of Nevada, the Feather River Canyon, San Francisco, the Yosemite Valley and the big trees, Los Angeles, the observatory on Mt. Wilson, the Grand Canyon, and best of all the "Ranch", which, by now, I was capitalizing. Everywhere I went I felt the power and prestige of being a friend of the greatest man in the west. Even when we reached Chicago on the return trip a distinguished publisher of one of Mr. Hearst's Chicago papers was at the train to meet me. I was treated as a prince, literally, poor little beggar among men that I was. It was all very wonderful and vastly pleasing.

The great surprise of the trip was the "Ranch". Imagine a mountain towering 1800 feet above the Pacific Ocean, ten miles away. From San Luis Obispo, thirty miles distant, a paved road leads to a tiny port, San Simeon, at the foot of the mountain, and thence a private road ascends its slopes by easy grades. Strange animals, collected from all over the world stare at your car as you pass through the gates and up the mountainside. On its crest is a palace, stately and gorgeous. A formal garden spreads in front of the palace, and is bordered by three beautiful villas, Italian, Moorish and Spanish. Beneath the live oaks of the garden and among its multitudes of exotic flowers stand statues from Egypt, Italy, everywhere. To one side is a bathing pool filled with salt water, piped from the ocean and warmed to comfort. California quail peep at you from the shrubbery. Tall blood-red fuchsias tower over your head and beds of giant pansies share their pensiveness with you. The skies are so blue and clear that, at night, any eye can detect Alcor, and Antares burns like a conflagration in the south. Sometimes the Pacific is covered with great shelves of clouds which cling so closely to the surface of the sea that only the mast-tips of passing ships can be discerned. Sometimes the clouds invade the land, climb the

eighteen hundred feet to the top of *La Cuesta Encantada*, the enchanted hill, and veil all its beauty in their mists, blotting out the great mountain ranges which rise higher and higher toward the west.

Perhaps you are to stay in *La Casa Grande* as I did on my first visit or in *La Casa del Sol* which faces the Great House, or in *La Casa Del Monte*, to sleep in Cardinal Richelieu's bed. In any casa the Japanese boy will show you to your room, open your bags for you, press your clothes, and hang them in a closet of sandalwood. You will be told that you may breakfast and lunch at an hour of your own choosing and at what hour the guests gather for dinner. You will learn that wine is served in the Great Hall before dinner, that Mr. Hearst will be there to greet his guests promptly at seven-thirty and that no formal dress is expected. Morning, noon, and night, you will find all foods and all temperance drinks (no liquors) either on the mediaeval refectory tables or ready at your asking. Beside you, in the high-vaulted nave of some ancient cathedral where you dine may be a senator, an editor, a Hearst executive, a Hollywood star, an author, a world traveller or even the president of the United States—ten thousand Hollywood stars to one President. You will find them feeling much as you do, awed by the ancient architecture and furnishings and subdued by the old world atmosphere of solemn grandeur. After a while you are conversing with your neighbor who hails from Paris or Rome or London or Australia or South Africa, and you will find common ground for conversation in the astounding tapestries, the historic flags and pennants, the cosmopolitan guesthood, the exotic charm, the immense and ancient Gothic fireplace in the Great Hall and in the esoteric mystery of Mr. Hearst's personality. After dinner you will repair to the Great Hall again for games and music and then you will be invited to the cinema where you will sink into a deep, leather-cushioned arm-chair and forget that any other world exists. When the silver dream is over you return to the Great Hall for a few social moments and thence you go out in the moonlight and wander around the flower-scented walks of the garden among the statues which bring from the old world the musical atmosphere of the ages. Perhaps a friend invites you to swim in the pool or you sit for a while on your casa terrace, overlooking miles upon miles of mountains or the infinitude of

western waters. Perhaps it is a clear, moonless, summer night and you see the autumn stars, rising in the east; the great hunter, Orion, and Aldebaran, the fierce, red-eye of Taurus. At last you retire reluctantly and when you have waked in the morning you may find yourself, as I did, in the Room of Golden Deeds, where, upon heavy dark panels, gold lettering records the names and golden deeds of the ancient great. While you are deciphering their exploits you hear a lion's roar in the distance and the strange music of foreign birds just outside your windows. After breakfast you visit the zoo and are fascinated by the wicked hatred of the black leopard and the ceaseless stamping of Cousin Chimp. You visit the polar bears in their specially iced caves under the hills. You return to bask in the sunlight, and study the facade of *La Casa Grande*, and lure Clarence Brown into telling you how cinemas are produced, or inveigle laughing-eyed Frances Marion into showing you through M. G. M. when you return by Los Angeles. Tomorrow there is to be a solar eclipse and the Chief has arranged for Dr. Pease, distinguished astronomer of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, to bring an eight-inch telescope down from the mountain and up from Los Angeles in order that his guests may enjoy it and learn from a well-informed source its full nature and meaning. Perhaps you have expressed a desire to look through the great hundred-inch instrument on the mountain. If so, the Chief has arranged for you to be motored up and you will not only see universes, millions of light years distant, but at any turn in the road, you can view that most marvelously beautiful sight, the vast glowing bed of coals which is Los Angeles, at night. If you will stay over till next week there is to be an all-day picnic at the famous old Spanish Mission, still on the ranch, although some twenty or thirty miles away. Will Rogers is expected to come up in time for it. And when you return to Los Angeles, would you like to go by motor along the new coastal highway? If so, a car and driver will be at your service. You—there is no end to it. Never, since my first trip, have I ever so much as mentioned southern hospitality.

My visits to *La Cuesta Encantada* were in the late winter when the hills were green or in the summer when they were covered with a soft brown carpet and, each time, Mr. Hearst not only treated me royally, personally, but sent me away with a real gift for Oglethorpe, usually by his own impulse. Once, when we were

trying to duplicate a gift of Mr. Lupton's he started off the Atlanta campaign with a voluntary offer of \$25,000. On another occasion when we were conducting our bi-centennial campaign he reminded me that Georgia could very well be considered partly at least, his ancestral home and offered to give \$100,000 to set forward our plans. But the trip I remember most vividly was after this wise:

"Billy" Owens, president of the Silver Lake Park Company, whose four hundred-acre property surrounded our campus, telephoned me one day saying that his corporation had received an attractive offer for their holdings from certain parties who planned to develop it into a "popular-priced" real estate subdivision. Realizing what this might mean to the detriment of Oglethorpe and after verifying his statements, I got a slightly lower offer on it than the one they had received, sent for a photographer to take a couple of dozen large and attractive photographs of the terrain surrounding the lake, wired Mr. Hearst for an appointment, induced Hollins Randolph to go with me, got Billy's promise of delay in selling the property until I could have opportunity to see "a certain friend" about it, and was off to California.

We must have waited a week at the Biltmore before we had word that we were to come down to Santa Monica where the "Chief" would see us. Gathering up all my courage and my pictures we hurried to the coast. The Chief received us. I showed him the photographs, told him of the threat of undesirable encroachments on our campus, pointed out the uses we could put the property to if it were added to the campus, suggested that it would be a lovely memorial to his mother. He didn't allow me to finish.

"It shall be!" he said, quietly. "I will buy it for you. Come on, let's go for a swim!"

We went over to the Beach House. For a half hour we enjoyed the pool.

"You must come to dinner with me tonight at the Roosevelt," he invited. "Then to the World Premier of the 1929 Hollywood Revue at Grauman's Chinese Theatre." By this time I was in a fog, dream, trance or something of the sort, such as are often used by angels to veil the approaches to heaven. I excused my-



MR. HEARST RECEIVES THE DOCTOR OF LAWS DIPLOMA—
From the president while Judge Watkins enrobes him with the proper hood.



self. I wanted to go back to the Biltmore and gloat over Silver Lake being ours.

"We brought no clothes appropriate for such an occasion," I apologized.

When we got back to the hotel, the clothes, shirts, buttons, shoes, everything were waiting for us.

The dinner was in itself entirely worth a trip to California. Fortunately, I had presence of mind enough left to have my menu card autographed by my immediate neighbors. Here are some of them, those whose signatures I can read: William Randolph Hearst, Hollins N. Randolph, Lawrence Gray, Marion Weigen, Robert Z. Leonard, Gertrude Christie Leonard, Edgar Neville, Constance Bennett, Marion Davies, Billy Haines, Eileen Percy Busch, Diane Ellis, Harry Crocker, Pepi Lederer, Sallie Eilers, Benita Mussolini, Charles Lederer, George K. Arthur, and Rene Adoree, the verve-full young woman whose remarkable performance in *The Big Parade* had made her and it famous.

The Revue which followed the dinner was one of the biggest things of the sort ever put on at Grauman's. All of Hollywood's stars, producers and technical experts were featured in the program. We were spotlighted and announced as we entered. Some of them whom I remember were: Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton, Ukulele Ike, Anita Page, Jack Benny, Nils Asther, Norma Shearer, Laurel and Hardy, Conrad Nagel, Marie Dressler, John Gilbert, Bessie Love, Lionel Barrymore, Polly Moran. For the first time we heard "Singing in the Rain", "Orange-blossom Time", "Lon Chaney Will Get You if You Don't Watch Out!" "Tommy Atkins on Parade", and "Strike Up the Band!" It was really something to tell the Oglethorpe Players' Club about.

After the show, we were driven down to the Southern Pacific Station. There a special train was waiting to take us to San Luis Obispo. First, we had dinner. Here is the menu:

"EXAMINER" PARTY TO SAN LUIS OBISCO

Ripe Olives	Green Onions
Consomme, Hot or Cold	
Sardines with Hard Boiled Egg	
Chili Con Carne	Chicken Tamales
Raviolis with Cheese	Baked Beans
Grilled Lamb Chops with Peas	

Step Down, Dr. Jacobs

Broiled Squab with Bacon
 Fried or Broiled Spring Chicken on Toast
 S. P. Special Sausage Fried Apple
 Ham and Eggs, Country Style
 Omelet with Jelly

Saute Potatoes
 Sliced Tomatoes
 Cold Asparagus
 Chicken Salad
 Lettuce and Avocado Salad

Apple or Blackberry Pie
 Ice Cream with Cake

Chilled Melon (Portion)
 Fresh Figs with Cream
 Fresh Berries
 Baked Prunes

Dry or Buttered Toast
 French Rolls

Tea Coffee Milk Cocoa

Imported Roquefort Cheese, Toasted Wafers

“White folks, ain’t yo’ hongry?”

The next morning we awaked at San Luis Obispo. Our train was on a side-track. You could rise when you pleased. An automobile would wait any length of time to bear you to the enchanted hill. It was my good fortune to ride out and up with Marie Dressler. I remember her introductory remark:

“I noticed you last evening on the diner,” she confided. “You looked different.”

Which reminded me of the nurse who came into my room when I was ill once in St. Joseph’s Hospital. She was highly excited but didn’t know whether to be delighted or angry at her patient.

“He called me an ‘Irish Biddy,’” she informed us. “Is it a compliment or a cuss-word?”

On February 5, 1936, the Whitmire, S. C. Parent-Teachers Association sponsored a Founders Day Celebration, honoring the memory of Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst whose ancestors founded that little city, next door neighbor to Clinton. Most graciously they invited me to deliver the principal address. It was a great day. Governor, now Senator Johnston was there. Kirkpatrick of the *Georgian* came over, and Hon. Eugene S. Blease, former Chief Justice of South Carolina. Of chief interest was the presence of the Twins, David and Randolph, Mr. Hearst’s two younger sons. There was a great Pageant written by Paulette Branyon.

It was the biggest day Whitmire had ever known. Mrs. William W. Lewis had spent months preparing for it. In the writing of my address, I also learned afresh the truth of the old adage: History has long roots.*

* In the early days of the Nineteenth Century, four young Americans, two boys and two girls, met in Franklin County, Mo. One of them had come from my ancestral state of Virginia; the second from my adopted state of Georgia; the other two from my native state of South Carolina. Of these latter, one emigrated from Abbeville County which lies directly adjacent to and somewhat southwest of my native county of Laurens, and the other from Newberry County which lies adjacent to and somewhat southeast of Laurens County. The emigrant from Virginia was a young man, Randolph Apperson. The emigrant from Georgia was a young girl, Elizabeth Collins. The emigrant from Abbeville County was a young man, William C. Hearst and the emigrant from Newberry was a little child of six, Drucilla Whitmire. It is her daughter, the daughter of Drucilla Whitmire, whose long life of courage, of wisdom and of philanthropy we are met this day to celebrate: Phoebe Elizabeth Apperson, whose birth-year 1842, it pleases me to remember, was the same as my father's.

It is to me a matter of deep interest, not only, but also of perpetual amazement that from the loins of these four emigrant youths there should have sprung the man who, for the last half century, has dominated the political, the journalistic and the commercial world of America in a way and to a degree that has fallen to no other man. For they were the grandparents of William Randolph Hearst, who has been described as "Chief among publishers, seer among statesmen, prince among philanthropists and paladin among patriots."

The names, Phoebe Elizabeth Apperson Hearst recall the four sources of her ancestry and each tells its own intriguing story. Phoebe appears first in the family narrative as Phoebe Hagood, the beloved Quaker wife of George Frederick Van Whittenmeyer who, as a youth of eighteen, left his native Germany and arrived in Philadelphia in the year 1758. To his four thousand mile journey by sea, he added five hundred more by land, arriving at last in Newberry County, South Carolina in 1772 and settling between the Enoree river and Duncan's Creek, thus giving both a local habitation and a name to the tavern, the settlement, the village, the city of Whitmire. Henry and William, twins, were his first born and Ruth and Sara Hill, sisters, became their brides. William remained within the ancestral halls and his children have for over a hundred years played a fine part in the development of their community and state. Henry succumbed to the lure of the fabled richness of the Louisiana Purchase, bought from France a few years before by Thomas Jefferson and in 1820 braved the hardships of the journey to Missouri where with his family, including little Drucilla, aged 6, he settled in Franklin County, about forty miles west of St. Louis.

In the meantime (1805) there had arrived from Georgia the family of Jacob Collins in which was a young girl, Elizabeth Collins, the story of whose life is full of dignity and kindness and neighborliness. So when the young Randolph Apperson came out from Virginia and fell in love with Drucilla Whitmire, now become a young lady and there was born to them a little girl, they named her after her grandmother, Phoebe Hagood, not only, but also for their loved and admired neighbor, Elizabeth Collins.

By this time the immigrant lass from Georgia had married a youth who in 1808 had left the Long Cane section of Abbeville County to seek and find his fortune, also, in Missouri. His name was William G. Hearst, descendant of a long line of Scotch covenanters driven out of Scotland by Claverhouse and Lauderdale. In the same year as that in which America

Often I dream of the Enchanted Hill and of the Room of Golden Deeds and of the Great Hall and of the Long Table in

and the Whitmire twins, Henry and William were born, 1776, John Hearst III settled in South Carolina. George Hearst, father of William Randolph was the son of William G. Hearst and grandson of John Hearst III. In 1817 the first steamboat on the Mississippi River arrived at St. Louis and William G. Hearst and Elizabeth Collins Hearst, his bride, rode on horseback the forty miles from their farm to St. Louis to witness its arrival. Their son, George, destined to find 15 million dollars in fifteen years, was born in 1820. "My father" he used to say "was a very industrious man but I believe I owe most of my success to my mother." That is perhaps the finest tribute ever paid to the lovely little pioneer girl from Georgia, Elizabeth Collins and helps us to understand why the Randolph Appersons named their daughter, Phoebe Elizabeth.

The story of George Hearst, the farmer boy, is full of the spirit of America: a hard-working, industrious farmer, a loving and conscientious mother, a strong and capable son, on whom the family became more and more dependent. Comes the dark chapter of the story. The death of the father brings disaster to the little group. The son takes up the burden manfully and carried it successfully. Then comes the call:

"Something hidden, go and find it. Go look behind the ranges, Something lost behind the ranges, lost and waiting for you. Go!"

For the gold rush to California was on and in 1850 young George Hearst left Missouri and for six months battled with rivers and mountains and forest, with malaria and cholera, with famine and thirst. Along a trail marked by myriads of skulls and skeletons of men and animals, less strong than he, he fought his way. Three million dollars worth of property was abandoned along that trail, by dying, starving pioneers, the very year that George Hearst crossed the continent. At last the journey ended and penniless, but full of faith, he arrived in California.

George Hearst was twelve years in California before he went back to Missouri and when on a day that his mother called her happiest, he returned, safe and sound to her arms, he found that little Phoebe Elizabeth Apperson was a young lady of seventeen and quite the loveliest and most cultured and sweetest girl in the neighborhood. Many stories are told of her beauty and grace and their effect upon the local youth but none could win a place in her heart so deep and dominant as the quiet, modest boy who had been to faraway California and who seemed to be and to know so much and boast so little. So it came to pass that when George Hearst returned to California in 1862 he took Phoebe Elizabeth Apperson Hearst with him and thus were united the four strains of pioneer blood which on April 29, 1863 gave William Randolph Hearst to America. Elizabeth Collins from Georgia, William G. Hearst from Abbeville, Randolph Apperson from Virginia and Drucilla Whitmire from Newberry, S. C.

Since it is our mutual desire today to center our attention on the life and services of his wife, the career of George Hearst, pioneer, miner and senator may be briefly summarized. Nowhere has this been done with such modest perfection as by Mrs. Hearst herself in words graven upon the bronze tablet at the entrance to the Hearst Memorial Mining Building which she gave, in his memory, to the University of California, at Berkeley.

"This building stands as a memorial to George Hearst, a plain, honest man and a good miner. The stature and mold of his life bespoke the pioneers who gave their strength to riskful search in the hard places of the earth. He had a warm heart to his fellowmen and his hand was ready to kindly deeds. Taking his wealth from the hills, he filched from no man's store and lessened no man's opportunity."

Such was the man who used to ask his wife on evenings when they

the dining room and of the hundreds of beautiful and distinguished guests and of the tips of the ships' masts piercing the

were alone together, to get out all the begging letters received by them. "Let's give all of them something", he would say when they had been read. "Let's give all of them something". It is recorded of him that he used to leave his office with pockets full of \$20.00 gold pieces and when he reached home they were empty. "Old pals", he would explain, "I struck it rich. They did not." Don't you love a man like that?

No hero-dream of Horatio Alger ever approached the reality of the story of George Hearst. Recreate it in your imagination: a typical log farm house in backwoods of Missouri before the days of telephones or telegraphs or railroads or radios or gas or automobiles or even of paved highways. Picture the olden horse and wagon days, the ox-cart days, a widowed mother and her boy; work—and debts. See this lad as he hears the call of California; as he toils amid thirst and hunger and exhaustion and poverty and plague through flooded rivers, over pathless deserts, over untrod mountains, ever seeking that which he believed was waiting for him. Watch him as he finds it; amasses one of the greatest fortunes of his day; knows that

"Anybody might have found it;

But the whisper came to *me*."

Study him as with a heart full of kindness and philanthropy he says: "Let's give them all something." Then note how his fellowmen learned to trust him, to love him, and at last add him to the highest and most important group of legislators on earth, the U. S. Senate; and then after a long life of fabled success see him fall on sleep, having served his generation, amid the plaudits and tears of multitudes—no Alger could have imagined that.

When, on March 4, 1886 George Hearst took his seat in the U. S. Senate, and his young son, William Randolph Hearst became the owner and editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, Mrs. Phoebe Elizabeth Hearst was also just entering upon her finest fields of usefulness. As a young teacher in Missouri she had exhibited unusual talent, both pedagogical and executive. Hardly had she reached San Francisco in 1862 than she began to strew her pathway with philanthropies. Free kindergartens, public libraries, better schools, better hospitals—these were her most important early tasks. Her life in Washington revealed her interest in those fields, not only, but also in many others. The Cathedral School for Girls is of her founding. The Mount Vernon Ladies Memorial Association found in her "The Lady from California who had done more for them than anyone else." The National Cathedral was the fortunate and frequent object of her philanthropy. After 1891 when the Senator had joined the elders around the great white throne and she had returned to California, she began her most monumental work. This was nothing less than the reconstruction of the University of California. After plans had been submitted and selected in a world-wide competition she led in their effectuation. Building after building was erected on the University campus at her expense. Better than that, she was its fairy Godmother financially, not only, but also spiritually. Evidently believing that "the gift without the giver is bare", as a member of its Board of Regents she devoted time and energy and thought for many years to any and all university problems which came to her attention. In short, the University of California owes more to her than to any other person who has ever been associated with it.

If I have emphasized her educational philanthropies at length it is because they were her first love and the ruling passion of her public life. Just as George Hearst was first and always a Southerner, a miner and a Californian, so his wife was a Southerner, a teacher, and a Californian. Yet her other interests were a close second to her educational activities. As a social leader in Washington, as a connoisseur of art at home and

floor of clouds and of the fleckless skies and starry nights and of—

Probably I shall never see *La Casa Grande* again, its lighted tower guiding our motor from afar, but of one thing I am sure, nevermore shall I nor any other person of my generation know such happy days as I spent there.

I have read many articles and books about William Randolph Hearst. For the most part they were unsympathetic and unfair. There are reasons for this. Mr. Hearst's entire life has been spent in the most highly competitive field in America, the publishing business. Furthermore, instead of having one competitor in one field as do most newspaper publishers he has some thirty or more newspapers and an almost equal number of magazines. Each of them has from one to a half dozen rivals. Not only does this give him something like sixty times the usual number of

abroad, as a leader in public life and thought, her name was "writ in light". But ever she was the educator. It was she who mothered and financed the Pepper-Hearst Anthropological Expedition to the Florida Keys and backed American explorations in Peru, Mexico, Italy and Egypt and—that I may come at last to the principal purpose of this occasion—it was she who, in co-partnership with Mrs. Alice Birney, of her husband's ancestral Georgia, founded that great association which includes all the parent-teacher groups of America. Through this vastly important organization, her life has influenced, aided and enobled to a greater or less degree every man, woman and child living on our continent. The first Mother's Congress, as we are now recalling, out of which grew the present P. T. A., was held just thirty-nine years ago on the 17th of this month.

So far I have spoken of the daughter of Drucilla Whitmire, pioneer; of the wife of George Hearst, pioneer; I speak now of the mother of William Randolph Hearst, pioneer. For we are still pioneers. The whole earth has become a vast mountain range in which is hidden more gold than in a thousand Eldorados. Our science is still a primaeval forest of giant problems. Our politics is an unending morass of decaying underbrush, swarming with snakes and alligators. Our religion is still a barren desert, burning with *odio theologica*. Our education is but a faint trail through the night of ignorance, so thick that it can be felt. There is no need more pressing in America today than that for daughters, wives and mothers of pioneers, unafraid of danger, undismayed by disaster and undisturbed by that vast super-incumbent darkness which has settled over the United States; women who can and will teach their parents and husbands and sons the truth of the inscription over the doorway of the first building erected at Oglethorpe University:

"A search is the thing He hath taught you
For height and for depth and for wideness."

Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst walked a few miles through this wilderness of neo-barbarism, through which we are now floundering before she departed hence. On the day of the historic Preparedness Parade in San Francisco, after the city, not only, but also the whole state and nation had been startled and horrified by the bombing of the patriotic men and women who marched on that hot and sultry day, a friend anxiously sought Mrs. Hearst and, rushing to her side, said:

"I hoped you would not march today, Mrs. Hearst. It is so hot! Do you

critics and detractors but each of them is in position to do him thousands of times more harm than an ordinary enemy because they have control of the chief publicity channels. The "joints of his harness" are therefore constantly pierced. To this should be added the fact that The Chief has refused to bend before the storms of emotion which have swept over the United States so frequently in recent decades, that he has been willing to lose millions of dollars rather than trim his sails to the winds of popular prejudice, that he has refused to budge from his stout Americanism in national and international affairs and, in particular, that he has warned the country twice against entering disastrous foreign wars in the face of demagogic appeals to fear, hate, and greed, and you have reasons enough to explain the fact that he is the most misunderstood man in the United States. In his early days he was counted among the radicals. He exposed

think you can stand it?" And the glorious little American pioneer, now in her seventies, replied:

"Well, I did think it was too hot for me to march but this morning at breakfast I had eight letters telling me that if I marched I would be blown to atoms—so of course there was nothing for me to do but march."

So it should surprise no one that the son of such a mother and the grandson of Elizabeth Collins, pioneer from Georgia, and of Randolph Apperson, pioneer from Virginia, and of William G. Hearst, pioneer from Abbeville, and of Drucilla Whitmire, pioneer from Newberry, should himself have been a pioneer in Journalism and have built a new kind of empire. For the last quarter-century, the entire newspaper and magazine field of America has been dominated by the only son of Phoebe Hearst. Beginning as a radical in politics and press-craft, he has, in these latter days, become the bulwark of conservative Americanism. His thirty newspapers and an almost equal number of magazines, reach the greater part of the reading public of the United States. In the new Armageddon which has arisen, in the present battle for the preservation of historic America, he is furnishing the strongest and most spirited army. Nor is it any matter of chance that this grandson of Georgia, and Abbeville and Virginia and Newberry should have become the tribune of patriotic constitutionalism. He is to both the manor and the manner born. He stands today as the prototype of and the protagonist for the spirit of his ancestral pioneers; for their courageous self reliance, for their liberty loving patriotism, for their democratic independence, for them he speaks to us and for us he speaks to all. Their rugged individualism, their stalwart independence, their fear of the triple tyrannies of king and church and mob, their love of personal liberty, their pioneer power, these yet abide in the man whom Phoebe Hearst taught and trained for such an hour as this. Through him the voices of his and of all our pioneer ancestors are calling to America to remember and preserve the virtues and liberties of the past. Through him the lovely little school teacher of Missouri is exalted to mighty power. Her voice is heard daily wherever the printed word is read. She has become the chief defender of the American Constitution; of states rights, of individual liberty in all the United States. She is playing a greater part in the preservation of the historic liberties of her fellow citizens than any other person in the world. Surely she can now see of the travail of her soul and be satisfied.

the tyrannies of "Big Business" and pleaded for the rights of the common people. Today the tides of social revolution have swept past him and he is attacking the tyrannies of "Big Government" and "Big Racketeering" labor unionism and their liaison. Consequently, he is the object of constant hostility. It is a delight to read his replies. You think they have him on the hip. But he takes their argument to pieces. With each stinging paragraph and each piercing thrust and each sentence of withering sarcasm you see their fallacies and falsities exposed. But the Pinks and the Reds don't like him. He is not of their kind. He is definitely American.

Nevertheless, over a period of a half century he has wielded the widest and deepest influence of all the men of America. Presidents, congresses, governors, Supreme Courts have come and gone but for fifty years each morning, noon and night, Mr. Hearst has been influencing the people by newspaper, magazine and radio. Practically every person in the United States has been and is being affected deeply by his thoughts and policies. He has made and unmade presidents, governors, senators, mayors. He has changed the course of history in international affairs. He has passed and repealed laws. He has earned the right to the deanship of the World's School of Journalism. And he has done this in a jealous field, controlled by his competitors and by persistent, brilliant efforts toward sincere service of the public's true interests.

Once while I was visiting him on the Enchanted Hill I heard a very able senator ask him to support a very prominent American for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. The Chief's reply was characteristic. I have never forgotten it:

"I cannot ask the people to trust a man whom I, myself, do not trust."

CHAPTER 16.

INK, IDEALS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

My CASE OF *Kakoethes scribendi* developed rapidly after my arrival in Atlanta. Her real estate fever was hardly more elevated than her literary. A star of the first magnitude, Joel Chandler Harris, (Uncle Remus) had just set but in the April sky of her youth there yet remained Frank L. Stanton, the *Constitution's* folk-poet; Lucian Lamar Knight, eloquent orator, historian, essayist, poet and editor of the *Georgian*; Charles W. Hubner, a sort of Atlanta Lowell; kindly and generous Henry E. Harmon, magazine owner and editor, publisher, poet and rare gentleman-scholar; "Rainsong" Robert Loveman of Dalton, so frequently in and so closely connected with Atlanta as to seem one of us—these and others were busy setting the pace for the younger authors, who were still children or unborn, such as nationally-to-be-known Mary Brent Whiteside, Ernest Hartsock, "Jack" Hickey, Anderson Scruggs, to mention poets only. It has been my pleasure to know, enjoy and admire these and many more Atlanta authors. Nowadays, there are so many "best sellers" emanating from the "Psychic City" that it is practically impossible for an ordinary citizen personally to know the authors of them all.

With an uncontrollable urge in that direction, myself, I was soon reviewing books for the *Journal*, founding and editing the *Westminster Magazine* and founding a publishing plant in the form of the Oglethorpe University Press. From this printshop, given to the University by my brother in memory of our boyhood printer days in Clinton, scores of volumes of all kinds have been issued, among them some from my own pen.

One of the loveliest compliments ever paid me came from my father, who, in his last will and testament made me his literary executor. He must have felt sure, or feared, that some one would write the story of his life and he knew only too well what a fearful thing it was to fall into the hands of an unsympathetic biographer, very few of whom are Boswells and many of whom are Griswolds. Immediately after his death in 1917, I began

the preparation of his life-story and the following year it was published by Fleming H. Revell, New York. His *Diary* and also his *Memorabilia* were issued some years later by the University Press.

I had been in Atlanta nearly twenty years (1928) before I gathered my poems into a single volume, *THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST* with great diffidence and misgiving. In fact, my preface was a defense of my temerity*. The reviewers were

PREFACE TO ISLANDS OF THE BLEST:

* One always thinks he has many things to say in his preface until he sets himself to the task. Then he finds shockingly few things to say,—especially in defense of another volume of poems. Yet even near-poets are not cowards about their verses although they quake at thinking of any one else reading them; for men may see faults they themselves cannot correct. But these men furnish the stepping stones on which some very great singer may mount to an immortal stage; they hold the goal flags beyond which he must go if he is really to say the imperishable thing; and hence may be forgiven all their imperfections. For the spirit whose breath they speed is God's greatest gift to men. What could He plan better for us than the goodly boon of a great man? And to that man, what message could he impart better than a great thought? And for that thought, what excellence could He desire higher than a great form. And of great forms of expressions of thought what will compare with the gentle rhythm of musical words? That is why we cherish our poets as well as laugh at their counterfeits. We refuse to let them die. At the head of every national literature we place one of them as premier of all in the fine art of immortalizing thought.

So even the near-poet has his uses and for the sake of the music he hastens may ask for forgiveness for all his discords. The lute is not broken; it awaits the breath of a master, the master who has his own hour for making music that must last.

I had my choice, either to throw them all into the waste-basket or into the arena to fight for their lives. I chose to give them a chance, probably because they had lived in me and with me so long that while to destroy them might be kind to others, it seemed cruel to myself. Then, too, since they are all children of their author's dreams perhaps, like children, some of them might out-last their father, and after his voice is silenced testify that he loved the world and counted it a wonderful thing just to be. For they are all of them but attempts to express in various forms his thanks for the invitation to take part in the marvelous cinema of life.

This decision was hastened when I discovered an interesting confusion among the opinions of highly qualified critics whose advice I sought in the matter. For example, where one advised me to omit the longer poems another expressed the judgement that they were the best parts of the volume. A certain poem which one professor marked "below passing"

most kind*. The first edition of *THE NEW SCIENCE AND THE OLD RELIGION* was published in 1927 and was the first

* NATHAN HASKELL DOLE (President of the Omar Khayyam Club of America) in the *Boston Transcript*. Let us welcome Dr. Jacobs as a worthy poet for the whole English speaking world . . . Here is one complete in six lines which are worthy of a modern Omar Khayyam . . . There is a book of Dialect poems . . . They are all breezy of the cotton field and make a fine proem for the seventh book called *The Old Cotton Farm* which is written in rhymed verse libre differentiating it from the style of Sidney Lanier but which, while it does not imitate yet reminds us of that gifted Southerner's brilliancy. This part alone would make any volume of poems live . . . The Psalms of the Seasons . . . are among the best of President Jacobs' output and give a real thrill. The Journey of Nimrod acted in oriental costumes, might prove as effective as the "Clay Cart." . . . The Heart of Attacoa, a legend of the Georgia Indians will inevitably suggest Hiawatha for there are certain repetitions of words and a liberal use of gentle, Indian proper names, characteristic of Longfellow's jingly poem but it has a different scansion, lilting iambs instead of Longfellow's not always successful troches. It is very charming and vivid, a truly American production. Taken as a whole President Jacobs' volume definitely places him among the more notable of modern poets.

CHARLES W. HUBNER, poet laureate of the South. A veritable treasure trove of original and inspirational poetry. By the publication of this rare, original and attractive book, the author has placed himself in the front rank of English and American poets.

DR. MARY BRENT WHITESIDE. Unlike so many poems, the poems of Dr. Jacobs are individual and authentic. Much of his work shows something of that spiritual insight which has made the work of the great Hindu poet, Rabindranath Tagore, so extraordinary. Where Lanier has a deeply sensitive feeling in relation to the spiritual forces of life, there is an impression that the other two have contacted forces through the channels of spiritual sight and hearing.

WINIFRED RUSSELL (VIRGINIA STAIT) in *SATURDAY NIGHT*, Los Angeles, California. Though the poems are wrought in Southern colors they go back to a period far beyond Lanier and Wordsworth to whose verse they have been compared. They are more akin to Horace for they are fraught with the nobility and deep earnestness with which his work is tingured. In the words of Dr. Jacobs there is the touch of

another thought was perhaps the best of the collection. So I cast them all upon the turbulent waters of public opinion, hoping to find a few of them alive after many days; for I know not whether they all shall prove alike—bad. If I could be certain that a hundred years from now one of them would be found alive in the hearts of men I would be satisfied.

Thornwell Jacobs.

Oglethorpe University,
Georgia, 1928.

volume to be issued by the University Press. It was based on the findings of modern science and published in the "Bible belt." I have been told that an indignant member of the Atlanta Presbytery read portions of it to the ministers and elders of that body and was moving to bring me to trial for heresy when a more thoughtful presbyter opposed it. "Don't do that!", he urged, "It will only advertise the book and its heresy and, besides, that's just the kind of publicity he wants!" The preface was written by Judge Edgar Watkins, Chairman of my Board of Directors and an elder in the Presbyterian Church, an act of rare bravery and evidence of singular broadmindedness. Once again the review notices were kindly but the book listed me in ministerial circles, definitely, among the heretics. From that day on I had to swim upstream in the river Jordan.

One day, not long after its publication, my friend, George E. King, who was chairman of the Pulpit Supply Committee of Dick Flinn's North Avenue Church, called me up and invited me to fill the pulpit of that church for one of the Sundays on which Dick was vacationing. I accepted and, by chance, preached a sermon on the text: "*We are going unto the land of which the Lord thy God said, I will give it Thee. Come thou with us and we will do thee good.*" The burden of the sermon was the steady progress of man. It was illustrated by the development of such sciences as astronomy, geology, palaeontology, anthropology, chemistry and their application to happier living. The word evolution was not used in the sermon. Whether the strange names or my evident toleration of science or my general reputation as a heretic did it or not, the sermon was hardly over before

an artist who knows not only what pigments and designs to use but the finishing touches, are, at times, as minute as those on a miniature. This, too, is Horace.

HONOLULU STAR BULLETIN. The Midnight Mummer has a joyousness rare in these times, for which one would have to go back to Shelley to find an ode so rapturous. It is Dr. Jacobs' Cosmic vision that gives force and validity to the strongest of his verse.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD. The poems are full of vigor, passion and sweetness. I hope they will find many readers. I find many human touches and much attractive local atmosphere but they seem to me especially penetrated with a fresh and genuine feeling of the natural world and those who love flowers and birds and solitary woodland walks and all the ever shifting, ever enchanting aspects of nature, will be sure to get inspiration and solace from them.

the congregation was in an uproar over the address. I was invited to attend a seriously indignant meeting of the Session before the night service. One of them accused me of taking advantage of Dick's absence to preach evolution from his pulpit. My reply was that, as much as I should have liked to do so, and as much as the congregation needed it, courtesy forbade me that pleasure. The next Sunday's bulletin carried an apology to the congregation from its editor for my being in the pulpit the preceding Sabbath. That was the last time I ever spoke in North Avenue Presbyterian Church. The unpleasantness, however, taught me this: The greatest need of my church, the Southern Presbyterian, today is an educated ministry. By educated I mean men who have been put in touch with the advance of that great stream of civilization which is based upon experimentation, investigation and discovery; and especially with the scientific progress of the last hundred years. It should not be forgotten that a man can go through a college or university and even a scientific engineering school without taking even an elementary course in biology, geology, astronomy, palaeontology, embryology, anthropology or any other subject that treats specifically of his origin, nature and destiny. Yet the origin, nature and destiny of man are the principal subject-matter of religion. Such a man has no idea of where he came from, what he is or where he is going. Whether he becomes a successful lawyer, engineer, banker or preacher, he is, in all essentials, uneducated. In the great fundamentals of human life he is an ignoramus. He falls an easy prey to religious fanatics. He forms the backbone of the churches. If he becomes a preacher he is little better than a faker. He is dependent upon superstitious, ignorant, uneducated Jews of 2-3000 years ago for information on everything of importance about which he preaches. "Science" in the ears of such church members as constitute the vast majority of Southern Presbyterianism is the same thing as infidelity. They love it "like a gum-boil". The whole vast reservoir of scientific knowledge in the fields of biology, geology and anthropology is to them a well of poison. That is why the educated classes either do not attend church or are spiritually starved by it. Its theology is a mess of medieval junk. Its message has no relation to reality. Its preachers wear balls and chains on their minds and for intellectual food furnish the bread of unenlightened Hebrews of

two or more milleniums ago, mouldy with superstition and ignorance. Harry Rimmer's "lost day" is still accepted as proof that the sun really stood still over Gibeon and the moon over the Valley of Ajalon. Nothing is too silly or grotesque or absurd or impossible to believe if it is in the Bible! "*Credo quia impossibile*" is their motto. Dead people getting up out of their graves and walking around Jerusalem to celebrate the crucifixion; a flesh-and-blood human body ascending into a temperature of minus 273 degrees and living there until He returns to judge the quick and the dead; the creation of woman from a rib abstracted from a sleeping Adam—they swallow these and scores of other absurdities without a hiccough. Surely He who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens must laugh. God must hold them in derision.

In the meantime the great river of progress sweeps on and they are unable to guide it; the swift tide of human mores ebbs backward and they are unable to stop it. When will there come a new reformation which will give us a church that moves forward chest to chest with all the other great professions? Who ever heard of a physician or dentist or engineer or even a horse-doctor who doesn't believe in modern science! Only theology stinks with age.

The contrast between the poems and the novels of Atlanta is startling. The poems quite evidently stem from an old-fashioned limb, steadied by propriety and infused with inspirational idealism. But the novels! Miss Newman was the first with her *Hard Boiled Virgin*. Others followed culminating in *Gone with the Wind*. The point is that their authors described life as they saw it, realistically. Their books sold well. They pleased the public because the modern public does not want inspirational idealism or guarded propriety. It wants hot stuff and more hot stuff and more hot stuff, "again and again and again." Atlanta fiction has never known any other kind of stuff. They have either copied or been copied by other Georgia writers—*Tobacco Road* and *Strange Fruit* are examples. Stop for a moment and consider this momentous fact, that the most popular novel America has lately known is *Gone With the Wind* and one of the most popular plays that America has ever known is *Tobacco Road*. Both are by Georgians and about Georgians.

All of this I knew perfectly well when I wrote and Dutton

published my two novels, *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* and *Drums of Doomsday*. In fact I was rather surprised with the reception given them by the reviewers* and the reading public. One of the happiest days of my life was in the spring of 1940. Dutton had sold out all of their stock of the first edition of *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* and was sending the Oglethorpe University Press rush orders (six hundred in one day) for the copies we had bought for distribution in the South. We had to get the Southern Railway to stop an express train at the Oglethorpe station in order to get them to the book-sellers in time. I still receive letters from all over the world about it. I never get tired of reading them any more than a mother tires of hearing good things about her children. As my Uncle Henry used to say: "It's one of the fondest things I'm of."

Drums of Doomsday didn't have the same chance. It was published just before Pearl Harbor and it describes Pre-war America. Also, it prophesies. Its predictions are not pleasant reading, today, and will not be palatable to the great mass of Americans until after the war. Therefore, I withdrew it from sale and advertising of it was stopped before it had a chance. Its day will come later. Nevertheless, in the short interval of its life, the reviewers gave it a good press and here and there a good wallop**.

By the way, its prophecies are steadily coming true and it now seems probable that my North Avenue friends may have to ask themselves "*What has happened to this son of Kish?*" "*Is Saul also among the prophets?*"

Speaking of prophecy brings me to one of the most interesting and important of my literary endeavors. On the invitation of James B. Nevin who at that time had charge of the *Georgian*, I became a contributing editor to that paper. Twice a week my column appeared for a period of approximately ten years. It was a fascinating job. I used to get, each week, intense reactions from my articles. Letters came from all over the United States,

* A novel of Charleston and the Carolinas in 1850-1865.

"Better than Gone with the Wind."—A. S. Salley.

Published by Dutton.

** A novel of Hollywood, Atlanta and the World.

"A fierce piece of writing. . . . *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* attracted a wide reading public. . . . *Drums of Doomsday* is, we think, better than the earlier work."—*Charleston News and Courier*.

Published by Dutton.

from senators, governors, mayors, executives, ministers and even from other columnists. Most of them were highly laudatory, but not all. I noticed a curious fact. When the "fan" letters were in my favor the writers always signed their names but when they attacked me they bore fictitious signatures or none at all. The hotter they were, the more certain they were to be anonymous. Warnings that I was about to be "bumped off" also were usually anonymous. I found that the level of intelligence of newspaper readers is lower than that of book readers. The columnist must use only the simplest literary forms. For example, irony must be avoided or else very plainly labeled. Subtle humor is also dangerous. Nuances of sentiment should never be used. A limited selection from these articles will be found in the appendix.

My career as a columnist came to an unexpectedly abrupt conclusion. About the time that things were warming up in Europe, preliminary to World War II there was a great deal of discussion about minorities. Nothing gets under my skin and stings more painfully than hypocrisy. Acting on that impulse I wrote for the *Georgian* an editorial on "*What Happens to Minorities.*" A few

WHAT HAPPENS TO MINORITIES?

* "Inasmuch as the whole world is thinking and writing about the European-Jewish situation it may be well for us to give a few moments of calm and careful thought to the matter and especially to the cause of such distressing events.

Obviously, we should begin by reminding ourselves of a fact universally known to historians: Any minority differing from a surrounding numerical majority suffers on account of that difference.

Now, the Jews are a racial minority in every land in which they dwell, though, as a matter of fact, they are not a race at all. The Sephardic Jew is more closely related to the Ashkenazic Jew than the Italian to the Dane. But, both in their own eyes and in the eyes of the public, they are spoken of and treated as a distinct race. They suffer the consequences of race prejudice wherever they are in the minority as they are, everywhere.

To this is added the fact that they are not only different in race, but different in religion and this religion, most unhappily, is associated in the minds of many Christians with antagonism to their own faith. It is bad enough to be a racial minority, but to be both a racial and a religious minority, doubles the danger of discrimination.

But this is not all. The Jews are not only a racial and religious minority but they are also a ruling minority. The Jewish people, speaking broadly, are a brilliant, efficient and aggressive group. From the time they first appeared in history, they have led the world in practically every field of progress. In the days of Augustus, before there

days later I had a letter from the office discontinuing my column, with the usual courteous explanation of reduction of funds and space. What really happened was told to me sometime later by a Jewish friend. The first edition of the paper was hardly on the streets before a delegation representing the paper's heavy Jewish advertisers was in the publisher's office, protesting. In

was any such thing as Christianity, the geographer-historian Strabo writes of them: 'What city of the empire is there into which they have not penetrated and which they do not dominate?'

One cannot tell the story of religion or of art or of letters or of finance or of politics without pointing out a disproportionately large number of distinguished Jews. They go to the top everywhere. In no country is this better illustrated than in our own. If one examines the list of outstanding men who control the radio, the movies, the newspapers, both as owners and advertisers, the dry goods business, or any other field of activity, he will find a disproportionately large number of Jews.

Now, all of this generally remains unnoticed, and there would be no social upheaval about it were it not for the fact that once in ever so often the world gets into trouble. There is a great war or a pestilence or a series of economic disasters. People lose their homes and their bonds and their stocks and their businesses and they look around and see that there are certain other people who have not lost their homes and their stocks and their businesses. Urged on by jealousy and greed and envy, zealots endeavor to equalize things. Follows the type of persecution of well-to-do minorities which is going on in Europe today and which will be brought on in any country, when similar conditions exist.

For example, at the moment, we are assiduously engaged in robbing well-to-do Americans whom we first damn with bad names and whose property we then proceed to confiscate in the name of humanitarianism. All Americans are being similarly treated in Mexico.

Under such circumstances the best people are naturally the ones who suffer the most—the wise, the efficient, the industrious, the successful, the prosperous.

There is a very simple cure for such a situation but almost no one is willing to take it. The cure does not consist in more hate and more acrimony and more bitterness. It does not consist in the pot calling the kettle black. The European persecutions, for example, are a direct result of the persecution of the Germans embraced in the Treaty of Versailles. 'Tit for tat' and 'an eye for an eye' and 'a tooth for a tooth' these are the laws of the jungle. They will never cure spiritual diseases. Hate is a spiritual disease. It must be replaced by a frank recognition that all of us are tarred with the same brush.

Such a brilliant, efficient, and aggressive minority as the Jews, differing from their neighbors in race and religion and in their ability to accumulate power and wealth will be treated fairly and kindly by the majority only so long as economic, social and political conditions are

the Atlanta to which I had come in 1909 the great department stores, the source of most of the advertising income of the newspapers were almost all owned by Gentiles. Within a quarter of a century they had practically all been bought and were now operated by Jews. Even a slight reduction of their annual advertising expenditures in an "uncooperative" newspaper would cripple it. A heavy decrease would destroy it. There were two other dailies in the city. The competition was fierce. My friend—and good friend he was—found himself faced with a necessary disjunctive, either face ruin or discontinue my services. He wrote me the letter.

This condition of affairs is not confined solely to Atlanta. It exists in every one of the large cities of the United States and in many of the smaller ones. It amounts to just this, that the Jewish problem must not be discussed in the newspapers except in a manner wholly satisfactory to the Jewish leaders. Only those articles and news items which favor their cause, condemn all racial "prejudice" and rail at their persecutors are published. Even such a fair, truthful, realistic discussion as mine is undesirable to them. It might start something.

My editorial was kindly, true and timely. It had the unfortunate quality of being sincere. Worse still, from the Jewish standpoint, it discusses their problem realistically which is something they just don't want done, anywhere, much less in Atlanta where the memory of the Mary Phagan case still lingers in the minds of thousands.

Any one who has read this book this far will have noticed that by now I had collided head-on with two of the three most powerful forces in the United States: the inertia of orthodox, Bible-belt theology and the organized power of the Jewish people. By the one I had been branded as an enemy of religion, by the other I had been blacklisted as an editor, author and public speaker. Often since, I have been besought, for example, to address clubs

relatively prosperous, as they are in America, today. Until the Jews are amalgamated with the inhabitants of the lands in which they live, they are certain to face such unhappy injustices as they have faced for two thousand years, unless human nature changes. The only other solution is for them to possess their own country as do other relatively homogeneous peoples.

Southerners, who have suffered similar minority injustices for a hundred years will understand and sympathize with their present plight."

and gatherings of various sorts and, shortly after accepting, have been notified that on account of changes in programs, etc. etc. it was necessary to postpone my address. No second invitations ever came. There are ways to investigate these things, and I have found the same forces back of them as those that ended my editorial work on the *Georgian*.

So, it was by now apparent that the remainder of my life was to be spent fighting against ossification of thought and obscuration of truth. Soon, I was to run head-on against the third great enemy of the public welfare, the tyranny of organized education. I was already aware that my public life was at stake and perhaps the life of my university. From time to time and in many ways, plain and subtle, I was made aware that powerful forces were "out to get me". But two things made me feel secure: the conviction of the righteousness of my cause and the belief that my Board of Directors would stand with me.

As a matter of fact, the responsibility for the operation of the University had been abandoned by my executive Committee since the day when the Chairman of the Finance Committee had resigned. We had needed operating funds. The school was expanding rapidly. There were pressing debts to be paid. The hard times just after the war were upon us. We tried every bank in Atlanta. The answer was, "No". Finally, our Finance Committee chairman threw up his hands in despair, turned the whole desperate situation over to the Executive Committee and resigned. The Executive Committee turned it over to me and, so far as effective aid was concerned, ceased to function. Therefore, after Mr. Lupton's death, until the founding of the medical school, I bore, by compulsion, almost the sole responsibility for financing Oglethorpe University. Judge Watkins, Chairman of the Committee, President of the Board and attorney for the University, used to say of himself, when I introduced him as my boss: "About all I do is to approve anything that Dr. Jacobs asks me to do." Such backing I found to be invaluable. Every year some critical moment arrives when a college president must stand like a stone wall against some form of attack. If he feels that his job is insecure, that he may be asked to resign at any moment, he degenerates into a weathervane, registering the direction and force of the storms on the campus. At any rate, I went to my brother-in-law, Mr. W. J. Bailey, borrowed the money without collateral

or security, paid the bills and later repaid the indebtedness. From that incident forward I found myself an autocrat. Paraphrasing: some men are born autocrats; some men achieve autocracy and some men have autocracy thrust upon them. I belonged to the latter class.

Since I have come to it so naturally, here is perhaps the best place in which to summarize the ideals which, as compulsory autocrat, I was able to stamp on the face and spirit of Oglethorpe University. They were foreshadowed in my letter of April 8, 1915, accepting the presidency:

By resolution of the committee, the daily papers of the city were requested to publish the letter in full because much of it bears on the ideals and purposes of the new institution, and the hearty co-operation of the committee was unanimously pledged to the first president.

The following is the full text of the letter:

"Your notification that I have been elected president of Oglethorpe University by the Board of Directors, as also the terms of my services as adopted by the Executive Committee, are before me, and it is proper that I should give you an answer at this time.

"From the day when I first set my face forward to accomplish the founding of a Southern Presbyterian University, I have had an ambition in regard to this work. That ambition has been that I might be the instrument of our Father by whose labors such an institution might be founded. I have longed to think more clearly about Oglethorpe, to feel more deeply the throbbing of her life and to perform greater service for her resurrection than any other human being might be permitted to think, or to feel, or to perform. I have desired to build in reality, without, such an institution as I had already planned within. For this institution, I have dared to hope greatness as distinguished from bigness, and in its erection I had planned that there might be expressed something of the splendid life and spirit of that great denomination whose intellectual beacon-light it would be. Such an institution must of necessity be one complete whole; whose architecture, material, purpose, laws, curriculum, faculty and spirit should have but one purpose; that purpose being the production of the highest type of Christian manhood. Its ideals should take hold of each student from the hour that he first set his eyes upon its campus until the hour that it floats before his dying vision, and should always be to him the finest and the highest element in his life. Such an institution, from the entrance gates to the powerhouse should be an institution that would in its form and its soul express the education which it offered. Its architecture, no less than its curriculum, its conduct no less than its textbooks should be teachers of the highest quality.

"In the building of such an institution, there existed so many elements that from their beginning it was necessary for certain plans to be adopted

and unvaryingly followed. It has been my privilege to be your servant and leader in the execution of these plans up to this time. To continue to do so is a prize to be grasped after. You will understand me when I say that I do not regard the election to the presidency of Oglethorpe as an honor so much as a privilege. It is not the emoluments of the position that I desire, but its labors, and I trust that I speak in a spirit of humility and truthfulness when I say that it is not its glory, but its services that I crave.

"And when I say that I accept the position you offer me it is with the assurance that the fine fellowship which you have hitherto given, a fellowship of spirit and of labor, will be even more fully enjoyed by all of us in the future. We have set our faces, under God, to do the greatest deed for our church that has ever been attempted by this generation, and relying upon His power and redoubling our own determination we shall succeed in the doing of it.

Heartily yours,

THORNWELL JACOBS."

Immediately upon my acceptance of the presidency it was necessary definitely to set the architectural standards for the institution. This I did in the following letter which was adopted by the Executive Committee as embodying their ideal for the physical form of the University:

Atlanta, Ga., May 6th, 1914.

By way of approaching the question of the future physical appearance of Oglethorpe University, and bearing in mind the limited means to which it will be necessary for us to conform our ambitions, I desire to submit to you in written form for record, some considerations which seem to me to be of importance in this connection.

1. It is, of course, agreed among us all that nothing shall be done that will in any way compromise our exceptional architectural opportunity to build, even though our beginning be small, a symmetrically perfect institution. It is enough to recall the numerous institutions of higher learning that made the initial error of underestimating their future and consequently of encumbering their campus with wrongly placed and architecturally imperfect structures for us to see the advantage of that ounce of prevention, now, which may save the expense of thousands of dollars for cure later. I take it for granted, therefore, that the first duty of this Committee is to secure a complete layout from a landscape artist, skilled in University work, who at the same time will be mindful of the traditions of our institution, the limits of our budget and the natural beauty of our campus.

2. It is to the traditions of Oglethorpe University that I desire particularly to call your attention, affecting as they do the entire scheme of the landscape work and the harmony of the architectural effect. Oglethorpe was the first denominational university between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans south of the Virginia line. Its history, its name and its spirit carry us back still further, through the founder of the

commonwealth of Georgia, to the very best in the university traditions of England. Oglethorpe was the son of an English lord and his family was, from the days of the Norman Conquest, associated with the life of Oxford and Cambridge. It is well known that there is a distinct structural type associated with these institutions, as also with the early history of Presbyterians in Great Britain and the United States. I refer to the pointed style of architecture vulgarly known as the "Gothic," the proper and fitting material for which style is stone.

3. I believe that all good architects will endorse my saying that a city should be built as nearly as possible of its own materials. All great civilizations, like all great literature, have an element of provincialism in them which gives them their flavor, thus distinguishing them in excellence and furnishing their contribution toward the total progress of the world. Greece built of her own marble, Egypt of her granite, the Assyrian and Babylonian of their sun-baked brick. In this connection we are exceedingly fortunate not only in locating Oglethorpe in a stone country, which is the natural building material for the Gothic style, but in having large quantities of this material already given and accepted for that purpose.

4. It seems to me fitting, therefore, that no matter what the method we adopt for the working out of details, the above considerations should be accepted as the general guide and specifications for the architectural scheme of Oglethorpe University, and I so recommend.

My own college and university experience had taught me that the ability of a college or university to develop worthy character in its students depends largely upon that indefinable quality called college atmosphere. As a mother, she breathes her own soul into her boys. They inherit all she has been through, all of her labor and strength and faith and prayer. If her judgments have been bought with money, they inherit that; if with blood, they inherit that. Every storm through which she has passed strengthens them for their own conflicts in the days that are to come.

Oglethorpe is a daughter of battle and faith and prayer. God alone built her, touching the hearts of multitudes of His children at the voice of her call. Alone of all the prominent ante-bellum universities she died for her ideals, and her, alone, of all the universities of America, God raised from the dead. By her every battle, her every faith, her every triumph, she has learned what things are really worth while and what hand really to lean upon. She will tell her children of Him.

It is not going too far to say that the aesthetic tastes and home habits of many young men are ruined at college by the cheap and unattractive furnishing of their rooms and the ugly for-

bidding architecture of the buildings, which too often deface their campus. The architecture of an institution of learning should be a constant source of delight and inspiration to its students, teaching quietly but surely the highest ideals of life. Indeed all those qualities of soul we know as honesty, solidity, dignity, durability, reverence, and beauty may be expressed in the face of a building and are so expressed on the Oglethorpe campus.

Not less important are the personal surroundings of the student's room. Cheap, ugly and ill-equipped apartments have exactly the same influence on the soul of a boy that cheap, ugly and ill-equipped human companions have. In brief, the college education that does not teach a love of beauty and order and what is popularly called decency is essentially and dangerously defective.

Coming right down to brass tacks, what is a college and what is it for?

A college is an educational institution where qualified persons, desiring to receive an education above the high school grade are given an opportunity to do so under the guidance and inspiration of those who have already done so. A college is a place, a method, a body and a spirit of knowledge. A college is a housing arrangement whereby young men and women of unusual quality and attainment may be brought into intimate and inspirational contact with adults of unusual quality and attainment. A college is an institution where all the wisdom and experience and truth hitherto gained by human beings is conserved for and imparted to those who are capable of further conserving and imparting it. *A college is a time and place where the best of humanity's past is interpreted by the best of humanity's present to the best of humanity's future.* A college is a center of interest in, discovery of and propaganda for the truth. And what is the purpose of a college? The purpose of a college is to supply the students with opportunities for the development of their talents and characters as perfectly, as wisely and as quickly (since life is so short) as possible. The purpose of a college is so to influence its students that ever after their contact with it they shall think more clearly, feel more nobly and act more ideally. The purpose of a college is so to quicken the senses and souls of its students that they shall understand life better and enjoy it more abundantly. The purpose of a college is to supply the students

with both the information and technique necessary to enable them to meet all life's necessities and temptations and accidents and opportunities as their lord and master. The purpose of a college is so to train its pupils that in the contest of life they may be successful, intellectually, culturally, physically, financially and morally. In short, the purpose of a college is to teach the student to make a living, not only, but also a life.

One of the first things that had to be done for Oglethorpe was to create an Alma Mater song and hymn. The hymn came first. It was first sung at the great gathering in the auditorium celebrating the opening of the university. I was sitting near Asa G. Candler, Coca Cola magnate. I can still hear his shrill voice as he sang it lustily to the tune of "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes."

Fair Alma Mater, Oglethorpe,
 Thou didst for others die,
 And now above thy broken tomb,
 Thy God doth lift Thee high!
 For He doth live in every stone
 We worthily have brought,
 And He doth move in every deed,
 We righteously have wrought.

We give to thee our lives to mould
 And thou to us dost give
 Thy life, whose pulse-beat is the truth
 Wherein we ever live.
 And as the times pass o'er our heads
 In this we shall rejoice,
 That we may never drift beyond
 The memory of thy voice.

Fair Alma Mater, Oglethorpe,
 Thou didst for others die,
 So now above thy broken tomb
 Thy God uplifts thee high!
 To all thy past of pain and toil
 Thy future's brilliant goal,
 We promise loyalty and love;
 We pledge thee heart and soul.

Shortly afterward, came the Alma Mater Song. For a long while it was sung to the tune of an old German choral, until Fred Waring wrote special music for it:

Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
 Fair and exalted thy name shall be!
 Lo, thy sons and daughters praise thee,
 Hail, all hail, to Oglethorpe!

Children, we, of noble Mother,
 Loyal and faithful in serving thee;
 Sharers of thy fame and glory,
 Hail, all hail, to Oglethorpe!

Dear and good the days thou gavest,
 Under the Old Gold and Black with thee;
 Full of all life's deepest lessons,
 Hail, all hail, to Oglethorpe!

Thy sweet memory shall follow
 Gently to bless us forevermore;
 In our lives thou livest ever,
 Alma Mater, Oglethorpe!

The "Prayer of Oglethorpe University" which was printed annually in the catalogue expressed and still expresses my inmost desires for its spiritual life:

Father of Wisdom, Master of the Schools of Men, of Thine all-knowledge grant me this my prayer; That I may be wise in Thee. Sink Thou my foundations deep down into Thy bosom until they rest upon the vast rock of Thy counsel. Lift Thou my walls into the clear empyrean of Thy truth. Cover me with the wings that shadow from all harm. Lay my thresholds in honor and my lintels in love. Set Thou my floors in the cement of unbreakable friendship and may my windows be transparent with honesty. Lead Thou unto me, Lord God, those whom Thou hast appointed to be my children, and when they shall come who would learn of me the wisdom of the years, let the crimson of my windows glow with the Light of the World. Let them see, O my Lord, Him whom Thou hast shown me; let them hear Him whose voice has whispered to me and let them reach out their hands and touch Him who has gently led me unto this good day. Rock-ribbed may I stand for Thy truth. Let the storms of evil beat about me in vain. May I safely shelter those who come unto me from the winds of error. Let the lightning that lies in the clouds of ignorance break upon my head in despair. May the young and the pure and the clean-hearted put their trust securely in me nor may any that ever come to my halls for guidance be sent astray. Let the blue ashlar of my breast thrill to the happy songs of the true-hearted and may the very heart of my campus shout for joy as it feels the tread of those who march for God.

All this I pray Thee; and yet this, more: that there may be no stains upon my stones, forever, Amen.

In the "Creed of Oglethorpe University" I have tried to express the faith of God's disciples, of all sects and convictions. Both the Creed and the prayer were included in the annual commencement programs through that of 1943.

I believe in God:

Infinite intelligence, eternal love, immeasurable power;
 Father and mother, creator and preserver and destroyer
 Of all that was and is and will be;
 Whether visible or invisible,
 Audible or inaudible,
 Tangible or intangible.

I love God with all my heart and mind and will.

I see and hear God at all times, in all places, in all things.

I study the Law of God in science, in literature, in religion.

I worship God in gratitude, in truth and in conduct.

I believe in Man:

In his glorious struggle upward out of the night of the past,

In his ability and willingness to accept and develop

The opportunities and duties of his present dawn,

And in the certainty of his eventual arrival

At the sublime noon of his highest ideals.

I believe in virtue, in justice, and in righteousness among men,

The faithful guides that illumine his path

Through the jungles of hates and greeds and fears.

I love man, as a friend, as a brother, as myself.

I work for man, for his intellectual enlightenment, for his material betterment, for his moral development.

I believe in myself:

In my courage, in my conscience, in my power.

I believe in strength through joy, joy through faith, and faith through prayer.

I believe that the parenthood of God and the brotherhood of man
 Are above and within me.

I believe that the Will of God

Is revealed in me as in all things else;

Most clearly in my best thoughts, my noblest feelings, my finest ambitions.

I believe in my Messiahship, and in that of Ikhnaton and Jesus
 and Socrates and Bruno,

And of all men, everywhere, who follow

The urge to live and die for the welfare of the world.

I believe in my future;

That the kind power which led me through the eternity of the
 past to this present good hour,

Without my knowledge or consent,

Will never withdraw His loving kindness from me,
 Now that I have learned to know and love and trust Him.
 To this faith I commit my all.
 Lead on, O God!

But perhaps the way by which I took the greatest delight in endeavoring to create a special musical atmosphere for Oglethorpe was by means of the inscriptions over entrances and mantels and on the cornerstones of buildings. My conviction was and is that each educational institution should express its spirit by creating its own inscriptions, not, as is the usual custom, by copying wise sayings of others. If a college cannot inscribe its own ideals on stone panels what hope is there that it will be able to inscribe them upon the hearts of its pupils? So, up to the close of 1943 every inscription on or in the Oglethorpe buildings I wrote myself. They may not be as good or as wise as if a committee had selected them from the classics but they are *ours*. Like her prayer, her creed and her architecture they are an expression of the spirit, the hope, the urge that built Oglethorpe.

The very first of them all was engraved on the cornerstone of the Administration Building. It strikes the keynote for all the others to sing:

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY
 JANUARY 21, 1915
 MANU DEI RESURREXIT

having meditated upon which you turn to enter the building and you read, over the doorway, the University ideal:

A search is the thing He hath taught you,
 For height and for depth and for wideness.

You walk inside and, immediately before you, is a mantel of carved limestone. Its inscription has probably been read by more people than any other on the campus. It is from a poem that I wrote at the age of sixteen:

Square 'round,—and let us closer be,
 We'll warm our wintry spirit.
 The good we each in other see,
 The more that we sit near it.

You now walk westward down the long, white hall and along

the path to Lowry. You pause to view the replica of the iron lamp which lighted General Oglethorpe as he entered the Corpus Christi Quad, two and a half centuries ago. There the inscription over the doorway catches your eye:

Ask of me what thou wilt; the gold thy heart desires,
The place where rubies flame and diamonds light their fires,
But e'er thy hand has grasped my treasures, passing rare,
Bend low thine ear, I would with thee this secret share:
Ask not for wealth, nor fame, nor ease, nor scepter'd rod;
Choose duty's stern command to toil for man and God.

You walk through the hallway and look up at the lines carved over the rear entrance:

Hast thou no need of young, fresh power to find
anew thy holy grail,
A thing which reckless youth must do because the
careful aged fail?
Uplifted to that cross, Lord God, with outstretched
hand we wait thy nail.

Returning, you pass by the cornerstone, recalling that it is that of the School of Banking and Commerce. On it you read:

LOWRY HALL
MAY 29, 1926
AD PECUNIAS ERUDIENDAS

Immediately before you is the wall of the first floor of Faith Hall. You walk over to the cornerstone and read:

FAITH HALL
MAY 17, 1942
DEO EREXIT FIDES

You return eastward, following the path to Lupton. If the ivy hasn't overgrown it too much you read over the door to the Chapel entrance:

So, o'er the temple gate where enter those
Who in unchanging faith would find repose;
In steadfast creeds the holy ancients gave;
This trembling truth by flickering light I grave:

To all the broken Gods of yesterday;
 To One, our present Lord; To Him whose sway
 And name tomorrow's mightier hour will yield;
 Revealed, revealing and to be revealed.

As you pass on to the second entrance to Lupton Hall you stop to read the cornerstone inscription of the first of the three buildings which constitute the Hall:

AD DOCTRINAM IUVENUM
 EREXIT
 ELIZABETH LUPTON
 AUGUST 26, 1925

Next is the inscription that caused so much excitement on the campus. When it was first put in place, Dr. Nicolassen, professor of the Bible, ethics and moral philosophy, was so offended that he hastened to my office to tell me that his conscience wouldn't permit him to teach in an institution that had such an inscription over one of its doors. Dr. Routh, professor of English, saved him for us by calling it a "paradox". But I have an idea that Dr. Nick, who had to pass under it daily in order to reach his classroom, never did so without mentally making the sign of the cross. Later, brilliant young Peter Marshall took a crack at it. I heard about it and immediately went down to the Westminster Presbyterian Church to hear him preach and to invite him out to preach to my boys. Quite the most talented young minister Atlanta ever had in my day, he was incorrigibly orthodox, "including the covers". I gave him a copy of *THE NEW SCIENCE AND THE OLD RELIGION* but I have never seen any evidence in his sermons that he has read it. He is now pastor of the New York Avenue Church in Washington. When the "damyankees" in his congregation get through with him maybe—but here is the inscription:

No man is ever greater than his God.
 Up from the night the self-same path they trod.
 One moves not farther than the other can.
 No God is ever greater than his man.

Close by is the cornerstone of the second structure of Lupton Hall. It was laid on the birthday anniversary of the donor.

AD AMOREM PARENTUM
EREXIT
CARTTER LUPTON
APRIL 4, 1925

Before you enter the first section of Lupton you look up at this inscription:

Till this I learned, that he who buildeth well
Is greater than the structure that he rears,
And wiser he who learns that heaven hears
Than all the wordy wisdoms letters spell.

Then you ascend the stone steps to the library, press the bronze doors aside and enter. Directly in front is a fireplace and on it is engraved:

So this I grave that they who read may know:
Wherein I struck for that whereof I dreamed,
Yet dreamed I not, nor struck; to all that seemed
This is the key: His will hath made it so.

That is the secret. It explains everything about Oglethorpe.

Outside again, you turn to the right toward Hermance Stadium, pausing only long enough to read the inscription of the cornerstone of the third Lupton structure:

IN MEMORIAM
MATRIS EREXIT
LUPTON
JUNE 30, 1920.

Hermance Stadium offered me an unusual opportunity to express my philosophy of life. It is built of granite and over its many arches and entrances are broad panels of limestone. It gave me a fine chance to talk to my boys and girls (and faculty and visitors) about life and about our struggle to live. The inscriptions, therefore, are not only self-explanatory but they are self-revealing also. I am not ashamed of them.

Reading from left to right, as you face the stadium:

Thy sweet memory shall follow,
Gently to bless us forevermore:
In our lives thou livest ever,
Alma Mater, Oglethorpe!

Upon the screen are thrown the flitting shades:
 Kings, paupers, knaves in palaces and cells,
 With interplay of seasons, passions, toils,
 And cryptic plot of loves and heavens and hells.
 Among the ghosts which shadowy form is I?
 Who planned this play, made me his guest and why?

* * * * *

I lived with every actor, thrilled at blast
 Of march triumphal, bantered with the gay,
 Wept with the conquered, loved and fought till—last—
 I was content to contemplate the play.

* * * * *

A few more steps! Ah, this the wondrous stone
 With which a thousand battles have been won.
 The rounding of a hill, a corner turned,
 And lo, the world is changed, the darkness gone!

* * * * *

Coming, I go, and yet I know that I remain.
 Going, I come, to whatso home, with loss or gain.
 Meeting, I part, yet in my heart I take with me
 All that befell, or ill or well, eternally.

* * * * *

In honor of
 The Oglethorpe University Baseball Team of
 1924 and 1930
 Undisputed Southern Collegiate Champions
 1924 won 22 lost 2
 1930 won 13 lost 0

* * * * *

There is a game within the eternal sky,
 There is a scorer, watching silently,
 There is a mark for those with victory blest:
 But praise waits only him who did his best.

* * * * *

Whom looks He for and what desires most?
 Who deals the breaks to visitors and host?
 Not scores nor points but truest sportsmanship:
 Who won the courtliest? Who most nobly lost?

* * * * *

Not for exultant crash of marching line,
 Nor frenzied stadium thrilled at crashing drive,
 Not yet for golden-chaliced victory's wine,
 But that all men be bettered as they strive.

* * * * *

Who knows the chance that happens to the ball?
 Ordains the runner's slip? The fielder's fall?
 The golf-ball's lie? Yet, he who cast our lots
 Has ever known and planned and timed them all.

Step Down, Dr. Jacobs

Year	Tech	Oglethorpe	Year	Tech	Oglethorpe
1920	55	0	1923	28	13
1921	44	0	1924	19	0
1922	35	6	1925	13	7
1926 Tech 6, Oglethorpe 7					
* * * * *					

Come out and be a man with me
 And let us strive together,
 For all the greatness of thy soul
 Is won from stormy weather.

* * * * *

And knowingly He set yon flower
 Above all footprints, beckoning still.
 Thus am I strong, as His power:
 Invincible, as is His will.

* * * * *

To build the beautiful and then to dream
 Of beautifuls no power avails to build:
 To do the dutiful and yet to deem
 No finished duty perfectly fulfilled.

* * * * *

There is an urge within the heart of man;
 A voice that whispers: try again; you can!
 There is a wisdom planning every task;
 A power who giveth all that He doth ask.

* * * * *

Some echo of their mighty voice may thrill
 My night, when rocks our stadium with joy,
 And dreaming that I am once more a boy,
 My dust of silent lips shape, "Victory!"

* * * * *

Cornerstone of Hermance Stadium
 May 29, 1926

Ut Luctantes Meliores Sint

A free rendering of which is: "That all men be
 bettered as they strive."

I take great comfort in the thought of these inscriptions. "When old age shall this generation waste", when no man shall be able to recall the former existence of a Southern Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools nor of the Association of American Medical Colleges; nor of members of my executive committee, they will remain in midst of other woe than ours", revealing the faith and spirit of the man and of his friends who founded Oglethorpe University, undying and unlying testimony to our determination to find God in all things, to discover His will and to follow it regardless of consequences. In the summer's

heat, under the winter's snow, when the flowers come, when the red leaves fall, while I yet live, after my name has been forgotten, they will bear this silent witness. To young freshmen, to "grave and reverend seniors", to visitors with many cares and to professors with many degrees, to the orthodox and to the heretic, to the sinner and to the saint, they will never cease to declare:

So, this I grave, that all who read may know:
Wherein I struck for that whereof I dreamed,
Yet dreamed I not nor struck. To all that seemed
This is the key: His will hath made it so.

CHAPTER 17.

"CREDITS" AND "ACCREDITATION"

I SEE NOW that all my life has been spent in fighting against the ossification of religion and education and of society in general. It is an accepted saying that science commits suicide when it adopts a creed. Churches not only adopt creeds but also boast about the "unchanging" and "eternal gospel" being perfectly crystalized in them. This makes the pulpit impervious to progress. The church, relatively, becomes more and more backward, archaic, superstitious, pagan in the philological sense of the word, moribund. Eventually the tug of progress becomes too great and there is an explosion. Creeds are smashed and new ones substituted. The church catches up with the procession. This is called a reformation. One is now long overdue.

In education the process is much the same. The fire of inspiration dies away. The urge to obtain and to impart knowledge for its own precious sake perishes. A crust forms over the divine cauldron of wisdom. Education ceases to be a soul on fire in its search for truth and degenerates into techniques in teaching and "credits" in receiving instruction. Salary "increments" are added as inducements to prepare for performing one's duty. The formalities of pharaseeism gather around every phase of the process. One is not permitted to teach, unless he hails from an "accredited" college. Examination, successful experience, outstanding ability and talent, the divine urge do not count. Demonstrable knowledge and mastery of a subject do not count—only "credits" from an "accredited" college, only a union card, and a union card only, counts.

During my presidency of Oglethorpe I must have had personal conferences with a thousand teachers who had come to see me about their courses at the University. Not in a single instance did any of them ask me to advise them as to the subjects they should take in order to equip themselves most adequately for their life work. They always and only wanted to know the shortest possible time in which, by the least possible work, in the easiest possible courses, they could obtain the lowest number of credits

necessary to obtain a degree or additional credits for salary increments. The spirit of education has been destroyed in our public school system. Our teachers, the leaders of our civilization and instructors of our leaders are blind leaders of the blind, falling with their pupils into the ditch of pharasaic ossification.

Consider our State Universities, for example, the capstones of our public school system. Their method is mass production. Their politics is "democracy and more democracy and more democracy." Their shibboleth is "a college education for every boy and girl in the state." The consequence is that as universities they are fairly good country clubs. They are so full of uneducable boys and girls that it is almost a miracle if even the educable ones get an education. Great masses of indigestible material congest their laboratories and classrooms. The processes of instruction become a farce. Athletics, dances, fraternities, social diversions of all kinds take the place of solid intellectual labor. Success is measured by numbers and buildings and football championships. The deeper education falls into that pit the more it costs the state. The poor boy must have the same opportunities as the rich man's sons. He must "go to college" whether he is educable or not. He goes in an honest farm hand. He comes out a dishonest fop. He hasn't even seen education with a telescope, but he made a touchdown in the sugar bowl.

These multitudes of uneducable "students" who crowd our University campuses have done another thing; they have so terrorized faculties and presidents that they do not own their own souls. The whole ideal and idea of the modern university president is to be "popular" with the students. He dares not oppose their united will. To do so would mean the loss of his job and thereby his prestige, reputation and "availability" for another presidency. They must always be praised as "fine boys doing splendid work." In other words, the president must grant practically all student demands or resign, which last is to them the end of things. More and better food for less money, lower tuition fees, more and easier electives, bigger and better football teams—anything else they demand. The college campus and the government thereon has been reduced to a democracy wherein the lower fifty-one percent, the numerical majority, control the quality of instructors and instruction and set the ethical and moral standards for the personal conduct of the students, of which

last the president and faculty have long since washed their hands.

The cancer eats still deeper. Since education has become "credits", exchangeable for diplomas and interchangeable with "credits" of other teachers' unions (still called colleges and universities) the student who is deprived of his "credits" is deprived of his union card. If his school is dropped from the "accredited list" his credits will not be accepted by other teachers' unions (still called colleges and universities) and as education has no value to him, if he has received any, apart from his "credits" he is easily inflamed by registrars, professors and weathervane presidents into mutiny against any and all persons who are suggested to him as thieves of his ration card. These flames are fanned by newspapers for political purposes. He thus becomes a football of politics. Clever politicians, reporters, candidates for office and their campaign managers publicize their angry rebellion against the owners and responsible managers of the institutions concerned. They inflame their parents and friends because, not having received an education and caring nothing for one, they have been deprived of the thing they paid for, their union card, their "credits" without which they cannot prove that they are educated! If necessary to get it back, they hang the Governor of the State in effigy on the capitol steps, and join his political opponents to defeat him for re-election. They and their union leaders even deny the right of the state to control its own educational institutions or to say when or whether its work is excellent. They are the ignorant and willing tools of the teachers' unions whose sole concern in the matter is so to control education as to gain for themselves more pay for less work and more certainty that they will continue to get it for life. This last is called "tenure of office."

Any interference with their plans by the owners of the property is "playing politics" with education, as is the discharge of any of their members from their professorships. They are not interested in the effect of such dismissals upon the quality of the work done at the institution involved. They pay no attention to that. Their interest is the same as that of John L. Lewis in one of his coal miners. He must not be discharged without the knowledge and consent of the union. All this is done in the name of "maintaining educational standards" and "protecting academic freedom." To such a depth of degradation has organized educa-

tion fallen in the United States! All my life I have spent in fighting such disgusting hypocrisy. At present it is all-powerful. It has not only prized me out of my presidency, but also it has unhorsed governors of states and reduced state university presidents to the painful necessity of crawling on their bellies to Canossa. But not Thornwell Jacobs. I had much rather be a Lee than a Lenin.

It was not until the spring of 1931 that the local leaders of the accrediting association declared war on Oglethorpe. It was then that Rule Eight was passed by the Board of Education of the City of Atlanta declaring that they would select no more teachers from "unaccredited" colleges. That meant us and only us as we were the only school in the vicinity that had failed to join the Union. We appealed to the Board immediately to rescind their action. It became clear to us at once that they did not intend to do so. In fact a sub-committee listened to our plea with impatience and declined to allow us to present our cause to the Board. When the Board met, Judge Watkins and I were there but if it had not been for J. Ira Harrelson, a member of the Board, our cause would have gone unheard. It was significant that certain important officials of Emory University and of Agnes Scott college, for obvious reasons, were present. Only upon the insistence on fair play by J. Ira Harrelson was I allowed five minutes. Five minutes in which to save our department of Adult Education from destruction by a Board that had already made up its mind to destroy us! At once I opened up the cancer, pointing out the relations of each member of the Board to Emory and was about to take up the Agnes Scott phase of the subject when one of the Board members rose and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, this won't do. There's a *Constitution* reporter in the audience. We don't want this in the newspapers!"

"No," I retorted, "*you* don't, but *I* do! All over the front page of all of our newspapers. I want the people of Atlanta to know exactly what and how and why this Board is discriminating against one of their institutions in favor of two of its competitors."

It wasn't necessary to say more. A resolution, introduced, I believe by Judge Watkins, was adopted recognizing the state of Georgia's authority in the matter and referring the case to the State Board of Education. This ended the first battle of the war

but the war itself was only begun, a war which was and is national in its issues and ominous in its meaning. If you are interested in seeing the inside of one of the worst rackets* in the United States, you should read the remainder of this chapter carefully. It is printed in the appendix in order not to delay the action of this story. Be sure to read it.**

*Definition: A "racket" as used in this book is "a system of obtaining or keeping or raising salaries, honors, moneys, patronage, reputation, and/or professional standing by undue pressure or compulsion, or extra-legal interference with the business or professional practice of another party, especially a competitor."

** In that connection I quote these excerpts from an article on "accreditation" by Will Rogers. It made me feel better. "He being dead, yet speaketh." Thank you, friend Rogers! (*Italics mine.*)

"Then they got *another gag they call "credits"*. If you do anything thirty minutes twice a week, why you get some certain "credit." Maby its lamp shade tinting, maby its singing, maby its a thing they call "Music Appreciation," that used to drive my cowboy son Jim pretty near "Nuts". He never could see how that would aid you to rope a calf. They give out these things at schools for anything that any one can think of. Some of em you get more "Credits" than for others. If a thing is particularly useless why it gives you more credits. There is none at all for the things that we thought constituted "School". . . .

But none of these big professors will come out and tell you that our education might be lacking, that it might be shortened, that it might be improved. *They know as it is now that it's a "Racket", and they are in on it.* You couldn't get me to admit that making movies was the bunk either. *None of us will talk against our own graft.* We all got us our "Rackets" nowadays. . . .

It's costing us more than its worth. They got to devise some way of giving more for the money. All he is getting out with now is "Credits", and nobody on the outside is cashing em."

CHAPTER 18.

INTRODUCTION TO THE DIARY.

WHEN MR. LUPTON DIED, night settled down on the Oglethorpe campus. The good, old world had perished and no brave, new world was in sight. Atlanta was a city of fearful, frightened hoarders or of wrecked and wretched bankrupts. No help, public, private or institutional was obtainable. Those who would, couldn't. Those who could, wouldn't. I made attempt after attempt to get my boards to convene: Board of Founders, Board of Directors, Executive Committee—no quorum. They knew what it meant—an appeal for money. They all forsook me and fled. Only Judge Watkins, Chairman, and Hollins N. Randolph stuck by me. At last, by assuring the Committee that money matters would not be discussed we got a quorum together and they passed a resolution creating a special commission consisting of the Judge, the Colonel and myself, conferring the full powers of the Executive Committee on it between meetings of the Committee and instructing it to conduct the affairs of the institution. For the next five or six years we "ran England without a Parliament." As a matter of fact, inasmuch as neither Judge Watkins nor Colonel Randolph were able to help me financially, and inasmuch as the crisis menacing us was purely monetary, I was compelled to take up the burden and bear it, alone. Mine was the honor and the glory of raising the deficit, balancing the budget, pacifying the creditors, appeasing the bondholders, paying the faculty, pleasing the students, nursing the overdraft into a bank balance, all without aid from state or church or alumni or endowment. Also, I was expected to boost the morale of the faculty, officers and students, to keep them happy and satisfied, to be full of pep and vite, to overflow with exuberant optimism, to inspire every one with whom I came in contact with assurances, evidences and promises of progress, triumph and victory, including immediate relief from the depression. The true situation I must keep to myself, or what was left of faculty, students, patrons and helpers would be dispersed. This created a situation which inevitably resulted in

unhappiness, dissatisfaction and recrimination. Reduced salaries for officers and faculty resulted immediately in all the evils of domestic financial misery. When bills couldn't be paid, the University was blamed. That meant me personally. Many members of the faculty held me responsible for their troubles. I was an autocrat. I was running the school without a Board of Directors. The Executive Committee had not met for months. I had cut the professors' salaries. The money was probably in the bank and I was hoarding it for some pet scheme, or using it for myself. If it wasn't in the bank, it should be there. I should get out and raise it. I didn't care if the whole faculty starved. Poverty had come in at the door and love scrambled out of the window.

There was nothing phoney about these emotions. The faculty sincerely thought I was to blame for the predicament in which they found themselves. In the past I had always been able to get plenty of money, why not now? The Executive Committee had been little better than a rubber stamp, anyway. Everybody knew that! I had employed the professors. It was my college. It was up to me to get the money or take the consequences.

The consequences were bitter. The confidence of the faculty first, and through them, of the students, in both myself and in the future of the University, was shaken to its foundations. All of the bitter complaints of the professors to their students, friends and creditors were retailed publicly by their classes and families. The spirit of the school declined. The faculty became despondent, despairing and desperate. The president became an object of hate. I do not blame them. Doubtless, under the same circumstances, I would have felt and acted much the same way. The climax was reached when one of our best men, a part-time professor, got to the point where he couldn't stand it any longer. That morning we had no money in the bank. We had not had any for days. He did not know this. I had recently been to England on business for the college but he did not know that I had paid my own expenses. I did not feel it wise to tell him. Perhaps I deserved to be attacked and humiliated. Perhaps we should have discharged the faculty and closed the doors of the school. But General Oglethorpe's motto had been: *NESCIT CEDERE*. "He didn't know how to quit." This professor had hitherto been quite friendly. Years before, he had aided me by

opening his pulpit to me and by recommending my cause to his people. My recollection is that he made a personal subscription to Oglethorpe. Later, I had recommended him to an Atlanta church as their pastor. He was called and he accepted their pastorate. Still later, when I needed an attractive speaker to deliver lectures over WJTL I induced him to accept that position. When the controversy about "accreditation" and "Rule 8" was at its climax and I was tossed out of the Association of Georgia Colleges, he came to my defense with great force and effectiveness. In fact, of all the members of my faculty he did most at that critical time to aid me. From my diary I quote this description of the incident:

"Evidently, under some great mental strain, arising perhaps, from a recent illness on the morning of July 24, 1934, about nine fifteen o'clock (he) called at my office and after some preliminary conversation in which I expressed my regret that he had resigned his position at Oglethorpe and told him that I should like to be a member of his church and would take pleasure in sending a small personal contribution regularly to it, he demanded that the college should pay him the sum of \$200.00 'to-day', and accused me of unfairness and unchristian conduct in that other members of the faculty were being paid more than he was being paid and that I had not kept my promise to him to pay him a definite sum monthly. I called for the record and found that I had been directed by the Governing Committee to write him on March 9, 1934 as follows: 'I am not authorized by our Committee to guarantee any specified amount to any member of the faculty. In other words, I have no authority legally, to commit the college to a fixed salary.' I told him that at this particular time we *couldn't* pay him the \$200.00 because we didn't have it to pay him with. Probably he didn't believe me for he then told me that unless I paid him the \$200.00 at once he was going to give the college and myself all the unpleasant publicity possible, staging it around a lawsuit for the sum of money that he claimed was due him; he was going to write to all of the patrons of the college, advising them that I was wrecking the institution by my policies; and he was going to beat me up right then and there in my office. My reply was that I *couldn't* write the check, that I never wrote checks under threat, and that he would have to proceed with his purposes. After telling me to take off my glasses, which seems rather thoughtful of him, he 'sailed in' and it became my duty to protect myself which I did to the best of my ability, without attacking him. 'My policies,' referred to above, probably, partly at least, is the policy adopted by the Governing Committee of the University to the general effect that all officers and faculty

members of the college should be officially notified that the University, after June first, 1932, would not be legally liable for any specified amount of salary but would endeavor to pay to its faculty as nearly as possible the amount previously paid, and on the other hand, that the University planned not to discharge any members of the official force or faculty. As a consequence, not a single member of the faculty of Oglethorpe University has been discharged and there are none of them being fed by the government of the United States or by relief agencies. It is, of course, terribly hard on the entire official force and I can't blame him at all for feeling as he does but any member of the faculty is at liberty to resign at any time, should they obtain a better position. This particular professor is probably the best known of all our professors and has never failed to come to my help when I needed him. I have done the best I could to show him my gratitude. He has been a part-time professor and the Bursar tells me that since October first, 1933 he has been paid the sum of \$1,025 in addition to the free education of his two children and his daily lunch on the campus. He is a popular and able speaker and has many influential friends. I am terribly sorry it happened. It is the kind of thing that breaks a man's spirit and that is about all I have to go on. Through the newspapers he has told the public that I am thoroughly disliked on the campus and I think he is right. I am the victim of circumstances which it is impossible for me even to influence and I must stand and 'take it.' There is one good thing about it, he has knocked some sense into my head. My chagrin and humiliation break the last string of hope I had to win the praise and esteem of my fellowmen for my work. 'Blessed am dem dat expec nuffin fer dey shall not be disappointed.' From now on I can only hope that God will say a good word for me. All of my illusions about being called 'the beloved founder of Oglethorpe University' are gone forever. I shall be lucky to get off with my life."

I never allow myself to lose such a good friend by reason of a momentary misunderstanding.* Once a friend, always a

* In the early days of Oglethorpe University, when I was doing my level best to make friends for the institution, and at a time when every kind word and every small gift meant an enormous amount to me, I discovered that there was a man in Atlanta who was going around saying a lot of things to the detriment of the enterprise—calling it "another collection agency", predicting its certain failure and arguing against its success.

Furthermore, he had some rather caustic things to say about me personally, about my youth, about my inexperience in such work, about my selfish purpose in connection with it.

Everywhere I went in Atlanta I began to catch an echo of this man's

friend, is my motto. I simply cannot learn to dislike a man who has helped me in the past. When I'm once grateful I'm grateful and there is no "end on it." Even while he was "beating me up", I realized how unnatural and grotesque it was. I saw him in his South Carolina pulpit, telling his congregation what a fine fellow I was and myself doing the same to the officers of the Atlanta church that called him to be their pastor. He was expressing what he felt to be a justifiably bitter indignation against a person who, he believed, had mistreated him. I felt the same indignation against my own bitter fate but I had only myself to blame for it and I couldn't give myself a kick in the pants

opposition. Nor was it possible for me to find out just what was the source of his dislike of me and Oglethorpe.

The position of enmity that he assumed gave me a great deal of anxiety and put me to a great deal of serious thought.

Finally, I found that he was approaching members of my board, discouraging them from making payments on their pledges and saying things that militated seriously against the proper execution of our plans.

I investigated and found that his standing in the community was high and that he numbered among his friends some of the most important citizens in Atlanta.

As time passed, the situation became more and more serious and I was finally confronted with the necessity of destroying him. But how could a man be destroyed who stood so high and whose life was, so far as I was able to learn, certainly of as high quality as my own?

I finally hit upon a way. I wrote a note to him first and asked for an interview. The note was evidently thrown into the trash basket. Then, one morning, much to his astonishment, I appeared in his office and had a nice talk with him. I told him all of my ideals in the re-founding of Oglethorpe. I recited all the difficulties that I was meeting—without, of course, mentioning the part that he himself was playing in it—and then I told him some of the nice things that I had heard about him from members of our own board and how much I wished that I could win his confidence and support in my enterprise.

I found that he was really an enjoyable chap, amply able to hold his own in conversation and I found, furthermore, that he was courteous and kindly and before I had left he was telling me some of his own plans and hopes and they were certainly as fine as my own.

I really enjoyed the call. It had paved the way for another visit and the next time I asked him to come on our board and give \$1,000, as all the other members of our board were doing, and—bless your heart—he did it!

And, what's better than that, that man has been my friend ever since.

He has helped Oglethorpe University a great deal, financially, and verbally. He has represented to me a perfect example of how to destroy an enemy.

for trusting God, even in the darkest hour. Even then he was really my friend, not my enemy. Prof. Muensterberg of Harvard once told our Psychology class at Princeton that he did not know what the emotion of anger was like. I am not that placid but I can honestly say as I write this, years later, I still like this professor as much as before the incident occurred. As a matter of fact, it is a question of whether an "enemy", so called, isn't a greater asset than many a "friend", so called. Philosophers from Walt Whitman to Mr. Dooley have celebrated the value of "enemies". One sincere, defiant opponent is worth a world full of "yes" men.

That is a smart old saying of Jesus's: "Love your enemies". Certainly I have no special reason to hate mine. As a matter of fact, I am so constituted that it is impossible for me to have more than a half-enemy. They may hate me but I forget to hate them. A "friend" and a fairly close one, later did me much more harm than any of my worst "enemies". Those whom you love and trust, who are nearest to you, are in position to injure and betray you to much more deadly effect than an honest, open, "beat-you-up enemy" either could or would do. A husband, a wife, a daughter, a son, a trusted friend, these are the persons who are to be feared when they turn on you because they are more venomous. Also, being closer, their deadliness is harder to detect and believe. A rattlesnake is frank about it. He sounds an alarm. A black widow spider gets the poison in, first.

Speaking of "enemies", I have just been listening to the President's invasion prayer, the most widely distributed prayer ever addressed to the American people. I got past the preamble all right but the prayer itself very quickly made me "sick to my stummick" as Grampa Camp used to say. After advising God that World War II was a struggle "to preserve . . . our religion" he informed him further that our boys were "fighting for tolerance and goodwill among all *Thy* people" and then he gave the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent God this news: "Many people have urged that I call the nation into a single day of prayer. But because the road is long and the desire is great, I ask that our people devote themselves in continuance of prayer." Which reminds me of a story they tell on professor X at Princeton who was conducting chapel exercises and was in the midst of his final prayer when he remembered that he had forgotten to an-

nounce the change in the recitation hour of Spanish I. But he, also, was equal to the occasion: "And, O Lord," he interpolated blithely, "bless especially the members of the Freshman class in Spanish and help them to remember that, effective today, Spanish I will meet at 11:30 A.M. instead of at 12:30 P.M."

Of course, all this assumption of the right to give information and instructions to God is fairly good Judaism but it is a travesty on Christianity. The Old Testament teaches and praises mass murders and pogroms by Jews, the Biblical super-race, against gentiles. Once, Jehovah angrily deposed a King because he had shown mercy to the Hitler of the moment. But not the New Testament; not Jesus. Hardly had the President closed his prayer for the crushing of Germany, unconditionally, before a very lovely voice began intoning the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples. Among its kindly petitions this one scintillates: "*And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.*" "For if ye forgive not men their trespasses", he proceeded to emphasize to his disciples, "neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Once, He put it even more plainly: "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." Paul defined the Christian attitude to war with equal clearness: "Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil-speaking be put away from you, with all malice and be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." These words, honestly interpreted, were "pro-German" in World War I. They are "subversive" in World War II. But, after all, the teachings of Jesus are pure dynamite. That is why He was crucified. That is why He is crucified.

After the invasion prayer I returned to my reading, a description of the attack on Bamboo Hill in *Life* and my eyes fell on these words, interpreting the spirit of an American boy of the sort reported to God by the President as fighting to let tolerance and goodwill arise among all the people: "Tenderness mixed with bitterness cloud his already blurred eyes as he wishes he could rip the bellies of the bastards who think war is noble and that it solves anything."

If Kagawa heard Roosevelt's prayer I hope he never reads these words from Drew Pearson's Washington dispatch published

one week later: "Representative Francis Walter of Pennsylvania presented the President with an odd gift during the visit, a letter opener made from the forearm of a Japanese soldier killed in the Pacific. 'This is the kind of gift I like to get', the President said as it was placed on his desk. Representative Walter apologized for presenting such a small part of the Jap's anatomy. But the President interrupted him: 'There'll be plenty more such gifts,' he said."

With such high approval there doubtless will be. In fact, *Life's* Picture of the Week of May 22nd shows a pretty American girl "about to thank her Navy Lieutenant for an autographed Jap skull."

At any rate, for reasons aforesaid, it had now come to pass that I was classed as an autocrat, both by my "friends" and by my "enemies". Some men are born autocrats, some achieve autocracy and some men have autocracy thrust upon them. I belonged to the third class. With mutiny aboard ship, I was compelled to shout in a lonely and, I fear, oftentimes in a weak voice: "Sail on!" During the following six or seven years of agony it became necessary for me to make practically all important decisions, after conference with Judge Watkins. It was like walking a tight-rope over Gehenna. The situation was so delicate that a wrong step meant death. I found it absolutely necessary to veneer my natural timidity with a layer of steel. From morning until night I was in misery. Even in my sleep I dreamed of fording impassable rivers, of scaling precipitous mountain sides and of fleeing from packs of hounds turned loose on me by my enemies. I endured a decade of this agony, fighting my way through it as best I might, plagued with *paroxysmal tachicardia* all day long, so dizzy when I made a speech that I had to grip the lectern with both hands to keep from falling, keeping my physical condition secret for fear of more desertions, trying to reorganize my boards, paying off debts, little by little, raising the money to meet the annual deficit, keeping up a decent appearance on the campus, putting up a good front to the public, encouraging faculty and students, cutting expenses, boosting receipts, paying off debts, debts, debts, improving facilities, adding property and equipment—a dictator, autocrat, czar, begging for relief and all the while being criticized for not having a better Atlanta backing by those who had forsaken me and fled. There

was no other way out. All exits were closed. I had to stand and take it.

But to the world, ignorant of the facts, it looked different, more as it appeared to the wealthy patron of the Taft School* whose delinquent son had been shipped for failure to meet the standards. Doting father called personally on Mr. Taft to see about it. It was something new to this Park Avenue papa to have his only son booted out of school. First, he tried diplomacy, then remonstrance, then threats—to all of which Mr. Taft was adamant. Even an appeal to the faculty was denied.

Finally, the indignant father exclaimed: "It seems to me that you do as you damn well please around here!"

Mr. Taft lowered his glasses and peered smilingly over them at the speaker:

"Your words are rude," he said, meditatively, "your manner is brusque and our mien is minatory, *but you've got the idea!*"

My inability to feed my flock inside the college walls loosed all the wolves on the outside. Reading the following excerpts from the diary you will see how "accreditors" and theologians and disgruntled alumni and discharged employees and competitive institutions and all those to whom I had been compelled to say "no" assume a more and more insidiously threatening attitude. I learned this about being a dictator: when everything is going well, everybody wants to share his glory and cash; when everything goes ill, no one wants to share the blame, and debts.

Bearing these things in mind we open the diary:

* This incident is transferred to Woodrow Wilson by Lamar Trotti in the cinema of that name.

CHAPTER 19

THE DIARY

Dec. 11, 1934—At the age of 57 and after twenty-five years of work in the founding of Oglethorpe University I have decided again to keep a diary of some of the interesting things which happen daily in my life. My only wish is that I had been as wise as my father who undertook the same pleasant task at the age of fifteen and pursued it uninterruptedly until his death at the age of 76.

At the present moment I am in my office on the second floor of Lupton Hall on the campus of Oglethorpe University. The chimes of the college clock have just struck eleven-thirty. The day is the coldest of the winter, so far, with a temperature of twenty-two degrees above zero, a biting wind from the west and brilliant sunshine everywhere. The University itself is in a critical condition. The depression which has affected the country, combined with the death of our best friend, Mr. J. T. Lupton which occurred on July 31, 1933, only four months after the closing of all American banks, has left us in a precarious position. I am in constant need of all of the grace, fortitude, common sense, courage, optimism and tact possible:—\$375,000 worth of bonds and other obligations amounting to a total indebtedness of about \$500,000 must be taken care of. At the same time the University must be operated without a deficit because there is no such thing as credit at the banks and we would not borrow the money even if it were available to pay running expenses. This is making it exceedingly hard on all employees. My own salary for the past seven months has been \$1250.00 and for the last three months, nothing.

Let me go back and tell the story of the crash. Up to the spring of 1933 we were in beautiful shape. Mr. Lupton was sending us a check in amount of \$10,000 every month, enough to pay all operating deficits and to reduce steadily our obligations. Just before the closing of all the banks on March 4, 1933, by order of the President, he wrote me that it would not be possible for him to continue payment of such a sum much

longer. When the banks closed he found it necessary to discontinue his gifts entirely. His death followed four months later. This made it impossible for us to pay interest on our bonds and necessitated drastic reduction of all expenditures. Acting under his advice, reductions had already been made in salaries, wages and other expenditures. It then became necessary to cut them to the bone. This was done immediately, with most unhappy results. Every person affected felt wounded and sore. Practically all of them complained bitterly inside the campus walls, not only, but also to their friends and acquaintances outside. This affected our patrons, our students, our alumni and our benefactors. And yet it was impossible in the nature of the case to correct the harm which was being done. Sooner or later it was inevitable that the bondholders should move against the college legally. During the summer of 1933 about two-thirds of the bondholders formed a Committee and acting through the Trustees, the Hibernia Trust Company of New Orleans, notified us that they would be compelled shortly to foreclose on the college. I appealed to every friend that we had, by personal contact and by letter. A special appeal was made to a group of our most powerful, wealthy and influential friends, asking them to purchase the bonds and hold them for us until the college was in position to take them off their hands. As a matter of record, I here set down the fact that of all the friends, the only one who responded was Percy Selden Straus of R. H. Macy and Company who bought \$2,000 worth of the bonds and presented them to the college. Paul Block promised to give \$1,000 upon call in emergency. Mr. Cartter Lupton, son of Mr. J. T. Lupton, was during this emergency and has since, been contributing to the school to help us in our current expenses and was not further appealed to at the time. Before foreclosing on the University property the creditors expressed a desire to talk the matter over with us so Judge Edgar Watkins, President of our Board of Directors, and I went to New Orleans for an interview on the subject. A committee of bondholders told us that they were willing to sell the bonds which they represented for approximately seventy-five cents on the dollar and gave us a few weeks in which to give them an answer. During the intervening time I made every possible effort to see every possible friend. Judge Watkins, Colonel Randolph and I made a trip to

New York and called on various friends there without result. Then followed, in rapid succession, some of the most interesting events in my life. While we were in New York I called up the office of Bernard M. Baruch and requested an interview with him. His secretary advised me that this might be possible a couple of weeks later when I would be back in the city, accompanying our football team for their game with Manhattan College. This date was agreed upon but just before I was to take the train at the Oglethorpe University station, with the team, I received a telegram, advising me that it would be impossible for me to see Mr. Baruch. Nevertheless, I went on with the team and returned without seeing Mr. Baruch. Later, I wrote and wired for another appointment and finally Mr. Baruch wired, instructing me to call him over the phone. When I did this, he told me that doubtless what I wanted to see him about was to get some kind of help; that on account of so many calls on his generosity he was in no position to help us; and that I could only come to see him with the clear understanding that I would not ask for help and that if I violated my promise he would surely decline to assist me. As by this time I was in desperation, it occurred to me that even if he could not help us financially, he could give us some exceedingly good advice, and so I accepted the proposition. It was November 13, 1933 at eleven thirty o'clock in the morning that he gave me a few moments in his office at 120 Broadway. I remember the beautiful view from his windows overlooking the river and harbor. I remember that my paroxysmal tachicardia was especially bad that morning, that my pulse was skipping terribly. I remember the press of time, the few moments in which to tell my story. This, I did to the best of my ability, sketching the life history of the school and, at the close, I showed him an itemized list of checks written by Mr. Lupton during a period of nineteen years, averaging between five and ten thousand dollars per month. Finally, I asked him to tell me what to do and he called to his secretary, Miss Boyle, and said: "I am going to buy \$240,000 worth of Oglethorpe University bonds for \$125,000 cash. If and when they are delivered to me with coupons attached, have a check written to pay for them."

Leaving his office with a happy heart, I wired for a conference

with the bondholders committee in New Orleans and after some two hours of discussion of the subject with them, they finally agreed to accept his proposition. This left about \$120,000 of other bonds held by some fifty or sixty different people all over the United States with which it would be necessary for us to deal further but the immediate and greatest threat to our existence had been overcome.

Today, I have this problem: the operation of a college with over three hundred students and about fifty employees without the creation of an operating deficit, using such funds as are given the school to liquidate its obligations and to keep all employees reasonably well satisfied, under such difficult circumstances.

The academic year 1934-35 is proving, oddly enough, to be the best in the history of the college. We have more students of higher quality and they are doing better work than ever before. Although we had to cut the salary of the athletic coach eighty percent, one of our own boys took charge on September first, 1934 and has won five out of ten games and tied one of the others. Among the victories was the defeat of the University of Chattanooga, 18 to 0, much to my delight, for Mr. Lupton's sake, something we had not been able to do for six years. There are something like fifty students on the campus who made a general average of 90 or more during their senior year at High School.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is President of the United States, Eugene Talmadge is Governor of Georgia, James L. Key is Mayor of Atlanta. My oldest son, John, is at work with the Rockefeller Institute in New York in their Department of Immunology under Dr. Landsteiner. Fred, my next son, is working with the Eastern Air Transport Company at Candler Field. Thornwell, Jr., the youngest son, is beginning work as a reporter with the *Atlanta Constitution*. Harriet (Mrs. Olsen Field) is living in Weston, Mass., and Maudie is a freshman at Smith College. I have two grandchildren, little Freddie Jacobs of Hapeville and little Pressley, a newcomer who lives at 535 E. 82nd St., New York. The latter was named for his great-great-great grandfather Pressley (or Presley) Jacobs. The former was named for his father.

In recent years I have lost three members of my family whom I loved very dearly. First to go was young Cyrus W. Bailey, my sister's only living child. He was a graduate of Davidson College

and was assisting his father in his bank and cotton mill. Then my sister died.* She had spent her entire life doing good in church, orphanage and community work. She was the first student to be graduated from the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, and was often president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Presbyterian Church of which latter she had been organist during her young ladyhood. She was active in Mountain Mission work and in the D. A. R. and many similar organizations. The whole family was and is proud of her record.

My brother, Ferd, died the following year. The story of his life is excellently sketched in an article which appeared in the *Clinton Chronicle*** immediately afterward. He was the "big"

* **MRS. FLORENCE JACOBS BAILEY**

April 11, 1866—June 12, 1930

The entire community was shocked and saddened by the sudden going away on the morning of June 12, 1930 of Mrs. William J. Bailey (nee Florence Jacobs).

Mrs. Bailey was the only daughter of the late Rev. William Flumer Jacobs, and Mrs. Mary Dillard Jacobs. Her father was the founder of Thornwell Orphanage. She was reared in the Orphanage. The father, mother and she with other children moved into the Home of Peace the day it was opened for children, October 1, 1875.

In early womanhood she married Mr. William J. Bailey of Clinton. Their home has been just across the street from the Thornwell Orphanage campus.

Mrs. Bailey has always felt the deepest interest in the Orphanage and its work. In the recent plans and preparations for the Home Coming she manifested the keenest interest. Especially was she concerned about the fixing up of the Riverside Cottages and she contributed many things to make it comfortable and attractive. Her father, Dr. Jacobs, always loved Riverside and enjoyed being out there so much.

She was present at the Home Coming meetings and found much pleasure in meeting the former pupils. Several of these were of her day in the Orphanage. She occupied a central position in the large Alumni picture which was made.

On the afternoon of June 9th she and Mr. Bailey and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Jacobs, Sr. gave a lovely lawn party to the "boys and girls" in the beautiful gardens at the Bailey home. This party is one of the pleasant memories of the Home Coming occasion.

The Thornwell sons and daughters will be greatly saddened as they hear of her sudden going away so soon after the pleasant occasion.

The funeral services were held in the Orphanage church, Dr. D. J. Woods, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of which Mrs. Bailey had long been a member, had charge. He was assisted by Dr. L. Ross Lynn, president of the Orphanage, and Dr. D. M. Douglas, president of the University of South Carolina.

Mrs. Bailey leaves to mourn her departure her husband, two grandchildren, four brothers and many other relatives and friends. To all of them, *Our Monthly* extends genuine and heartfelt sympathy—*Our Monthly*.

** J. F. Jacobs, Sr. 63, long prominent in Clinton as a leader in business, social and intellectual circles, died Sunday night shortly after ten o'clock at his home on Calvert Avenue, following a three days' ill-

brother of the family. His loss was a terrible blow to us all. He was kind, generous and lovable, and a fair, fierce fighter.

ness, his death coming as a great shock to his friends here and throughout the state. Though not in the best of health for the past year, Mr. Jacobs was able to be in his office regularly until suddenly stricken with paralysis last Friday. From the outset it was evident that he was a very sick man and little hope was held out for his recovery. He passed away quietly, surrounded by all members of both families excepting Mrs. Nonnie Young of New York, and Dr. William States Jacobs of Houston, Texas.

Funeral services were held from the residence Tuesday morning at 10:30, conducted by Dr. D. J. Woods, Dr. Dudley Jones and Dr. D. M. Douglas of Columbia. Interment followed in the Presbyterian cemetery with employees of the firm of Jacobs and Company serving as active pallbearers. Both at the home and grave, large numbers of friends gathered for the services. As a tribute of respect to the deceased, both as a citizen and as a former mayor, all business houses closed for the funeral hour and hundreds of friends and acquaintances accompanied the body to its last resting place in the historic Presbyterian burial ground where lies his illustrious father, the late Dr. William Plumer Jacobs. Many large and beautiful floral offerings from individuals and organizations were laid on his grave by the young ladies employed by the Jacobs firm and members of the family, as a token of the high esteem in which he was held.

The deceased is survived by his widow, before her marriage Miss Mary Elliott Duckett; by three sons, William P., J. F., Jr., and T. D. Jacobs, all of this city, and associated with their father in business; by three brothers, Dr. J. Dillard Jacobs of Atlanta, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, and Dr. William States Jacobs, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Houston, Texas, besides a number of grandchildren and a large family connection.

James Ferdinand Jacobs was born in Clinton on Oct. 6, 1866. His parents were Dr. William Plumer Jacobs and Mrs. Mary Jane Jacobs. His father was the illustrious founder of the Thornwell Orphanage and Presbyterian College of South Carolina and pastor of the First Presbyterian church for forty-seven years. Mr. Jacobs began his early education at the Clinton public school. Here he attended the primary classes for only a few days before the opening of the Thornwell Orphanage in 1875 and, as a lad at the age of seven, he was admitted as one of the initial group of children at Thornwell under the direction of his father and mother. From there he entered Clinton college (later Presbyterian College of South Carolina) in high school classes and later completed the college course and graduated with honors with the bachelor of arts degree in 1887. In the fall of 1888 he entered Princeton Seminary, and the following year, transferred to Columbia Seminary.

In the spring of 1891 Mr. Jacobs was elected professor of Biblical literature and philosophy at the Presbyterian college and occupied the position immediately owing to deaths in the faculty. The previous summer he was elected agent for the alumni association of the college and upon becoming professor was elected in that capacity to represent the board of trustees. He continued in this double capacity until January 1, 1898, in the meanwhile having been elected a member of the institution's board of trustees.

In 1891 in Laurens, Mr. Jacobs was ordained as a Presbyterian minister and evangelist. He served as supply or pastor at different times for the following churches: Friendship, Brewerton, Rocky Springs, Bethany, Cross Hill, Mountville, Ninety-Six and Coronaca.

On Jan. 1, 1898, Mr. Jacobs assumed the management and editorship of *The Southern Presbyterian* which he edited and published until 1905.

But all of my trips home have not been in sorrow. Often, I have gone for pure pleasure and at least once for honors, the reception of the degree of Doctor of Letters from my old *Alma Mater*. The citation was read by Dr. Jones as follows: "A poet by inclination, a writer by instinct, a University president by determination, bearing two illustrious names, Thornwell Jacobs comes back to his *Alma Mater*, his first home and first love. Son of William Plumer Jacobs, founder of this College; A. B. and A. M., Presbyterian College of South Carolina; A. M., Princeton University; Princeton Seminary; LL.D., Ohio Northern University; Editor *Westminster Magazine*; author of poems and novels; author of "*Life of William Plumer Jacobs*"; founder and president, Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia.

"Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you—"

Dec. 26, 1934—This is the day after Christmas, 1934, and the

At that time the paper was sold to Dr. T. E. Converse and moved to Atlanta. In the meanwhile he became interested in and published *The Clinton Chronicle* for a number of years, acting as editor for a portion of that time. In 1912 he sold the paper to a local stock company.

In 1900 Mr. Jacobs organized the Religious Press Advertising Syndicate, later developing into the business known as Jacobs and Company Special Agency Division, operating as advertising manager for standard religious publications. Later, in conjunction with his sons, W. P., J. F., Jr., and T. D. Jacobs, and his sister-in-law, Miss Clara Duckett, he developed Jacobs and Company Graphic Arts Division of commercial art, photo-engraving, electrotyping, nickletyping, fine-half-tone and color printing and binding, also Jacobs and Company General Advertising Agency Division, handling advertising accounts in all classes of media. In 1914 he built the main office of Jacobs and Company on East Carolina avenue, following in 1919 with the construction of a handsome annex to the building for graphic arts work.

At various times, Mr. Jacobs served as a member of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian College, Thornwell Orphanage, and the College for Women, Columbia.

He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Principles, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and by that fact became one of the original members representing the national commission of that body. He wrote numerous articles and pamphlets on various advertising subjects, and published many addresses on advertising which have been delivered before clubs, and special advertising groups in most of the larger cities from Toronto and Chicago in the North, to Dallas, Texas and Atlanta in the South. At the time of his death, he was the oldest advertising man, still actively engaged in advertising in the Southern States, all of his seniors having either passed away or retired from business.

Mr. Jacobs was one of the city's most loyal and useful citizens. He

old year is ending. Before it goes, I want to set down as well as I can remember it, the story of its days, at least in short summary.

This has been a year that has required the greatest faith, courage, optimism and tact of any through which I have passed, with the possible exception of the one that preceded it, 1933. The great depression and the death of Mr. J. T. Lupton left an enormous burden on the shoulders of the president of Oglethorpe University and a burden which, in the very nature of the case, he must bear, as silently and bravely as possible. To begin with, there were some \$360,000 of bonds on which it was impossible for the University to pay interest and which were, therefore, in default and although Mr. Bernard M. Baruch had bought \$240,000 of these bonds, he was himself anxious to resell them, and the remaining bondholders, scattered all over the United States, have been constantly writing about their interest coupons and in some cases, threatening foreclosure proceedings. Each one of them had to be handled tactfully or disaster in the form of the very worst kind of newspaper publicity would befall us. In addition to this, the loss of his entire fortune by Mr. Harry P. Hermance left us some \$55,000 of obligations on our athletic field which

had long been active in civic affairs and was always ready to give of his time freely and willingly for the advancement of all undertakings having as their purpose the development of his city, county and state.

Outstanding in Mr. Jacobs' accomplishments for this section, has been his intensive work over a period of years for highway development and in an unusually liberal degree he gave his time in advocating and building good roads. He served as vice-chairman of the Laurens County Highway commission for several years. He originated the idea of the Calhoun highway, organized the local association and acted as president for the first years of the general association, later as divisional vice-president for South Carolina. This highway stands today as a monument to his fore-sightedness, determination and tireless efforts. He was, in reality, a good roads enthusiast and ranked as one of the best posted men on highway conditions in the entire state.

Mr. Jacobs was also associated with the municipal life of the city. For ten years he served as alderman from his ward. In 1925 he was elected mayor of Clinton by a large majority but did not stand for reelection at the expiration of his one term. During his administration as mayor he advocated and put into execution through a bond issue, an extensive paving and public improvement program in the city.

The Chamber of Commerce since its organization also engaged his interest and attention. He was recognized as one of its most loyal and hard-working members, having served on its board of directors and only last month brought to a close his presidency of this organization for the past year. He was also an honorary member of the Clinton Rotary Club, and his family is affiliated with the First Presbyterian Church of this city. As one of Clinton's most energetic and public spirited citizens, he has rendered distinguished service to his city and will be greatly missed in this community where he was admired by a host of friends.

—*Clinton Chronicle.*

Harry had intended but not promised to pay but which it was necessary for the University to satisfy. In addition to this there was something like \$33,000 of obligations in connection with the Silver Lake property which remained unpaid. In addition to this, there was something like \$10,000 of accounts payable, many of which were pressing. Before the death of Mr. Lupton we were rapidly disposing of these obligations. His death, occurring at a time when it was impossible to make new friends who would materially aid us, was a disaster of the very first order. Nevertheless, at the close of this year, I can testify that through what seems to be almost a miraculous series of circumstances, the college is in a fair way to sail safely between Scylla and Charybdis.

In January 1934, the chief matter of interest on the campus was the installation of an improved dining room system. We added music and dancing to the lunch hour and improved our menu considerably. It was necessary to raise expenses somewhat in order to lessen the deficit and the increase in cost decreased somewhat our student body. We have just decided still further to modify this to a cafeteria system which we believe will give the students a wider variety, both of quality and quantity, available according to their wishes. This new installation will be opened on the second of January 1935. About a year ago we installed a little sawmill on the campus and put Mr. Purdy in charge of it and for something over a year we have been sawing lumber from our six hundred acres of campus. We have not allowed any timber to be cut with stump diameter under ten inches nor any cutting to be done within two hundred feet of the lake. This leaves young trees in plenty and as we are cutting only the pines, leaves all the hardwood trees. From this source we have cleared about \$2,000 so far and during the year 1935 we expect to clear \$2,000 more. In addition to this, we have bought and paid for a sawmill which cost us \$1100.00 and which we shall probably be able to sell for \$600.00 or \$700.00 when the job is finished. Therefore, without harming our property at all, we shall be able to net five or six thousand dollars, to apply on our obligations; perhaps more.

One of the interesting events of the close of last year and the beginning of this was the opening of the first fraternity or sorority house on the campus of the University. The Chi Omega

fraternity consists of about twenty active members. They have leased from us a lot on Lanier Boulevard, opposite the Administration Building and have erected a very attractive modern cottage which has become a sort of social center for the young people of the school. The other fraternities and sororities rent rooms on the campus or houses in the neighborhood. In May, came the greatest commencement we have ever had. The Attorney General of the United States, Honorable Homer Cummings, made the principal address. Walter Lippmann, one of the ablest and greatest of our American columnists, was present. He received the degree of Doctor of Letters. The degree of Doctor of Commercial Science was conferred on Henry Bedinger Rust, manufacturer and industrialist of Pittsburgh who made a most interesting address, touching on his relations with Andrew W. Mellon and Samuel Insull. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, received the degree of Doctor of Public Service and also spoke most entertainingly. Charles H. Herty, who is turning Georgia slash pine into newspaper, rayon, etc., received the degree of Doctor of Science. Francis G. Pease of the Mount Wilson Observatory, Pasadena, Calif., received the degree of Doctor of Science. Judge Samuel Hale Sibley, W. Earl Hopper and Cator Woolford received appropriate degrees. The exercises were held in the City Auditorium which was comfortably filled with approximately five thousand in the audience. It was a great occasion.

Immediately after commencement I made my pilgrimage to Oxford for the purpose of presenting a portrait of General James Oglethorpe to his alma mater, Corpus Christi College. It was quite the trip of my life. It began disappointingly for it had been my purpose to form a committee of prominent friends of Oglethorpe to go with me. For one reason or another they all "found it impossible", so I had to make the journey alone. Also, I was ill at the time with a bad throat. Nevertheless, from my landing in the old town of Plymouth to my return on the *Europa* from Southampton, the thirty days in England was a succession of pleasurable surprises. The presentation was duly made on June 12, preceded by a lawn party given by President Richard W. Livingston in the gardens of Corpus, partly enclosed by one of the old walls of Oxford. To this garden party came many Ox-

onian notables.* It was followed by the dinner in the historic dining room and at the high table there were seated the principal officers of the college, some of the most distinguished professors of the University and Lewis Oglethorpe and Amos A. Ettinger, members of my committee, the one a collateral descendant of General Oglethorpe and the other his most recent biographer, residing temporarily in London. The story of the presentation is told in the bulletin printed herein.** After the dinner three or four hours were spent in a feast of reason and flow of soul in the commons room and faculty club room of the college. The following day Lewis Oglethorpe drove me down to London and three or four days later he and Dr. Ettinger and I made a pilgrimage to all of the Oglethorpe shrines in England, going as far North as Oglethorpe Hall in Yorkshire and into the English Lake district to Windermere and on up to Culgaith and then through middle England down to London. A day or so later we went down to Stonehenge.

Just before leaving for home I read in the paper that Mr. Hearst had flown over from Spain and was in London. I located him at the Claridge Hotel and went around to pay my respects. Immediately, he said "Come, go with me up to St. Donat's." At first, I declined but on my way back to the Victoria Hotel I changed my mind and telephoned Harry Crocker, his secretary. Harry immediately sent a young man, George Lait, with instructions to change my tickets, so within a couple of days I was with Mr. Hearst and his party at Llanwit Major in South Wales on the Bristol Channel where his beautiful castle, refurbished and remodeled so as to preserve all of its antiquity and yet provide all modern comforts, is located. There I spent the

* Nov. 6, 1936.

Secty. to Dr. Thornwell Jacobs
Oglethorpe University
Oglethorpe University, Ga.
Dear Madam:

This summer I was on the boat with Mr. Felix Frankfurter of Harvard University, and he asked me if I knew Dr. Jacobs. He said he was present at the Oglethorpe exercises in England and that he was extremely proud of Dr. Jacobs, and of the address he delivered on that occasion. I have been wishing to see Dr. Jacobs to tell him what Professor Frankfurter said about him.

Sincerely,
John M. Slaton

** See Appendix.

better part of a happy week and then returned on the S. S. *Europa* to America.

While taking tea with George Lait in London, I happened to mention a course that I taught at Oglethorpe University and the text which I used, my *NEW SCIENCE AND OLD RELIGION*. George thought that his father would be interested in reading it so, upon my return, I sent him a copy at his suggestion. Much to my surprise, and delight, within a few weeks I had a letter from Jack Lait of King Features in New York, saying that he had read the book with the greatest interest as had also his editor and that they would like to have the privilege of publishing it seriatim in the New York *Sunday Mirror*. This they are now doing and will continue to do during the greater part of 1935.

Perhaps the most interesting item of the football season of 1934 is that all equipment was checked in safely at the end of the year.

And now we are laying our plans for 1935. It seems that a large proportion of our outstanding bonds can be bought for twenty-five cents on the dollar. Mr. Baruch will sell his entire \$240,000 at that figure. The work for 1935 will doubtless be centered principally, on getting friends of the college to buy these bonds at some such figure and to hold them until such time as we can have a campaign and raise the money to purchase them. Already we have about \$30,000 pledged for that purpose. If 1935 relieves us of our debts, it will be one of the greatest years in the history of the school.

The country continues under the New Deal with an overwhelming endorsement in the autumn elections. It is interesting to note that this new deal was first announced and outlined by President Roosevelt in his commencement address at the Fox Theatre in 1932, just before his nomination by the Democratic convention in Chicago.*

This year has brought to me another grandson, little Pressley Jacobs, son of my oldest son, John Lesh Jacobs and his wife, Marjorie Evatt Jacobs. Little Pressley is named for his great-great-grandfather, Pressley, the most remote direct ancestor of whom there is any *printed* information. This occurs in "THE LODGE OF WASHINGTON", copy of which was in the library

* His speech is included in the appendix of this diary.

of Ferdinand Jacobs, 1877 (George E. French, 95 King St., Lexington, Va., 1876, page 158) and reads as follows:

"Pressley Jacobs (father of Ferdinand Jacobs) was born near Colchester, Fairfax County, Va. in Dec. 1774. He moved to Alexandria in 1792. During the War of 1812 to 1814 he served as a non-commissioned officer in the Independent Blues, a volunteer infantry company in Alexandria, commanded by Capt. Charles McKnight and participated in the Battle of the White House, Potomac River; died at Alexandria, Aug. 24, 1852 in the 78th year of his life. His daughter, Margaret, married W. H. McKnight, Esq. June 21, 1832." Pressley Jacobs is also listed on page 192 as a Master Mason. Page 82 contains the following: "December 27, 1826, in view of the inclement weather the ceremonies of the day comprised the installation of the officers and a collection of twenty-one dollars and ninety-seven cents for the benefit of the poor. There were present — Pressley Jacobs." Further information concerning him and my father is contained in MEN OF MARK IN SOUTH CAROLINA by J. C. Hemphill, page 244 and 245: "Jacobs, Rev. William Plumer, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Clinton, S. C., one of the founders of the Presbyterian College of Clinton and of the Thornwell Orphanage, often a commissioner to the General Assembly of his church, was born at Yorkville, S. C. March 15, 1842. His father was the Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, D. D., president of the Laurensville College and of Lucy Cobb Institute at Athens, Ga. Mrs. Mary Jacobs, his wife, died when their son, William, was not quite three years old. The Jacobs family were among the early settlers of Maryland, coming from England about 1646. Thomas Jacobs, the great-grandfather of Dr. W. P. Jacobs, was killed in the Battle of Germantown. His early boyhood was passed in the city of Charleston, S. C. from 1848 to 1861. April 20, 1865 he married Mary Jane Dillard, daughter of Dr. James H. Dillard of Laurens, S. C."

The spelling of the name "Presley" in all of the manuscripts is Presley. In my father's diary he spelled it sometimes Presly and sometimes Pressly. The prominent South Carolina family of that name spell it Pressly. I am informed that it is spelled Presley in the old family Bible and on the tombstone of Presley Jacobs.

My father's brother also bore the name of Presley. The story of his services during the War Between the States and his death at Gettysburg is told in my father's diary. He had on his finger, at the time, a gold ring with a carnelian setting which was given to him by his step-mother, Caroline Lee Jacobs. This step-mother had received the ring from an admirer of her debutante days. The ring was returned from the battlefield and given by

my grandmother to my father. He used it as his engagement ring, giving it to my mother in 1865. My father gave it to my sister and my sister, Mrs. W. J. Bailey of Clinton, S. C., to me.

While I am writing of ancestors, it might be well to set down for my descendants, the record of my mother's people. She, (Mary Jane Dillard Jacobs) was the daughter of Dr. James H. Dillard who was born Aug. 29, 1807 and died on Nov. 28, 1859, and of Margaret Park who was born on Feb. 11, 1820 and died on Dec. 29, 1867. Margaret Park was the daughter of James Park, June 1, 1788 to April 26, 1836 and Nancy Hunter, died April 7, 1866. James Park was the son of Andrew Park and Nancy Simpson and Nancy Simpson was the daughter of W. M. Simpson, born 1729 and of Mary Simpson. In my files are to be found all known details concerning the Simpson and Dillard ancestry.

The Dillard ancestry goes back to a French family, D'illard, who migrated to England and to George Dillard, a barrister from Wiltshire, who is mentioned in the military enrollment at Jamestown in 1660 and received a land grant in New Kent district, Va., in 1665 for his services. His son, James Stephen Dillard married Louisa Page. Their son, James Stephen Dillard, married Lucy Wise. Their son, James Dillard, was born in 1727 and in 1748 married Mary Anne or Elizabeth Hunt, lived in New Kent County and died in 1794. His son, James Dillard, was born in Culpeper County, Va., in 1755 and married first Jane Stark, then Mary Rammage and Mary Puckett. His son, James H. Dillard, was my grandfather.

Presley Jacobs, my great grandfather, married Elizabeth Chew. The Chew ancestry runs back to one John Chew who came over on the good ship Charitie (1620-1622) and in 1620, settled at James City and who was referred to by Governor Harvey in 1625 as "one of the ablest merchants in Virginia". The line of descent runs through Samuel, Joseph, John and Elizabeth who married my grandfather in 1799, all of which is contained in the Compendium of American Genealogy, Vol. 5. Concerning the name Jacobs, there is a tradition in the family that an ancient ancestor went over to Holland and became a teacher in the University of Leyden; that the family name was originally James but that it was then Latinized to Jacobus and then shortened to Jacobs. This tradition I received from my father and he, from his.

Dec. 29—I have been reading my father's diary again, selecting the passages to be published by the Oglethorpe University Press in volume form shortly. Month after month, year after year, and on the first day of the month, he would write down the amount for which he would pray that month and on the last day of the month, would record its reception. The amounts would vary from \$800.00 to \$4,000, according to the needs of the orphanage. One year (1902) he had a real *annus mirabilis*. Out of a clear sky, unexpected and unasked, came \$30,000, a thousand dollars for each of the thirty years since he had begun work for the institution and it came on the anniversary of his resolution to found it. How grateful he was and how appreciative! It is inevitable that I should compare my own experiences with his. God has given me far more than he gave my father and has guided me as safely through as many dangers. I am beyond any question as grateful to my friends for their generosity but to God—I have neither noted his kindness nor thanked him as my father did. Neither have I asked for specific sums nor have they come to me out of a clear sky. On the contrary, I have asked of men and women whatever I could win from them. Compared with my father, my faith and gratitude have been toward God in general and toward men in particular. His were toward man in general and toward God in particular. How far his method transcends mine!

Yet there have lately come into my life some amazing "coincidences", "providential accidents." These range everywhere from the coming of a check to pay for a carload of coal just in time to prevent the shut-down of our furnaces, to Mr. Baruch's purchase of \$240,000 of our bonds just in time to prevent the foreclosure of the first mortgage on our property. If I would look as carefully as my father did for special providences, perhaps I would have as many special providences to look for.

In connection with the above, I include paragraphs from a letter recently written me while I was absent from the University, from my secretary. "We haven't used either of your checks,* and hope not to have to. Don't worry about us. I am doing the hardest praying I've ever done and lo, and behold, this morning's answer came almost as direct as your father's used to come. I've made up my mind and I shall never change,

* These were personal checks, left for use in emergencies.

that never again in all of my life will I doubt God's goodness to me personally, or to you and this college, or to anything else, as far as that's concerned. I am humble and my prayers are likewise, but I shall pray and pray and then leave it with Him and whatever the outcome, I shall, with all my heart, try not to question His will. You'll think I am Mrs. —— who comes in to see you and that I have probably lost my mind, but yesterday morning I prayed earnestly and all last night, for help. This morning when I opened the mail, there wasn't a cent and I phoned the cashier at ten o'clock and not a cent had she taken in. I went into the office and prayed with all my heart and then I had peace. It is now eleven o'clock and the cashier has just phoned that she has taken in \$160.00 from extension students. By Monday, there is no telling how much she may collect! Again, this morning I went into your office and prayed and prayed for I knew your \$200.00 wouldn't take us very far. That would just about take care of Saturday's payroll and we had to buy more food for the week-end. I sat down and wrote to F. R., telling her of the check we were expecting and that if it came in by Monday I would just not cash her check but if it didn't, I would. Mr. Bardin and I got together and figured thusly: we would hold your personal checks for \$200.00 until the very last moment. Monday was Armistice Day and the banks would be closed so we would draw a check on Saturday for whatever we needed, the banks wouldn't be opened again until Tuesday and by that time God would surely take care of us. On that faith, we proceeded. The cashier collected \$160.00 Saturday but the stove broke and the check had to be spent for that as the man wouldn't leave the top without the money and there were many other things of similar importance. Yesterday, Tuesday, no check from anybody else. We were about \$200.00 overdrawn so we decided to put your two in to cover that amount, which we did. We knew we had about \$250.00 in case of last minute emergency. Now, if you want to know something about prayer, you should ask me. This morning, I looked in the mail and there was that wonderful letter—I opened it and instead of \$500.00 which I had expected from her, there was \$1,000 and a snapshot of herself thrown in! So you can stay on in New York as long as you like and we'll take care of your college for you to the best of our ability. But one thing is certain—the boys won't go hungry. We

have paid the light bill, too, to save the discount and Mr. Bardin is right on the job. All of the bills are out and it is nearly the 20th. Listen to this from Miss F's letter: 'I trust your hoped-for check arrived yesterday and you were not caught in a jam because this check didn't reach you earlier. I was away for the week-end and did not return to my office until this morning. Even though late, I imagine you can use this \$1,000.' That wonderful lady! And I have her photograph where I can see it all the time. She looks exactly like I thought she would, so very *kind* and lovable, just like any person would have to look who had associated with Mr.— and his family. I have written her immediately."

CHAPTER 20.
THE DIARY—1935.

Jan. 1, 1935—The good old year 1934 ended with the shrieking of whistles and firing of crackers and gaiety of dances, all over America, distributed by our broadcasting systems to listeners everywhere. The New Year 1935 starts today.

Tomorrow, college opens for the winter term. The new cafeteria system will be put into effect. We are expecting a ten to twenty percent reduction in the number of students which will probably be an advantage for all parties concerned as we have been over-crowded during the autumn term. Today I am lunching with the Hugh Richardsons. Friday I am to have tea at the John Marshall Slaton's and Sunday afternoon at Mrs. Willis Westmoreland's.

The past year 1934 was not unkind to me. It brought me a little grandchild. It brought me a new daughter, for Thornwell, Jr., married Barbara Noot on Saturday, Nov. 17. I gave them as a wedding gift a silver tray with eight silver goblets. On each goblet was engraved the name of one of their brothers or sisters, John, Marge, Harriet, Olsen, Fred, Sue and Maudie, with the eighth one left without any engraving for Maudie's husband-to-be.

In spite of the generally dangerous condition of social, political and financial affairs, I am hoping that the year 1935 will prove to be the year in which Oglethorpe University gets rid of its burden of debt and is prepared to face the future, unafraid.

I may as well confess here that my desire for the approval and praise of my fellowmen was one, if not the principal motive in determining the choice of my life-work. I was foolish enough to think that if I could give myself up wholly and entirely to some noble task like the refounding of this university, I would be loved and admired by all but especially by the students, whom we instructed, the alumni whom we had educated, the faculty whom we fed and the public whom we blessed, thereby.

The year 1934 will always remain in my memory as the period wherein I obtained my *earthly* reward for refounding Oglethorpe

University. For twenty five years I had been dreaming, planning and toiling to that end. With rapid strides the goal was being reached. Beginning with nothing, we had gathered together \$600,000 in campus, \$1,250,000 in buildings, \$100,000 in equipment; a student body of four hundred and a faculty and official force of forty. But we had not yet set aside any sums at all for endowment and on the contrary had bonded indebtedness of \$375,000 and a floating debt of about \$35,000. When the great crash came in 1929-33 we had just begun to pay all these debts. Mr. J. T. Lupton of Chattanooga had increased his monthly gifts so as to take care of the interest on the bonds and our annual deficit, not only, but also to begin buying and retiring our bonds and paying off the floating debt. Then, Mr. Harry P. Hermance, who was giving us Hermance Stadium, found it impossible to continue his gifts. He had paid all of his pledges in full but it added \$55,000 more to our debt burden that being the balance due on its construction, which he had planned to give us. Thus our total debt on March first 1933 amounted to about \$500,000. On the fourth day of that month every bank in the United States was closed. The bottom dropped out of all values. Even Mr. Lupton was seriously affected. It became necessary for him to withdraw his supporting hand. All others had long since done so. I found myself sinking into a quicksand of failure. Within five months he was taken with an acute attack of appendicitis and died. Thereafter, for months, all was night for me, and for Oglethorpe. We had no endowment. No one was left to pay our annual deficit. Those of my friends who had not been permanently destroyed were paralyzed with fear. Our bond interest fell due. We could only default. We were faced with abject failure. In desperation I appealed to every human being who had ever shown any interest in the University, to help me. I cut every expense wherever possible. But instead of discharging officers and professors wholesale, as other institutions were doing, we advised them that we could not guarantee any fixed amount of salary but did not intend to discharge anybody to join the ever growing army of the unemployed. I applied every bit of my time and energy to getting funds wherewith to keep the institution from bankruptcy. Matters were so critical that there were, at times, as many as a hundred creditors, including bondholders, threatening to throw the institution into the hands of a receiver.

Yet even a newsstory hinting at such a condition would have destroyed the toil-woven fabric of its reputation and cost us the margin of income without which we could not operate. Things were in so delicate a condition that a breath would have landed an avalanche upon us. I kept silent in all known languages. It saved Oglethorpe.

At that exact moment, I received my full *earthly* reward for all of my efforts. The first gift was from students, largely a reaction from faculty complaints retailed to them. Confronted with the general bankruptcy of the country we had offered self-help positions to scores of boys whereby they could earn their board at college, creating jobs for them in order to preserve their self respect. So generously had I distributed them that in the autumn of 1933 there was only *one* student living and boarding on the campus who was paying *all* of his expenses in cash. The fare furnished was plain but wholesome. But none are so insistent upon their privileges as those whose privileges are furnished them, gratis. One night, led by a student who had already had a dozen biscuits and who was angered by the delay of a new supply, a group of boys, none of whom were paying a cent for their board, started a riot in the dining room, throwing and smashing dishes, overturning tables and, in general, creating a "rough house". Then one of the students who was also a recipient of gratuities from the University rushed to the telephone and reported the happening sensationally to the newspapers and it was caught up by the press agencies and carried all over the United States as a rebellion of under-fed students against a selfish and ruthless administration.

So, it seemed advisable to charge more for board and to eliminate dead-heads in order to improve the fare. A few months later, the president of the student body came to my office and told me that I was thoroughly disliked by everybody, both studenty and faculty, and that during a recent illness when I was confined to my bed for a few days, he had tried to raise some money from the students and faculty in chapel to send me some flowers and had obtained, I think it was, thirty cents. Thus ended, ingloriously, my quarter-century of effort to win the love and admiration of my students by such means as supplying them with food, free of charge.

Then the alumni came to the rescue. They had heard rumors

that the college was on the rocks. They were disturbed at reports of ill-fed students and professors who had personally complained to them that their salaries were unpaid and their families starving. They understood that the college could not pay its bills, etc., etc. They demanded to know, to discuss the matter publicly, to rebuke. They complained that the administration would not take them into its confidence, revealing thus the delicate and private financial conditions of the university. They circularized their membership urging united effort against the president of the university in order to obtain their "rights". They endeavored to obtain information about the private affairs of the school from everyone except from me. They held meetings to discuss me and criticize my policies behind my back. When the matter could no longer be ignored, I sent them the following acknowledgement of their efforts through their secretary:

Dear Mr. —

Please allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your good letter of the 21. It gives us, in connection with information received from other sources, a fair idea of what happened. It would probably be wise for me, after thanking you for your kindness in this matter, to furnish you with a statement that may be read to the alumni-ae on some suitable occasion when they are in full attendance on one of your luncheons. This, I am doing as follows:

The policy of the administration of Oglethorpe University has been and will continue to be one of maintaining happy and close relations with our alumni-ae. The University has spent thousands of dollars in *giving* banquets, entertainments, and literature about the institution to them. It has, so far as I know, during its seventeen years of operation, never received a single penny from the Association. Individual alumni have, combined, contributed approximately twenty five per cent of what we have spent in promoting pleasant relationships among our alumni-ae and between them and the college. The University, very early in its life, sought to create representation of the Alumni Association on its Board of Directors and Executive Committee and to that end, requested the Alumni Association to elect a member of their body in the above capacities with the understanding, of course, that he would take his seat under the same terms and conditions as those under which other members of the same bodies had taken their seats. This involved the payment of the sum of one hundred dollars per year for ten years. That was about ten years ago but the Alumni Association has never made a payment on its pledge. Its representative, after serving for several years in the capacity above described, felt it incumbent upon himself to withdraw from further attendance. The Alumni

Association should clearly understand that the only way in which their official counsel or advice is sought or desired by the University is that described above. The meeting of groups of alumni in different communities over the country, for example, Atlanta, New York and Miami, is highly desirable from the point of view of reviving old campus memories and creating good fellowship but insofar as adopting resolutions or taking action that could be construed as the assumption of authority over the administration of the University is concerned, such meetings may easily develop into definite liabilities rather than assets. On one occasion a group of Atlanta alumni, taking exception to an action of the president of the Board of Directors of the University, adopted just such resolutions; held what were, in effect, anti-Oglethorpe meetings and within one week had done more harm to their Alma Mater than all the good that alumni-ae have been able to do since the college was founded.

I hope you will make it perfectly clear to the Alumni Association that this institution is owned, controlled and administered by legally constituted authorities who, alone, are responsible for its conduct and that any assumption of authority on the part of other organizations, including the Alumni Association, is a work of supererogation. Many institutions have been hopelessly involved in interminable disputes by the failure of their alumni to understand that their relationship to the college is purely and only one of mutual helpfulness. They have no obligations of any sort whatever to their Alma Mater and this means that they are under no obligation to contribute to it or to mix into its administrative affairs. If they should contribute to its welfare it would be pure generosity on their part and if they mix into its private affairs, it is pure impudence. If the Alumni Association really desires to aid the college they will not find it difficult to do so. There are four immediate needs. One of them is money. We will welcome any contribution from any alumnus in any amount. A second need is high grade students. We are endeavoring to bring to Oglethorpe University talented men and women and to make it a center of literary, artistic and intellectual life. A third way in which the alumni can aid the University is by making individual successes of their own lives. We need, as every other institution needs, distinguished alumni-ae to whom we may point with pride, saying "that man or woman is a graduate of Oglethorpe." The fourth way is the rigid observance of the rule hereinbefore set forth, abstention from any and all forms of interference with the operation of the university. While this is a negative aid, it is of as much importance as any of the other three. Many an institution has been ruined or handicapped for years by the meddling of persons who assume authority where they have no responsibility.

Will you please, on suitable occasions, submit this letter to any and all parties concerned

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President."

It was thus that I learned how much a college president can count on the loyalty and confidence of his alumni, an overwhelming proportion of whom could never have gone through college without his aid.

Then I received my reward from my faculty. When our Committee decided not to dismiss any of our professors but not to guarantee them any fixed salaries, discontent became apparent almost immediately. As the weeks passed, complaints grew in intensity. I called a meeting of the faculty, explained again to them our reason for adopting the plan described but expressed our willingness then and there to change that plan and by discharging some of them, raise the salaries of those who remained. Confronted with stark realities in the matter, the existing plan was approved. Yet the complaints seemed only to increase. They took the matter up with outsiders. It spread all over the town. I received letters from their friends, threatening to expose me in the public prints for my "merciless, slave-driving methods of starving my faculty." All this because I had refused to send any of them out to join the innumerable host of unemployed teachers who were begging bread or to turn them into academic cannibals by allowing them to eat each other. Thus I learned the lesson which all leaders learn who must take their followers through difficulties and sacrifices; that Satan was right: "If you but touch their skin they will curse you to your face."

Such were the principal earthly rewards which, this year, I have received for devoting a quarter century to the founding of Oglethorpe University:—insult, public ridicule, and hatred, from those whom I have devoted my life to help. At the only time in which I have really needed them; as I went up to my little Cavalry, doing my best to carry my cross, they forsook me, but instead of fleeing, remained to taunt and curse.

What then are my rewards? I think these experiences have more than satisfied me with them:—the joy of the struggle, the consciousness of the power of my urge within me, the appreciation of the priceless worth of the few real friends who have stuck by me through the thick darkness, the indescribable pleas-

ure of having endured burdens like a good soldier without whining or crying aloud, the strength that has come from having walked by faith and not by sight, the infinite satisfaction of having been at least decent and at most generous to my enemies and, above all, the supreme joy of the enforced practice of the comradeship of God. These and many like them are the real awards for my or any other life spent in real or fancied service of humanity. I shall always love 1934 as the year which, above all others, brought them to me.

Jan. 14, 1935—Our cafeteria has just been installed. Between the iron bars of the railing and the steam table and showcase, a long line of students, officers and faculty move slowly along, taking, first, their aluminum waiter with silver and napkins, proceeding past the meat table, then the vegetables and entrees, pies and salads to the frididaire where milk is kept on ice and ice-cream in chilled receptacles. At the last, they pass by the cashier who estimates the cost. Well, you would think that it would be impossible for a boy to make a thief of himself, subjected in that way to the public eye, but already we have found that to be one of our principal difficulties in the operation of the cafeteria. Unless it is handled very carefully, some of the students will snatch everything that they can possibly put in their pockets or eat during their passage along the line before they reach the cashier. They, particularly, hide cornsticks, slices of bread and even sausage. It looks as if the only possible way to protect the college and the honest students who, I am happy to say, constitute nine-tenths of the student body, is to have an inspector always present and to take up the books of those who are caught in the act.

There are very curious things about the times in which we are living. The most astonishing thing is the way in which all employees have, in some way or other, come to despise, even to hate, their employers. All one has to do is to give men work to keep them from starving and, unless they are thoroughly satisfied with the amount of their pay and the other conditions of their agreement, the employer becomes immediately an "exploiter", a "slave-driver", an "anti-social" brute. A few moments ago, a young man who had applied for some sort of job whereby he could help pay his way through college, came into my office and asked me whether he could eat at the cafeteria without

charge. I called the cashier's office and found that his contract provided that he was to be given 50% discount on all the charges that he authorized, including any board, room rent or tuition of which he might avail himself. This was to be full payment for his services. He then told me that he had been eating free during the autumn term, although his contract provided that he should pay one-half of the catalogue prices. When I pointed this out to him, he told me that the prices in our cafeteria were exorbitant (they are lower than the cafeteria prices in down town Atlanta and in addition to that there is not a single student who pays the full amount) and when I reminded him that by availing himself of his 50% discount he could get a fair meal for ten cents, he told me that they weren't worth ten cents and appeared highly incensed, that he was not furnished his food without cost. This is just the type of thing that is making life in America impossible for those who are trying to help their fellowmen. The doctrine is being preached everywhere that those who have succeeded, the employer class, are in duty bound to support those who have not succeeded; that the Federal Government should, as a matter of right, furnish work at union wages to all unemployed. The corollary to this is that the government must pay for the work and in order to do so must take the money from whoever has it and give it to those who haven't it. This would seem simple enough if it were not for the fact that the minute the state begins to support the unemployed, their numbers increase beyond all bounds and persons even give up their jobs in order to go on relief. The moral effect is even worse all over the country, where demands for increased wages and shortened hours and decreased amount of work is backed by the government and public opinion, making the position of an employer an impossible one. The article recently published in my column in the *Georgian* describes the situation more fully.*

I had a most interesting meeting of my faculty yesterday at which this same situation, locally, came to a head. As I have stated before, when the great depression came and the storm broke, I hadn't the heart to do as other colleges were doing, discharge faithful employees and send them into the streets, begging for bread. Only this morning I had a letter from a man who holds the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, who has taught ten years

* See appendix.

in some of the best eastern colleges and universities, who came with high recommendations and who wrote me, saying: "Because I have been unemployed for two years I have the following proposition to make to you: I am willing to come to Oglethorpe University and carry a full teaching load in education and psychology, conducting research or doing anything else you may suggest, both the second semester and also during the summer session in return for my board, room rent and laundry." I have gotten many such letters during the past two years. From them I could have easily obtained a faculty just about as good as the one I have. At an enormous expense of anxiety and worry and labor, however, I kept every one of my professors, discharging none. But, note the curious psychological effect. Men who have been receiving \$225.00 per month found their incomes cut down to the equivalent of \$100.00. Although they knew that thousands of teachers were being discharged and hundreds of thousands seeking work fruitlessly, they, with a few exceptions, blamed me for the reduction in their salaries, talked about me and my slave-driving methods all over the city of Atlanta, poisoned the minds of the students and alumni and general public and created such an unhealthy situation that it was necessary for me to write them the following letter:

Jan. 9, 1933.

Dear _____

For several years you have been serving Oglethorpe University under an agreement, specifying that you were not guaranteed any definite sum as to salary and that no member of the faculty would be dismissed except for cause. This action was taken by the administration in order to protect the faculty by preventing the discharge of any faithful and capable man at a time when the obtaining of other work was unusually difficult. Conditions are so far altered for the better that we are planning to stabilize our salary arrangements with members of the faculty by returning to the old plan of a salary guaranteed for the academic year, although the amount will be less than that formerly paid. We hope to begin this plan by the opening of the college in the autumn of this year at which time the faculty will be re-organized on the new basis. If you desire to remain with us from that date forward, please advise me at your earliest convenience, on the following points, in writing:

First, what is the minimum salary that you are willing to accept for your services for the academic year September 1935 to June 1936?

Second, what is the minimum salary that you are willing to

accept for your services for the summer term of 1936?

Please be specific as to the figures named for your reply will be submitted to our Committee as final: May I request you not to discuss with me the amount that you consider naming as the figure should be set by yourself, entirely without advice, and voluntarily, and should represent the amount with which *you will be satisfied* once you have named it.

Please be assured that we shall, in every case, try to meet the figure named but that it may not be possible for us to do so unless you take into consideration the circumstances under which we are operating.

Please also be assured that in no case will a new professor be substituted for an old one, provided that the present incumbent has shown his loyalty to the institution, to its president and to its Board of Directors during the past trying years and provided that we are able to meet the figure that he names.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, President."

This will mean that, beginning next fall, we may be compelled to do what other schools have done, discharge a proportion of our faculty in order to pay more to those who remain and the discharged persons will be writing letters all over America just like the letter which I quoted above. It simply is not possible, under present circumstances, to do the wise and kindly thing. The employees themselves compel us to act otherwise. Men who can do so are gradually getting out of business and refusing to face the hazards and unpleasantnesses of employing their fellowmen. Such a course is not possible with me. I am compelled to see it through.

Among the interesting things that my faculty have said about me, I set down the following as an encouragement to any who may come after me in this or any similar attempt to do a great deed for humanity. He or they passed around the word to the students, alumni, the members of the Woman's Board and to the general public that, whereas a friend of the University had given the Silver Lake property to the school, I was enjoying all of the income from it and now had become the owner of it. This professor or professors knew the details of the transaction only in part. He or they knew just how much the donor had subscribed, just how much he had paid, etc. At last the report reached me. The facts are as follows: Mr. William Randolph Hearst, at my earnest solicitation, subscribed the sum of \$125,000 to buy the Silver Lake property with the exception of about a dozen lots

which were under sale to other parties. We closed the deal with the Silver Lake people for that amount plus \$3,000 real estate agent's commission and deferred interest note of about \$7500.00. However, we had to buy also the other dozen lots which cost us about \$10,000 more. Mr. Hearst's payments were to be made \$5,000 monthly but when the depression began he found it necessary to defer many of the payments so that by the time he had completed his contribution to the college, the University still owed for the items above mentioned and accrued interest on the deferred payments, approximately \$33,000. When we could not meet this payment, the Silver Lake people moved toward a foreclosure. This would have meant that Mr. Hearst's entire \$125,000 would have been lost because there was not a person in Atlanta who at the time would have given \$33,000 cash for the entire property. I appealed to all of our friends without favorable result and in the last emergency, seeing that I was the only person who stood between the college and ruin, I took all of my personal life insurance policies and borrowed as much as I could and finally raised the sum of \$10,000 and went to Dr. Owens, President of the Silver Lake Park Company, told him that I would personally give them \$10,000 for all of the claims of the Silver Lake Park Company against Oglethorpe University. Of course, he, at first, declined but after long continued persuasion, I finally got him to go to each member of his company separately and persuade them to accept it. I then paid over my money. The claims were transferred to me and I worked out an agreement with Judge Watkins, president of our Board of Directors, and Chairman of our Executive Committee and attorney for the university, whereby I would deliver to the University the entire \$33,000 worth of its obligations whenever the University could pay me the amount that I had paid for them. In this way I saved the college from disgrace and from losing the property entirely and gave them a present of \$22,000 at the risk of all I had. My reward was to have my friends in Atlanta told by parties who also circulated it all over the city that I borrowed money on an *insurance policy that the college carries on my life* for its own benefit and had bought the Silver Lake property for a song and was enjoying its benefits while the faculty were starving.

Another incident of the same sort was the report circulated that I had paid for my trip to England on the occasion of the

presentation of the portrait of General James Edward Oglethorpe by drawing a large sum of money from the college treasury and thus going on a delightful pleasure jaunt while the faculty was unable to secure bread for their children. The truth of the matter is that I had hoped to pay my expenses on the trip from commissions on sales of tickets to a party which had planned to go with me for the presentation. Conditions were such, however, that they all failed me and I had to go alone. I, therefore, borrowed the money on which to go and I haven't, I am sorry to say, been able to pay all of it back as yet. As a matter of fact, I am the only person on the campus who has received nothing for his services to the University for four months. All the others have been paid promptly, monthly.

I set down these things for my own encouragement in later years and as evidence to myself that although my attempt to refund Oglethorpe has brought to me accusations, slander, and hatred nevertheless, I am satisfied with my job. I set out to refund Oglethorpe University and by the grace and help of God, I am going to do it, not for the sake of gratitude from any professor nor the love of any student, nor the praise of any citizen but solely to satisfy the urge within me to do my part toward setting forward the progress of humanity and to glorify the name of our Maker.

Jan. 21, 1935—Today is the nineteenth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of our first building, now known as the Administration Building. On it were engraved the words "*Manu Dei Resurrexit*", By the hand of God she has risen from the dead. During the succeeding nineteen years we have secured property that may be fairly estimated as worth a million and a half to two million dollars. From this must be deducted our debt, par value now something more than \$300,000. My hope and prayer for the next year is that we shall be able to pay off all of this indebtedness.

Yesterday we had a conference—Judge Watkins, Herbert Porter and I, which apparently settled our plans for our approaching commencement, which will include the changing of the name of Silver Lake to Lake Phoebe. This is done in honor of Phoebe Apperson Hearst, mother of William Randolph Hearst, who gave us the property as a memorial to his mother. Mrs. Hearst was one of the most distinguished women in the history

of America and particularly related herself to education by founding the Parent-Teacher Association.

This morning two subscriptions, \$100.00 each, came through the mails, one from Gov. Herbert H. Lehman of New York and the other from Thomas R. Preston of Chattanooga, Tenn. Each of them is "supporting" the college for one day, his own birthday, by giving \$100.00.

Today is a lovely spring day, soft, balmy, cloudy. The January jasmine is in full bloom. Yesterday I heard a cardinal call. At the present moment, there is no sound of spring life on the campus but the buds are swelling rapidly and unless cold weather comes, we shall have spring at hand, to be killed shortly by our annual February freeze. In a few weeks, the cedar birds will congregate in the Spanish oaks just outside my office window and the songs of the spring choir will begin.

Jan. 24, 1935—This morning at about eight o'clock I was driving out to the college from the Cox Carlton Hotel where I have been living since 1926. Just as I drove through the underpass at the intersection of Piedmont Avenue and the Southern Railway, the Piedmont Limited rushed over my head on its way to Washington, New York and Boston. This being a rather unusual happening, in the spirit of fetish worshipers, I said, "something unusually good is going to happen to me today." I was looking for a gift of some sort in the mails and when the morning mail showed nothing special, I forgot the matter. Just about eleven o'clock a. m. the following telegram came: "Charles Leicester Field arrived this morning at eight o'clock. Everything fine. Please inform Junior and Fred." Signed: Olsen. This is my third grandson (no granddaughters). Little Charles Leicester was born within four days of his mother's birthday which is on the 28th of January. I am sending him a silver cup with his name engraved on it and I hope he will enjoy using it as much as I enjoyed the one Miss Pattie Thornwell gave me when I was a little boy.

There is in the Bible a sentence of which I have been thinking a good deal lately and which has to do with the case of a man whose good is evil spoken of. I have before described the way in which I saved the college some \$20,000 by risking my entire "fortune." Some of my professors have rewarded me by circulating the report all over town that I have bought and am

now reaping rich financial rewards from the possession of the Silver Lake property which Mr. Hearst so generously donated to us. When Judge Watkins heard of this report, he wrote Mr. Hearst the following letter which is self explanatory:

"My dear Mr. Hearst:

Permit me to introduce myself as the President of the Board of Directors, the Chairman of the Executive Committee and the attorney of the university which positions I have held for some twenty years.

The facts hereinafter stated, for reasons obvious to you, could not be published. We thought that we were compelled to take the action we did take in the interest of the University and for the saving of the property which you had generously obtained for us. Perhaps some persons, not familiar with the situation may have an inaccurate idea of the facts and, therefore, it appears to me that you should be definitely informed of the situation. Dr. Jacobs, because of his generous conduct, naturally has hesitated to give you this information and, therefore, I am writing this letter.

About a year ago, when financial affairs were at their worst, we found ourselves confronted with possible disaster in connection with the Silver Lake property. You had most generously subscribed \$125,000 toward its purchase and had paid your subscription in full but this was not all that the property had cost us. There were a real estate agent's commission of \$3,000, the deferred interest note of \$7,500, the interest on delayed payments and about \$12,500 principal and interest due on some interspersed lots which we had agreed to purchase. This amounted to over \$30,000. As we were not able to complete payments, the Silver Lake people became more and more restive and finally threatened to begin foreclosure proceedings. We tried in every way to raise the money but without success. Finally, Dr. Jacobs came to me and volunteered to borrow what he could on his personal life insurance policies and at the bank for use in saving the property. He was able to raise \$10,000. With that in hand, he went to the President of the Silver Lake Park Company and offered it to them for the \$30,000 of obligations of the University. At first, they refused, but we finally induced the president of the company to persuade the stockholders individually, to accept the offer. Dr. Jacobs then came to me and entered into an agreement to turn over to the University the entire \$30,000 worth of obligations when the University could repay him the amount which he had borrowed. This, in face of the fact that his salary had been cut in half. In fact, for the past four months, he has received no salary at all.

As the college had no funds with which to do it, he paid his own expenses to England last summer to present the Oglethorpe portrait to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, his reward being the

honor and pleasure of a visit to your Castle in Wales.

I am writing you this because it concerns the property which you so generously gave us and I thought you should know it because I have learned that Dr. Jacobs has failed to let you know of his services recited above.

It would please me very much to know that you had personally read this letter.

Very truly yours,
Edgar Watkins."

Feb. 6, 1935—The following is a statement of the facts concerning the establishment of radio Station WJTL, made herewith as an interesting matter of record:

During the winter of 1930-31 I became very much interested in the possibility of education by radio and in the establishment of a broadcasting station at Oglethorpe University for that purpose.* I investigated the work done by other institutions and stations and became convinced that it could be greatly improved by broadcasting certain lectures from the classrooms which would especially appeal to the general public and the sum total of which would furnish a reasonably complete college education absolutely without charge, the first time in the history of radio.

Upon investigating methods of effecting my plan, I was directed by the office of the local radio inspector under whose counsel and direction I was told all such plans must proceed. Upon explaining my purpose I was met with cordial support from all of the parties with whom I talked in that office and was informed that they stood ready to aid me in every way possible to establish the university station. Further investigations showed that there was no hope of obtaining a license for the operation of a new station in Atlanta and that the only practicable plan was to purchase the facilities of another station and move it to Atlanta. In the meantime, I had interested friends of the University and had the funds available to make such a purchase. Upon the advice and with the aid of the local radio office, we purchased the latter for the sum of \$5,000. Applications were duly made and submitted and approved at Washington and the station was established just prior to commencement of 1931 and just in time for the broadcast of commencement addresses of our honor guests. Shortly thereafter courses were inaugurated in such subjects as Spanish, French, German, English literature, History, and Appreciation of Music, Modern Economic Problems

* For further information see Appendix.

and many others and to our great pleasure this station immediately won a place in our civic life as "a college of the air", fulfilling its purpose in accordance with its plans.

It was my purpose further to increase the usefulness of our "college of the air" by acquiring the facilities of other stations scattered over Georgia and I had in mind the organization of a net-work which would practically blanket the state, thus offering to any one in Georgia the privilege of a college education without charge. The first of the stations approached on this subject was WFDV. An option on the station for the sum of \$15,000 was obtained but my advisers considered this too high a price to pay and we did not avail ourselves of it. We then took up the question of the cost of purchasing time over these stations and the presentation of our courses in that manner.

Before this could be done properly, however, we found it necessary to obtain the privileges of broadcasting at night. Our original license required us to close broadcasting at sundown which greatly restricted the possibilities of our services. Under the counsel and advice again of the local radio office this matter was taken up with the Station WFDV at Rome, a commercial station, conducted for private profit, which was enjoying unlimited time of operation and an arrangement was effected whereby they would apply for our frequency and we for theirs, thus giving us full time service and severely restricting their time of operation. This restriction caused them to lose their best advertising contracts and they required compensation for that loss. Also, we planned to extend our system of education by radio to the city of Rome during the day time and they required compensation for the expense of broadcasting our lectures and time occupied in broadcasting them. The sum of \$6500.00 was agreed upon as a reasonable compensation for these two services, all of which was arranged with the full knowledge and approval of the local radio officials. Applications were made for the transfer of frequencies and duly approved and effected and since that time Station WJTL devoted exclusively to the public interest, convenience and necessity, has been broadcasting a college education absolutely free, to all within the range of its power. Letters were addressed to every school teacher in Rome and vicinity, announcing the inauguration of such courses in that city and quotations were obtained from the Southern Bell Telephone

Company for the use of their lines, transmitting the University lectures between Atlanta and Rome. Investigations were also begun, looking to the establishment of a short wave station over which lectures would be broadcast and from which the Rome station would be able to pick them up and re-broadcast them. While this investigation was in process of effectuation, economic and financial conditions grew steadily worse until it became necessary for us to postpone the inauguration of long distance instruction at Rome.

Station WJTL rejoices in the fact that it was the pioneer in this work. It was and to the best knowledge and belief of the authorities of the University, continues to be the only station in the world which is primarily devoted to the broadcasting of a college education absolutely free. Its motto is "He who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Summarizing: Station WJTL is the radio division of Oglethorpe University. The funds necessary for its establishment were contributed by friends of the University who were especially interested in the possibility of education by radio, furnished free to many thousands in the city of Atlanta who were unable to attend college. Such subjects as Spanish, French, history and appreciation of music, history and interpretation of the Bible, modern economic problems, English literature and many similar courses have been broadcast to the general public, absolutely without charge. Station WJTL is not a commercial station. It is legally impossible for it to make a profit except for the general public. It has no stockholders and pays its officers no salaries. Friends of education furnished the cost of its installation and have paid the deficits of its operation. If there was or is any regulation, law or precedent, forbidding the acquisition of commercial radio privileges, operated for private profit, in order to devote them entirely to the public interest, convenience and necessity, such regulations, law or precedent is, in my opinion, "better honored in the breach than in the observance."*

Feb. 14, 1935—Here is one of the oddest news items of my reading experience. So far as I know, this Jacobs family is no kin to us but this association of Jacobs and Oglethorpe in an American family is remarkable.

* For description of the work done by WJTL, see appendix.

**MRS. SARAH JACOBS DIES;
OGLETHORPE DESCENDANT**

Mrs. Sarah Agnes Black Jacobs, 75 years old, died yesterday in her home at 6747 Blackstone Avenue. She had been ill three years. Mrs. Jacobs, through her father, the late Josiah Oglethorpe Black, was a direct descendant of the family of James Edward Oglethorpe, founder of the colony of Georgia. Two sons, former Municipal Judge Lawrence B. Jacobs, and attorney James Glenn Jacobs, survive her. She will be buried tomorrow at Oakland, Ill., her birth place.

This morning I received a very pleasant Valentine in the form of the annual return of my flock of cedar birds (wax wings) who pay their yearly visit to our campus about the middle of February and who remain with us as a flock for several weeks thereafter before going about the serious business of nesting. They feast on the laurel and ligustrum berries which burden the shrubbery just below my office windows and then fly away to the top of the great white oak tree about one hundred fifty feet from the east end of Lupton Hall where they sit as motionless and silent as if they had been painted there. I count fifty two of them, one for each week of the year. So, they are a real Valentine. They are our first faunal sign of spring except the calling of the cardinal in January and the chirrup of the robin which has grown familiar on our campus. Yesterday a little Jennie wren was singing loudly just outside the office window. The next thing we know the big, brown thrasher will loose his joyous notes and the mocking bird will make us think that the whole wood-choir has returned at once. Last of the great singers will come the wood thrushes. From this day on it will be a pleasure to watch the coming of the spring. Already the January jasmine is in full bloom as is also the shrub which we call the breath of spring (*Lonicera fragrantissima*). I notice that the little white blossoms of our earliest blooming spirea are already on our driveway.

The wax wings are still sitting motionless and silent at the very top of the white oak. Our clock chimes the quarter hour, nine fifteen a.m. Startled, they fly away, wheeling in circles over the top of the tree and then settle back again, as still and motionless as ever.

On February 12, our weekly Tuesday assembly exercises happened to occur and I took advantage of the occasion to remind the students of the fact that February is, of all the months of

the year, the one which is most filled with birthdays of persons especially related historically to the college. To begin with, on February first, by his calendar, Feb. 12 by ours, General Oglethorpe landed on Yamacraw Bluff and began the founding of the State of Georgia. On Feb. 3, Sidney Lanier, probably our most distinguished graduate, was born. On February 22, George Washington who put Georgia in the American Union, was born. On Feb. 11 Alex Stephens, vice-president of the Southern Confederacy, who played a great part in taking Georgia out of the Union, was born. On Feb. 12, Abraham Lincoln, who kept Georgia in the Union, was born. I am glad I, also, was born in February, on the 15th.

We signalized the 12th as usual by placing a memorial wreath on the graves of Madam and General Oglethorpe in All Saints Church, Cranham, Upminster, England, where they rest in the little church.

Feb. 15, 1935—It is eleven, twenty two, o'clock on the 15th of February, 1935, the fifty eighth anniversary of my birth date.

Eight days ago, one evening, I wrote the following prayer:

"This is written at seven o'clock on the evening of February 7. It is a prayer to my God, the first of the kind I ever made, to show me on my approaching birthday anniversary, Feb. 15, some unmistakable token that He is with me in the refounding of Oglethorpe University, that He will see that institution safely through its troublous dangers and set it down in a broad place. I pray that the sign given should leave me in no doubt that it was sent especially for me, not personally but in the form of some gift or boost for Oglethorpe, signalizing my 58th birthday. If this prayer is answered, it will be wonderful. If it is not, it's all right with me, I'll do my best anyhow."

This morning when I awoke, I noticed that after two weeks of bad weather, the sun was shining and that it would be a beautiful day with every evidence of the coming spring, with a temperature of about 70. That was a good start. On arriving at the college I was handed the first proofs by the Oglethorpe University Press of the second edition of *The New Science And Old Religion* which is now being printed on the Press. That was odd. Shortly thereafter, a committee, consisting of Jack McNeely, president of the student body, Jacqueline Gordy, co-ed mother, John Patrick, football coach, Miss Elizabeth Talbot and Billy Happoldt called at my office and presented me with a large box

of gorgeous Easter lilies, pink snapdragons, and yellow and orange calendulas with the following card enclosed:

"Congratulations on this your birthday and please accept these flowers as a small token of our affection, gratitude and appreciation. From your boys and girls at Oglethorpe."

John Patrick, our splendid football coach, presented the following letter to me which bears the signature of each and every member of the football squad, both freshmen and varsity:

Department of Athletics

John W. Patrick, Football Coach

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY

Manu Dei Resurrexit

Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Feb. 13, 1935.

Our dear Dr. Jacobs:

We extend our best wishes and greetings on your fifty-eighth birthday. We hope that you will enjoy many, many more of them. We certainly appreciate the kindness that you have shown us, and we want you to know that Oglethorpe University and you will live in our hearts, forever.

From your boys,

George McNamara, Joe Adams, Hubert Elliott, Willis Denny, Tuffy Owen, Wallace Risher, Tom Daniel, Lyman Aldrich, Daniel McKenzie, Jack Puryear, Joe McGahee, Dick Wallace, D. T. Smith, Trainer Mike Rowell, Jack Frieman, H. B. McCullough, Ben S. Forkner, Bill Reynolds, Glenn C. Owens, Sid Sneider, Billy Meredith, Hank Freeman, D. O. McKinney, Jr., Joe McGeady, S. Pirkle, Bob Koppers, Adolph Speer, Edward Weems, T. H. Dean, Henry Horton, Dan Hamilton, Leonard Pickard, Paul Drew, Buck Wren, Beeman Campbell, Bill Borman, Nash Lyle, Frank E. Lee Tupper, Jr., Elmer Waters, Jack Brown, John W. Patrick, Kit Carson, George Belch, Elmer Mumm, Douglas Thompson, Cecil Moon, J. D. Mosteller, J. M. Sullivan, Lawrence Wade, Troy Drew, Jack McNeely, Francis Beahm, John Thompson, Sam B. Leslie, Bob Murphy, Paul Neal, Hoyt Farmer, John Coffey, Stewart O. Clyburn, Rafael Rodriguez, Bruce Barton, Van Lingle.

I believe this is the first time in the history of the college, and at any rate in so long a while that my memory runneth not to the contrary, that students of the institution have remembered my birthday in this way.

On opening my mail I found a letter from Mr. T. A. Lupton of Chattanooga. This letter means that I am relieved of the utterly horrible pressure of multitudinous demands for the payment of many bills. That was the boost for Oglethorpe. When the depres-

sion came, it caught the University in the midst of rapid expansion and at that exact moment our best friend left us. The chief psychological and moral hurdle which I have had before me has been the settling of many accounts and the payment of them without funds.

In my mail also there was a cute little valentine from my daughter, Maudie.

Dick Wallace, one of my boys and a grandson of Thornwell Orphanage, came up and brought me a splendid likeness of our football coach, John Patrick, which I treasure very much.

Senor Perez, professor of Spanish, brought me a fifteen inch box of Guava paste and Adelita, his daughter, some pretty, white, artificial flowers for the office. A number of other remembrances were also received and the day is not yet over. I should not be surprised to receive some letter or gift a few days from now, but dated the 15th. I consider that my prayer has been abundantly answered. My secretary tells me that the very morning after I wrote the prayer on the 7th, Jack McNeely came to her office to verify the date of my birthday and find out how old I would be and advised her that he and the students desired "to send Dr. Jacobs some flowers on that day."

Such a thing as this makes me very solemn and thoughtful. The finest thing in life does not consist in erecting buildings or organizing faculties or gathering student bodies. I do not think that it consists even in success in using such things for good purposes, or for the "glory of God" because God is amply able to look after His own glory and to cause any purposes to succeed or fail as he may please. *I believe the finest possible thing that can come to the life of any human being is the honest conviction, founded on experience, that there is possible a contact between human beings and the Will of the Universe whom we call God, and that He is far more conscious of us and our doings than we could possibly be of His or of our own.* My father's diary is filled with stories like the story above. The presentation of flowers for the first time in years and the coming of a letter, authorizing me to use \$7,500 now on deposit for operating expenses, if needed, with other minor incidents noted, constitute an unusual series of coincidences. For example, this week the total amount of money previously received through this office had been \$48.00. The letter from Mr. Lupton could have just as well been received

on yesterday or tomorrow. It is easy to reply "it just happened that way". The same can be said of all happenings on all planets in all universes.

After all, however, to be alive and in good health, to be able to look out of an office window at great, stately, granite buildings which should last for thousands of years, to be able to report progress in paying obligations in times like these, to be able to say that good work is being done, perhaps the best that has ever been done at your college—such things as these are the real answers to prayer.

Mrs. Annie Lou Crum, our efficient and loyal matron, has just sent over a beautiful icecream cake on which was embossed the following: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DR. JACOBS." It was delicious. I invited a half dozen members of the student body and some of the officers, including Mrs. Crum and Miss Mary Feebeck, our trained nurse, who has charge of the infirmary, to partake of it with me.

P. S. Have just received another check for \$195.00!

Feb. 22, 1935—Washington's birthday, clear, beautiful, sunshiny and mild. I heard the song of a bluebird this morning and the robins are beginning to appear boldly on the campus. This year the first song was that of the cardinal. We are expecting any day that the thrushes and mocking birds will break into song.

More excitement on the campus. This time on account of prices of food in the cafeteria. Verily a college president sits perpetually on top of a volcano. Things are so arranged here that a student doesn't have to buy unless he wants to and only what he wants to buy and the prices are so arranged that they are lower than the prices of standard cafeterias in the city of Atlanta and still they are too high to suit some of the boys. In this case, we have reason to believe that the boys who are protesting are students who are paying nothing for their expenses, being self help students.

Since the University first founded its dining room department, it has been operating at a heavy loss, running up each year into thousands of dollars. It is no longer possible for the college to sustain this loss. The cafeteria, has, therefore, been established as a separate department and the matron has been given definite orders to run the department without further deficits. In fixing the prices she is governed by rates charged for similar quality of foodstuffs in the city of Atlanta. Inquiry at the best Atlanta cafeterias shows that the prices which we charge are not ex-

cessive. The quality of the food is the very best. Probably there is nowhere in Atlanta where a student can buy a third of a quart of fresh buttermilk for five cents or a third of a quart of sweetmilk for eight cents. Some of these prices must necessarily vary with the fluctuation of the costs. For example, eggs. The best cafeterias in the city of Atlanta, at the present moment, serve one egg for ten cents, cash. The cost to our students at the present moment, varies from about four to nine cents each, cash, depending upon the particular discount enjoyed by the student.

The University would look with favor upon the forming of student boarding clubs in fraternity houses or elsewhere, should this seem desirable, but it is not possible to permit cooking of any kind in the bedrooms. There are four good reasons for this. The first has to do with the overloading of the wires which would likely result in their fusing, causing heavy repair expenses. The second is the extra charge for our current which mounts rapidly with the use of hot plates and which would require a raise in the charge for room rent. The third is the excess accumulation of trash from cooking operations and the fourth is the inevitable stoppage of the plumbing which results.

I received a most unusual letter a day or two ago from Harry N. Delancy from Nelsonville, N. Y., part of which reads as follows:

“Dear Dr. Jacobs: The Sunday ‘MIRROR’ of New York has been publishing installments of your great book, *THE NEW SCIENCE AND OLD RELIGION* of which I have read several with great interest. In this work you are, I believe, doing a greater good than I think you really realize, and especially through the medium of the particular above-mentioned newspaper; for it is a publication in much favor with a section of our population who are inclined or committed to atheism. None but a fool could fail to ‘see the light’ after reading your masterly presentation of the undeniable evidence of the Eternal Presence in creation. Of course, there will be some egotistical and dead-souled atheists who will refuse to be shown—or if so, will not admit it; and there will be the die-hard, thick-shelled, theologians who will not accept a God other than one of their own conception and whose presence must be of such nature as to fit the path they have laid out. For the thinker, you have presented the known facts obtained by scientific research, in such a way as to be convincing. In my humble opinion, your work deserves a place far in advance of all others alongside the Book of Books. And I do not consider it sacrilegious to say that it goes far ahead of that Book in opening up to humans the vision which Jesus tried so

hard to awaken. Of course, there are no words with which it is possible to describe Deity—Jesus used the poetical method of leading minds to a place of individual understanding—you have used scientific prose in such a manner that it has not the form but has the more important element of poetical essence. I can appreciate this fact, because I write much poetry, mostly along religious, semi-religious and philosophical lines, and my mind is, of course, inclined to the direction in which you point. I have often longed to be able to place before others my conceptions and theories, in which my conclusions are the same as yours but that is beyond my reach. I have not the education or ability to do so—the Great Designer has given that to you, and opened the door, that you might look within and glimpse the working of the Eternal Loom as it weaves. For that we should be thankful . . . Harry N. DeLancy.”

The publication of *The New Science And Old Religion* by the Oglethorpe University Press is a matter of great satisfaction to me. I sometimes get to thinking about the number of people who are reached by it. An ordinary minister, preaching to five hundred people Sunday morning, two hundred fifty Sunday evening and about fifty people at prayer meeting, total eight hundred, for about fifty weeks, would reach forty thousand units per year. Over a lifetime of thirty years he would reach one million, two hundred thousand units. In one single issue of the *Sunday Mirror*, this story reaches about one and a half million and it looks now as if it is going to run for one or two years, say one hundred weeks or about one hundred fifty million units as against one million, two hundred for a minister's life time. If the story impressed others as it has Mr. DeLancy, I should be very happy and grateful. It was kind of him to write me.

Another effect of its publication in the *Mirror* is the sale of the remnant of the first edition of the book. Right now, we have only four copies left and are rushing a second edition just as soon as possible.

The Dillard Jacobs printing office, named for its donor, is very busy. Not only are we printing the new edition of *The New Science And Old Religion* but we have in press the diary of my father. We are just completing the current numbers of *Bozart and Contemporary Verse* our poetry magazine and *The Westminster*, our literary magazine, and we are ready to begin immediately on five or six thousand copies of our catalogue; this, besides the usual college printing, including the weekly issue of the *Stormy Petrel* (stormy is right!) We are laying plans for

a great commencement. We are bringing to Atlanta about a dozen or more of the most prominent women in America for degrees in recognition of their services to the nation and to the world. Yesterday we received two acceptances by wire. One was from Mrs. Caroline O'Day and one from Ernestine Schumann-Heink. The day before, a letter of acceptance came from Josephine Roche, assistant secretary of the Treasury. The Dean of Women of Vassar College, Miss Mildred C. Thompson, is also coming and we will have Miss Ruth Blair, State Historian of Georgia. I am expecting other acceptances later.

Sterling Lanier has just asked me for a two year leave of absence. He wants to go to Harvard more fully to prepare himself for a professorship in English. I have told him that the leave will be granted. We shall miss him from the campus.

Feb. 26, 1935—This morning a most interesting thing happened. My secretary who frequently writes to friends of the school newsy letters about the college and who is secretary in charge of the University Press correspondence happened to write to Mrs. George Gould of New York who has been giving the Ernest Hartsock prizes for the best poems published in our poetry magazine, *Bozart*, that I was trying to get a number of people to give \$100.00 per month for a year which would amount to \$1200.00, and which would pay the deficit of the college for one month. This morning, Mrs. Gould sent a check in amount of \$100.00 and tells us that she is going to send the same amount each month until the whole sum is paid. As I wrote her, while reading the letter, the memory came to me of how, many years ago, at a time when the Thornwell Orphanage was just being founded, and after it had been attacked as useless, ill-managed, etc., and as "a means whereby certain people can feather their own nests," one morning my father received a telegram from Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick of Chicago, Ill., saying that she would give \$1200.00 to put up a new cottage for orphan children. She had heard of the attacks and of the needs through a friend of my father's, Judge Cothran of Greenville, S. C.

Feb. 28—February is ending with the coldest weather of the year. The thermometer went down to about 15 above zero. The sky is clear, the sun is shining and the little cedar birds, after an absence of two weeks, have returned to the Spanish oaks and are sitting there, silent and still. As I write, the clock chimes the half hour, nine thirty o'clock a.m. and the half hundred birds

take alarm and vanish. In a moment or two they will be back, competing with the robins for the purple berries which are now almost gone. There is a whole flock of robins hunting for worms on the campus this morning.

We have received many acceptances from honor guests for our approaching commencement. This morning, Dr. Florence Rena Sabin of the Rockefeller Institute in New York, accepts. Previously we have received acceptances from Eleanor Patterson, Caroline Miller, Ruth Blair, Martha Berry, Mrs. Caroline O'Day, Dean Mildred Thompson of Vassar, and Josephine Roche. Up to date we have received only one declination.

Our assistant coach and the boy who has the reputation of being the best full back that our college has ever furnished, have just signed a contract with "shipwreck" John Kelly, owner of the Brooklyn professional football team, to play ball with them during the coming season.

Spring again! The temperature is about fifty, robins are hunting on the lawn and the purple berries just beneath my window are gone.

This week's *Time* contains a letter from the assistant-to-the-president of Emory about Yagol.* I insert it because of the rather interesting reference to the refusal of Emory University and other colleges to accept our "credits." Some years ago the attempt was made by the Atlanta school authorities, at a time when we had some three or four hundred Atlanta school teachers

* March 2, 1936

EMORY'S YAGOL

Sirs:

Although story in your issue of February 18 correctly shows that publicity was motive behind Oglethorpe University's barring of Nathan Yagol from campus, you make inaccurate statement which should be corrected. First, Yagol is not an instructor but a student at Emory University. Second, DeKalb County Grand Jury found absolutely no grounds for charge that he is a communist or that he ever attended a communistic meeting. Third, Oglethorpe University football squad numbered about 30 instead of 100 and it was inspired to attack Yagol by Coach Frank Anderson who saw an opportunity to advertise his institution. There are no communists on Emory University faculty and none in the student body. So far as we can discover, we are convinced that Yagol, who is a Phi Beta Kappa and a man of high ideals, is being persecuted by persons who seek to turn current anti-red hysteria to their own profit. Hearstling Jacobs' hostility toward Emory is easily explained by the fact that Emory refuses to accept Oglethorpe's credits because that institution is not accredited either by Southern Association of Colleges or Association of American Universities.

Raymond B. Nixon,
Asst. to the President

taking courses at Oglethorpe, to put into effect a rule that would have transferred their attendance from Oglethorpe to other local institutions. The matter was fought out at a meeting of the Board of Education lasting for four or five hours and adjourning after midnight. Our sister institutions took part in the attempt, through some of their high officials. The ostensible basis for their attack lay in the fact that we declined to join any "accrediting" association which in this day and time is a dangerous refusal to make. *Organization, standardization, regimentation, ossification!* Excuse me, please! *

In the autumn of 1914, upon invitation of Dr. J. W. Bachman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Chattanooga, Tenn., I made an address on the refounding of Oglethorpe University in his church. After the service was over, Mr. J. T. Lupton came to me and made me a gift of \$10,000 cash, the first large gift in the history of the school. Between that time and the date of his death he gave the University a total of over a million dollars. It seems that he had, for many years, been on the Board of Directors of Agnes Scott College and they were at that time soliciting him for aid, of all of which I was blissfully ignorant. I am afraid that they have never quite forgiven me for interesting him in Oglethorpe.

Mrs. Robert J. Lowry had left the sum of \$200,000 in her will for Agnes Scott College. During her later years she was ill most of the time and I am reliably informed that they grew a bit impatient for the money for the then president of the college went to her attorney and asked whether the money could not be paid to them before her death with the understanding that they would pay her an annuity on it. She became quite indignant and began looking around for some other beneficiary, and finally chose Oglethorpe University. I fear that they have never forgiven us for that, either. For many years, we have been direct competitors with Emory, both for boys and girls, and for teachers, in our adult education department. Agnes Scott and Emory are very closely associated. In fact, in recent months, Emory, Agnes Scott and Georgia Tech have adopted a plan of affiliation which, in some respects, makes them one institution. As time passes, doubtless these petty jealousies will subside but, at present, they are a constant source of annoyance.

March 7, 1935—Yesterday was March 6, the birthday anni-

* See Appendix.

versary of Mr. J. T. Lupton and, as is our custom, we paid him a tribute of gratitude by journeying to his tomb in Forrest Hills Cemetery, Chattanooga, Tenn., where we placed flowers on his grave—Easter and Calla lilies and jonquils from our own campus. We made the journey in a driving downpour of rain which continued until we had reached Chattanooga but ended just as we arrived at the cemetery. The drive home was made in the sunshine.

Today is a lovely spring day. All the earliest flowers are in bloom. The birds are no longer content with their calls. Sunday, March 3, I heard the first real robin's song, and March 5, the first real song of the mocking bird. The thrasher and the black-capped thrush will follow shortly.

March 14, 1935—Some very interesting things happen at college and they often slip by without notice in this diary. For example, one of them comes to mind as I read this letter written to the editor of our college weekly:

My dear Mr. Fike:

Mrs. Crum reports to me that her cafeteria service is being seriously handicapped because of the removal of silverware from the dining hall without her knowledge and consent. When the cafeteria was opened in January, Mrs. Crum had one hundred fifty knives on hand. Today she has only forty-one; she had one hundred seventy-five forks; today she has only sixty-four; she had one hundred coffee spoons; today she has seven; she had one hundred sixty ice-tea spoons; today she has thirty-one; she had seventy-five soup spoons; today she has nine.

I believe that you will realize, as will also the entire student body, that such a condition as this is a severe reflection upon the moral quality of the boys who attend Oglethorpe. Anything that you can do through the columns of the *Stormy Petrel* to correct this condition, would be greatly appreciated by the entire faculty.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs ,
President."

It shows one of the unexpected effects of installing our cafeteria and allowing the boys the privilege of buying what they please, when they please, from it. The result was wholesale cooking in their own rooms, and the abstracting of cafeteria equipment, not only, but also the attendant damages of overloading the wires, grease-clogged pipes and increased trash. The only way to correct it has been to withdraw the privilege by

requiring all students rooming in the dormitory to board also at the cafeteria.

March 16, 1935—Spring has really come this year. On the morning of March 14, when I came out to the college, I found all of the peach trees in bloom. The forsythia and Japanese quince and spirea and the maples and plum trees have all either preceded or joined them. This morning we have no steam on in the buildings. the sun is shining brightly. My favorite mocking bird who sings from the tower of Lupton Hall and adjoining trees is favoring us with his best songs; the robins are really singing, also, and spring is here!

I noticed that interesting dispatches from the Greek rebellion are signed by James A. Mills. Mills was the Associated Press Correspondent in London when I was there, trying to secure the removal of the remains of General Oglethorpe to the campus of Oglethorpe University. We became good friends. He wrote some splendid articles about it and stuck with me to the end, seeing me off on the train at the Waterloo station. Since that time I have noticed dispatches from his pen sent from all over the world. He is evidently a very fine newspaper correspondent.

March 21, 1935—I have received this remarkable letter from Principal Ellise. It is very gratifying:

SIKESTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS
Roy B. Ellise, Prin.
Sikeston, Mo.
March 18, 1935.

Dear Sir:

The copy of THE LAW OF THE WHITE CIRCLE has been received. I must tell you that I first read it in the Taylor-Trotwood magazine from which I tore it out and bound it. I have read it for over a quarter of a century to the upper pupils in three different high schools, thinking it the finest exposition of the negro problem as a sociological one that I have ever seen.

Yours very truly,
Roy V. Ellise, Principal."

This is the first day of spring, the vernal equinox, and there is no doubt about spring being here. Within about thirty feet of my office window, my favorite mocking bird is telling me all about it in many languages. He is one of the greatest singers that the world has. He can imitate anything from a creaking wagon to a quail. As he sings, I recognize wood-peckers, blue birds, Jenny wrens and even the woodthrush. He has just flown

to a laurel tree on the north side of the office, taking his voice with him. The ride out to the college each day from the Cox Carlton Hotel where I am living, is very beautiful at this time of the year. The yards are full of forsythia and other spring flowers. Pink thrift is everywhere. This week has been forsythia week. Next week will be redbud week in Atlanta. Soon, the dogwood will be blooming. We have put a gardener to work on the campus and he has begun by clearing out the weeds from our old-fashioned, hedge row, which runs from Peachtree Road to Woodrow Way.

Thornwell Jacobs, Jr. has left his work with the *Atlanta Constitution* and is now assisting Mr. Quimby Melton on the *Griffin Daily News*.

I received a few days ago, a most interesting round robin from members of the Class of '99 at Princeton Seminary.* Their letters were very interesting indeed. One was from Shanghai, another from Vienna, another from Maine, another from California and still another from Florida. To my chagrin some of them spoke of retiring on account of old age. It made me happy to recall that I was the youngest member of the class.

* March 19, 1935.

Dear Classmates:

Since reading these wonderful letters, I feel ashamed of my own inadequate note and terribly selfish in enjoying their interesting personal details when, from a false sense of modesty or subconscious laziness I side-stepped a similar contribution.

Boyd's letter, for example, is it not fascinating reading? And what a kick I got out of realizing that my old classmates, scattered all over the world, had literally "kept the faith" not only, but also had a grand time doing it. My memory kept going back to those beautiful May days in '99 when examinations were over and we were waiting to receive our diplomas. I can see the lovely green campus, the kindly maples in whose shade we were having our last talks, before leaving for the ends of the earth, the robins, the violets, the hopes and happy prophecies of the future. It was only yesterday!

Can you imagine "Jake" with five children, three grandchildren, all boys, a half dozen books to apologize for, a college with a couple of millions of dollars invested in it, to pay for and develop, a column in a local daily newspaper to fill and two magazines to bring out regularly, besides lectures and a little class room work? If so, I know I have your sympathy. We used to think that such things brought honor, glory, happiness. All of us have learned by now that they bring worry, fatigue, and often antagonistic jealousy. Their only reward is, as we were taught in '96 to '99, if not before, a sense of duty well done and service well performed.

With every good wish to "you all",

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, President
Oglethorpe University

We had quite a nice meeting of the Oglethorpe Woman's Board on the campus this past Tuesday, March 19. The ladies seemed to enjoy the story of my trip to England made for the purpose of presenting a portrait of General Oglethorpe to his Alma Mater, Corpus Christi College at Oxford. At the meeting, Mrs. Willis Westmoreland, president, suggested the possibility of having my portrait done for the university and, at her request, I have taken the matter up with Charles F. Naegele, who painted the Oglethorpe portrait for Corpus.

The S.I.A.A., after having given us an enormous amount of useless trouble and adverse publicity, has retracted completely its charges about the ineligibility of Oglethorpe players. Their action is another illustration of how easy it is for an "enemy" to use an organization of that sort for private vengeance.

April 2, 1935—This is Tuesday, April 2, and one of the most beautiful days in the history of the world. Also, I think that the view from my office window, although simple enough, is extremely attractive. The college shrubbery is in full bloom. Millions of little green leaves are bursting their buds and the song birds of Georgia, excepting only the woodthrush, are singing. As a matter of fact, all of the song birds of North America are singing right now from a limb of the big white oak tree where my *Mimus polyglottus* is offering his daily, universal concert. One little section of the campus is blue with johnny-jump-ups. Tulips are blooming in the bed between the Administration Building and Lupton Hall. The woods of the north-eastern valley of our campus are white with dogwood. In the hedges the pink dogwood is blooming. Wisteria, redbud, pearl bush and a score of other shrubs are in full bloom. The wild crabapple is just beginning to open its petals. The sun is shining brilliantly. There is a soft spring wind blowing from the south and we have had a wonderful March. Two checks, each for \$1100.00, two special checks for \$100.00 each and excellent collections otherwise, have made it a relatively easy month of the depression to endure. We are getting ready now for next year. Thousands of letters are being sent out to students of high schools all over the United States. Mrs. Mabel Mizell has been engaged by the University as our special representative for girls in the Atlanta district. This morning at chapel we had unusually good music by the Glee Club under the direction of Sterling

Lanier. Last Friday evening, the Oglethorpe players club presented the old-timey *Streets of New York* admirably. This afternoon, our baseball team plays the Atlanta Crackers at Ponce de Leon Park, while our girls will debate the University of South Carolina in the chapel of Lupton Hall.

We are planning a great commencement. The following persons have accepted invitations to be with us as special honorees upon whom will be conferred appropriate degrees: Mrs. Ogden Reid, Florence Rena Sabin, Anna Jump Cannon, Josephine Roche, Eleanor Patterson, Caroline O'Day, Miss Martha Berry, Ruth Blair, Caroline Miller, Mildred Thompson and Mrs. George Gould.

April 3, 1935—Wednesday—At last, that fine, old ship the *Mauretania*, once the record holder of the Atlantic, is now going to be scrapped. I went over on the *Mauretania* in 1923 on my trip to England to secure the remains of General Oglethorpe for Georgia and returned on the same ship. It was considered a luxurious liner and very speedy but it was a bit unsteady and modern inventions have made her equipment obsolete. Still I feel as if I were witnessing the death of an old friend. Here is her obituary:

April 3, 1935
**MAURETANIA IS SLATED
 FOR JUNK HEAP SOON**

London, April 2—(AP)—After more than 20 years among the fast Atlantic liners, the *Mauretania* will be broken up at Rosyth, Scotland, it was officially announced today. (The *Mauretania* in August 1929 went from New York to Plymouth in four days, 17 hours, 49 minutes).

The 27-year-old vessel in the next fortnight will sail on her last journey, with a skeleton crew and under her own steam, to the Scottish ship graveyard, where ship breakers will reduce her to scrap."

The forsythia has faded and the redbud is fading but the dogwood is glorious and that most beautiful of all flowering trees, the Georgia wild crabapple is just coming into its full glory.

I received this morning the last installment of *The New Science And Old Religion* in the *Sunday Mirror* Magazine Section, of New York. As a sub-head to their last article, they mentioned the fact that the Oglethorpe University Press will publish a new edition of the book with much new material and many additional illustrations about May first. It has been running as a serial

in the *Mirror* for something like thirty weeks and the payments made to me as a royalty amounted to \$600.00, which just covers my trip to England last summer, made to present the portrait of General Oglethorpe to Corpus Christi College. I believe I have already mentioned the fact that it was during the very last day of my stay in England that I met George Lait who suggested that I send a copy of the book to his father which was done and when his father had read it, he wrote immediately, asking for the privilege of running it in the *Mirror*. This is one of the most interesting coincidences of my entire life. I had expected a most disappointing and expensive trip and it turned out to be the happiest, most interesting trip of my entire career and *it paid for itself*.

April 4, 1935—This is Cartter Lupton's birthday. I have just sent him the following telegram: "We hope that this will be as happy a day for you as it was a blessed day for us.—Signed: Oglethorpe University."

It is also the birthday of my son, Fred, who has now charge of tickets and reservations at the Eastern Air Transport Company, Candler Field and as I dictate this entry, I am trying to get him over the phone to congratulate him and to let him know that I am sending him a birthday present.

Yesterday we had our annual cross country run:

"Jack Puryear, first string quarterback on the Oglethorpe football team, yesterday breezed over the two-mile course in the annual cross-country run to break the school record. Puryear who won the event last year, completed the two miles in the fast time of 2 minutes, 46.1 seconds. Whitey George was second. Puryear received a sweater, a cake and a steak supper for his efforts. The fleet signal caller is to be one of the mainstays of the Petrel eleven next fall.—News item.

Today is another one of those gorgeous spring days. My pink dogwood is now in bloom. It is a beautiful sight as seen through my northeast window.

We are getting ready for an Easter egg hunt to be given on the campus April 13 at three o'clock for the children of the faculty living on the campus.

April 16—Since I have written in this diary, many interesting things have happened. Yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Willis Westmoreland, president of our Woman's Board, called on me at the office and handed me the contract which she had signed with Charles F. Naegele to paint a portrait of me for the college,

sittings to begin immediately and work to be finished before commencement.*

This evening there is going to be a series of plays presented in the Little Theatre of Lupton Hall of our students, by our students and for our students.

By yesterday afternoon's express we forwarded to Mrs. Cora Smith Gould, our good friend, who lives in New York, a beautiful box of azalae, sweetshrubs and iris from our campus .

* The Oglethorpe University Woman's Board has again justified its position as a vital factor in the life and history of the college by presenting to the University a life size portrait of the president, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs. The presentation took place at the meeting of the Board held Saturday afternoon in the library of Lupton Hall and came as a complete surprise to members of the Board and the trustees and faculty of the University.

This exquisite art treasure was the personal gift of Mrs. Willis F. Westmoreland to the Woman's Board and it was, in turn, presented to the University. It is the work of the distinguished artist, Charles Frederick Naegele and is a masterpiece that will grow more and more priceless with the passage of the years. It will be more valuable to Oglethorpe than a Van Dyke or Sir Joshua Reynolds for it will preserve the living personality of the dynamic, courageous, poetic and idealistic founder of the University. The figure in the picture is seated, wearing his academic gown of Doctor of Laws.

It has long been the dream of the Woman's Board to acquire such a portrait and it is fitting that it should have been presented at this particular time as Dr. Jacobs had elected to honor at this commencement 12 outstanding women, distinguished in their respective fields, and who were present as the guests of the Woman's Board during the presentation.

Mrs. Westmoreland, president of the board, presided at the business session; Mrs. T. C. Perkins, library chairman, announced a gift from Miss Helen Knox Spain, of a set of 10 volumes on popular sciences and 16 other books donated by members. Mrs. Westmoreland introduced Mrs. Katherine Hillyer Connerat, past president of the board and vice-chairman of the executive committee, who spoke of the part the board has had in the collection of art works. She called on Mrs. John K. Ottley, chairman of the executive committee, who is a matchless speaker and represented Mrs. Westmoreland in presenting the portrait to the Woman's Board, and then in turn presented it to Judge Edgar Watkins, chairman of the board of directors of the University. Judge Watkins accepted it in behalf of the University and the portrait was unveiled by Miss Dorothy Sweeney, student at the college and daughter of Mrs. Robert P. Sweeney, chairman of the mothers' committee.

Mrs. Westmoreland introduced the artist, Mr. Naegele, who told of the pleasure and inspiration the painting of the picture had been to him. Dr. Jacobs introduced his distinguished guests and the meeting adjourned for a social period before driving to the lake where the students staged a water carnival in celebration of the renaming of the lake henceforth to be known as Lake Phoebe in honor of the mother of William Randolph Hearst, who made the ownership of the lake by the University a possibility.

William Randolph Hearst, Jr. represented his father and acknowledged this tribute to his grandmother. Governor Eugene Talmadge accepted the lake on behalf of the state of Georgia and responses were made by heads of the department of the University and president of the Woman's Board.—*Atlanta Journal*.

The campus is quite excited over the birth of a little son to our football coach, John Patrick, who leaves tomorrow for Chicago to see his baby who has been given the name of John Joseph Patrick.

A few days ago I received an invitation to attend the Sesquicentennial of the College of Charleston to which I replied as follows:

April 5, 1935

“Dear Sirs:

Please allow me to acknowledge officially the reception of the announcement of the celebration of the Sesquicentennial anniversary of the chartering of Charleston College which will be held on the 12th to 14th of May. This announcement was of more than usual interest to me. My father, Dr. W. P. Jacobs, who for forty-seven years was the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Clinton, S. C., who founded the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, of whose Board of Directors he was, for many years, president and who founded and presided over the Thornwell Orphanage from 1875 to 1917, was a graduate of Charleston College in the class of 1861 and received, a few years later, the degree of Master of Arts from his Alma Mater. During his entire life-time he was a devoted alumnus of the institution and a constant visitor to its campus. I know that if he were alive today he would be present at the great celebration which you are going to have and in his absence, I send you his greetings.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.”

Our baseball season begins tomorrow with our first game with Georgia Tech. Atlanta's season opens today. The city is expecting an attendance of around eighteen thousand but it will probably fall short of that figure for the temperature is down to about fifty degrees and there is a cold wind blowing from the northeast. The sun is shining brilliantly. Easter Sunday is this coming Sunday and the prophecy is for fair and warmer weather.

For several years I had been troubled with a bad throat. In my father's diary there was a constant reference to a similar ailment which followed him through his entire life. There has been a great deal of that sort of thing in Atlanta during recent years. Microscopic examination showed my bugs to be *Streptococcus viridens* and *Streptococcus haemolyticus*. I had cultures and injections made but it didn't seem to do any good. Whether it is a case of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* or not I do not yet know but since I began the treatment described below, I have seen

no more of either. For the preceding few years I had been swabbing and painting my throat and staying in bed from time to time but this year I have not only not lost a day from work but have not even had an indication of a bad throat.

The treatment sprang from a very interesting and unusual experience that I have had during the last eight years, in respect of my heart. During the year 1926 I had to pass through a number of difficult and trying experiences. At the same time, I was taken ill with a severe attack of influenza. The two, combined, left me in bad physical shape and in a specially nervous condition. I noticed my heart was skipping from time to time and, as the months passed, it grew worse. Finally, one morning I came down with a severe attack of *paroxysmal tachicardia* which left me in bed for about three months during which time also I had my tonsils taken out. During the year 1927 to 1932 I was in a most unhappy state. Any excitement or exercise would plunge my heart into rapid paroxysms, often producing temporary blindness and always accompanied by extreme discomfort and high nervous tension but never pain. My heart was getting rapidly into such a condition that I could not walk a half mile without its behaving this way. In the endeavor to correct the condition I went to the best specialists for the heart, first in Atlanta, then to Dr. Levine in Boston and then to an equally distinguished physician in New York, recommended to me by my son, John, who is at the Rockefeller Institute in the Department of Immunology, the first of whom prescribed quinidine as a sure corrective and the latter of whom told me that, other than quinidine, nothing was known that would do any good. Both were pessimistic as to the prognosis.

About that time I happened to read in the *Scientific American* the story of the advantages of adding kelp to the daily ration and after some inquiry, got in touch with a company that sells this powdered kelp. In the meantime, my own Atlanta physician had put me on potassium acetate which I have found to be an excellent prescription for temporary relief from tachicardia but its concomitant effects were bad. Always, however, in the back of my mind there had been the thought that it was a dietary deficiency which was causing the trouble. The use of kelp has demonstrated this more clearly. With it I began the free use of vitamins, under advice of my Atlanta doctor. This combina-

tion seems to have cured my *tachicardia*, completely. It has been months now since my heart acted abnormally. Whereas formerly it would always go into violent palpitation during any, even the most minor address, now I never think of it. I am setting this down here because it is possible that someone in the course of time may be benefitted by this experience. It has been a desperately serious business with me. For months it seemed as if it would end my career. Fortunately, no one in the world knew anything about it except my doctors and one or two close friends. I am very grateful for having been able to carry my work on during these eight years of unusual strain and worry.*

April 27, 1935—Spring has reached its climax. The leaves of the trees are fully out. Dogwood and wild crabapple have faded but this is Weigela week. The thrift in my rock garden is still blooming. Sweetshrubs, grandsire graybeard, locust, white and purple, are at the height of their season. Two weeks ago the wood thrushes began to sing.

We have just finished the first week of our special series of services conducted by Rev. Peter Marshall and they have proven to be a great success. This young man has a really amazing personality as a preacher; a pleasing tone of voice, a perfect enunciation, an attractive Scotch accent and an unusual flow of language, precisely chosen, and in addition to all of this, an honest and sincere message. He is really a young prophet of God. He will be with us also next week for five more addresses. Quite a few people from down-town Atlanta are coming out to hear him.

Yesterday, we had a baseball game with the University of Georgia on the High School grounds in Decatur. We won by a score of 9 to 3.

We received a letter today from Mrs. Caroline O'Day's secre-

* This morning, ten years after I wrote the above diary entry, I read the following in the *Atlanta Constitution*:

NEW YORK, April 2, 1945—(AP)—The cure, by nutrition alone, of 800 persons who were weak, sickly and unable to work was reported here tonight at a University of Cincinnati dinner by Dr. Tom D. Spies, director of the Hillman hospital nutritional clinic at Birmingham, Ala.

Vitamins and minerals effected the cures. Of the 800, 41 went into the armed forces, 101 into agriculture, 299 into industry and 359 into domestic service.

The new science of nutrition, Dr. Spies said, is still largely unknown to most physicians. Few of them, he added, realize the careful study needed to diagnose deficiency diseases.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

tary, telling us that Mrs. O'Day is bringing her daughter, Elia, with her.

I have just written the letter, copy of which is pasted on the back of this sheet, to Dr. Harvey W. Cox of Emory University.*

June 15, 1935—It has been a long time since my last entry in my diary. More than a month has passed. It has been full of sorrow and joy and hard work. One of the best friends I ever had in all of my life and the mother of two of the officers of the college passed to her eternal reward quietly and painlessly.

Our commencement came shortly afterward and with it a multitude of minor duties. This year we had one of the most interesting commencements ever held in Atlanta. The newspapers told the whole story of it.** In fact, they almost turn my diary

* April 26, 1935.

Dr. Harvey W. Cox,
President Emory University,
Emory University, Ga.

Dear Dr. Cox:

My attention has been called to a silly squib in the magazine *TIME* which referred, without reason or authority, to a supposed hate which Oglethorpe University, and particularly I, myself, have for Emory University.

You are too wise a man to take seriously such presumption on the part of a trouble-maker and you know, of course, that no sensible educator who is even remotely worthy of that name, would or could hold in his heart any antipathy to a sister institution. My principal reason in referring to the matter at all is for fear that it might assume some dignity if I failed to deny it. At the same time, it gives me another opportunity to assure you of the goodwill and faithful sympathy felt toward your great institution by those of us who are working at Oglethorpe.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

** Sally would like to vote orchids—oodles of them—to Dr. Thornwell Jacobs for bringing to Atlanta a group of the most distinguished women it has been her privilege to meet. If he could have persuaded them to linger on after receiving their degrees at Oglethorpe, he would be in line for eternal blessings for it was perfectly tantalizing to have only a glimpse of such fascinating people.

Sally counted it her red letter day to be placed between Georgia's beloved Miss Martha Berry and Dr. Annie Jump Cannon at the luncheon at which Dr. Jacobs welcomed his visitors. Dr. Cannon, you know, knows more about the stars in heaven and has discovered more about astronomy than any other woman. And if you heard her vastly interesting lecture on "Our Neighbor Universe" Saturday evening, you realized what a store of knowledge on the subject she has at her command. But would you believe it, she disclaims all credit for the honors she has won. "Oh, it was all the result of a woman's curiosity" she said, and with that she dismissed the subject and the tributes being paid her.

Which is typical of Dr. Cannon. Sally found her amazingly human, and possessing the most delicious sense of humor. Harvard Observatory, which counts her as one of its greatest assets, must find much inspiration

into a scrapbook. The story of the exercises seems to have been printed all over America and the reactions have been many and various as will be seen by some of my correspondence also included. Without making any invidious comparisons of the members of our honor lists, I may say that the college family were

in such a stimulating personality.

Vassar's Dean, Mildred Thompson was, quite naturally, being overwhelmed with cordial welcomes from everyone, and especially from Elizabeth Whitman Hunt, for "Miss Mildred" made doll clothes for her when she was a little girl and she has grown up under the spell of her charm.

And there was lovely Elia O'Day, who accompanied her mother, Mrs. Caroline O'Day and who was discovering mutual friends way down in Cape Town, Africa with Mildred Seydell. Elia received quite an ovation on her own account, for she found a number of former friends upon her arrival, among whom were Esmond Brady, whom she knew in Washington, and Margaret Nelson Williams, whom she met upon frequent visits to their mutual friend, Mrs. Robert Cluett, the former Catharine Moorhead of Charlotte, N. C. She considered herself most fortunate that Margaret was in Atlanta at the time of her visit.

Charming, petite Mrs. Ogden Reid is a highlight in any gathering. She immediately attracted Sally's attention by her dainty beauty and by her keen, distinctly alive manner. And she struck a mutual chord when she voiced her great admiration for the *Constitution's* editor, Clark Howell. Mrs. Reid, you know, is both vice-president and publisher of New York's *Herald Tribune*, and what a dynamic little person she is! She wore red—that lovely deep red that reminds one of old wine.

An additional honor, Sally thinks, should be conferred upon Mrs. George Gould for bringing with her to Atlanta her handsome son, Ormond Gould. Mr. Gould is quite a figure in New York's financial circles, and Sally wagers, in social circles, too.

Others who received the coveted honors at Oglethorpe were Mrs. Florence Rena Sabin, Atlanta's beloved Miss Ruth Blair, Amelia Earhart, Miss Josephine Roche and Caroline Miller. Now don't you agree that Dr. Jacobs deserves tons of orchids for giving Atlanta the pleasure of greeting such a brilliant company? And Sally would like to vote him an additional palm for being the perfect host that he is.—"SALLY FORTH" in the *Atlanta Constitution*.

Dedication of Silver Lake on Oglethorpe University campus as Lake Phoebe, in honor of Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst, mother of William Randolph Hearst, between 4 and 6 o'clock Saturday afternoon, will usher in a colorful and unusual commencement season.

Mr. Hearst gave the lake and a spacious expanse of land about it to Oglethorpe several years ago. His mother was distinguished for her interest in education and founded the national Parent-Teacher Association.

William Randolph Hearst, Jr., will represent his father at the ceremony on the shores of the lake.

Governor Talmadge will deliver the dedicatory address.

Lake Phoebe will be accepted by Mr. Hearst, who will express his appreciation of this honor to the memory of his grandmother. He will turn the re-named lake over to Oglethorpe.

John McNeely, president of the student body, will accept the lake for the students; S. B. Wimbish for the alumni association; D. H. Overton, dean of the School of Physical Education, for the faculty; Judge Edgar Watkins, president of the board of directors, for the university and Mrs. Willis Westmoreland, president of the Woman's Board, for the

particularly pleased with Mrs. Cora Smith Gould and Mrs. Helen Rogers Reid. Every one was delighted with the lecture of Dr. Annie Jump Cannon of the Harvard Astronomical Observatory which was delivered under the open sky on the subject of Our Neighbor Universe. In the sky, plainly visible at the time, were four or five naked eye planets: Mercury, nearly two hours after sunset; Venus, about forty-five degrees above the horizon; Mars, almost in the zenith; and Jupiter, in the East. Fortunately, the moon rose late so that the sky was perfect for the address.

We are consolidating *Bozart* and the *Westminster Magazine* under the general editorship and management of Dr. James Routh, Dean of our School of Literature and Journalism. It will be published quarterly and the first issue is now on the press. It will be devoted principally to poetry and secondly to literary criticism.

Our campus is beautiful just now. The wealth of abelia fills the air with its spicy fragrance and presents a charming appearance. We have had just enough rain to keep everything green and fresh. On the campus we have every one of the great American song birds: mocking bird, thrush, thrasher, cat bird, cardinal, tanager, Jenny wren, robin and even the partridges venture to within a couple hundred feet of my office and may be seen running in the grass of the campus.

My trip over to Clinton for the Thornwell Orphanage reunion was very enjoyable. I was asked to deliver a framed portrait

Woman's Board.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe, will preside.

The ceremony will be followed by a water carnival under the direction of Coach Jack Overton. There will be swimming and diving events, with the sororities and fraternities competing for prizes.

Those of the 13 women who have arrived will be presented by Dr. Jacobs.

The Glee Club will give a concert.

Silver Lake, henceforth to be known as Lake Phoebe, has been a pleasure resort for Atlantans for half a century. It is a beautiful stretch of clear water, about 80 acres in extent, stocked with bass and trout—a student paradise for boating, fishing and swimming.

When Oglethorpe, the old college at Milledgeville, where Sidney Lanier was educated, was revived in Atlanta in 1913, the chief inducement for its location northeast of the city was the lake, perpetual use of which was given the students by the Silver Lake Park Company.

About five years ago, Mr. Hearst who from the first had been vice-president of the university board of directors, purchased the lake and presented it to Oglethorpe.

The lake property includes 400 acres covered with primeval forest, which together with the 200 acres, already owned by the University, provides one of the finest campuses in America.—*Atlanta Journal*.

of my father to each of three of the first group to be admitted in October 1875: John Agnew and his sisters, Anna and Fannie. I stayed with my nephew and niece, Ferdinand and Ame, and went over with my brother, Dillard, and his wife, in their car.

I am including in this diary a letter from myself to Mr. Studebaker, Commissioner of Education.* What I am trying to do

* April 29, 1935.

Mr. J. W. Studebaker,
Commissioner,
U. S. Department of Interior,
Office of Education,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Studebaker:

This is to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 25 to which it gives me pleasure to reply. Oglethorpe University is a standard college, chartered under the laws of Georgia and authorized to confer all customary college degrees, including the degree of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science upon the completion of a standard four year college course and the degree of Master of Arts and Master of Science upon the completion of an additional fifteen hours of work. There is no difference between Oglethorpe University and the other standard universities of Georgia such as the University of Georgia, Emory University and Mercer University as to their entrance requirements or as to the quality of the work which they require for the Bachelor of Arts degree. The faculty of Oglethorpe University, her equipment, her campus surroundings and her buildings are the equal of or superior to the other colleges named in quality and in adequacy to the work which she is doing.

The only difference between Oglethorpe University and the other institutions named is that we contend that the accrediting of colleges should be done by the state and not by self appointed, fraternal organizations known as "accrediting associations" and have, therefore, never joined any such groups. The Constitution of the United States provides that all powers and authority not specifically delegated to the Congress shall be reserved to the states. No power or authority over education is delegated to the Congress. Such powers, therefore, are reserved for the states. The State of Georgia has made a full, critical examination and inspection of the work done by Oglethorpe University and on that basis has fully accredited this institution for teacher training, not only, but also for the teaching of the courses specified in the catalogue and for the granting of the degrees customarily given upon their completion. These facts can be verified upon application to the Department of Education of the State of Georgia and in answer to the last paragraph of your letter, I respectfully suggest that you so verify them. A frank statement of the case should be submitted to the University of Madrid with a copy of this letter, if you think best. May I further state that graduates of Oglethorpe University have, after completion of their courses here, been received as students in good and regular standing in the Graduate Schools and have taken graduate courses, their transfer credits having been duly accepted in such institutions as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, the University of Chicago and many others.

Under separate cover I am sending you, by registered mail, a copy of our catalogue and a booklet containing many views of our buildings, campus, etc. May I direct your attention, particularly to pages 37 to 54 and especially to section 14 of the Georgia Code, quoted as a note on page 39. In this connection please read carefully the definition of a

in this case is to prove that there is still enough individual liberty of action left in America to permit an individual to found a university without the consent of his rivals. So far, I have had a tough fight of it but real progress has been made.

This afternoon I am going down to Lake Phoebe to take lunch with Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Long, custodians of the lake. We open the lake to the patronage of the public, charging modest fees for fishing, boating and swimming. We have fifteen boats and a couple of rough buildings on the lake which we shall use for bath houses. Mr. Long lives at the lake during the summer months and he has a little store nearby for the convenience of the guests.

The income from the lake amounts to about \$600.00 a season which helps considerably in our financial problem. Our summer school attendance is about 65. This is too small. Next year we must double it.

We had a fine alumni meeting during commencement and I hope that from now on we shall have valuable support and assistance from our former graduates. The faculty is getting more money!

Our recent extraordinary commencement brought forth this article in the *Virginian-Post* which apparently was inspired by a similar notice in *Time*. Hence, my letters.

EXPANDING THE DEGREE RACKET

The honorary degree business, we should have guessed, had already reached a height of development and exploitation to which nothing could be added, but Oglethorpe University has proved us wrong. Instead of offering its academic accolade to a chosen few, it rounded up a dozen women, not including several others who had to turn down the offer, and thus converted its commencement exercises into a glorification of feminine achievement. The list includes a Harvard astronomer, Annie Jump Cannon, a Rockefeller Institute anatomist, Florence Rena Sabin, a Vassar Dean, Mildred Thompson, a Congresswoman, Carolyn O'Day, a New York business woman, Helen Rogers Reid, of the Herald Tribune, a Colorado industrialist now in the Treasury, Josephine Roche, a long-distance flier, Amelia Earhart, a Georgia Archivist, Ruth Blair, a Georgia novelist, Caroline Miller, a Georgia educational leader, Martha Berry, and "a patron of art and poetry", Cora Smith Gould.

standard college on page 40 and articles 2 and 3 on page 40 and 41.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

As honorary doctors and masters go, this is a surprisingly good list. It appears to contain not a single person who is merely a millionaire, or merely a politician, or merely a loyal alumna, or merely a friend or a friend of a friend of somebody on the Board of Trustees. Nor does it contain a single European lecturer. It does contain a remarkably high proportion—almost, if not actually, 100 percent—of women of definite and even of first-rate achievement. In these respects, Oglethorpe has come close to breaking a record and in any event has put a good many other universities to shame.

But it has, also, we fear, added an unfortunate stunt to the honorary degree racket. There is a limit in quantity as well as in quality, or there should be. Oglethorpe has completely disregarded the former in an apparent effort to scour the country for talent. If that is what competing universities will have to go in for, the results will be disastrous. It would be better to leave such exploitation to Los Angeles or Miami.

—From the *Virginian-Pilot* of Richmond, Va., May 31, 1935.

June 11, 1935.

To the Editor,
Time Magazine,
135 E. 42nd St.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Since you have so courteously sent me a clipping from *Time*, June 10, 1935, KUDOS, page 48, may I take the liberty of commenting on it?

About this time of the year there appear, in various newspapers and magazines, in America, criticisms, frank and veiled, of the conferring of honorary degrees. Some of these criticisms are quite evidently made by people who are sincere and honest in their judgment. Upon others there may be easily seen the stain of sour grapes. Others indicate a rather pathetic misunderstanding of the situation. It is to these last, some of whom may be among your readers, that I write.

Of all the degrees given at Oglethorpe University, or by any other real college or university, the ones which require the hardest toil, the most strenuous application and the highest attainment, are honorary degrees. Furthermore, the American conception of a university is that it is set, both by law and custom, as the instrument through which the public is able to express its appreciation of services rendered to humanity through science, art and in constructive effort for the good of the world. The conception underlying the conferring of honorary degrees is that the greatest university on earth is not Oxford nor Harvard nor Oglethorpe but the University of Life itself, sometimes called the University of Hard Knocks, sometimes the University

of Experience. In this university there are many students, but few honor graduates. Those upon whom degrees are conferred in this school are chosen with the greatest care by colleges and universities who, after long observation and meticulous investigation, are convinced that certain pupils have made so fine a contribution to the progress of humanity that their efforts and their success should be called to the attention of the world. The mistakes made in conferring honorary degrees are fewer and less regrettable than those made in conferring the ordinary bachelor's degrees of which, most unhappily, thousands are annually bestowed upon expert cheats and educated crooks.

I take my stand upon this proposition, that no greater service is rendered by any American institution than that of signaling and commending the efforts and personalities of those among us who, by their talent, their industry and their self denying labor, have succeeded in setting the pace for the rest of us and in showing us how life may be beautified and ennobled. Law and custom provide that this may most appropriately be done by the conferring of honorary degrees. The amount of toil and application and high endeavor represented in these degrees as compared with degrees conferred at the close of the four year college course, is overwhelmingly greater.

To be fitted to do such work for humanity as those do who receive such degrees, is the whole object of undergraduate college life, and even the four years of hard college work is only a preparation for effort in that university in which honorary degrees are given as the reward of far nobler attainment and of far greater endeavor.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President.

June 12, 1935.

Editor
The Virginian-Pilot
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sir:

A friend of mine has sent me a copy of an editorial from your issue of May 31, entitled **EXPANDING THE DEGREE RACKET** in which you discuss the recent commencement exercises of Oglethorpe University, using such descriptive expressions as "the honorary degree racket, the honorary degree business, exploitation, rounded up a dozen women, unfortunate stunt, etc." The editorial even lists the twelve distinguished women who have thus been victimized.

I shall not enter into competition with your editorial writer by a return of epithets but I do ask you to submit to your readers this statement of facts, giving it publicity equal to the editorial referred to.

The recent commencement at Oglethorpe University was held on the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of old Oglethorpe University. Almost alone among the stronger educational institutions of America, Oglethorpe died for its country in the War Between the States. The old Oglethorpe University was open only to men. The present institution which was founded some twenty years ago, is co-educational. In order to signalize these two facts and to emphasize the great part played by women in the scientific, the artistic and the economic worlds of today, Oglethorpe University, with great pride and gratitude, invited twelve of the most distinguished women on earth to aid us in presenting to the American people a picture of the work done by our mothers, our wives and our sisters for public advancement.

Only one unacquainted with the great service rendered to the American people by the conferring of honorary degrees could possibly have used the approbrious terms quoted above. Those acquainted with the facts know that honorary degrees represent harder work, more diligent application and higher attainment than any other degrees granted by educational institutions. The principle of their bestowal is equally fine. Both law and custom have set aside our educational institutions as the representatives of the people in recognizing and honoring those who have added most to the sum total of human happiness and done most for the progress of humanity. This can best and most appropriately be done by the conferring of honorary degrees in the respective departments of their endeavors and success. These degrees, therefore, represent the gratitude and appreciation of the people who have not yet become so hardened that they cannot appreciate and thank those who have devoted their lives to the common welfare. Surely, it is as fine and noble a thing thus to honor those who have given their all to aid and bless the world by conferring upon them appropriate degrees as it is to grant a degree at the close of a four year college term to those who only propose to try to do so.

I may add that any mistakes that may be made in the conferring of honorary degrees by colleges and universities are certainly fewer in number and less regrettable in character than those conferred, in many cases, upon ordinary four year graduates among whom there is a notorious percentage of skillful cheats and educated crooks. Also, I should add that the number of honorary degrees granted by the colleges of the United States in proportion to the number of persons who, by noble and fruitful endeavors have succeeded in enlightening and blessing the world is infinitesimally small.

May I, therefore, ask you to join with all of us who are trying to center the attention of the American people upon the good, the true and the beautiful and when a little college strives to do

its part, may I hope that in the future you will extend the hand of encouragement, rather than call us hard names.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs."

Aug. 3, 1935—One of the most interesting things that has happened to me lately was the telegram from my friend, George Lait, whom I met last summer in England. I had already bought my tickets for my return to America on the Holland-American line when I noticed that Mr. Hearst had flown over from Spain to London and desiring to see him before leaving for America, I called at his hotel in London. He most graciously insisted on my coming up to St. Donat's, his castle in Wales and George Lait accomplished the transfer of tickets for me. Afterwards we had tea at the Victoria Hotel and he asked me some polite questions about my work at Oglethorpe. In this conversation I mentioned my course in Cosmic History and the text book, *THE NEW SCIENCE AND OLD RELIGION* which I used in it. He felt sure that his father would be interested in this book so I sent him a complimentary copy, upon my return to America. A large part of the book was then published in the new York *Sunday Mirror* and now George Lait telegraphs me to write him an article concerning Mussolini and Ford. I got the telegram in the midst of a busy afternoon, did the necessary studying during the remaining four or five hours and wired the article just before midnight.* Evidently, it is appearing in a great many papers of the Universal Service all over America. I wonder if Ford and Mussolini will see it.**

* T E L E G R A M

From New York, N. Y. July 30, 1935.

ARTICLE SPLENDID. USING TONIGHT FOR WEDNESDAY MORNING PAPERS. BRISBANE COMMENTING ON YOUR ARTICLE HIS COLUMN TOMORROW. THANKS IMMENSELY. WILL SEND YOU COPIES FROM ALL PAPERS I SEE. REGARDS.

GEORGE LAIT, UNIVERSAL SERVICE.

** EDUCATOR COMPARES CELEBRATED MEN
MUSSOLINI AND FORD—DICTATORS

Two of the world's most outstanding personalities—Henry Ford and Benito Mussolini—celebrated their birthdays one day apart this week. Suppose their positions were reversed. Could Mussolini in America become a Henry Ford? Could Henry Ford have made a good dictator?

Though divided by twenty years of life and thousands of miles of space, the two 20th century figures have inspired President Thornwell Jacobs of Oglethorpe University, noted educator, historian and psychologist, to write for Universal Service the following interesting analysis of their contrasting traits and personalities.

Sept. 26, 1935—Today is Thornwell, Jr's birthday anniversary. It has been over a month since I made a record of passing

BY DR. THORNWELL JACOBS
President of Oglethorpe University and Noted
Educator, Historian and Psychologist
Copyright 1935 by Universal Service.

ATLANTA, GA., July 30—Mussolini was 52 Monday. Henry Ford was 72 Tuesday. One is an outstanding international political success. Why? The other is an outstanding international business success. Why? If Mussolini had been born in America and Henry Ford in Italy what would each have been and done?

We contemplate Mussolini, offspring of a blacksmith and teacher. He became successively teacher, journalist, socialist, soldier, member and leader of the Fascist movement, and in Oct. 1922, the dictator of Italy.

We view a man born to rule, a man of enormously high volitional potential whose chief characteristic is patriotic determination, based on supreme self confidence, well expressed by himself:

"I want to make Italy great, respected, feared; life for me is a battle, it is the taking of risks and enduring with tireless pertinacity." *IL DUCE'S BOOK OF LIFE.*

Mussolini is a mighty will to capture, store and use power—by violence, if necessary.

"I want to make you a nation of warriors," he tells his people. "I am desperately Italian. I am possessed of these three qualities: A discreet intelligence, courage and an utter contempt for a lot of money. I have used only one big book all my life, the book of life—lived."

Now, let us contemplate Henry Ford, beginning life as an ordinary mechanic, he was metamorphosed rapidly into inventor, promoter, manufacturer, executive, empire builder; into an economic dictator of the world. As we compare him with Mussolini, we note the quiet repose of competent self-reliance possessed by each.

Both we know to be incalculable upsetters of customs, as is the manner of those who wear the purple; we note that both rule "corporate states", that both are unknown to fear, that neither smokes, chews or drinks.

Mussolini is a European autocratic genius. Ford is an American democratic genius.

Mussolini is intensely national in thought and action. Ford is broadly international.

Ford is an unterrified protagonist of peace and the sermon on the mount; Mussolini cries, "We must do all the good we can to our friends and all the harm possible to our enemies."

Ford is a quiet individualist. Mussolini a vociferous collectivist.

Ford walks for exercise. Mussolini rides horseback.

BENEVOLENT AUTOCRATS

The reader has not failed to observe that the resemblances noted are racial, the differences national. Where these two benevolent autocrats resemble each other, racially, the kinship of the Indo-European is plain. Where they diverge the difference between the American and the Roman is equally evident.

Henry Ford's empire is the product of keen intellect and a pertinacious will operating in what's left of the republic. Mussolini's empire is the product of a dynamic determination operating in a traditionally autocratic kingdom.

Ford with greater difficulty could have succeeded in Italy. Mussolini's fate in America would still be upon the knees of the gods.

Ford would not be a Mussolini. Mussolini could not be a Ford.

America made Ford. Mussolini made Italy.

events in this book. Since that time the University has opened for the autumn term. The enrollment for the first day, Wednesday, Sept. 18, was 131. Twenty more were added Thursday and about twenty more on Friday. By September 24 the enrollment had reached 192. These are campus students and the enrollment continues each day with the addition of a few. Registration of our Saturday adult education classes comes on the 28th. We are expecting something like 75 additional students at that time. Also, we are establishing extension classes in Gainesville and Lawrenceville and Commercial High School at each of which points there should be something like 30 or 40 students. Our registration therefore, should come to about 400. With another hundred added during the summer term this will place about five hundred names in our catalogue as the total enrollment for the year. The opening this year finds every room occupied, two boys to the average sized room, one person to a few small rooms and only in the case of a large room as many as three, then only when the students request it. Although our student body is probably a little smaller than last year, it is due to the elimination of a great many "dead heads".

SKATERS ON THIN ICE

Both occasionally skate on very thin ice and both make their own skates. Ford by mechanical skill, and Mussolini by diplomacy.

Both test action by efficiency. Both crave and create power, one on Michigan's River Rouge, and the other on Rome's yellow Tiber; the slogan of each is "Wash up, tidy up, hurry up."

Both live intimately with mines and forests and rivers and railroads and airplanes. Each is a dictator, each enjoys and is absolutely dependent upon the loyalty of his subjects and the efficiency of the system. "Organize, deputize, supervise," and, as Mr. Markham once said of Mr. Ford, each believes he "is clearing a free way for the feet of God."

All these things our two dictators have in common, but differences equally important are observable.

Mussolini is a dictator by conquest, Ford is a dictator by creation.

THE TWO DICTATORS

Mussolini is a dictator by birth, a cub who inherited the spirit of the king of beasts. Ford is a dictator by circumstances, compelled by the conditions of his industrial environment to assume leadership and command.

DRIVEN BY CONDITIONS

We face the climax of this fascinating comparison when we observe that both Mussolini and Ford were and are still being themselves driven by the same inexorable economic conditions.

Ford won his empire by furnishing an answer to the question, how shall 125 million Americans be furnished transportation over three million square miles of territory and be successfully maintained thereupon.

Mussolini bows before the compulsion of finding food and raiment for 42 million people on 118,000 square miles.

Each, therefore, has found his destiny in furnishing bread and butter to his people.

The sawmill continues to bring in an income of approximately \$100.00 a week for lumber from the Silver Lake tract. We will not permit any timber to be cut within two hundred feet of the lake. Only the pines are cut and of them only those which are ten inches or more in diameter. As a matter of fact, although we are getting something like \$7500.00 for the timber on about four hundred acres of land, one would probably not know that there had been a sawmill at work for over a year on the campus. During the summer, the receipts from the lake for fishing, boating and swimming, amounted to approximately \$100.00 for the months of May, June, July, August and through September 26.

Nov. 9, 1935—Some interesting things have happened since my last entry. A beautiful and historic little salt cellar has just been sent me by Mrs. Woolnough, a good friend in London. A nice notice about the new edition of *THE NEW SCIENCE AND OLD RELIGION* published in the *Scientific American* has brought orders for the book from all over the country. One of our honorary alumni, Dr. Sabin, who was at Oglethorpe last spring, has won a \$5,000 award. My old college, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, which I attended before going to Princeton, has had quite a day in Atlanta. The football team played Tech and the Georgia alumni gathered at the Biltmore for a banquet. My nephew, W. P. Jacobs, son of my oldest brother, is now acting president of the college. A cute little picture of Pressley Jacobs has been sent me by his father and mother. Tomorrow (Sunday, Nov. 10th) I am going to deliver a little silver cup as an arrival present to my fourth grandchild and my first grand-daughter, little Maud Kistler Jacobs, daughter of my second son, Fred, and sister of little Freddie Jacobs, Jr. now living in Hapeville. This afternoon I am going to the Tech-Auburn football game with Thornwell, Jr. My Sundays usually include a sermon by Peter Marshall whom I regard as the most brilliant young preacher that Atlanta has had in many years, taking lunch with my brother, Dillard and his wife, Ruth, and tomorrow I shall also take the trip above referred to and read a book on the Resurgence of Hellenism which I have just received from Sir Richard Livingston, president of Corpus Christi College at Oxford which I am enjoying very much indeed.

College work is proceeding rather placidly. We have had a number of minor upsets. Our present problem is to teach the boys the proper way of life, "good minds, good morals and good

manners." Every now and then we get a touch of hazing. Students who come to us are frequently lacking in the principles of common honesty and we have many pilferings but on the whole the quality of the student body is steadily improving and the work done by the institution is becoming more and more admirable. Our own danger, as officers, is in hearing only the disagreeable and unpleasant and in missing the encouraging elements of college life.

Dec. 26, 1935—The day after Christmas! Yesterday was Christmas day and very rarely, if ever, have I spent a more enjoyable one. Everything conspired toward making it so. To begin with, I had just had two or three very severe defeats. My trip to New York to see Mr. Baruch failed to bring me the results that I had hoped for. A little later came the death of our matron, Mrs. Annie Lou Crum, who had been with us nine years. Altogether, under the pressure of many difficulties, I was getting to be a bit despondent. Then came Christmas. I had just gotten back from a trip to Miami where I made an address before the Rotary Club upon the invitation of my friend, Harry Hermance. The address was received so kindly that it inaugurated my Christmas for me in a charming fashion. I got back just in time to hear our Glee Club give a fine recital in the Westminster Presbyterian Church of which Peter Marshall is the pastor. Shortly afterward, Christmas cards and letters and presents came. In a few more days — sent me a check in amount of \$21,250, saying that I could not call on him for any more gifts for a long, long, time. With this sum, I am able to meet many pressing obligations.

Just two years ago, Mr. Hearst had finished paying his \$125,000 to buy Silver Lake Estates but that sum did not pay all of our obligations on the property. Interest on deferred and lapsed payments, real estate commissions, the purchase price and interest thereon for a dozen or more extra lots all amounted to about \$35,000 more. The Silver Lake people were pressing us for a settlement and threatening to foreclose. I tried everywhere to get help, either by way of gift or loan but no help was available. I then went to my life insurance people and to friends and personally borrowed all that I could which amounted to \$10,000. I then went to Dr. William Owens, President of the Silver Lake Park Company, and offered him the \$10,000 cash, for the thirty some odd thousand dollar debt of the University to his company.

It took a long while to persuade his people to accept it but finally it was done. I then caused the University to set up a sawmill which it operated for six or eight months. Afterward we sold the lumber on the stump. By this means within two years, January 1934 to Dec. 31, 1935, the University was able to sell enough lumber to pay the entire debt of \$10,000, return this sum to me which I, in turn, am now returning to my life insurance companies and creditors so that Oglethorpe University, as a result of the above means, owns the entire Silver Lakes Estates without any indebtedness thereon. Oddly enough, just last month the Ozmer-Smith Lumber Company who bought our lumber, told me that they had finished the job and had cut all of the timber satisfying the requirements that we made. There was no hard wood to be cut within two hundred feet of Lake Phoebe or on certain other sites specified. You really would hardly know that any timber had been cut at all and yet the college has realized about \$35,000 from it. The consummation of this happened Christmas Week.

Then I have had some lovely letters from friends, old and new, and some lovely presents and best of all, all of my loved ones are well.

We sent out attractive little calendars this year to all of the principal friends of the school, including many alumni and put one in each of the boys' rooms. With these went a copy of a little Christmas poem for 1935. Christmas eve and Christmas day were thoroughly enjoyable. The radio programs this year were really marvelous. Carols and anthems lasted the whole of Christmas eve. I listened over my radio or read alternately up to one o'clock Christmas morning. At eight o'clock the British broadcast began and I waked just in time to hear it. Citizens in London, Sheffield, Scotland, Ireland, South Africa, India, New Zealand, Australia and Bethlehem spoke and this was followed by the speech of King George V. Then I went out to take dinner with Fred and Sue, little Freddie and the new baby, Maudie. We had a jolly time. That night the radio music was even more beautiful than on Christmas eve. Today I am clearing my desk and getting ready for a new year.

This morning I signed a contract with the new matron, Mrs. H. O. Foster, who has taken Mrs. Crum's place and gives promise of being an efficient and capable successor.

Often herein I say that those who look for providences will have providences to look for. Certainly it seems to me that a kindly Providence planned for me a very lovely Yuletide.

CHAPTER 21.

THE DIARY—1936

Jan. 24, 1936—On January 21st we celebrated the 21st anniversary of our institution. It happened that our weekly Tuesday morning assembly fell on that date. I told the students the story of the founding and laying of the cornerstone. It was a cold, gray January day. We had met in the North Avenue Presbyterian church for the celebration. On that day I was elected president of the college. An old classmate of mine at Clinton, Joe Dendy, nominated me for the position. Dr. James I. Vance, now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, Tenn., was president of the Board of Directors. I remember, with utmost distinctness how, when I stood before him and heard the announcement of my election, he used this quotation to express his own feelings and my own need. I have thought of it a thousand times: *"Certainly, I will be with thee."*

Five minutes before January 21 dawned in England, King George fifth died and the young Prince of Wales, under the title of Edward VIII, became King.

This morning I see by the papers that my friend, W. A. Law, president of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, was accidentally shot on a hunting trip by S. Clay Williams, chairman of the Board of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. Mr. Law was an honorary alumnus of Oglethorpe University, the son of Dr. Thomas H. Law, my father's classmate and life-long friend.

Next Tuesday I am going to Miami, Fla., for the third time in about six weeks to make an address. The first was before the Rotary Club of Miami. The second was before the Chamber of Commerce of Miami Beach and this one is to be before the Committee of One Hundred of Miami Beach.

Dr. Dodds of Princeton (president) and Mrs. Dodds were in Atlanta last week. Dr. Dodds spoke at one of our assembly exercises and the students seemed to enjoy him very much indeed. When he spoke favorably about Chapel exercises in small colleges I asked him what about requiring attendance at Princeton. "It couldn't be done," he replied. "In the first place the faculty

wouldn't pass such a rule and, if they did, it would create a riot on the campus!" I went to a dinner, the evening previous to his address, given at the Piedmont Driving Club for him. Also, I spoke before Mrs. Frank Inman's history club on January 14 and afterwards drove to Mrs. Hugh Richardson's to tea in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Dodds.

This morning the temperature in Atlanta was the lowest it has been since 1928, according to weather reports. It has warmed up a bit this afternoon but the temperature is still hovering around freezing.

This year has opened up with a number of most interesting events. On account of bad weather, January first was the first day in twenty-one years in which I have not come out to the college. The sleet storm was at its worst, the streets were filled with fallen limbs and danger from live wires. There was a tangle of broken trees and festooned wires and it was almost impossible to drive an automobile. The street cars were not running. Ten thousand homes were without telephone service and not more than 25% of the city was being served with electric lights and power. On January 2, warm rain began to fall which, by the end of the third day, had washed away most of the ice and sleet. On the second, also, Dr. Sellers resigned his deanship but, as many times before, I persuaded him to retain it for the present. On the third, Dr. Amos A. Ettinger's *Oglethorpe* arrived; a fine definitive biography of the General. As the frontispiece of the book he uses the portrait which I discovered in England and which was also used on the bicentennial stamp.

Registration began for the winter term on the third. On Sunday, the fifth, I had the pleasure of sitting on the platform of the Druid Hills Baptist Church and hearing Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa whom Dr. Robert E. Speer calls "the world's greatest Christian" make an address. On the evening of the 6th I took dinner with my brother, Dillard, and my brother-in-law, W. J. Bailey of Clinton, S. C. On the 8th I left for Miami, Fla., to deliver an address before the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, arriving in that city on the morning of the 9th. I met some unusually nice people and was entertained by Mr. T. J. Pancoast at the Pancoast Hotel. The address was delivered that evening at the Nautilus Hotel and the invitation to deliver it was the result of a similar speech delivered previously before the Rotary Club which Mr. Pancoast had heard. By my side at the speaker's table, was

Clayton Cooper, president of the Committee of One Hundred, which is a social club consisting of about four hundred millionaire property owners of Miami Beach. Mr. Cooper has asked me to come back on January 28th and speak on the same subject before this group and this invitation I have accepted.* I spent some very pleasant hours with the Harry Hermances and with their son and new daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Hermance of Pickle Crow, Ontario, Canada, who have just married and are on their honeymoon in Miami. We had dinner at the Pan-American Airways building and the last day of my stay, Mr. and Mrs. Pan-coast, after a luncheon at the Surf Club, gave me a beautiful ride all around the island. Miami Beach is the growth of only a

* In a speech that brought nearly 300 members and guests of The Committee of One Hundred to their feet, cheering Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, last night charged his listeners with the responsibility of rebuilding a "wrecked nation" and accused the people of the United States with having lost moral strength and the right to freedom.

"Prior to the War Between the States, America was an expanding, courageous nation", Dr. Jacobs said. "Since then it has withdrawn its frontiers, discarded the Monroe doctrine, is scuttling its rights on the high seas and presents a sad and pitiful picture. The republic is gone, and what is left of freedom here is in serious danger."

America has undergone a psychological change, the educator declared. The attitude of the people today is not "Give me liberty or give me death" but "Give me my bacon and eggs, and to hell with liberty," he accused.

"We face a possible revolution," Dr. Jacobs declared at one point in his talk. "This is social war. Consider what has happened to the five channels which feed the mind of the body politic in America. Education is a predatory bloc organized for the purpose of loot! Newspapers must curry public favor or they die. The radio carries drivel because the people demand it, and the cinema is exhibit A in visual education of the subjects of highway robbery, murder, and crimes of every kind. The church is the only unspoiled channel left."

"If it were not for the supreme court of the United States, personal liberty would today be non-existent," Dr. Jacobs said, "and the court is the only thing which stands between America and a day of doom when an autocrat will rise to seize the reins of the government.

"Nine wise old men stand between us and that fatal moment," he warned; "nine old men who may be replaced any day."

"The fault for this state of affairs does not lie with President Roosevelt nor with the Democratic party," Dr. Jacobs averred.

"President Roosevelt is no more than a leaf floating on a tide of degenerate American character," he explained. "The fault lies in the hearts and minds of our people."

"There is a specific for the nation's ills, however," the speaker maintained. "We have only to remember the heritage that made America what it once was," he said, "and take it upon ourselves to make men, not mendicants of our citizenry."

At intervals during Dr. Jacobs' talk, the audience interrupted with shouts of approval and at its conclusion, rose to cheer the speaker.—*Miami Herald*.

few years. In 1905 it could have been bought, lock, stock and barrel, for \$5,000. Today one hundred million dollars would not be enough to purchase this property.

I am today back in the office with a multiplicity of duties to perform. We have made some new rulings concerning the boys and girls at the college. Also, seven of our students had to be given honorable dismissals from Oglethorpe and many of the fathers and mothers of these students are coming to see me. It is really quite an unpleasant task to discuss the matter with them but I think the action is, in the end, better for the college.

Feb. 7, 1936—Beyond any doubt, this is the worst winter that Atlanta has had in my life time. Beginning just after Christmas, blizzard has succeeded blizzard. The greatest snow-fall in its history, eight inches, was preceded by one of, if not its worst of freezes. Last night, there came another snow-fall so that this morning the boys are throwing snow balls and one big snow ball, three feet thick, has been rolled up between the driveways. One fairly mild day was sandwiched in between some very disagreeable ones on yesterday and it just happened to fall on the day of the celebration at Whitmire of the founding of the P.T.A. by Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst and Mrs. Alice Birney. I had the pleasure of delivering the principal address and of staying with my nephew, W. P. Jacobs, now acting president of the Presbyterian College in Clinton. While in Clinton I saw Will Bailey and he has promised to buy Mr. Baruch's bonds for \$62,500 and to hold them for us until we can purchase them at that price. I have today written the good news to Mr. Baruch and just as soon as we go a few steps further, we will be within sight of safe ground. It has been a terrible and exciting experience to have one's little world crumble but the heavens have been kindly.

I am sending the manuscript of my address before the Committee of One Hundred to some gentlemen in Miami who want to publish it and get it before their New York friends*

Harry Hermance is coming up to the University, arriving Monday morning. We are giving a luncheon for him on Monday and we are having special assembly exercises at which I hope to cajole a spech from him on Tuesday.

Feb. 8, 1936—This is set down for my encouragement and instruction.

* See Appendix, This Perilous Year.

1—In December, 1935, a friend sent me a check for over \$20,000 paying up in full and voluntarily a subscription he had made.

2—In January, 1936, we received \$16,500 for our radio station which will buy more than twice as many bonds as the station cost us.

3—Immediately thereafter the door was opened for the purchase of many of our bonds held by miscellaneous owners at 25 to 30 cents. Of the total outstanding (\$115,000, not including the \$240,000 of Mr. Baruch) we promptly bought \$32,000.

4—This week at Clinton my brother-in-law, William J. Bailey, consented to buy the Baruch bonds at \$62,500, we to repay him later.

5—This leaves a little over \$80,000 in miscellaneous bonds, to buy which I have about \$10,000. The rest will come.

Feb. 21, 1936—Beyond any doubt, this is the wintriest of all the winters that I have ever known in the South. This morning, when I looked out of my window there was a marvelously beautiful snowfall going on. I measured some of the flakes and the largest seemed to me easily to measure two inches long by more than an inch broad. There were many enormous flakes. At nine-thirty the snow is still falling and this makes about sixty days of real winter, just such a winter as New York ordinarily has—cold, sleet, snow and ice.

This afternoon the Blue Key fraternity, our local student booster organization, is giving its first tea in the dining room from two to four o'clock. Hugo Stevens who is at the head of our portraiture department, will finish his pastel of me on Sunday afternoon.

I have just passed my fifty-ninth birthday (February 15) and it was made notable by the reception of some beautiful flowers from the students, a lovely telegram from them also and many gifts, cards and letters from friends. I had dinner in the evening with the children who are living near Atlanta, Thornwell, Fred and their wives.

On Feb. 14, the day before my birthday, the little flock of cedar birds appeared, as is their usual custom on or about that date each year. They were seen for a few days in the oaks just outside my window. Other flocks will come later. They are usually the sign of the breaking up of winter but this year, winter just won't break up.

The address which I made before the Committee of One Hun-

dred in Miami, Florida, is now on the press, being printed for distribution to some thousand persons. Two members of the Committee are taking care of the expense of this printing.

Feb. 26, 1936—This is February 26, a lovely spring morning, bathed in sunshine and warmth. The little cedar birds have come back but there are no berries for them because the snow and ice crushed the shrubbery. Just as soon as it is possible to do so I am going to plant a great many of these laurels because the birds enjoy their purple berries so much.

Three books have been published this year, biographies of three very prominent people, all by standard authors and published by standard publishing houses and each of them is intimately associated with Oglethorpe University and it is a singular thing that in each one of them my name appears in one or more connections. One of them is a biography of Sidney Lanier, written by Lincoln Lorenz. The second is a biography of General James Edward Oglethorpe by Amos A. Ettinger and the third is a biography of William Randolph Hearst by Mrs. Fremont Older.

On February 15, I wrote to John Francis Neylan, inviting him to come to Oglethorpe on May 24 and deliver our commencement address and receive the degree of Doctor of Laws. It is most interesting that this morning I received the following telegram: "Your letter forwarded to me here on eve of my departure for Europe. I appreciate sincerely the honor that your university proposes to bestow upon me and am very happy to accept the invitation to deliver the baccalaureate address. I shall return about May 20 and will communicate with you at that time. Please accept personally my very good wishes.—John Francis Neylan." My letter to Mr. Neylan arrived after he had left California for New York. If it had not been written when it was and sent by air mail it could not possibly have reached him in New York in time for him to have answered it before leaving for Europe. Furthermore, if his European trip had not been so planned as to bring him back to America on the 20th he could not have reached Atlanta by the 23rd. Furthermore, if he had come back two or three weeks sooner, he would not likely have been willing to remain in the east in order to attend our commencement. This is just another one of the singular providences that have been the foundation of Oglethorpe University.

March 6, 1936—We have been enjoying a visit from Harry Her-
mance. He was with us on Monday and Tuesday, March 2 and 3.

They were two beautiful spring days, a striking contrast to the weather which we have been having. Today is also of the same sort, soft, balmy air and bright sunshine. This morning I heard a robin singing. Spring is here. The coming of Harry Hermance reminded me of a very interesting incident of many years ago. We were just beginning the college and had only a few students. We were quite ambitious to develop a good football team. One morning I called up Harry and told him I wanted to come down to see him. He was in his office, the office of the F. W. Woolworth Company in the Hurt Building. Then I got Frank Anderson and about twenty of our football players and there was never anyone more surprised than was Harry when he shook hands, one after another, with his twenty-two callers. Then we told him that we needed someone to help us organize and develop athletics at Oglethorpe and especially someone to help us in our football work. I remember his reply: "I don't know what help I can be but I will do my d—est." Shortly afterward, one evening at a banquet which we were holding in the dining room, he rose and said that he had found a family who would give \$50,000 to build a stadium, every dollar of which he paid during the next ten years. Mr. Bailey, my brother-in-law, also gave us \$10,000 and it is for him that the Bailey Gate of the stadium is named as a memorial to his generosity and helpfulness.

Today is little Freddie's fifth birthday and I have just ordered some Peter Rabbit books for him. Also, I am sending Pierre Lapin (Peter Rabbit) to Little Pressley, John's son. When John was a little fellow I used to read Peter Rabbit to him regularly. Finally, he memorized it perfectly and if I made the simplest mistake in reading it, such as the omission of a word, he would promptly correct me. Although he knew the book so perfectly that he noticed the slightest mistake, nevertheless, he insisted on its being read to him night after night. As he speaks French perhaps little Pressley will find it useful in learning his first foreign language.

March 11, 1936—This is March 11 and I am listing the flowers which are in bloom in and around Atlanta. So far, I have noticed crocus, jonquils, breath of spring, forsythia, flowering quince, spirea and, earliest of all, the January jasmine. Among the trees which are blooming are the elms and maples and Chinese magnolias. Wild flowers such as dandelions are blooming also. We are now directing our attention to getting rid of the wild onions

which are a curse to all lawns in this section of the country.

We have had the pleasure of entertaining (yesterday) Mrs. Sebag Montefiore, a friend of Dr. John Murray, principal of the University College of the Southwest at Exeter. We had a very nice little luncheon in the Administration Building for her.

Today is a one day holiday between the winter and the spring terms. Examinations closed yesterday and registration begins tomorrow.

Hugo Stevens, head of our Fine Arts Department, is doing a pastel of me. He finished one but did not think it was a good likeness so he made a second and this is his third attempt. I sat for him this morning and will again this afternoon. He hopes to finish it today. The pastel he did of Harry Hermance is one of the finest I've ever seen.

March 17, 1936—Today is St. Patrick's day. One of our extension students, Sara Lee Hogan, sent me a very attractive little St. Patrick's day card which I appreciated greatly.

Winter was surely sitting in the lap of spring this morning. A brief snow storm swept out of the northwest and it was a remarkable sight to see the snow falling on the shrubbery in full bloom. The windshield of my car was covered with snow and a high wind was blowing. The temperature has fallen but the weather man promises fair skies and warmer tomorrow.

Last night we had a party in the dining room of the college in honor of Coach Patrick and celebrating his 27th birthday which fell on the 15th, same date as that of my father.

It has been snowing all day long, and as late as twelve o'clock noon a gale is blowing from the northwest, driving the snowflakes in a level line. It is a curious sight to see the robins hunting worms in a snow-storm. The snow is melting as fast as it falls.

April 4, 1936—This is a most interesting day, this April 4th! To begin with, it is the birthday anniversary of my son, Fred, and in celebration thereof he and his wife and Thornwell and his wife are to take dinner with me tonight at the Cox-Carlton Hotel after which we will go to a movie. Also, April 4th is the birthday of Cartter Lupton and I have written to him, thanking him for his continuance of his loyal support of the school after his father's death. He is a splendid friend.

Also, today, I renewed my loan on the lots which I own at the corner of Peachtree road and Lanier avenue. Some twelve or fifteen years ago, Dr. William Owens, president of the Silver

Lake Park Company, called me up on the phone and told me that the Silver Lake people were about to sell the block of property immediately opposite the college and commanding the entrance to our campus. The plan of the purchasers was to put up a lot of cheap shacks, filling stations, etc., it being a very prominent corner.

Immediately I took up the matter with Judge Edgar Watkins, president of our Board of Directors, and we tried our best to raise some money from our friends to buy the property for the college. This, however, we were unable to do and so I went to Sturm Carson and from him secured a loan of \$11,000 at 8%, paying him a commission of 5%, making the loan a 9% one for five years, borrowing the money and purchasing the corner, personally. It was my purpose to carry the property for the college, hoping that some day they would be able to repurchase it.

This particular April 4 is a cold day. The papers prophesied a temperature of 28 degree but it is flooded with sunshine and the flowers and shrubs do not seem to be affected by it.

June 2, 1936—It has been over a month since I wrote anything for this diary. During this time many things have happened at Oglethorpe. A great many clippings have accumulated which bid fair to make this a scrapbook rather than a diary. Among them are some very pretty pictures of some of our campus scenes. Also, I have found some interesting articles from days past such as the program of the unveiling of the portrait of General Oglethorpe and the page from the Literary Digest, telling the story of President Roosevelt's visit to Oglethorpe in 1932.* The Glee Club gave a fine recital at the Woman's Club.

Dean J. F. Sellers who, for some seventeen years has been dean

* From the *Literary Digest* of June 4, 1932, discussing "Dr." Roosevelt's address, delivered on the occasion of our commencement exercises of that year. The whole speech and my presentation of him for the degree of Doctor of Laws have been printed in pamphlet form. (See appendix). I have been informed that it was written largely by Ernest K. Lindley, but it certainly outlines the socialistic policies he has been pursuing since his election. The *Digest* spotlights its radicalism without any trouble. It was a turning-point in the history of the United States.

"The question comes up as Governor Franklin follows his Albany championship of the "forgotten man" with his Atlanta demand for a "wiser distribution" of wealth.

Roosevelt's followers have been asking him to make a "fighting bid" for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

of our Department of Science and professor of Chemistry, died just a few days before our commencement. He was buried on Thursday, the 21st of May. The Friday following was alumni day and Saturday and Sunday were the two days of commencement. The clippings show also that our baseball team made a very fine record this year and that our Atlanta papers gave us some excellent stories about the exercises. Among the clippings is a picture taken from *Our Monthly* showing the Lesh Infirmary at the Thornwell Orphanage. It always gives me pleasure to see this building because I feel largely responsible for its presence at the Orphanage.

Also, there is a letter from Frank Buchman which I appreciated very much and there is a full description of our commencement occasion.

June 12, 1936—Some weeks ago I had a letter from Dr. Frank D. Buchman, inviting me to deliver an address on *This Perilous Year* before a gathering of the Oxford Group to be held at Stock-

This is it, reporters said to themselves as they heard the Governor talk to the graduates of Oglethorpe University before receiving that institution's LL. D. degree, and then saw the enthusiastic Georgians rise and cheer him to the echo. One correspondent feels convinced that Roosevelt was laying down the lines upon which he will fight for the nomination, and later campaign against Hoover if nominated.

"Governor Roosevelt is determined to lead the Democratic party back to the radicalism of the Bryan days, and if nominated for President to force a clean-cut issue in 1932 between his brand of radicalism and the conservatism of Coolidge and Hoover", writes George Van Slyke, the *New York Sun's* political expert. The Atlanta pronouncement, accepted in Democratic circles "as deliberate and conclusive" shows the Governor of New York taking his stand "with the radicals and liberals of the West." New York Democrats, says Mr. Van Slyke, understand exactly what he means:

"He was hitting squarely at the powerful financial group which has been dominant in the Democratic party for the last ten years.

"His intention of taking the role of a modern Bryan in his party is further emphasized by the fact that the Governor's speech of May 22 is to be followed a little later and before the national convention meets, with a more specific statement of his proposals for meeting the economic situation and putting into practice the theories he now outlines.

"When Bryan captured the Democracy in 1896 with his sensational "cross-of-gold" speech he turned it radical and fought the campaign in hard times on the gold-standard issue with McKinley and the Republicans. Bryan's radicalism dominated, excepting in the Parker campaign of 1904, down to and partly through the Wilson days.

"The Bryan influence subsided following his parting with Wilson. Again in 1924 William G. McAdoo tried to rededicate the Democracy to the radicalism of Bryan and the pseudo radicalism of Woodrow Wilson.

"Then Al Smith was nominated in 1928, and with the appointment as national chairman of John J. Raskob, financier of great wealth, and representative of the big business which Bryan has assailed for thirty years, the Democrats hailed the passing of Bryan and radicalism. The Democracy went conservative.

bridge, Mass. He had heard me deliver an address before the Committee of One Hundred at Miami Beach, Florida. It hardly seemed possible for me to go at the time but I received a telegram from him a little later which seemed compelling so I left Atlanta on Friday, the 5th and reached Stockbridge on Saturday, the 6th about four o'clock in the afternoon. The trip took me up the Housatonic Valley with all of its beautiful scenery—green hillsides, summer flowers and fishing in the streams. I was met at the train by a Mr. Purdy who took me at once to a gathering at which the last sachem of the Mohicans placed a pipe of peace on the memorial to the Stockbridge Indians. That evening I attended the group meeting at the Town Hall and spoke the following afternoon to a gathering of thousands of people under the elms just in front of the Town Hall. Loud speakers were scattered about the grounds so that speaking was even easier than in a small enclosed auditorium. It pleased me very much to see the response to the address. After prolonged handclappings

"Now the swing back is on again, and if Governor Roosevelt is nominated on the platform which he has indicated he will demand if he is the boss of his party, there is little doubt that radicalism will dominate; the Western group will have its say; the Norris-Brookhart contingent in the Republican party will have a place to go.

The nation will go into a political battle between two diametrically opposed schools of thought, and the issues will be much more plainly written than had been anticipated."

"The parallel with 1896 is close," says the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* "The Governor is evidently persuaded that the nation is in a radical mood and wants to gamble its way out of the depression.

"Franklin D. Roosevelt would be the William Jennings Bryan of 1932, judging by the loose language and emotional fervor of his Oglethorpe speech.

"But the 1896 precedent is surely not an altogether cheering one for such tactics. The country refused then to abandon sound and tried economics for a radical experiment. What reason is there for thinking that it is in any less sensible mood today?"

The Governor of New York was introduced in what he calls his "other state" as "a man who has gathered into his remarkable personality the skillful power of the North, the free spirit of the West, and the responsive soul of the South." He described the conditions facing the college graduates of 1932. Our basic trouble, he said, "was an insufficient distribution of buying power coupled with an oversufficient speculation in production."

"While wages rose in many of our industries, they did not, as a whole, rise proportionately to the reward to capital and at the same time the purchasing power of other great groups of our population was permitted to shrink.

"I believe that we are at the threshold of a fundamental change in our popular economic thought, that in the future we are going to think less about the producer and more about the consumer. Do what we may have to do to inject life into our ailing economic order, we can not make it endure for long unless we can bring about a wiser, more equitable distribution of the national income."

the whole audience rose to their feet as an expression of their appreciation. Monday I left for New York in a bus with Baron Lennep of Holland and Loudon Hamilton in whose rooms at Oxford the movement was begun, as bus companions. John and Marge Jacobs joined me for the dinner that evening at the Ambassador which was given for the Oxford group. Also Tuesday noon I attended an Oxford Group luncheon at the down town Association given by Mr. Delafield to forty of the leading members of the group.

Among my interesting experiences in New York was a conversation with Orson D. Munn, and his editorial staff of the *Scientific American* concerning a plan which I proposed to them to preserve to posterity an epitome of the civilization of our generation, the thought being to place in receptacles under conditions guaranteeing long time preservation such books, cinema records, phonograph records, etc., as would enable the people living five thousand years from now to get a fair idea of Mussolini and Hitler and Roosevelt and the Mikado and Stalin and some of our most famous and distinguished men, giving their voice not only but also a salutation to the coming ages and a comprehensive description of our day. We are planning, for example, to take the Encyclopedia Britannica, perhaps having it printed on special paper and preserving it in a vacuum. The technique will be largely guided by the editorial staff of the *Scientific American* and the scientists whom we will consult.

The thought is to use our swimming pool in Lupton Hall for this purpose. It is impervious to water and protected by a building that should stand from two to five thousand years.

On my return I find a letter from Mr. W. J. Bailey, telling me that he will take the Baruch bonds up some time during the year and I am so writing Mr. Baruch. Also, today, Herman Campbell, editor of the college paper, THE STORMY PETREL, handed me the letter from Mr. Phillips which is attached hereto concerning my address in Stockbridge. This was my first address in New England.*

* June 9, 1936.

The Editor of the Student Paper,
Oglethorpe University,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Sir:

It was my privilege to hear your president, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, deliver an address in Stockbridge, Mass., Sunday afternoon, June 7, and

June 20, 1936—I have had two trips this week, one to Griffin, Ga., where I had the pleasure of making an address before the Exchange Club of which Thornwell, Jr., is a member. There were something like fifty men present and we had a very enjoyable occasion.*

I made another unsuccessful trip to see my little grand-daughter while there. At the hospital in Atlanta she was in the baby ward and there was no nurse on duty, when I called so that while I saw a great many babies, I am not sure that I saw her. In Griffin I found that she was on a visit to Atlanta and when I got back to Atlanta she had gone home to Griffin.

June 30, 1936—On my return from Stockbridge I stopped by New York to see Orson D. Munn. After a conference with him and his editorial staff about plans for our Crypt of Civilization he asked me to write an article on the subject for publication in the *Scientific American*. A copy of the article is hereto attached.**

* June 20, 1936.

Dear Dad:

This is just a note to tell you how proud I am of you, for your wonderful speech Tuesday.

Nearly every one in the club has said that it was the best talk ever given there and I understand that the Rotary Club is going to invite you down to talk to them.

I wanted to write sooner but have been terribly rushed with the bonus coming in and ads piling up.

I will probably see you before you get this, but I wanted you to know how much I appreciated your coming.

Love,
Thornwell

** The time is A. D. 8113. The air channels of the radio-newspaper and world television broadcasting system have been cleared for an important announcement. Suddenly all is activity again. The radio-newspaper headlines blaze forth a story of international importance and significance. The television sight-and-sound receivers in every home throughout the world carry the thread of the story. In the Appalachian Mountains near the eastern coast of the North American continent is a crypt

I want to write you to say that you should be very proud of Dr. Jacobs.

There were several speakers from some half dozen countries, the occasion being a national gathering of ten thousand people interested in the Oxford Group. In my opinion, Dr. Jacobs delivered the best address of the week and I am sure that those of you who are students at Oglethorpe must be very loyal supporters of your president. He impressed everyone with his genial manner and stirring oratory.

Those of us who live in New England like to realize that the young men and women of the South are under the influence of such splendid leadership as Dr. Jacobs.

Yours very truly,
Robert T. Phillips
(Bowdoin College, 1924)

August 8, 1936—For the last thirty days I have been wondering how we would get through the summer. Just at present we are

that has been sealed since the year A.D. 1936. Carefully its contents have been guarded since that date, and today is the day of the opening. Prominent men from all over the world assemble at the site to witness the breaking of the seal that will disclose to a waiting world the civilization of an ancient and almost forgotten people. When the crypt is opened, there is revealed a mine of information regarding the science and civilization of A.D. 1936, conveyed by means of what those ancient people called phonographs and motion picture machines, models and books and photographs showing how far their civilization had progressed.

Thus projected into the future is a glimpse of what can be—what probably will be—if we of this generation seize the opportunity to preserve for the future a complete record of how we live, and to give to the generations of thousands of years hence a carefully thought out record of what we have accomplished up to the year 1936.

With the thought in mind that this is the appropriate time to preserve such records for future generations, on a scale never before conceived, Oglethorpe University in co-operation with Scientific American proposes to make available to some civilization now unthought of, and still far in the future, the running story of the life, manners, and customs of the present civilization. We propose to collect a complete set of materials which describe and represent our lives and labors, to bury these materials in a secure spot, and to preserve them under the guidance and advice of our greatest scientists. We believe that in this way generations as remote from us in the future as ours is from ancient Menes and the pyramid builders will be able to visualize what manner of men we were and what manner of life we lived in 1936 A. D.

It may be difficult for most of us to realize that our present civilization and all of its technical advances occupy only a few seconds, as it were, in the vast spread of geological time. We are living in a geological epoch just as truly as did the brontosaurus and the pterodactyl. Time will last just as long in the future as it has lasted in the past; our present-day civilization will eventually fall; our tall buildings and huge dams of which we are so proud will be reduced to ruins. This may not be a pretty picture to contemplate but it is one that will be just as true as the story of the downfall of the mighty empire of ancient Ninevah.

We may be able to appreciate this more fully when we consider the rapidity with which the records of any particular generation disintegrate and lose themselves as the years go by. Even knowledge of the life of the Middle Ages is already dimmed by time. Its reconstruction by present-day students is largely guesswork. Had it not been for such a natural catastrophe as the eruption of Vesuvius, the glories of Pompeii and Herculaneum would never have been revealed to our sight. Again, if it had not been for the happy circumstance that the world's oldest civilization was developed in Egypt, where excessive dryness made it possible for the structures to be preserved by nature, we would know very little of those times. We, however, are the first generation equipped to perform our archeological duty to the future without the help of natural phenomena.

In order to make more positive that any "treasure" which we may bury would be held safe from vandalism and pillaging, it is desirable that a date be fixed for the opening of the crypt. What could be more fitting than that the time be governed by the first fixed date in history? This is probably the year 4241 B. C., which marks the establishment of the Egyptian calendar. Since that first date 6177 years have passed. Adding this figure to 1936 brings us to A. D. 8113. The probability is that by that year the record of the present generation of citizens of the

in a desert. There are no subscriptions due from former campaigns and it does not seem to be quite the right time to stage

United States of America—except for that sealed in our crypt—will have been as completely destroyed as the record of the contemporaries of Menes.

What we propose to do, then, is to provide for future historians an epitome of the life of an old generation—a generation in which *we* lived. Thus, for the first time in the history of a civilized land, future historians will have available a thorough and accurate record preserved for them. Such an epitome should include certain books—for example, encyclopedias—stored in the sealed crypt. Motion picture films would, of course, be included, picturing the world of today, and especially the physical features of our cities and countrysides, our industries and our social activities. There should be a phonograph or film record carrying a salutation from the President of the United States to the rulers, whoever and whatever they may be, of the year 8113 A. D. By means of the phonograph and the talking motion picture film, this future generation will be able to hear the voices of our President and King Edward VIII, of Mussolini, Stalin, and Hitler, of the Emperor of Japan and the President of China, as well as those of our greatest living scientists, archeologists, and historians.

The subject of this proposal has been completely discussed with the editors of Scientific American, and they have indicated their willingness to co-operate in its fulfillment. Our conversations have covered the entire range of human activity. We must, of course, include such homely every-day things as the foods we eat, our drinks, even our chewing gum. We must describe and illustrate our sports and recreations, our buildings and their furniture, our engines, printing presses, automobiles, airplanes, typewriters, and so on. Models made of stainless steel or Monel metal, when preserved in a vault lined with similar materials, will no doubt last for at least 6000 years. Of course an illustrated encyclopedia, if it could be printed with an ink that did not carry self-destruction in its formula, and on a paper of the most permanent possible quality, and preserved in a vacuum or in inert gases, would be one of the most perfect ways to preserve permanently a description of the thought and content of our present civilization.

Perhaps one of our great metropolitan dailies would be willing to print a special issue with an ink and paper of the type mentioned above, showing the treatment of our "news" and possibly containing a message addressed to those living in 8113 A. D. Thus we can convey an idea of our news disseminating system and of our methods of advertising. Such a newspaper might be encased in a stainless steel receptacle filled with inert gases. On the other hand, several different newspaper editions might be photographed in miniature on motion picture film and included in the crypt, together with a projection machine and instructions for its operation.

It is firmly believed that industrialists of this country can plainly see the tremendous cultural value of this proposal and that they will co-operate to the fullest possible extent. Doubtless one or more of our great automobile concerns would be willing to make miniature models of its finest products. Motion picture organizations could probably be induced to make a study of the very best possible way in which to preserve films for a period of 6000 years. Hundreds of our manufacturers would likewise cooperate in their own particular branches of industry. There should also be included a complete model of the capitol of the United States, which, within a half-dozen centuries, will probably have disappeared completely. It gives one something of a shock to reflect that by the year 8113 A. D. every building of every kind as yet constructed in the world may no longer exist. Such a reflection, however,

a campaign. All my work during recent years has been privately done and the people whom I see are off at their summer homes or in Europe. I had written or seen every one who I thought might help me and had resigned myself to the certainty of no further help until the autumn and no further income until school began on September 22nd.

Yesterday, out of a clear sky, came a check from Fred Lupton for \$1,000 which relieves our immediate necessity and makes it possible for us to bridge the summer chasm happily. This is another one of those "curious coincidences."

An interesting little thing happened yesterday, also. Little John Knox, Jr., son of Johnny Knox, our first great football player, and little DeSales Harrison, Jr., son of DeSales Harrison, a member of the same team, Trenton Tunnell, son of Constance Cone Tunnell former neighbor and friend on the Prado and an-

emphasizes strongly the desirability of a project such as the one under discussion.

The principal difficulty, from a practical standpoint, in effecting this plan would not be the scientific one of preserving the objects selected for that purpose. It would be the danger that comes to all civilization sooner or later: vandalism, which involves the destruction of its monuments and the robbery of its vaults. Doubtless the safest place and the one which has the greatest promise of permanency would be a college campus, for universities have a way of living and surviving such things as changes in forms of government and dynasties. Oglethorpe University has selected an ideal spot for this purpose in the basement of a beautiful building which now houses its library and executive offices. The basement has already been rendered waterproof and, when lined with stainless steel, would preserve objects committed to its care over the period of time desired. The size of the crypt is quite sufficient for the purpose. It is contained in a building constructed of granite and covered with slates, with foundations resting on the granite bedrock of the Appalachian Mountains. This location is ideal for such a project, the bed rock being of very ancient geological formation which beyond doubt will withstand the ravages of time with little change. Further, as far as science can determine, there is little likelihood of earthquakes that might destroy the building or the crypt. Such a building should itself endure for the period of time desired, if properly repaired. There should, of course, be a tablet of stainless steel, requesting all future generations to leave its contents unopened until A. D. 8113. The vault and its contents should be deeded in trust to the Federal government, its heirs, assigns, and successors, and a penalty fixed by law for any tampering. A special feature of the plan would be the preservation of the names of all those persons who took part in the task. The expense of such a project would be considerable but surely there are enough philanthropists in America to make it possible. Nothing has ever been proposed which combines so much romance and usefulness and real service to future students of civilization as this.

The problem of preserving the various materials used in this project will require careful study and the complete cooperation of all of those interested. A carefully selected Board of Judges will be charged with the responsibility of drawing up a list of those things which should be preserved, and of deciding which can best be preserved by written de-

other little friend of theirs, Howard McCall, Jr., all of them around twelve years old, came out to camp on the banks of Lake Phoebe and I had the pleasure of making them my special guests and instructing our life guards to take especially good care of them.

We have recently made a little beach near the dam on Lake Phoebe by hauling many loads of sand and doing some concrete terracing.

I don't know what I would have done this year without the income from the lake. We charge for the privilege of fishing the small sum of fifty cents per half day and for swimming ten cents a dip and we have about twenty five boats which we rent at twenty five cents an hour. At present we are receiving on good, hot weeks, as high as \$125.00 per week. Mr. T. A. Long is our caretaker and his salary must be paid from this but it looks as if

scription and photographs and which should be in model form. It will then be up to those who are far-sighted enough to see the implications of this project to begin the preparation of materials to be included and to start work on the crypt and its surroundings.

There is little definite data available upon which to base this interesting task. Similar suggestions have been made in the past, but none of them as broad in scope as the present. We may take a hint from the work of the Japanese who, shortly after the tragic earthquake of 1923, determined to preserve for 10,000 years the names of all those who perished in the disaster. After a vast amount of investigation they decided to write in Chinese ink upon the highest quality of Japanese paper the names of those who were lost. Some 548 sheets of paper were used. These were put away in four jars of fused quartz crystal, each five inches in diameter and twelve inches long. The bottles were then wrapped in asbestos and placed in a lead container which, in turn, was put into a fireproof cylinder of Carborundum. A Buddhist temple was finally chosen as the proper repository for the precious bottles.

Scientific American has consented to act as a clearing house for suggestions and offers of co-operation in our project. With the tentative plan outlined above as a starting point, we solicit suggestions and advice from scientists, publicists, and philanthropists. As the project proceeds, the plans will undoubtedly be modified in accordance with changing ideas.

During the last one hundred years, scientists, backed by philanthropists, have spent millions of dollars, digging here and there in the earth, endeavoring to find some old piece of pottery, some ancient trinket, some sun-baked brick, from which they might deduce the every-day manner of living of people whose names are forgotten, and of kingdoms long since perished. The record of each generation is full of interest and wisdom. Let us be the first generation to preserve, for the intellectual hunger of those who come after us, a complete record of our daily life."

The suggestions of Dr. Jacobs for the preservation of a record of our present generation for the assistance of future historians are heartily endorsed by Scientific American. If it is possible to secure the cooperation of industrialists and philanthropists, this project can undoubtedly be carried to a successful conclusion. All those who are willing to assist in this monumental work are urged to communicate directly with The Editor, Scientific American, 24 West 40th Street, New York City.

we shall net to the college at least \$2,000 for the entire summer. As this is equal to the income from government bonds at present and just as safe, the lake actually amounts to a \$100,000 investment at 2%. Just as soon as I am able to get a little money, I want to build fifteen or twenty nice houses and cottages on the property for rent and for use of our faculty. Eventually, the Silver Lake property given us by Mr. Hearst will be a fine endowment for the college.

I am going over to Charleston, S. C., tomorrow for the weekend, returning by Clinton and Columbia. Charleston has always had a fascination for me on account of its long and notable history, not only, but also because my grandfather, for many years, conducted a Seminary for young ladies there and because my father was educated at Charleston College and always counted it as his home city. My next trip will be to New England and to the meeting of the Committee of One Hundred at Poland Springs, Me. By the time I return from that trip the boys will be coming in for football practice and the college will be about to open.

August 19, 1936—On August 8, my brother Dillard and I motored over to Charleston, S. C., for a three day's stay. We left Atlanta at eight thirty in the morning, drove through frequent showers, lunched in Augusta and arrived in Charleston in the late afternoon. We went by way of the famous old "Goose Creek" church, built a little after the middle of the Eighteenth Century by the "Goose Creek men". Outside of the hot evening on the day of our arrival, the weather was quite comfortable with constant sea breezes. We ran into a convention of the American Legion, disorderly, drunken and rowdy. No sleep for us in the hotel the first night and very little thereafter. Two days were spent in visiting historic points in Charleston, including the site of our grandfather's school for girls on the northwest corner of Vanderhorst and King, opposite the Citadel and Marion Square. I had a long and most interesting conversation with Mr. W. W. Ball, editor of the *News and Courier*, an old Laurens County man, a conservative and a splendid editor. I found that he has been keeping a diary which doubtless will be a very valuable one and eventually will be published by one of the talented literary members of his family. I called on him at his home, No. 14 Water Street. He facetiously told me that it would be easily remembered if I could recall that he took a bath every two weeks. On

the east side of his house there is a tablet stating that on that site Stede Bonnet's pirates were hung in pre-Revolutionary days. He also showed me a disc on the outside wall, explaining that it was put there in the old days by the fire insurance company as a sign that the house was insured. Mistaken for royal insignia, it had saved the house from destruction during the Revolution.

We returned via Columbia where I had an interesting conversation with A. S. Salley, Jr., resulting in a plan to reprint Gilmore Simms' story of the destruction of Columbia. From that city we came on to Clinton and spent the evening with our nephew, Ferdinand and his most attractive and hospitable wife, Ame, and the children. It was a very lovely trip.

Sept. 3, 1936—Football starts again and with football comes trouble, always. But we are trying to maintain an amateur standard at Oglethorpe, our position being that we are ready to pay the coach, purchase the equipment, arrange the schedule, pay the deficits, etc., but we are not willing to pay the boys to play for us. The present situation all over America in the large colleges and universities is that, in most of them, boys who play football have all expenses paid and, in many cases, these expenses include the cost of clothes, movies, fraternity dues, etc. It is a question of whether we shall be able to maintain an amateur standing for our team. If it cannot be done, we shall doubtless find it necessary to discontinue intercollegiate football entirely and center our attention on intra-mural sports.

Sept. 15, 1936—On my recent trip to Charleston we took some kodak pictures of the old manse on James Island in which my grandfather, Ferdinand Jacobs, lived during his pastorate there. Mr. Seabrook, who lives next door, told us that the house had been built just before the War Between the States, in other words about 1855 to 1859. As a little boy of about five or six years old I visited my grandfather and remember well the millions of fiddlers that came up from their holes in the mud, and the marsh between the creek and the sound, and then the open sea beyond. Life has not changed there in the last seventy five years.

At the same time we took a kodak picture of the site of my grandfather's school for girls at the corner of King and Vanderhorst. This building was once full of young ladies and was described by my father in his diary.

Oct. 5, 1936—The college has opened and classes have gotten under way. Our student body is about five percent larger than last year. Up to date we have enrolled 219 and will add about 100 more for Saturday classes, making about 319 and about 200 more for extension, a total of something over 500 for the enrollment of the academic year 1936-37. Our faculty has gotten down to work. It is probably the most efficient faculty we have ever had in spite of the fact that we have had to reduce our salaries very greatly. We are operating the college almost without a deficit. I should say that five to ten thousand dollars a year would be the amount needed over and above receipts, to operate the school. Our principal trouble is still our bonded indebtedness. As soon as that is paid we shall have little to worry us.

We have won one and lost one football game: 13 to 2, a victory over Newberry; 6 to 20, a loss to Mercer. Friday we are going up to Chattanooga to play our game with the University of Chattanooga and I will confer with Cartter Lupton and Fred Lupton about our campaign work which we are hoping will end our troubles.

Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, Tenn., has retired from the ministry. Dr. Vance was the first president of our Board of Directors.

Immediately after the game with Chattanooga, I am going to Springfield, Mass., to deliver an address before the City Club, the subject being **AMERICA, ABROAD, AT HOME AND WITHIN**. It should be obvious to all that the whole world, as well as America, is approaching a crisis. The "have-not" nations are tired of semi-starvation. Is another bread-and-butter war coming?

I have found a little program of the commencement exercises of Ohio Northern University at which I received my degree of Doctor of Laws, delivering an address on the morning of May 28, 1914.

Among other old papers was the story of the game with Wofford College, played by Petrel "strike breakers"*. It brought

* Spartanburg, S. C., April 23—Wofford supporters Wednesday were still startled by the overwhelming defeat of their Terriers by Oglethorpe's baseball "strike-breakers" and were wondering what would have happened to their favorites if the varsity rather than the scrubs had been sent against them.

Oglethorpe's subs brought about the local's defeat 18 to 6 in a slugging match that netted 22 hits for the Petrel sluggers.

back to my mind a scene in my office a few days before the game when the baseball team came up and told me that, unless a certain student who had been suspended was immediately reinstated, they would not go on the South Carolina trip, and would leave college. We were under contract to play a half dozen schools in that state and possibly they thought that the unpleasant publicity and the financial loss would cause me to reverse the decision of the Dean. After they had stated their case very fully and I had heard it quite sympathetically, I rose and shook hands with all of the squad and told them goodbye, expressing my regret that they were leaving us. Our scrubs astounded friend and foe by beating their opponent badly in their first game. The day after this game was played the varsity squad was back in the office, asking permission to be reinstated and sent to the relief of the amateurs.

This afternoon we begin an interesting experiment. We are inviting all members of our faculty and officials to tea at four fifteen to five o'clock in the faculty club room in the basement of the Administration building, the thought being that this social gathering may furnish an opportunity of developing goodwill and cooperation among those upon whose shoulders the responsibility for the leadership and control of the college rests.

William Candler was buried yesterday and I was present at his funeral at St. Mark's church. Mr. Candler has been a good friend of the college. For a number of years past at commencement he very graciously furnished a luncheon on Saturday to our honor

The menace of the Petrel regulars who struck Monday and reconsidered too late to get into the game, will confront Wofford today. Jake Morris, veteran right-hander or Dave Barbee, freshman wonder, will take to the hill for the Petrels.

While the Petrels banged the offerings of two pitchers to all corners of the lot Tuesday, the misplays of the Terriers aided in running up a high score. Ten miscues being charged to the local tribe.

Jake Morris, Pug Bryant and Kent smashed out home runs for the Petrels, while Wallace and Partridge were the heavy hitters with four safe blows each out of six tries.

Jake Morris, Lefty Willis, Pug Bryant and J. Partridge were the only Petrel regulars in the line-up. They had refused to walk out with their team mates, when the latter delivered an ultimatum to their faculty regarding the reinstatement of a suspended athlete.

Ed David, who played first base for the Petrels for three years and retired from active baseball this spring to coach the freshman team, came back into harness Tuesday as a right fielder and showed that he has lost none of his old ability. Ed fielded perfectly and got three hits out of six tries.

guests who, with other parties invited, numbered about two dozen. We shall miss him.

On Oct. 17, 1936—I found myself the victim of an attack of appendicitis. The symptoms were classical. Beginning with an intense pain at the pit of my stomach which I first noticed about ten o'clock the preceding evening, the pains tended downward next morning to the right, just over the appendix. I called my physician and he came at once, taking a blood count which indicated trouble. By that time the pains had become general and shortly thereafter I was in an ambulance, going to Room 112 at St. Joseph's infirmary. The operation was performed by one of the city's leading surgeons, and took place at one forty o'clock, lasting about forty minutes, ending about the time that our opening football game began at Hermance Stadium. A little while later I was out from under the anesthetic and for the next week pursued a normal course of convalescence. Friends have told me, however, that the operation was a rather critical one. The appendix had not ruptured but toxins had seeped through into the surrounding sections. The surgeon remarked shortly after the operation that I was a very sick man and he anticipated the possibility of putting a drain in for several days. Also, I had difficulty in breathing for about an hour after the operation. Whether this was due to too much morphine and anesthetic or not, I do not know. My pulse seemed to have kept a steady course. About eight or nine days after the operation there came upon me suddenly very severe pains in the chest on the left side which the doctor mistook at first for cardiac pains. As a matter of fact, it developed into a nice little case of pneumonia, accompanied by pleurisy. For a week or more I had rather high temperature, it going once to 103 and four fifths. I remember also that for several days my pulse was skipping every fourth beat or thereabouts. It was a miserable experience from the point of view of comfort but at last I pulled through nicely and after five weeks I was able to leave the hospital. One more week was spent at the Cox-Carlton hotel, gathering strength, and another week has been spent at the college during which I put in perhaps an hour a day at work. I feel now just about able to go back to my regular full-day duties which I shall doubtless do next week.

So much for the physical side of it. From the point of view of the spiritual, I said to myself at the time and still feel that I

would not have missed it for all of the thousand dollars that it cost in money and for all of the pain and suffering that it gave me. Many lovely things happened while I was ill which would not have happened otherwise. To begin with, I was amazed at the number of my friends and at their kindnesses. From the second day to the last of the five weeks, my room was full of flowers and other gifts which they sent and literally hundreds of letters and telegrams and cards came from all over the United States.* What touched me most, however, was the devotion of a few loyal friends and their constant endeavor to do everything within their power to make my stay in the hospital comfortable and its outcome, happy. Fraternities and sororities, individual students, members of the faculty, officers and alumni, especially the honorary alumni, by their kindly messages, greatly aided in cheering the days of suffering.**

* Dr. Thornwell Jacobs has a splendid philosophy of life, as you can judge by his engaging and ever-present smile. He finds that everything has its compensations even to the appendix operation which he underwent recently.

The compensation in this instance came from the sympathetic recognition by countless friends of the suffering and the tedium of convalescence of Oglethorpe's popular president. His room at St. Joseph's was literally filled to the eaves with flowers and doubtless postmen and telegraph messengers considered themselves overworked with delivering the flood of mail and telegrams which came from far and near.

Topping the long list of friendly messages expressing concern over his recovery, was a letter to Dr. Jacobs from President Franklin D. Roosevelt. This was followed by letters and telegrams from such prominent personages as William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor; Attorney General Homer Cummings, Senator Royal S. Copeland, Harlow Shapley, head of the Harvard Astronomical Observatory; Wilfred J. Funk, editor of the Literary Digest; Helen Rogers Reid of the New York Herald Tribune; Orson D. Munn, president of the Scientific American; Mrs. Cora Smith Gould of New York and her son, Ormond Gould.

One of the most prized of the telegrams was that sent by Madge Evans, lovely cinema star to whom Dr. Jacobs' late novel "NOT KNOWING WHITHER HE WENT" was dedicated. It was Miss Evans who inspired the opus when he saw her starred in the picture, "Lovers Courageous."

Others who expressed solicitations, in addition to the scores of local friends and relatives, included Mrs. J. T. Lupton, Mr. and Mrs. Cartter Lupton, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lupton, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lupton of Chattanooga, Tenn.; Dr. Francis G. Pease of Pasadena, Calif.; Paul Block and Crichton Clark of New York; Colonel Hollins N. Randolph, Rudolph S. Hecht of New Orleans; Thomas R. Preston, president of the Hamilton National Bank of Chattanooga, Tenn.; and John Francis Neylan of San Francisco, Calif.—"SALLY FORTH" in the *Atlanta Constitution*.

** At my request my secretary wrote for me this account of the way it looked from the outside.

On the morning of October 17, at a quarter of eight, Dr. Jacobs phoned me at home, saying that he had been taken ill early in the

Perhaps the chief blessing which came to me was the fact that both at the beginning of the operation and during the crisis of the illness, when life was really hanging in the balance, I did not feel any sense of fear about the future but rather a calm sense of the presence with me at what might prove to be the close of life, of that same Power whose presence was with me when He brought me into this world and upon whom we may all rely in the one case as safely as in the other. But that was not all. Within a week after I had gotten sick, my secretary reported an amazing series of helpful deeds. There came a check, for example, from Cartter Lupton for \$2,750.00 which was the exact amount needed for the balance of our December payroll, the raising of which it was impossible for me to do on account of my

morning, had phoned his physician and that his doctor had been over to see him, taken various tests and would let him know within two hours whether or not it was an appendicitis. He said he felt terribly but for me not to mention the fact that he was ill to any one at the college as the boys were playing their first football game of the 1936 season on Hermance Field and he didn't want to disrupt any of their plans or cause them any worry or anxiety. I came out to the college and at ten o'clock I telephoned Dr. Jacobs to see how he was feeling and if he wished the college nurse to come into his home. He was deathly sick, I could tell by the way he talked over the phone so I asked if he didn't want me to communicate with his brother and have him come by the hotel to stay with him until the doctor arrived. He said he would appreciate my doing so. I tried in vain to locate Dr. Dillard Jacobs but he wasn't at his office or his home so, knowing that Dr. Jacobs was alone and very ill, I got in touch with Miss Mary Feebeck who is the nurse in charge of the Oglethorpe infirmary, rushed her into the city and we found Dr. Jacobs in agony. The doctor had phoned that it was appendicitis and that the ambulance was on its way. Miss Feebeck had me rush over to the drugstore across the street for some paregoric. She gave Dr. Jacobs a dose, on the doctor's orders, and this relieved the pain to some extent. Meanwhile we packed his bag and pretty soon the ambulance from Patterson's arrived. Miss Feebeck rode with Dr. Jacobs in the ambulance to the hospital while I followed in my car with his bag to St. Joseph's Infirmary. It was about eleven o'clock when he arrived. His physician sent a nurse from his office to the hospital to take a cardiograph and at about noon Dr. Jacobs' surgeon arrived, felt Dr. Jacobs' pulse and said indeed he did have appendicitis and must be operated on at once. Outside the room he made the remark that he was a very sick man. At 1:50 Dr. Jacobs came back from the operating room. Miss Feebeck went with him to the operating room and back to his room. She and I stayed in the sun room at the hospital until the operation was over. Mrs. Marks, Dr. Jacobs' nurse, told Miss Feebeck and me that he stood the operation beautifully. Later we were informed that the appendix was just before bursting and that gangrene had set in. All the next week Dr. Jacobs' temperature was around 103 and he was quite ill. However, near the end of the week, he began to improve and all of his friends and family were greatly encouraged. Miss Feebeck did a magnificent job. She stayed at the hospital to assist the night nurse. On Sunday afternoon Dr. Jacobs began to suffer with a pain in his left shoulder. This pain continued. It was quite severe and his tem-

illness. Also, there came a check for \$1,000 from Fred Lupton. Also, the actual operation of the college seemed to smooth itself out as if by magic, everyone trying to assist in obviating difficulties and expediting the work. Fortunately, from the beginning, I was able to keep in touch with the college and during the entire time, so far as I know, there was no untoward incident of any kind. When I reflect upon the fact that at least a half dozen things happened while I was ill, each of them being something that was necessary to the proper conduct of the college or to save it from disaster, I am, more than at any other time of my life, brought face to face with the fact that "man's extremity is God's opportunity", for that is exactly what happened to me and although it may read only as a series of coincidences, the remarkable-ness of these coincidences are to me the equivalent of very direct kindness in answer to my very earnest prayers.

Miss Mary Feebeck, our nurse at the college, who was helping the night nurse, Miss Watkins (day nurse, Mrs. Marks) in looking

perature soared again. He was dreadfully uncomfortable all week until the following Sunday at which time the pain had subsided and his temperature was normal for the first time in two weeks. The following Wednesday, Nov. 4, he was taken to the X-ray room for some pictures. At that time his physician told him that he had pneumonia the past week but that it was all over. Since that time Dr. Jacobs has improved steadily and has been gaining his strength. He has now been in the hospital over four weeks and is expected to be out in another week. Then he will doubtless go home and convalesce for a while before returning to the college to take up his regular duties again.

During Dr. Jacobs' illness he received hundreds and hundreds of telephone calls, calls by the hospitals, telegrams, notes, cards and many gorgeous flowers from friends, family and students of the University. The nurses kept track of the callers, etc., for him. His room contained so many flowers that at times there were no vases available to put them in nor was there room for them so many were put outside his door or on the nurses' desk.

Nov. 21—Today, Saturday, Dr. Jacobs is leaving the hospital at three o'clock where he has been for five weeks. The day is beautiful, just as though it had been fashioned for his safe departure. He has been taking walks around the hospital grounds since Wednesday and is getting along nicely. When he entered the hospital the nurse told me he weighed 146 pounds. Today I understand he weighs 142. Mrs. Marks, his nurse, will accompany him to his hotel to see that he is settled properly in his rooms and from then on, he will be his own nurse. The Carlton authorities plan to do everything possible for him and, as his phone is beside his bed, he can telephone for anything he wishes.

Georgia Tech plays Florida today and Dr. Jacobs sent his tickets to Judge Edgar Watkins. This is the last game on the Tech varsity schedule. The Georgia freshmen play Tech freshmen on Thanksgiving Day. Then the season is closed. Oglethorpe also plays her last game on Thanksgiving day in Deland, Florida with Stetson.

Miss Feebeck, who has been at Grady Hospital with a broken ankle for three weeks, will be back at the college on Monday. It will be nice to see her again.

after me at the hospital (for a while I had to have two nurses as well as two doctors) suffered an almost equally severe disaster. Five days after my operation she turned her ankle, breaking two bones in it and was taken to Grady Hospital where her sister is superintendent of nurses. Fortunately, the accident happened in the city of Atlanta and she was taken care of at the city hospital without expense. Her limb is still in a cast and will probably remain so until the first of the year.

Today I made my last address to the student body before the close of the autumn term, and the beginning of the Christmas holidays. This, also, is the first time that I have spoken in chapel to the students and faculty since my illness began on Oct. 17th. My message was in the form of a Christmas and New Year greeting to the students from the faculty and officers and also I tried to express to those present my sincere appreciation of their kindly thoughtfulness of me while I was ill at St. Joseph's infirmary.

Yesterday there came to me at the Carlton my very first Christmas present for 1936, from Harriet and Olsen Field in Weston, Mass. I shall put it under my little tree to be opened on Christmas day.

CHAPTER 22.
THE DIARY—1937

January 1, 1937—The old year 1936 ended last evening with blare of trumpets and detonation of explosives. The bedlam of Times Square in New York, as brought to us over our radios, was an amazing audition of hilarity. Here in Atlanta I was kept awake until the early hours of the morning and frequently awakened thereafter by the noisiest time that the city has ever known for a New Year's eve.

I look back over 1936, and it seems all the more to me to be an unusual year. From the point of view of the weather, it contained the longest drought, the heaviest snow and one of the heaviest annual rainfalls. From the point of view of my personal experiences, it contained what was probably the most dangerous illness that I have ever been through and quite a number of other important events. In January I had an unusually delightful visit to the Committee of One Hundred in Miami Beach, Fla., where I made an address. In February, I made an address in honor of the Whitmire ancestors of William Randolph Hearst at Whitmire, S. C., and while in that part of the state, secured from W. J. Bailey of Clinton, S. C., the promise to buy the Baruch bonds. March and April were months of comparative ill health. In May, we had a great commencement, one of the best we have ever had. In June I had the new experience of delivering an address before ten or more thousand followers of the Oxford Group movement in New England. July and August found me at home with the exception of a visit to Charleston. In late August and early September I made a trip to see the children in New England. In October I returned to New England to make an address before the City Club of Springfield, Mass. On Oct. 17th I was stricken with appendicitis which was followed by pneumonia and I spent November recuperating from their effects. In December I have gotten back to work again and I am hoping every minute now to receive a telegram from Mr.

Bailey of Clinton, S. C., telling me that the check for Mr. Baruch has been forwarded and the deal closed.

If this should happen, the obligations of the University will have been greatly reduced. When the depression struck us and shortly after the death of Mr. J. T. Lupton in July, 1933, the college was paralyzed financially. Interest on the bonds kept accumulating until the gross obligations of the university would have amounted to approximately one-half million dollars. Mr. Baruch then bought \$240,000 worth of the bonds and offered to sell our note on which they were assigned as collateral, for \$62,500. If Mr. Bailey loans us this money it will represent merely the accumulated interest on the bonds and their principal will have been given us by the transaction. Taken in connection with the purchase of about \$75,000 of the other miscellaneous bonds, it will mean that we have been relieved of about \$315,000 of obligations and this does not include many notes and accounts payable which we have liquidated. Since the depression began in 1929, we have paid approximately \$350,000 of our \$500,000 debt. This is a larger increase in our net capital investment than the average for the years from 1912 when Mr. Lupton was compelled to discontinue his large monthly donations. What a fine illustration this is of the fact that the compulsion of necessity may be painful and difficult but often brings blessings in disguise. During the years from 1912 when I began the work of refounding Oglethorpe to 1933 when Mr. Lupton died, we accumulated assets in amount of approximately \$40,000 per year. Since 1933 we have accumulated net assets by reducing debts in amount of approximately \$80,000 per year. In short, we have made twice as much progress since the depression as we did before it, if prosperity consists in living within your income and paying your debts.

Today, January first, is gray, cloudy, windy and turning colder. At twelve o'clock, Earl Blackwell of Hollywood, California, former student at Oglethorpe and the most successful manager of our Players Club that we have ever had, is to take lunch with me. Maynard Holmes, another Oglethorpe student, and an actor in Hollywood, will probably take lunch with me next week. Luke Appling, another Oglethorpe boy, has won the highest honors in batting of any baseball player in any league in America. During the year 1936, also, my oldest son, John Lesh

Jacobs, was elected to a high position in the Bacteriology department at Tufts Medical College in Boston. Fred, the next oldest boy, has been given a promotion and appointed manager of the Baton Rouge, La., airport of the Eastern Air Transport Company. Thornwell, Jr., my youngest son, writes me that he has been offered a new and better position. Harriet (Mrs. Olsen Field) writes that she has recovered her health, very largely and little Maudie has made splendid progress at Smith College where she has been president of her class.

During the year we have begun the preliminary work on our Crypt and received our first gift toward its accomplishment. We have published *From A Peak In Lumpkin*, by A. F. Dean of Gainesville, Ga., and *The Life of Henry Timrod* by Virginia Petigrew Clare.

We have lost our professor of chemistry, Dr. Hubert C. Shaw. We have added a number of new members to our faculty. We have been able to continue excellent work in our Glee Club and orchestra under the direction of Prof. D. W. Davis. We have, this month, lost two officers, James Head, foreman of the printing office, and H. O. Foster, who has been given a teaching position at Georgia Tech. Johnny Malpass has taken Mr. Head's place in the printing office. We have been able to meet every payroll by the 15th of each month without fail. We have maintained our student body at a gross total for twelve months of approximately five hundred. We have, this month, bought Lot 6, Block 13, from Mrs. James P. Kalohi.

This Christmas I received some lovely gifts from my family and friends and an abundance of beautiful cards. All in all, it has been a most enjoyable season for me, though a very quiet one here on the college campus with all of the boys and practically all of the faculty, away. Registration for the winter term begins on January 4 and then we shall settle down to real work again.

Jan. 20, 1937—Today at twelve o'clock, President Roosevelt is to be inaugurated at the beginning of his second term. I shall listen to his address as I did four years ago when things were in such bad condition. Since that time, by a process of general recovery and inflation and the debasing of the currency and enormous government spending, we have gotten back to what we are at present pleased to call "prosperity" but there is a very great amount of labor unrest in the country.

Today is relatively warm and rainy like many of its predecessors. We have had an unusually warm winter so far with practically no temperature below freezing and one day as high as 72, one of the warmest winters on record. As a consequence, the early spring shrubbery is beginning to bloom. Looking out of my window I can see January jasmine and "breath of spring" and Japanese quince and other shrubs blooming. A little red maple is also blooming between Lupton Hall and the Administration building. If this warm weather keeps up, spring will be here in full bloom in another two weeks.

This morning I received from Mr. Bailey the note previously given Mr. Baruch in amount of \$125,000. We have thus reduced bonds and interest in amount of \$300,000 to a note to Mr. Bailey in amount of \$57,500.

January 25, 1937—Here is a most interesting clipping taken from the *Atlanta Constitution* away back in 1913: "*Rain Saturday. Sunday, fair and colder.*" I cut it out because so many times I had left Atlanta in the rain and Sunday would be a beautiful, fair day. This was while I was raising money in the churches for Oglethorpe. Out of one hundred and one presentations, there were only six or eight rainy Sundays. It became so customary to read a prophecy of this sort and find Sunday clear that I clipped this out and have carried it in my pocketbook for twenty-three years to say to me:

A few more steps, Oh, this the wondrous stone
With which a thousand battles have been won,
The rounding of a hill, a corner turned,
And, lo, the world is changed, the darkness gone!

January 27, 1937—After some two months of mild weather we are beginning today to receive a nice little touch of winter. A high wind is blowing directly out of the north and the temperature is falling. I have never seen the January jasmine bloom in such profusion nor the flowering quince more beautifully, having been unaffected by the cold. The "breath of spring", forsythia, jonquils, the early spirea and even pansies have been blooming.

Tomorrow, January 28th, is Harriet's birthday and I am today sending her a birthday greeting. On April first, Thornwell, Jr., is to begin work with his "Uncle Dill" in the Dillard Jacobs Advertising Company, leaving the *Griffin Daily News* with which he has been associated for about two years. He is very happy over the change. I heard a few days ago that Fred Lesh

was thinking of inviting Fred Jacobs to enter his business in Boston shortly. Then, if John should come to Oglethorpe, the three boys would be engaged in carrying on the three principal businesses of the family.

I am hard at work on plans for our 1937 commencement and also on plans for our Crypt. This interesting article about the Crypt appeared in the *Literary Digest*.*

* In the year 4241 B.C. on a morning in July when the bright star Sirius rose with the sun, Egyptian priests began their calendar, pointing off the earliest recorded date. All written history has occurred since then.

A month ago, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University, Oglethorpe University, Georgia, began speculating about the time-misted peoples of 4241 B. C.; wondered how much of life in 1936 would be intelligible 6,177 years from now. Resolving to do something about preserving a portion of it for archeologists of the future, he came to New York, conferred with editors, scientists and engineers.

CRYPT—Last week, he announced, in the *Scientific American*, a plan to seal away a slice of 1936. Under the cathedral-like limestone building that houses Oglethorpe's library and executive offices, Dr. Jacobs is constructing a crypt as big as a swimming pool, hollowed from the granite bedrock of the Appalachian Mountains.

It will be lined with slate, roofed and capped with stone, and sealed with a tablet of stainless steel, requesting future generations to leave it unopened until the year 8113 A. D. It will be deeded to the government of the United States, its heirs and assigns, to be held in trust.

Into this time-defying chamber, Dr. Jacobs plans to cram a cross-section of modern life, that the unimaginable peoples of 6,177 years hence need be in no doubt as to how people lived in 1936.

CONTENTS—Phonograph records and sound-film will preserve the voices of such contemporary figures as President Roosevelt, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, possibly those of Bing Crosby, the Marx Brothers, Iowa's champion hog-caller, Popeye the Sailor. Newsreels will immortalize 1936 ship launchings, baby contests, football games, Spain's civil war, campaign oratory.

Amateur suggesters already have begun flooding Oglethorpe with suggestions: a pair of garters, a can-opener, a dry Martini complete with olive, a sunflower button, an autogiro, a calculating machine, a head of Cornell University's odorless cabbage, a "rubber" dollar.

Despairing of finding space for all the gadgets of present day civilization, Dr. Jacobs expects to depend heavily on encyclopedias, dictionaries, text books, models, drawings and photographs.

PRESERVATION—He will call upon publishers to prepare special, time-proof editions of newspapers, books, magazines. Manufacturers will be requested to supply working-models. Scientists will be asked to state how these relics can be preserved sixty-one centuries from the ravages of corrosion, chemical action, drying, dampness, dust. From educators, historians, archeologists and readers of newspapers and magazines, he hopes to get thousands of suggestions. A board of judges will do the selecting.

Amid all these plans, the youthful-looking Oglethorpe president was stricken with appendicitis; last week was recovering from an emergency operation. At fifty-nine, he has been head of Oglethorpe University since 1915 when he founded it.

Formerly a Presbyterian minister, he conducts a liberal religious course at Oglethorpe based on his book, *THE NEW SCIENCE AND OLD RELIGION*. A football fan, he kept his attack of appendicitis secret

January 29, 1937—Last year at this time I was filling my diary with pictures and descriptions of the worst January that the city had known for years. Yesterday was the anniversary of one of the heaviest snow storms Atlanta ever had. It was a world of ice and sleet and snow with disrupted street car, telephone and electric light service. Today the sun is shining, the temperature is around 60, the spring flowers are blooming and the world has every appearance of an Easter morning.

The little cedar birds who honor my birthday, Feb. 15th, by their annual appearance, are expected soon. I hope no untoward event has happened to them. Last year they were fewer than usual in number, perhaps due to the unprecedented winter. The maples and shrubbery are alive with bees, gathering nectar and pollen.

Feb. 1, 1937—At twelve o'clock on January 30, the last moment of the last hour of the last working day of the last month, Judge Edgar Watkins called me over the phone and read me the following letter:

Office of
WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST
1060 South Broadway
Los Angeles, California
January 26, 1937

Oglethorpe University

Attention: Mr. Edgar Watkins, attorney
Watkins, Grant and Watkins
Citizens and Southern Bank Bldg.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watkins:

I am herewith enclosing a check in amount of \$10,000, payable to Oglethorpe University, from William Randolph Hearst. This sum is to be paid to Dr. Jacobs as outlined in your letter of January 12, 1935.*

The above amount of \$10,000 is to be considered a payment on Mr. Hearst's subscription to Oglethorpe University.

Sincerely yours,
J. W. Willicombe, Secty. to Mr. Hearst.

* For the letter of January 12, 1935, to which Mr. Willicombe refers see Page 436.

until after Oglethorpe's first home game two weeks ago, because he feared the boys might worry over his condition, not play their best. They won.—*Literary Digest*.

This check begins payment on a subscription made by Mr. Hearst on April 29, 1930.

April 29, 1930

Dear Dr. Jacobs: On February 12, 1733, James Edward Oglethorpe landed on the shores of Yamacraw Bluff, Savannah, Georgia, with one hundred and nineteen colonists from the good ship Anne, thus founding Georgia, which colony included at that time not only the present Georgia but also Alabama, Mississippi and a strip of southern Tennessee.

One hundred years later, the citizens of Georgia, desiring most suitably to perpetuate his memory, founded Oglethorpe University on Midway Hill near Milledgeville, the then capital of the state.

So, February 12, 1933, will be the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the state and approximately the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of his memorial university which, after perishing in the War Between the States, is now being refounded in Atlanta.

Therefore, it would seem to be eminently appropriate for the State of Georgia, at this time, to complete the task of rebuilding this best of all possible memorials to the man from whose mind and actions the state was born.

I understand you are planning a campaign to raise a million dollars by popular subscription throughout the state for this purpose; and as a grandson of Georgia, and in a sense a citizen of Georgia, through the *Atlanta Georgian*, I desire to have the pleasure and privilege of subscribing one hundred thousand (\$100,000) dollars of that million.

Sincerely yours,
William Randolph Hearst."

As I have already been repaid the sum I had borrowed to buy the obligations of the University to the Silver Lake Company, this ten thousand dollars of Mr. Hearst's will go into the general treasury and will probably be used to buy some twenty thousand dollars of our bonds.

My prayer for the elimination of our debt has been most amazingly answered, potentially. It will take a little while to collect the funds and actually pay the obligations but one of the most wonderful things that has ever happened in all of my life has occurred. Any thoughtful person must at times think on the fascinating subject of prayer and its answers. I think of the whole world as being operated by the Will. I think of myself and all other persons as actors upon a stage which He has set. I think of answers to prayers as being part of the drama, studding the dialogue with scintillating interest. But even when one has

thus adopted a complete and logical theory of determinism and foreordination of all events, there remains the strange mystery of these coincidences which we call answers to prayer. When I was a little boy I asked my father for a nickel wherewith to buy an orange. I made certain sounds with my mouth. I probably looked at him in an appealing manner. Occasionally, I had a certain right on my side. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a nickel and gave it to me, largely, as a matter of compassion and affection, although that very morning I might have gotten a whipping for being a bad little boy.

I kneel by my bedside and ask my Father for \$550,000 wherewith to pay the obligations of an institution which has, written upon its cornerstone: "*Manu Dei Resurrexit*". Shortly afterward I receive \$450,000. That also is a striking coincidence. I think it is the same kind of coincidence as my receiving the greatly desired orange.

On the mantle of the library of Lupton Hall, I have caused to be engraved these words:

"So this I grave that all who read may know;
Wherein I struck for that whereof I dreamed
Yet dreamed I not, nor struck, to all that seemed
This is the key, His Will hath made it so."

I have been so anxious and worried during the last twenty-five years while engaged in the founding of this institution that I have not taken the proper amount of time to enjoy my life and the beautiful world around me. Anxieties concerning the outcome of the venture were the principal cause of my being unwilling to do so. I now realize that if I had known that the difficulties were only making life all the more interesting for me and giving me the impression that I was doing it all myself, I would have had pleasure without worry. In other words, if I had had real faith, I would have enjoyed the last twenty-five years a great deal more than I have done.

I am a great believer in "*Die philosophie der als ab*", and it looks "as if" somebody had first given and then kept track of my own personal willingness to risk my fortune and my health and everything that I have, to protect this college, and had expressed approval both of it and of the college in this very wonderful way.

The little flock of cedar birds which come each year to visit our campus and eat the berries of the evergreens just beneath

my office windows on or about my birthday, Feb. 15th, arrived yesterday, January 31, two weeks earlier than usual. Today the sun is shining and it is warm enough to go without a top coat and still be comfortable.

Feb. 10, 1937—This morning I received a notice in bankruptcy in the district court of the United States in the matter of a certain party who was once cashier of a national bank of this city. Many years ago, when we were first getting started, we had an account with a down town concern whose credit manager asked this cashier about Oglethorpe and as to whether he could extend us credit, etc. The cashier of the bank replied to the effect that if he had an account against Oglethorpe University he would put it in the hands of an attorney and see that it was collected at once inasmuch as the school was about to fail. The official of the mercantile concern later told me of the incident. This morning the notice of the bankruptcy of the cashier arrives. That is one of the rather odd reversals of fortune brought about by time.

Cold weather today. For the first time this winter, frosty icicles are to be seen spewing up from the wet, red, clay banks. My little wax-wings are still here and the whole countryside is abloom. We are hoping that the cold weather will not seriously affect the flowers.

This afternoon at four o'clock, I am entertaining at a small tea in honor of Mrs. Hugh Bancker who has just recently had the president's reception room and faculty sitting room redecorated and completely furnished. The guests will include a few friends of Mrs. Bancker, her husband, the officers of the college, faculty and their wives.

Feb. 15, 1937—Again I am reminded of my favorite adage, "They who look for providences will have providences to look for". Today is my 60th birthday. As I was riding out to the college this morning I made up my mind to see just how much the good Lord had given me to spend for Oglethorpe during the last twelve months. I recall that Mr. Bernard M. Baruch gave the sum of \$77,000 which I acknowledged to him in a letter a few weeks ago. It remained to add up the other gifts of the year. This has just been done and I find that they amount to exactly \$30,000.

Now, the odd part about it all is that I was born on Feb. 15,

1877. Twice fifteen is 30 and the 77 is Mr. Mr. Baruch's gift. Figures are often poetic and inspirational.

Some lovely remembrances met me on my arrival at the office. A beautiful pot of dark red azaleas from the boys and girls of the college, some kindly personal gifts, among them a subscription to the *London Illustrated News* which is my choice of all weekly publications.

Our country is stirred to its depths by President Roosevelt's attempt to "pack" the Supreme Court.

A few days ago the *New York Herald Tribune* wired me, saying that they would appreciate my telegraphing them briefly my views on the President's decision to expand the Supreme Court. I answered that it was, in effect, "amendment by inflation; legislation by indirection; disfranchisement by disguise; revolution by oslerization; all typical of the best and most approved methods of traditional American politics."

The proposal is amendment by inflation because it endeavors to accomplish, by inflation of the Supreme Court, what should be accomplished by amendment of the Constitution. It is legislation by appointment because its purpose is to effectuate unconstitutional laws by appointment of judges whose judgment will be warped by the conditions of their appointment. It is intimidation by indirection in that it destroys the dignity and courage and self-confidence of the judges of the Supreme Court by invalidating their decisions. It is disfranchisement by disguise because it denies to the people their Constitutional right to pass upon fundamental changes in their government. It is revolution by oslerization because it produces revolutionary changes in the life of American citizens by eliminating the wisdom, experience and sobered judgment of a large proportion of the Supreme Court. It is typical of the best and most approved methods of traditional American politics because it is in line and of a piece with similar political methods which have most unhappily become customary in our affairs of state.

March 16, 1937—Yesterday, March 15, was the anniversary of my father's birthday. Were he living today he would be 95 years old. Should I live until March 15, 1942, it will be the 100th anniversary of his birth. Yesterday also was the first day of registration for the spring term at the college. Rev. Peter Marshall began his series of fine addresses before our student body. We

had only a small crowd as it was registration day and many of the students weren't at the college. Tomorrow the hall will be full. It always is when he speaks.

For the last two days we have had cold weather. The temperature went down to 28 above zero, Fahrenheit. This morning, ice covered all exposed surfaces but it is fair and sunny and we are promised warmer weather at once.

At odd times we catch glimpses of our waxwings. There must be as many as two hundred in the flock.

Each day during this week of Mr. Marshall's addresses, we are having informal luncheons to which members of the faculty and students are invited, twelve each day. The students seem to enjoy this contact with Mr. Marshall and with each other very much indeed.

April 28, 1937—Some weeks ago I received an invitation from the Philip H. Lord, Inc. of New York to appear on the "*We, the People*" program to tell briefly the story of the Oglethorpe Crypt of Civilization. They very graciously paid my expenses to New York and the address was delivered between five and five thirty o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, April 18. The trip gave me an opportunity to see the inside of the preparation of these programs. The greater part of some three or four days preceding the presentation of the address was taken up with rehearsals. There were a half dozen numbers and Mr. Lord and his assistants found it necessary in a number of cases, to do quite a bit of corrective training. Records were made of the rehearsal so that each person could hear just how his voice sounded and aid the directors in correcting weaknesses. The studio from which the program was broadcast, adjoins a very pretty auditorium in the R. C. A. building, seating about two hundred fifty. There was an orchestra of something like a dozen instruments and a listening radio audience of approximately 3,000,000. I was amazed at the amount of work necessary in order to put on a half hour program and at the amount of expense that these corporations go to in order to make the contents of the program interesting.

Mr. Lord presented to me a record of the address for inclusion in the Crypt of Civilization and also a record of the complete program to use at the college. It will be presented next Tuesday morning to the student body at our assembly. It has pleased me very greatly to see the amount of interest in the plan. Almost

everyone in Atlanta either listened to the program or wished that they had, and asked me to give them further information.

After many years of effort, I have at last succeeded in securing a paved road, connecting Peachtree Road with the dam of the lake, a distance of about a mile. Mr. C. A. Matthews, commissioner of DeKalb County, has begun work on it and it looks as if it will be completed in about a month, in time for the use of visitors to the lake during the coming summer. On account of the fact that the road passes through the university property, this is the full equivalent, it seems to me, of a gift to education in amount of approximately \$10,000 (10,000 front feet at about \$1.00 per front foot).

An editorial in the *New York Times* about the Crypt followed an article of almost a full column describing it. It is not the first time that a New York paper has ever carried an editorial about the college. We have been in *Time*, the *Literary Digest*, *Readers Digest*, the *Scientific American*, Walter Winchell's radio column, Will Rogers' column, Brisbane's column and in newspapers from London to Australia.

I am extending the rock garden on my property, corner Peachtree Road and Silver Lake Boulevard, a distance of 120 feet along Peachtree road. The work is being done by Mr. O. T. Reeves who is putting some old mossy rocks in place and planting thrift and other appropriate rock garden flowers for me at a personal expense of \$100.00.

The campus has been beautiful. The heavy rain, however, has about ended the blooming season of the wild crabapple and dogwood. The azaleas and violets and miscellaneous shrubbery continue to make our surroundings attractive. We are removing all of the rocks and other debris from the front of the stadium and this will add an expanse of about four or five hundred feet along Peachtree Road to be grassed and shrubberied.

We have a remarkable assortment of song birds on our campus. This morning I have seen or heard mocking birds, thrushes, thrashers, cat birds, cardinals, towhees, yellow breasted chats, doves, partridges, tangers, vireos, sparrows, and warblers. The flock of cedar birds either left or disintegrated about March 30th.

June 19, 1937—I have just returned from a very interesting trip to New York where I went to deliver a medal for distinguished service to Bernard M. Baruch. We had a little party at the

Plaza hotel where we were Mr. Baruch's guests. John Golden, George L. Shearer and I constituted the party. The medal was duly delivered and, I think, greatly appreciated.

By the courtesy of John Golden, I had the pleasure of enjoying three outstanding New York shows: "*Babes in Arms*", "*You Can't Take It With You*", and "*The Women*". Also, I had a number of conferences with W. Earl Hopper and the pleasure of a call on that adorable little lady, Mrs. Cora Smith Gould.

Summer school has just opened with an enlarged enrollment of 150 instead of 107 of last year. Income will probably be about \$7500.00 instead of \$4500.00 of last year.

I am hard at work, trying to raise \$9,000 in order to secure the \$8,000 offered by a friend. With this \$17,500 we shall probably be able to buy practically all of our remaining outstanding miscellaneous bonds.

August 4, 1937—Today is the 23rd anniversary of the declaration of war by Germany. It is fair, hot and dry. Two wars are now being waged instead of one. In Spain twice as many people have been killed in the first year of their civil strife as lost their lives in four of our own War Between the States. Japan is moving forward to a more complete hegemony of Asia and undeclared war around Peiping has already begun.

September 29, 1937—Winter has settled down on us a little early this year. This morning the temperature is down in the fifties and in my office, at the present writing, it is about 68. We shall have to start the furnaces if this keeps up.

In spite of the loss of some forty N. Y. A. students, the registration for the autumn term has already passed 200. In addition to this we shall probably have one hundred or more in our Saturday classes and a couple of hundred Extension students, thus again passing the five hundred mark for 1937-38.

I helped Thornwell, Jr., celebrate his 27th birthday anniversary on the evening of September 27 (his birthday being September 26). After seeing the Prisoner of Zenda we went to Mr. S. Yoshinuma's Wisteria Gardens for supper. Mr. Yoshinuma is a Japanese boy who is a graduate of Oglethorpe University and a friend of all orientals. He has sent Korean and Chinese students through college and in spite of the unpleasantness between Japan and China at the present, he has five Chinese boys employed in his establishment where they are all on the best of terms in true

American spirit. Hoke Smith Bell, all star guard of about six or eight years ago on the Oglethorpe team, is manager of the place.

I am taking a trip over to Clinton for the week-end. My brother, Dillard, and I are going to bring out another book containing the writings of our father, especially the history of the Thornwell Orphanage, the history of the Presbyterian church in Clinton and the history of the town itself, etc. It will take me a couple of days to examine the file of *Our Monthly* and make proper selections.

There is an epidemic of hay fever and asthma in Atlanta, probably due to an excess of pollen produced by a warm, sunny, rainy summer. If this weather keeps up we shall have a frost soon to end it.

Mr. T. K. Peters, director of the Crypt, is expected on October first. I will furnish him with a secretary and office and with other equipment for the proper execution of his work. We hope to have the Crypt filled and finished within two or three years.

The anniversary of my appendectomy will soon be here. I went to the hospital on the 17th of October for about two months absence from my job. During that time one of the best omens that were brought to my bedside was a little twig of wild crab-apple blossoms which had opened out of season on the tree nearest my office. Yesterday, we found this little tree in bloom again—a half dozen blossoms and buds and the rest of the limb totally bare except for the few leaves which had come out just as if it were early spring.

The zinnias and abelia and the petunias and roses are still blooming and the mocking birds are singing.

Oct. 8, 1937—Yesterday I received the first copies of the DIARY OF WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS which we have just finished, having printed it on the Oglethorpe University Press. It is a very attractive volume of a little more than 450 pages. It will be distributed more or less privately among those most interested.

I have one more volume to publish in order to complete the trilogy. It will contain the story of the Thornwell Orphanage, the story of the Clinton Presbyterian Church, the Story of Clinton, S. C., the story of my father's trip to Europe, editorials and poems. We have already begun work on it.

The other day I found, printed in one of our Atlanta papers,

the following poem by Longfellow. It interested me greatly because it was the first speech I ever made and was delivered when I was about five or six years old before an audience of some five hundred people at Clinton Sunday School anniversary, held annually on the Saturday before the second Sunday in May. There was a Mr. Phinney (spelled P) who was an elder and pillar and my pillow in the church and I have always considered that it was his turnip which Mr. Longfellow wrote about:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP

"The story belonging to the poem is, as it was told to me: Henry W. Longfellow, then about eight years old, was expected to write a composition as part of his school day's work. He failed to produce it and so was sent outside the room until he could show one. He went over to a neighbor's barn, sat down in the shade and this poem was the result:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn,
And it grew and it grew,
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew and it grew
Till it could grow no taller
Then Mr. Finney dug it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay and it lay
Till it began to rot.
Then Mrs. Finney washed it
And put it in the pot.

And it boiled and it boiled
As long as it was able,
Then Mrs. Finney took it up
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
They then sat down to sup
And they ate, and ate,
Till they ate the turnip up."

Oct. 16, 1937—Today is the anniversary of my visit to the hospital to have my appendix removed, it being on Saturday, although tomorrow is the annual date, Oct. 17th.

As a sort of anniversary present we tied Chattanooga which is something more than we have done for many years. It seems that John Patrick is having a better record in beating Chatta-

nooga than Coach Robertson had. Under his administration, we have won one game and tied another. For seven straight years under Coach Harry Robertson we lost. I am giving the boys a steak dinner at the Wisteria Gardens as a compliment to their prowess. To the surprise of everybody Oglethorpe was the only one of the four Georgia football teams that was not defeated over the week-end. Mercer lost and so did Georgia and Tech. While we did not win, we were not defeated. The score was 0 to 0.

I am celebrating the anniversary of my appendectomy today, Oct. 18th. Yesterday morning I attended church and after dinner with my brother, Dillard, went down to the hospital. I found only one person there of the twenty-five or thirty with whom I had been associated during my illness of six weeks. Most of them were either absent over the week-end or off duty.

Nov. 9, 1937—We have had a very lovely fall. No heavy rains recently and no very cold weather. Only once during the autumn have I worn an overcoat out to the office. Each Saturday afternoon has been pleasant except one. In several cases the wearing of an overcoat was unnecessary at the football games.

“Home-coming” is this Saturday, Nov. 13th, football game between Oglethorpe and Mississippi College on Hermance Stadium. The alumni have taken fifteen hundred tickets and I understand have sold about eleven hundred of them. This should mean a very nice attendance and I think we shall have a very good game.

The *American Magazine*, November issue, has a page devoted to our Crypt. I have heard from it on all sides. Mr. Peters, whom I have appointed director, wires that he expects to be here on Monday next.

The enrollment this year has now reached 586 and before the year is over will pass 600. The heaviest part of the enrollment is of teachers, taking extension work, made necessary by the requirements of the Board of Education. Georgia is determined that all of her teachers shall have degrees as quickly as possible.

Thornwell, Jr. has been made general manager and vice-president of his uncle's concern, The Calotabs Company. He is very happy over the promotion which he has received. One of my fads is the writing of stories. All of my life I have been interested in the subject. Yesterday I finished correcting the final copy of the manuscript of a story, *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's*. Its background is Charleston 1858-65. I have been working on

it at odd times for many years. Part of it was originally published under the title of *The Shadow of Attacoo* in *Bob Taylor's Magazine* when I lived in Nashville, 1905-08.

I am to take part in the wedding of Miss Nisbet LeConte and J. C. Grizzard on November 20th in the evening at the request of the bride's mother, Mrs. James T. Williams, formerly Mrs. LeConte. This takes me back many years in memory. On one of the first trips I ever made to Atlanta, I was entertained by George E. King who, at that time, lived in Inman Park. I had been called to the little Inman Park Presbyterian Church. In Mr. King's home there were two young girls, Lillian King, now Mrs. Williams, and Lucille King, now Mrs. Claude Smith. I remember that they took me for a ride in their carriage around the city. We drove to the extreme northernmost section where Dr. Crawford had built a beautiful home. It is now in the block south of Peachtree Street station on the Southern Railway between Spring street and the railroad. In order to get there, we had to drive through the woods which were later developed into Ansley Park. Can you imagine that? After our return to the city, we drove down to Nunnally's on Whitehall Street which had just been opened, but was already the most famous soft drink place in the South. It has long since closed. Mr. King lived a long and useful life in Atlanta and I counted him as one of my very best friends. In preparing for the wedding, I found that my dress suit, purchased for my own wedding in 1903, was not only hopelessly outmoded but also was unbearably tight. That meant a new suit. I must have gained quite a bit for my weight is now about 150 pounds, thanks to minerals, vitamins and appendectomy.

Nov. 22, 1937—I have had an interesting experience in respect of intercollegiate athletics during the past twenty-five years. Immediately after the college was opened in 1916, I found, of course, a very active interest on the part of forty-five or more students, in athletics. Shortly thereafter, as there was nobody else to do it, I undertook the task of seeing a good football team established. It has been necessary to raise a great deal of money to help the boys through school and I am afraid that I over-emphasized the matter. As a consequence, I have a good many alumni, living in Atlanta, who are more interested in football than they are in the college itself and who are very anxious to

get hold of the control of inter-collegiate athletics at the institution and to play with it to their hearts content. A few nights ago, one of the alumni who is of a different type but who was asked to consult me about the matter, presented their position which, briefly, was that all inter-collegiate athletics should be turned over to this group of alumni, a perfectly impracticable and impossible proposition.

If these alumni continue their agitation, it may be necessary for me to withdraw my support of athletics and turn it over to some committee of the Executive Committee in which case, in my opinion, football at Oglethorpe is finished, at least temporarily.

Councilman John A. White is following out my suggestion about widening Piedmont Avenue in front of the Driving Club.*

Mr. Peters, who has been appointed director of our Crypt project, arrived today with his wife. They have been living in Salem, Ohio, and drove down to Atlanta through a blizzard which caused them to be delayed several days. Mr. Peters is using the little office which was formerly used for *Bozart-Westminster Magazine*.

Dec. 28, 1937—This has been the loveliest Christmas I ever had in my life. It had everything that the other Christmases have had and, in addition thereto, something that no other Christmas ever had. On Christmas eve —— called me over long distance and asked me how we were coming on with the campaign and then said that he was sending us \$50,000 as a contribution to help us along with it. His check came duly and is now hanging on the topmost bough of my Christmas tree in my private office. It is

* CITY STUDYING PIEDMONT PLAN

Public Works Committee of City Council Thursday afternoon was to consider a resolution by Councilman John A. White designed to eliminate two "bottleneck" stretches on Piedmont Avenue.

The resolution would instruct Paul Chipman, investigator for City Attorney Jack Savage, to negotiate with directors of the Piedmont Driving Club in an effort to secure for the city deed to a 10 foot strip in front of the club, which would permit widening of the avenue there from 30 to 40 feet.

It also would provide for negotiation with owners of property near Westminster Drive to obtain a similar strip at that point.

The resolution pointed out that the heavier through traffic on Piedmont Avenue which will follow the opening of the new Buford Highway makes the elimination of the narrow stretches imperative.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, in a recent editorial in the *Georgian*, stressed the need for the widening action.

If action by the works committee is favorable, Council will consider its recommendation at a meeting next Tuesday.—*Atlanta Georgian*.

the largest single check that I have ever received and it came at a time when it is needed very greatly. We still have \$150,000 of obligations to liquidate. This check for one-third of that amount should inspire all of us to secure the rest. Combined with the \$10,000 which was sent me a few weeks ago and another check which he sent a few months ago, it makes a sum of \$68,500 that he has given the college this year. He has stood by us nobly during the terrible days of the last few years and this latest gift will probably mean that Oglethorpe University will be free of debt in a short while for the first time since it was opened in 1916.

John and Marge spent Christmas with me. They arrived on Saturday, Dec. 18th, the week before Christmas and left on Sunday after Christmas. I gave them a little seated tea at the Piedmont Driving Club to which some old friends were invited including: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Colquitt Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Brandon, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Richardson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. James D. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Watkins, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hurt, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde King, Jr., Thornwell and Barbara Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Conklin, Mr. and Mrs. William Healey, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller Callaway of La Grange, Mrs. Mary Jane Hill Crayton, Misses Margaret and Russell Stovall and Sam Tupper, Jr. We had luncheons at the college to which professors who had taught John when he was at Oglethorpe, were invited and also officers and other faculty members of the college. We went to movies, to dinners, to see my brother, Dillard, who was in bed with bronchitis, and to call on various friends. Sunday morning early, they left by motor for Boston, stopping by Clinton, S. C., for a family mid-day dinner. They go from there to Pinehurst, N. C., to visit their uncle, Fred Lesh, and then on to Boston.

Sunday after Christmas, I occupied Peter Marshall's former pulpit at the Westminster Presbyterian Church. The attendance was excellent. Everything is quiet at the college today. The boys and girls are at home for the holidays and there is no laughter nor singing nor yelling.

I received many Christmas greetings from friends. From way up in St. Johnsbury, Vt., came a remembrance from Preston Herbert, some pure maple syrup and some maple sugar candy. The family remembered me, each with a little gift. One of the

things that I had long wanted came to my room at the Carlton, a lovely leather chair, chromium trimmed, and comfortable. Maudie gave me a photograph of herself. She has gotten to be a very fine and mature young woman. She is to be graduated from Smith this spring, having for the third time, been elected president of her class which, I understand, breaks the record for the college. We are very proud of her.

Everyone was well for the holidays except my brother, Dillard, who has spent the past ten days in bed with bronchitis but, fortunately, he is much better and I was able to visit him a number of times. I am looking forward to the New Year with a great deal of pleasure. —'s check made me feel like a tired traveler who has, for many years, had to bear a heavy burden on his shoulders and at last arrives at the end of his journey and deposits his load. It is a very wonderful feeling. Even more wonderful is the joyful consolation that God has heard and answered the prayer of little me.

CHAPTER 23.
THE DIARY, 1938.

Jan. 5, 1938—Mr. Foster has arrived and Bob Burkhardt has come from Cincinnati to enter Oglethorpe and to work on publicity for the Crypt and campaign. I am hard at work, trying to get committee chairmen for our campaign and to get up committees from the Woman's Board, Board of Founders and Alumni Association. John Townsend has been employed by the University to aid in the campaign work and also to help with the Glee Club and orchestra. We are moving right along with work on the Crypt. A day or so ago I attended a dinner for Princeton alumni given by Bob Jones. Invited to speak to the Burns Club on the birthday of Robert Burns, January 25. I have contracted a touch of bronchitis and had my physician to come and look me over on Sunday. He thought it best that I stay in bed all day. Sunday and Monday were beautiful spring days with the temperature around 75 degrees. Today, however, the thermometer is down around 20. We had a little snow yesterday but the sun soon came out and melted it.

The yellow jessamine is in full bloom and the flowering quince is blossoming everywhere. The bulbs in our rock garden are up about a foot and vegetation in general is greatly advanced.

Coach John Patrick's boys (football) have painted the gymnasium dark green for the lower part and white for the upper part. It is a great improvement.

Also, there arrived today an old boss from England which President Richard Livingston of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, sent us for the college. It was on the original wall around Oxford built by the Normans. We shall prize it greatly.

We have about two hundred more students this year than last, there being a total enrollment counting extension and campus students, of about 590.

Feb. 15, 1938—Today (Tuesday) is my birthday anniversary. I am sixty-one. How time flies! Maudie sent me a beautiful little Valentine-birthday card; Harriet wrote me a birthday letter and Aunt Nannie Camp sent me a box of delicious candy from

Bailey's in Boston. Fred Paxon always remembers my birthday with a greeting card and Mrs. Lorabess Dodenhoff of Greenville, S. C., sent me a card, also. No special prayer for special birthday anniversary, this year.

For the past two weeks the weather has been just like spring. I have no heat in my rooms at the hotel and have been expecting the little cedar birds which are usually just arriving on the 15th but they haven't come, as yet. The campus is aglow with jonquils, Japanese quince, forsythia, spirea and all the early spring flowers. Our rock garden is beautiful. We planted several bushels of bulbs in the autumn and they are now in full bloom. Also, our thrift is beginning to show pink.

The boys are beginning baseball practice before the spring football practice is over. The thermometer stands at about 75 degrees today. This morning was cooler than the past few days have been.

I am hard at work on the campaign. We had a very good meeting of some of our workers in the Directors' Room of the First National Bank yesterday afternoon.

The new bulletin on the Crypt is ready to go out. It gives the full story of the work of Mr. Peters on the Crypt.

The hallway, leading to the faculty room, is being painted a light cream and will lighten that part of the dormitory greatly. I also had my private dining room repapered at my personal expense and it is very attractive.

Robert, our yard man, is setting out some pink dogwoods and other flowering shrubs in front of the stadium, along the driveway which leads behind Lupton Hall. I am invited to speak to the Huguenot Society at the Woman's Club on the evening of March first and at the Thirty Club on February 25th next.

March 14, 1938—This letter should be preserved in my diary. Evidently, it was designed by the Judge to correct some misapprehensions and to contradict some rumors, the origin of which have already been described in this diary:

March 12, 1938.

“To Campaign Workers:

You are unselfishly devoting your services to the campaign to raise money to pay the remaining indebtedness of Oglethorpe University. Your success will also show our friends elsewhere that we are ready to join them in the cause of freedom of education. Speaking for the Board of Directors, I thank each of you.

That you may be prepared to answer questions from contributors who are not fully informed as to the history of the University, I give you herein a few facts.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of the University, has had at all times the advice, cooperation and approval of the governing authorities of the corporation, but to him is due the splendid accomplishment of a dream of a quarter of a century ago. Possessing unusual learning, ability, vision, devotion and practical business judgment, he has given these with all his great energies, to making possible the splendid school and buildings of the university.

Until 1927 the Finance Committee of the Executive Committee supervised the expenditures and checked the accounts. Since then, this has been done at the college and there has been a yearly independent audit. These audits have been within the last few days consolidated by another auditor, who shows what the total receipts are, and that our bonds and other indebtedness can be paid with slightly less than \$155,000.

The charter of the University created a Board of Directors, new members of which may be added by a vote of its members. This Board, directly or through an Executive Committee which it may elect from among its membership, controls the policy of the university. As the Board is large and its membership widely scattered, the Executive Committee, when the Board is not in session, performs the functions but is subject to the control of the Board. There is a Board of Trustees which deals only with the property and endowments of the University and its strictly corporate set-up.

It has been the judgment of the Executive Committee for several years, that vacancies on the Board, caused by death or resignation, should be filled. It was, however, deemed wise that we should defer doing this until our financial difficulties were ended. Now, as these difficulties are relatively small and I believe with your work and the subscriptions of our friends, will soon be over, it is our purpose when this campaign ends to ask ten or fifteen from among those who are showing an interest in our work, to accept membership in the Board. The Board so re-organized, will make changes on and add new members to the Executive Committee.

It has been agreed by the Executive Committee and the Trustees that our charter shall be so amended that in the future no Board, Committee or Trustees shall have authority to create a lien of any kind on the lands, buildings, or endowment of the University. This amendment is proposed and will shortly become part of our charter.

The money as subscribed is being deposited in the First National Bank. Mr. S. J. Fuller is Treasurer thereof. None of this money will be used for other than existing debts until all such debts are paid.

You are doing a fine service to the community and to the cause of education generally and I am confident that success will crown your work. I verily believe that within two years from the payment of our debts ten times the subscriptions you obtain will be received from other friends.

With gratitude, I am

Yours sincerely,

Edgar Watkins, Pres. Board of
Directors and Chairman Ex-
ecutive Committee."

April 6, 1938—The first phase of our Silver Anniversary Campaign is finished. By generosity of —— I was given sufficient funds to pay the expenses of this campaign. The money was put in the bank and Pierce and Hedrick of New York were engaged to handle it. They sent a capable man, a Mr. Foster, as their agent. He spent about six weeks getting up lists and we made necessary addresses before groups of workers and finally secured some two hundred persons to solicit subscriptions. It was planned to concentrate their efforts in a two weeks campaign, beginning about March 15th.

Very quickly, I ran up against the alumni situation. This situation, briefly, is that there are in Atlanta, a number of alumni whose idea of a university is that it should be a sort of glorified country club, devoting most of its time to highly subsidized football. I found that my opposition to such a policy had created a spirit of non-cooperation among these alumni. I found, also, that various difficulties encountered during the worst part of the depression, such as discharged employees, reduced salaries of professors, etc., had started many rumors which were antagonistic to the institution and especially to myself. I soon saw that the parties upon whom I was depending for assistance felt that it was necessary to pander to the wishes of these alumni in order to succeed in the campaign. As their demands were such as to require promises made to them before they would render assistance and as all of their demands as well as their whispering campaign were directed against my administration of the affairs of the institution, I decided that the best thing for me to do was to raise my funds apart from the campaign and let them raise such as they could under their own direction. So, after having put the money in the bank to pay for the campaign and having gotten the women of our Woman's Board organized to help them and having started a few of our employees on the job, I directed

my attention to the prosecution of my part of the campaign and let them take their own course. The result, as shown in the report of Mr. Foster, is just what I expected. All the campaigners combined raised less than the cost of the campaign. This means that I shall have to finish the job alone and it also means that I have been taught my lesson. Hereafter, when I have to raise money I shall do it myself.

Other college presidents tell me that they are up against the same situation. "Pestiferous alumni" are doing all that they can to turn their institutions into football colleges and their presidencies are not worth the paper that they are written on unless these boys are satisfied. In my particular case, it happens that the life of the institution has, up to this time, depended upon my activities, under the blessing of God, and I am, therefore, in position to do the thing that the father sent his boy to Harvard for, something that many of the other college presidents are not able to do: "look them all in the face and tell them to go to hell." And that is just what I am doing and will continue to do until I get the school firmly established, its budget balanced and plenty of money in sight. Then, the Executive Committee will probably give someone else my job, raise the president's salary and run the college "properly."

May 10, 1938—It has been quite a while since I wrote anything in this diary. In the meantime, I have made a trip to New York and another to Miami, Fla. In Miami I spoke before the National Convention of Personal Finance Companies. Things have been running along very nicely at the college and we find ourselves getting ready for commencement which falls on May 28th and 29th. We are planning to dedicate the door of the Crypt of Civilization, to present the new Oglethorpe cinema of civilization and to unveil the portrait of Judge Watkins.

S. C. Witherspoon, 58, is dead. He was my boyhood playmate at Thornwell Orphanage. He was a little boy about my size and I think must have been older than 58 when he died, a few days ago here in Atlanta. Chester and I used to set little pebble eggs under peach nut hens in the grass north of the Home of Peace at the Orphanage. "Far away and long ago!"

Col. Hollins N. Randolph, my good friend and helper, died last week in Washington. He was a member of our special steering committee, and, at a time when the University needed ad-

vice and counsel, he was ready and able to give it. The Old Georgia Home, for which I collected funds in 1904 has been rebuilt. Dr. Lynn, president of the Orphanage, invited me to be present and make a talk at the dedication but I found it impossible to do so on account of the New York trip.

July 28, 1938—It has been a long while since I made a memorandum for my diary. I find that the difficulty about writing a diary is that the chief interest of life lies in small events and in their effect upon the individual life and in the reactions of that life to those events, especially in the emotions which they arouse and in the deeds which they cause. Unfortunately, unless one writes daily, a diary becomes more a chronicle than a record of fascinating reactions of the human soul to human existence. One forgets so quickly how he felt about something that has long since passed. I have daily troubles, daily anxieties, daily distresses. There are times when I feel horribly discouraged and intensely incensed and bitterly disappointed but at the moment I do not remember any of these times with such distinctness that I can recall them adequately enough, only the latest one.

I abominate pessimists and I know what a dangerous thing it is to look too long or intently upon the seamy side of life but it seems to me that every time I go out of my way to help anyone beyond the proper limits of justice, I get it in the neck. I have had a dozen things like this to happen to me from members of the faculty and many similar instances from students. In fact, almost invariably when I try to help a student, out of pity and kindness, I am later on, stabbed in the back by the alumnus that he or she has become.

So much for the gloomy side of the life of a college president. We had a splendid commencement. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, came down to receive an honorary degree and to make the dedicatory address at the dedication of the stainless steel door to our Crypt of Civilization.

Immediately following the close of the spring term of college, our summer school opened with the largest summer enrollment in our history, approximately 200. On the whole they were a most appreciative group of students, many of them coming to my office at the close of the first six weeks period to tell me personally how much they had enjoyed their work here.

The last six weeks opened up far better than we anticipated

and with a large increase over the same period last summer. There are approximately 150 in this last term. Summer school graduation will take place on the 20 of August and then the football boys will come in on September first to get ready for their opening football game with Furman. Coach Patrick who has been in Chicago for the past six months, arrives at the end of this week and we hope to have a full enrollment in September.

Sept. 13, 1938—Last Sunday at seven twenty o'clock p. m. I left Atlanta from the Peachtree station for a short trip to New York. It had been exceedingly hot in the city with a temperature ranging from 90 to nearly 100. The air-conditioned pullman felt cool and good as I entered it and when I arrived in New York I found that a cool spell had just enveloped the city, the temperature there going almost as low as 50 one morning.

Having finished my work for Oglethorpe I called on Mr. Pendray of the Westinghouse Company. Mr. Pendray was formerly editor of the *Literary Digest* and when the announcement of the initiation of our work on the Crypt of Civilization was made in the *Digest*, he was doubtless the man who wrote it. It seems that it inspired him to further action. He is now advertising manager of the Westinghouse Company and has seized upon our idea to promote the sinking of a Time Capsule underneath their building at the World's Fair. Incidentally, he used many of our thoughts and some of our language in announcing it and planning it. Mr. Pendray has promised, however, to give us a duplicate capsule to be included in our Crypt of Civilization and very courteously asked me for a message to be included in his.

I went to the *Herald-Tribune* for a conference with Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Reid, Mr. Millis, one of the editors of the *Tribune* and Wilbur Foster, also of the staff. We discussed politics in general. I was invited by Mrs. Reid to speak at the approaching forum, held annually by the *Tribune*, this year on the 24th of October.

In the afternoon I called on Mrs. Cora Smith Gould but she was out, and after supper with Mr. W. Earl Hopper, spent the evening at Radio City by courtesy of tickets furnished by Mr. Franklin.

On Saturday morning, I renewed my call on Mrs. Gould and had the pleasure of talking to her for a couple of hours. She and

her son, Ormond, a fellow-Princetonian, are going to give up their apartment at the Plaza and will become citizens of the State of Florida, traveling during the hot months. She is a very remarkable little lady. I am crazy about her. She has lived for approximately eighty years but she is under seventy. At two twenty five E.S.T. I left New York and by nine, ten a.m the next day I was in Atlanta.

September 19, 1938—Odds life! Here is an article that I found in the *Atlanta Journal* yesterday, which makes me smile. In it I read that “the authorities of Oglethorpe are not particularly interested in football.” As I am the football “authorities at Oglethorpe”, I take this as referring to me. As I am also the only person who is doing anything for football at Oglethorpe, I am amused. For twenty years I have been raising money to pay the deficits of the football team and to aid football players in paying their way through college. So far as I know, I am the only person in the world who has ever done this. If I were to take my hand out from under football at Oglethorpe, it would cease to exist. It happens, however, that my experience with “big time” football has convinced me that it rapidly becomes a cancer that eats out the moral quality of the student body. The football team that we have at present, is a student team. One third of the varsity squad was on the honor roll last year. The records show that we graduate 90% of our football squad. In a great many of the other colleges with which I am acquainted, there are so many rough-necks and hill-billies and boiler makers on the team who are carried along by special coaches and special considerations until their fourth year of football that no large percentage of the team ever gets a diploma. We have eliminated and shall continue to eliminate all such persons from our football team. This means we can't have quite the driving power or physical strength necessary to get to the very top but we have enough intelligence and moral quality to make it possible for us to make a good showing against almost any team that we play.

September 22, 1938—School opened for the autumn term, 1938-39 on the 20th and so far we have had 208 to register. It looks as if we shall have a good year. My Cosmic History class convened for the first time this morning with some thirty or more enrolled.

Some time ago, a Mr. Pool, representative of the Art Advertising Service, asked me to write a series of ads to be used by

the churches over the country, the object of which was to induce passers-by and newspaper readers to consider the claims of church going. He very kindly offered me \$10.00 for each one which is good pay for an ad writer. This is the first time that I have ever done anything of the kind and I am preserving copies of them for my diary as a matter of possible future interest (See Appendix).

The death of Dr. Samuel P. Fulton takes me back to my early boyhood days. I remember one day at the Thornwell Orphanage, I was in Faith Cottage where the printing office was located at that time. I was all by myself, wandering through the composing room which was the size of an ordinary bedroom. I remember how strange the type looked and I put my hand up to feel it. Some of it fell down and it frightened me so I ran out of the house, hoping that no one had seen me do it and fearful lest I should be punished for bringing about such destruction. I remember later that Sam Fulton, who was foreman of the printing office, complained that someone had pried some type which he had set but I was wise enough not to give anyone any unnecessary information, on the general principle that a witness cannot be forced to testify against himself. Sam, later, became a fine preacher and then a prominent missionary to Japan. One of his return visits to Clinton brought him back during the Spanish-American war. It was the first war that I had known and none of us knew how it would turn out.

I remember Sam was a great comfort to us during the earthquake of 1886. My father was in Europe at the time and my sister and older brother were away. The three younger boys were left in possession of the home and States, the oldest one, had lost the key to the front door. As we discovered this too late to get another for the night, we decided to bring some quilts and blankets down and sleep in the front hall, directly in front of the front door so that if a robber came, he would wake us up. We had hardly gotten to sleep before the windows began to rattle and a big board of some sort up in the attic began to make an unearthly noise. We knew, of course, that robbers were coming and States sent Dillard, the next oldest, up the stairs to light the passage lamp. Dillard had hardly gotten half way up before another shock came. I remember his yell of surprised fear as he came stumbling into the darkness, down the steps. Our

only weapon that night was a baseball bat. States thought that Dillard was a robber and was on the point of belaboring him. I remember the disgust in his tones when, after two or three more shocks had come, I exclaimed "Shucks, it's nothing but an earthquake!" We went out on the lawn and found all of the Orphanage children there before us. It was a serious time and Sam Fulton was the oldest and the most responsible person in the entire Orphanage family. He was a great source of moral strength. We had prayers every night until the shocks stopped.

Oct. 11, 1938—I am just back from a long, hard, unhappy trip to Chattanooga where I went to attend the funeral of Fred Lupton, nephew of Mr. J. T. Lupton and himself a good friend of the college. I shall never forget the evening, some six or seven years ago when, after we had defeated the University of Chattanooga in a football game, I took dinner with him and his wife and other members of the family. During the dinner he announced that he was going to give the college \$5,000 in memory of "Uncle Tom." All of this he has since paid. He was an exceedingly generous and kind hearted man, engaged often in hard tasks that others shunned. Good bye, Fred, God bless you!

Also, for the second time, almost in as many evenings, at two o'clock in the night, I received a telegram, the first announcing his death and the second that of my aunt, Mrs. Bessie Little of Nashville, Tenn., my father's youngest living sister. I planned to attend the funeral but an important engagement, already made, prevented. Aunt Bessie was the admiration of my boyhood days. I thought she was very beautiful as well as kind and good. She married Charles E. Little who, for many years, has been Dean of the Peabody College for Teachers. They used to visit us in Clinton during the summers and from Uncle Charles I drew a great deal of inspiration because of his love of the classics and his high ideals of life. I am still trying to arrange to be present at the funeral.

By invitation of the Hugh Richardsons, I drove with them to Chattanooga in their car. It took us two hours and forty five minutes to go and two hours and fifty five minutes to return. It was a long, hard day. We arrived just at lunch time and drove to the top of Lookout Mountain.

Oct. 24, 1938—I think it was in the autumn of 1896 just before I entered Princeton University, that my brother, Dillard, and I

decided to stop by Chattanooga on a trip to visit Nashville Exposition. He, at that time, was attending the University of Nashville Medical College and I wanted to see my Uncle Henry Sperry and Aunt Mamie and their children and have a little vacation before school started. We left Clinton about 2:30 a. m. We had not slept before taking the train and on the train our only bed was an ordinary day coach seat with the valises we carried for pillows. We got to Chattanooga about two p.m. that day and immediately went up the incline to the top of Lookout Mountain. It was nothing but forests at the time except a house here and there. We saw the beautiful view including Moccasin Bend and then came back and, that night at two a.m., took another train for Nashville, having the same sleeping accommodations. We went out to see the Nashville Exposition immediately and while my brother had gone to find out something about the Exposition I was so tired that when he returned, five minutes later, I was asleep, sitting up on one of the benches in one of the buildings. I was nineteen years old at the time and "lately come from the country" and couldn't stand two consecutive nights without sleep.

There is an old saying among the superstitious that calamities come in threes. I received a telegram telling me of Fred Lupton's death, and Aunt Bessie's a few nights later, and then had another wire, telling me of the death of my eldest brother's wife, dear, kind, lovable, sweet-tempered Elliott. With my brother, Dillard, I went over to the funeral. It was the old story of a coronary thrombosis, preceded by high blood pressure. The funeral was held at the First Presbyterian Church. I had never been in it before. The interior was beautiful. The building is of granite. While in Clinton we drove out to Musgrove Mills on the new Jacobs Highway, named in memory of my oldest brother. It had just been finished. We saw the monument to Mary Musgrove who rode sixty miles to warn the patriots that the British were coming. The old bridge just above the mill dam had disappeared. The dam itself has broken and the old mill is gone. We drove out also to my mother's girlhood home, *Coldwater*. It is in sad state of disrepair. My Uncle Jim Dillard who died long ago, moved to Clinton and, since his leaving it, it has been rented to negroes. Even the old stone steps in front and behind have fallen into a ruin. Under the eaves in the front of the building I noticed two copper down spouts. One of them had the initials

J.H.D. on it. The other had the date 1846, ninety years ago. I have asked my cousin, Larry Dillard, to give these memorials to me in order that I might use them on one of the buildings at Oglethorpe as a little reminder of what once was and I am hoping that he will do so.

After the trip to *Coldwater*, we drove on a nice, new road up to Ora where my Uncle "Perrynew", properly Peronneau, Hunter lived. Oscar Hunter, son of Peronneau Hunter, is still living on the farm. It is, however, not in the same prosperous condition that it was fifty years ago. Fewer horses, fewer cattle, fewer hogs and fewer people. When I last saw him about 1901, he was a strong, powerful, vigorous young man. I hardly knew the kindly old gentleman who met me, walking on a cane, but he recognized me instantly and I would have recognized him even if I had not known it was he.

Presbytery is meeting this week at Oglethorpe and the funniest thing is happening. For twenty five years I have been teaching modern science and modern religion at this institution and to such effect that myself, not only, but also the school, has come to be looked upon as a center of heresy and in the minds of the un-informed, of atheism. Presbytery very graciously accepted my invitation to hold their autumn session here and to my surprise they are adopting resolutions, *substantially changing the Westminster Confession of Faith*. And I don't like the changes! This is the first time that this sort of thing has been done in the history of Presbytery and to have it happen at Oglethorpe is a striking coincidence. We are giving the Presbytery a good time, nice luncheons, plenty of soft drinks during the recesses and a reception each afternoon after the meeting is over. They seem to be enjoying it. Certainly hereafter no one can ever say that Oglethorpe is an enemy of the church. I am now, at least as to a few paragraphs of the Confession, more orthodox than they are! As a matter of fact, I think that the principles taught at Oglethorpe would be the salvation of the church if, when, and as they are accepted.

On Saturday evening I performed the marriage ceremony of one of our former students, Mrs. Mady Tyler who married W. O. Pierce, owner of the dairy from which Oglethorpe gets its milk, and a good dairy it is.

Dec. 2, 1938—I am just back from an interesting trip to New

York. Left Atlanta on the Crescent Sunday at one p.m. and reached New York at nine fifteen the following morning. Stopped at the Astor Hotel, Broadway at 44th Street, right in the heart of the theatre district, surrounded by the bright lights, room 396, overlooking 45th street which, to my surprise, was, I think, the quietest room I have ever had in New York. The first thing that I did was to do a lot of telephoning and then went around to see Barron Collier in his new offices in the Squibb Building. I found him looking better and apparently enjoying good business although he complained that conditions were very poor, generally. From a corner of his office I could see Central Park which was covered with snow and in the distance I saw what looked like ducks skating on the ice. The weather was cold. It had been down to about 20 but was beginning to moderate.

Lunched with John Golden at the Lambs Club on 44th street where actresses, playwrights, producers and artists of all kinds congregate. With us was Carpenter, the playwright and Nate Leipzig, the slight-of-hand expert who showed me a number of his tricks. After lunch I attended the Executive Committee Meeting of the Association of Protestants, Catholics and Jews and that evening a formal dinner, both of these meetings in the Astor Hotel. At the dinner, there must have been about 1500 people arranged at tables, about twenty five or thirty of us on the dais. Fifteen or twenty speakers—Jews, Catholics and Protestants, Italians, Negroes. They were mostly denunciations of race prejudices and particularly of totalitarian states and most particularly of Germany.

Tuesday morning I called on Paul Block in his rooms at the Ritz-Carlton. We talked for about an hour and afterwards I walked over to the Ambassador Hotel on Park Avenue and had lunch with John Golden and Robert Rubin at the Dutch Treat Club which is composed of writers, newspaper men, publishers, etc. It was one of the most enjoyable affairs I ever attended. Two or three hundred distinguished journalists and such like. At our table there were Mr. Appleton of the D. Appleton Company, George Mantel, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., John Golden, Robert Rubin and myself. Among the stunts was the singing of Sweet Adeline by four remarkable voices, one or two of them from the Metropolitan Opera Company, piano solos by a French

pianist of distinction and the delivery of their respective speeches by Massey and Phillips who impersonated Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas in the show "Abraham Lincoln" at the Plymouth Theatre on 45th street. I went around that evening to attend the play. Got to the Plymouth about eight o'clock, took my place in the queue of those who wished to buy tickets, finally arrived at the window, asked if there were any seats left and the ticket seller told me that there was *just one*, which I bought. It was not a very good seat but I could see and hear plainly enough; extreme left, No. 21, Row 7. At the luncheon, Tuesday, my friend John Bowman, Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, was introduced by his host. He was so surprised that he hardly knew me when I spoke to him after the meeting. As soon as we could get away, I went up to his room and we had almost an hour's talk. He is an all-time, all-American University Chancellor. After that I visited an exhibit of Hugh Stevens who used to be one of our professors of art at Oglethorpe. The work that he is doing is just about as good a job as he did of Mr. Harry Hermance while he was here, which hangs on my office wall and which was the best thing he had ever done, in my opinion, up to that time. Afterwards, I returned to John Golden's office to listen to his conversations with prospective artists, old, broken down playwrights and young actors and actresses. Among the successful ones was Ruth Gordon who told me about her trip on a Southern Circuit when she played in Atlanta and New Orleans and Barnwell, S. C. Another was Ling Zung, who is doing over a Japanese play for Mr. Golden, changing the setting and circumstances to Chinese in order to avoid anti-Japanese prejudices.

Next morning I spent at the Plaza, making two calls. One was on John Francis Neylan and the other on good, kind Mrs. George Gould. Then to the train and home. This morning when I came to the office I was met by Mr. T. A. Long, our custodian. He asked me if I would run my car out of the garage as he had a little work he wanted to do on it. When I probed the matter, I found that he and Clarence Long, his son, and Mr. Pepper and Mr. Grant, night watchmen, and Scott and Rucker who are colored firemen, wanted to put four new tires on my car for me as a little expression of their appreciation of my treatment of them! Of course, I did not allow them to do it but I think this is the first time that a thing of this kind has ever occurred in

my life. I was so astonished as to be almost speechless.

Yesterday, when I came home, I was met with the usual troubles, among them being a letter from the *Georgian*, discontinuing my column. So I am no longer to be a columnist, at least not in the *Georgian*. The reason, of course, is that I have been too frank in telling the truth about the present international situation in respect of the Jews. Among other things that I noted was that our newspapers are controlled by their advertisers. In Atlanta and generally, all over America, the principal advertisers are our local retail stores and the dry goods stores, a great number of which are owned or controlled in Atlanta and elsewhere in America by Jewish merchants. That is the most sensitive nerve in every newspaper office and my buzzer has evidently struck it pretty hard. (See page 374 and also the *German and the Jew*, Appendix.)

The following diary entry is transferred to this page in order further to illuminate the importance of this matter.

March 25, 1945—Almost opposite the Cox Carlton Hotel, where I am living, the Fox Theatre is offering a cinema, *The Keys of the Kingdom*. It is the third play of the same kind that has been staged and lavishly promoted during recent months, the other two being *The Song of Bernadette* and *Going My Way?* They are powerfully emotional and definitely purposeful. *The Keys of the Kingdom* closes with the highly controversial text in which Christ is reported to have delivered to Peter, who is claimed as the founder of the Roman Catholic Church, "The Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven". Combined with others which have preceded them, they raise a very significant question: Is the American Movie industry being used for propoganda purposes by the Catholic Church?

A sharper point is put on this inquiry by the fact that Protestant ministers, notably those of Los Angeles, have long ago become aware of and publicly protested against a fact that may have escaped the attention of the casual theatre-goer: Whenever the clergy appear on the Silver Screen, the Catholic priest and the Jewish rabbi and their creeds, churches and services are always treated with the respect and reverence properly due them but ridicule is very frequently the lot of the Protestant minister. The facts in the case are not to be doubted. What is behind them? And why?

Publicity by means of the cinema and publicity by means of the radio are closely associated by ownership and logic. Even a casual acquaintance with radio programs reveals the fact that our three great minorities, Catholics, Jews and Negroes, each has propaganda "hours". This is legally right and proper. It is also very significant. What is even more meaningful is the fact that they are making common cause in the name of "democracy". Their fundamental assumption is that no racial "prejudices" should exist in a democracy, that for a Southern white man to be proud of his race, to hold himself and his family "above" a negro man and his family is undemocratic, unamerican and unchristian. Combined, they command many million votes. They seem determined to break down all social, educational and "jim-crow" barriers between blacks and whites. All racial "prejudice" against Jews, Malays (except the Japs) and Mongols and to exalt and popularize the Catholic Church and the Jewish faith above all others. The recent trend of Negroes toward Catholicism is particularly noteworthy. All of this is perfectly legal and constitutional. But whither is it tending?

Up to the beginning of the twentieth century the United States was a commonwealth, purposefully governed by Anglo-Germanic peoples and their associated nations such as English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Dutch and Germans. They belonged to the same "race", the blond Nordic, Indo-European, and their traditions, culture, religion and languages were closely related. Came the flood of immigration from Southern, Central and Eastern Europe, bringing with them all the political sores, infections and diseases of their afflicted countries. They ridiculed the Aryans, popularly so called, as "herren-volk". They took possession of many important and influential sections of America, e.g., New York City. Among them were millions of Jews, millions of Catholics and very few Protestants. They immediately classified themselves by their creeds and conduct as "oppressed minorities", against whom the plutocratic Protestant, gentile masses were "prejudiced". Led by quadron and octoroon editors, politicians and preachers, the thirteen million negroes made common cause with them. All these things they had a perfect legal and constitutional right to do.

But the consequence is that the original American tradition of a White, Protestant, Nordic-Aryan republic is being overthrown

by the purposed new American tradition of "more democracy and more democracy and more democracy." Smart politicians are making alliances with them, legally robbing the "plutocratic" Anglo-Germans by a process of "spend and spend and tax and tax, and elect and elect." At the moment, our country is in the hands of a swirling mass of mobs, organized for loot, having for the present the common purpose of overthrowing the foundation principles of the Republic, possessing themselves of its accumulated wealth, and substituting either State Socialism or Communism. Already, the educational, religious and newspaper worlds have been seriously tempted to abandon the cause of the Republic and to accept the "Passing of the Great Race." Out of all proportion to their number, "oppressed minorities" already influence our government. Increasingly, they demand more power, higher position, completer control. They worship "democracy", the control of the country by a *numerical* majority of its citizens. The South is again overrun with carpetbaggers and scalawags. World War II has vastly accelerated the coming of the Crash, many think purposefully. The end of the old world of ordered individualism is already in sight. Are we to become a part of the desolation which we are making all over the world?

And where is the white, Nordic-Aryan, Indo-European, gentile, Protestant propaganda, its defense of axiomatic racial and religious principles, its fight for the kindergarten fundamentals of the founding fathers? It is certainly not in the movies, for obvious reasons. It is receding on the radio, due to the same causes. It is on the defense in education. It is too frightened in the church to speak frankly. It is stalled in the newspapers, largely for commercial reasons.

Is The Golden Sun of the United States dominated by a white, protestant, gentile majority setting? Is a Red Star taking its place? Is the United States to become another Brazil plus a dominant Judaism? If America becomes a true democracy, really and sincerely practiced, negroes, Chinese, Filipinos, Indians from India and Mexico included, what other fate can possibly await her? And the sooner America and especially the South, realize that "democracy" means exactly that, the better it will be for her.

Lovers of "more democracy and more democracy and more democracy" can get a bellyfull of its bathos by reading thoughtfully the following news dispatch, published in the Pittsburgh *Courier*, leading Negro newspaper, issue of September 1, 1945:

ENGLAND NOT
SO 'MERRIE'

Bristol Lassies
Hysterical As
Tan Yanks Leave

Bristol, England—Parting is such sweet sorrow! That's what GI's on the seas are feeling today after a hysterical demonstration in Bristol, England, when a mob of screaming girls between 19 and 25 years old, wept and sobbed at the departure of Negro troops from that city last Saturday.

Waiting in the rain for as long as eight hours for their last chance to see and kiss their dusky sweethearts farewell, such numbers crowded the railroad station that the staid Birstol police information bureau in that "most English of English cities" was moved to report that "an incident occurred" at the departure of the Tan Yanks, and that the Bristol police attempted in vain to persuade the girls to go home.

The London *Sunday Pictorial* headlined the report of the demonstration, "All This Happened In England Yesterday," and gave front page prominence to the story. The Army Public Relations office in London laconically dismissed this "good neighbor happenstance" saying, that the "matter was purely social and was not reported to us."

One soaking wet lassie, despondently sobbing in the station at 2 A. M. as the soldiers were about to board their train, cried: "I don't mind getting wet. I intend to give my sweetie a good send-off."

Dec. 7, 1938—Two other interesting things have just happened. I wrote an article, "*This Is Tragedy*" in the *Georgian*. It seems to have been my last article published in that paper. Quite evidently it was read down at Warm Springs where President Roosevelt has been sojourning for a couple of weeks. In his address at the University of North Carolina yesterday, he quite evidently referred to it in the following statement: "A current author emphasizes the perfection of life that surrounded our population half a century ago. He draws a picture of the complete lack of any restraints on any individual and infers that every American of those days, no matter what part of the country he or she lived in, lived in a Utopia of work and play to which we should seek an immediate return."

This is the second time this thing has happened. Before, at the time of the sit-down strikes in the midwest, I wrote an article, "*Back to Hoover*." It was read at Warm Springs by the

President. The next day's paper told of a long distance call which he had made to Washington and the ending of the sit-down strike and the declaration from the President to the effect that "*there would be no return to the days of Hoover.*"

I am afraid my dope in the *Georgian* has been too strong medicine.

Here is a good joke Frank Anderson told me this morning. Last year various writers for the Atlanta papers were filling them with praise of my coach, John Patrick. They were saying that he was too brilliant a coach to be wasting his time at a small college, that the eyes of a number of great universities were already on him and that he would shortly be called away, as he should be; that it was a pity for a man of his ability to have to work for an institution *where the material allowed by the administration was so limited* and where his talents found such a restricted field. Naturally, Pat was very much pleased, but now he is very much worried. This year Pat has had a bad year. He won only two out of eleven games. These same persons, and with them his alumni friends, are now saying that Pat has shot his bolt, that he has lost his knack, that he was not such a good coach after all and that he should be replaced immediately. The funniest thing about it is that they are not any longer blaming me for not supporting him or saying that he has no material because of the indifference of the administration. Pat is a Chicago boy and he has brought down a great many of his friends from East Chicago. These boys are good students. One-third of the football squad last year were on the honor roll. We hope and expect that approximately the same proportion will be on the honor roll this year. But their names! Leskosky, Zelensik (two of them), La Casio, Iak! Even Petosis who is a good Georgian and Manassa who is a Floridian add to Pat's troubles, because they are all "foreign names" and "foreign" names in football mean, in the South, to the average man, that there has been plenty of money to get them for the coach. It is too ridiculous for words. But the more Frank laughs, the more Pat worries.

Dec. 26, 1938—Christmas for me began on Dec. 13th when I received a wonderful check for \$50,000. It was sitting in my office when Guerrant Perrow, who was distributing the mail at the time, telephoned me that I had a special delivery letter in the

Post Office. I sent over immediately and the check was in that letter. The envelope and the letter are on the topmost bough of my Christmas tree, at the same spot where another similar check hung last year, in the same amount. From the 13th until today, the 26th, there has been one continuous series of little surprises and pleasures. One telegram came from Jack Lait, asking permission to publish my recently written *Creed of Oglethorpe* in the *New York Mirror*.* There was a check for \$200.00 from adorable Mrs. Gould and telegrams from Robert Rubin, David Sarnoff, Madge Evans, Hugh Richardson, the children and friends and over two hundred cards which are now adorning the window sills, book-cases and desks in my office, the most priceless of which was from the colored help at the college, bearing all of their signatures, written in pencil. There were some lovely presents, all of which, combined with exceptionally fine Christmas music which has been given us this year over the radio, made this a wonderful Christmas season.

The Christmas tree, faithfully evergreen, and its jeweled fruits, radiant with the eternal light, have always seemed to me to be about as near an approach to visible-spiritual language as the world affords and the giving of gifts and goodwill and friendship from neighbors and far distant friends, reminding us that the world is full of invisible forces and intangible powers, seem to me to be fine material for the foundation of faith and the encouragement of our best ideals.

This year a troubled world is celebrating the Christmas season. There is even war in Bethlehem.

Dec. 31, 1938—Judge Watkins writes me this kind and appreciative note:

I spent a large part of yesterday taking a physical examination, Civil Service for the Postmastership of Oglethorpe. The record was splendid. I am quite proud of it.

Dec. 27, 1938.

“Dear Doctor:

The Christmas present of cigars is appreciated.

It always heartens me to receive your beautiful notes. Nothing in my life has given me more pleasure than my association with you and with Oglethorpe University.

Yours very truly,
Edgar Watkins.”

CHAPTER 24.
THE DIARY—1939

Jan. 3, 1939—One of the difficulties that the President of a small college has is very well exemplified by a letter which I have just received from a young man whom I appointed as assistant in the Post Office. I sent him a little check for \$5.00 for Christmas and he writes as follows: "May I take this opportunity to thank you for the Christmas gift you sent? It was certainly kind of you to remember me. Let me thank you even more for your recent interest in postal affairs, because it has given me an opportunity to know you better. One's college is much closer to him if he can think of his leader as a flesh and blood human personality, rather than an unseen and hidden legend of a second floor office, and upon whom malcontented undergraduates may fix their grievances. I wish that every student had more of the privileges that I have." The president of a small college has this difficulty always before him. If, when and as he may have anything to do with the students on the campus, he finds himself overwhelmed with requests and demands from them, of all kinds whatever. I had to stop taking my meals in the college dining room many years ago because my appearance was always a signal for just such approaches. It seemed that every person who saw me thought immediately of something that they would like to get out of me. Also, it was a convenient occasion for officials to have checks signed, requisitions okehed, problems solved, etc., so that I did more business at the table than in the office.

On the other hand, if you do not company often with the students they feel, as this young man expresses it, that you are "an unseen and hidden legend on a second floor office."

January 10, 1939—Mrs. James R. Gray, widow of my friend, Dick Gray, is dead! I wrote her eldest son this note of sympathy:
January 9, 1940.

"Dear Dick:

I have just come back from the funeral of your mother and my first thought is to write you and through you to the family, to express the sympathy of all of us at Oglethorpe and to let you

know how deep that sympathy is and what an earnest and affectionate spirit of goodwill prevails on this campus for every person related to and loved by your father.

Just behind the casket was his portrait, happily illumined. We have a copy of it, as you doubtless know, in our library. I could not take my eyes off of it during the service. Memories kept coming to my mind of my earliest days in Atlanta so intimately associated with him and with the *Journal*. I came down to this city in 1909 and in 1912 he promised to conduct the local campaign for \$250,000 if I would raise the same amount outside of the city to re-establish Oglethorpe University. When I had done my part of the job, he kept his word and Oglethorpe is here today. He was the first chairman of our Executive Committee and, ever since he left us so soon thereafter, I have felt the lack of one of the best and strongest friends that I have ever had in my life.

Please give to the other members of your family the affectionate sympathy of all of our boys and girls, not only, but also of our faculty and officials as well.

Heartily yours,

Thornwell Jacobs, President."

Mr. James R. Gray, Jr.,
2908 Peachtree Road,
Atlanta, Ga.

January 16, 1939—This morning when I came out to the office I thought that robbers had eaten all of the berries on the *Ligustrum* trees just below my windows. When I left the college Saturday the bushes were black with berries. This morning there was not one left. My first thought was that the cedar birds had returned but I could see none of them around and there were many robins in the bushes so I concluded that the robins had eaten the berries, over Sunday. Just a few moments ago, however, I saw a whole flock of cedar birds sitting on one of the limbs in the big Spanish oak outside my window. They are a little early this year, although I have known them to come as soon before.

Yesterday, the Atlanta newspapers carried big headlines announcing the gift of two and a half million dollars to Emory University and Agnes Scott College, made by the General Education Board on condition that these institutions will raise six million and one and a half million respectively. The story carried me back some twenty-five years to about 1913. I remember walking down Forsyth street one day and buying a copy of an Atlanta paper from a newsboy who was yelling: "Candler gives \$1,000,000

to Emory." It was at the time when \$1,000 seemed an enormous gift to Oglethorpe. It was almost disheartening to have such large subscriptions given to prosperous institutions when Oglethorpe needed money so badly. Yet, I have lived to see the day only about eighteen years later, when Mr. J. T. Lupton had given \$1,000,000 to Oglethorpe.

So, forgetting any jealousy or envy, when I read the story of their good luck yesterday, I got down on my knees and thanked God for helping them so generously. Now I shall have the faith to believe that I shall live to see two and a half million added to Oglethorpe's assets, for stranger things have happened.

There is an interesting point about these two schools. In the *Southern Presbyterian* of August 1910, I wrote an article urging the founding of a Southern Presbyterian University in Atlanta. I sent a copy of this article to Asa Candler. Mr. Candler wrote me, in reply, commending the article and adding, "Why don't you *do something* about it?" Within a few years he had moved Emory to Atlanta. I feel sure that my article played a large part in the removal of that institution from Oxford to this city.

In the autumn of 1913, I was the secretary, having in charge the campaign to raise \$300,000 for Agnes Scott College. We succeeded in raising the funds. I feel, therefore, that I have a certain right to claim an interest in both of these institutions.

January 17, 1939—Perhaps I have not been noting the seasonal changes accurately but it seems to me that something unusual is happening this year. It is only January 17th and yet for a week or more there has been unusual activity among the birds on the campus. There must be two dozen robins visible at times from my office window. They are not only calling but I hear little muffled notes of song, the same song exactly that they sing during the spring time. They are hunting worms on the lawn. Mixed with them are numbers of blue birds and the cedar birds have arrived. Whether these are "yankee" birds going north or our own campus birds waking up for the spring, remains to be seen.

February 3, 1939—I have lost three good friends lately. Mr. H. M. Atkinson who, as president of the Georgia Power Company, and individually also, was a liberal donor to the institution during the early days of our campaign; Mrs. H. G. Carnes, who was a member of our Woman's Board and now William Alden who was one of the first friends that I made when I came to Atlanta

in 1909. Mr. Atkinson gave us honorable mention in his will which is the nearest thing to a legacy that we have received since Mr. Bensel's \$5,000 gift in 1916, and the Lowry legacy.

I had the pleasure yesterday of going down to the Atlanta Title and Trust Company and turning over to Oglethorpe University about \$30,000 worth of obligations of the University to the Silver Lake Park Company which I bought for \$10,000 a few years ago. I borrowed this money from banks, friends and life insurance policies and have paid almost all of it back. The University will now hold a clear title to the whole Silver Lake tract. In one respect at least, we have the finest equipment of any college in this section—our campus. It is as large as that of Emory, Agnes Scott and Tech all combined. The \$10,000 has all been repaid to me by the University by means of the sale of lumber and wood from the Silver Lake tract, all of which and more, too, has been taken without injuring the property and in actually improving it.*

March 18, 1939—I passed my 62nd birthday on February 15th. I signaled it by writing a letter to Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick which may surprise him. He has not yet answered.** Very much to my surprise, a gathering of teachers to whom I spoke in the chapel of Lupton Hall, presented me with a bag of quarters, totalling about \$124.00 as a birthday present with instructions that I should use it for myself and not for the college, \$2.00 for each year of my life.

* Mr. Hearst sent \$10,000 later and it was turned over to the University.

** February 15, 1939.

Dear Dr. Fosdick:

It has always seemed to me that one of the great mistakes made by the Christian Church was to close the Canon. As a consequence, the process of evolution of religious literature has been obstructed.

For years I have been thinking of collecting and publishing a Third Testament containing the exceptional writings, comparable in their quality to the very best in the Old Testament and the New Testament but written after the close of the Canon and containing the later revelations of God through his prophets and priests and poets. I have already collected a mass of such material but feel its inadequacy.

Would you be willing to aid me by your advice and assistance in this matter in the selecting of prose and poetry, inspired for the comfort and consolation of human lives and the creation and development of human character? Your broad knowledge of the best literature, not only, but also your wide acquaintance with others who could aid us in making this collection, would seem to guarantee its success. So far as the publication of the book is concerned, there will be no difficulty whatever about that. What I need is a keen sense of religious values and a wide knowledge of religious literature combined to perfect such a volume.

What I shall actually do with it, I don't know, but I know that I shall use it in some way or other for the college. It may be to furnish a special library for my special educational experiment or for some similar purpose. In one sense of the word, I was disappointed at receiving this gift because it breaks my record. I have an almost clear record of twenty five years of service without any such thing as this happening and I had come to enjoy it.

One month later came my father's birthday, March 15. I had Marion Stutts place flowers on my father's and mother's graves in the cemetery of the First Church in Clinton on that day.

Today, my nephew, William P. Jacobs, president of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, is to have lunch with me. Walter Johnson who has been their football coach for about five years, is to be with him and I have invited my two coaches, Frank Anderson and John Patrick, to take lunch with us also. It should be an enjoyable occasion.

And now Maudie is to be married! Yesterday I received a letter from her, telling me all about her fiancee and their plans. Maudie is a lovely girl and it's hard for me to realize that she is through Smith College and ready to get married. During this past year she has taught at Beaver Country Day School where she went before entering Smith. Maudie also wrote that she wants me to come up in July to "give her away" and I am most happy to accept.

March 22, 1939—I was very much interested in a report recently issued by the Board of Regents of the University of Georgia, showing student attendance at Georgia colleges during the last five years. To my amazement, I find that the proportionate enrollment increase of "unaccredited" Oglethorpe has surpassed that of any institution in the state during that period. It seems incredible! We have been passing through the most terrible time imaginable insofar as finances are concerned and have

It is possible that we might be able to do our work so well that various religious bodies would adopt it as parallel reading for other denominations.

I have been enjoying your new book very greatly.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick,
Riverside Church,
New York, N. Y.

just begun to get out of the woods and yet, as I look back over it, I find that Oglethorpe has outgrown all of the institutions the heads of which have been attacking it during this period.

May 1, 1939—A few days ago I had the pleasure of attending a dinner at Mrs. Charles Conklin's, given in honor of Dr. Victor G. Heiser, author of *An American Doctor's Odyssey*, a most entertaining and instructive book. At this party, Mrs. Edward Inman was my dinner partner. She is the wife of Ed Inman who was my neighbor many years ago on the Prado. Mr. Inman was the son of Hugh Inman and the nephew of Sam Inman, two brothers who played a great part in the early life of Atlanta. Mr. Sam Inman made a contribution to Oglethorpe in amount of \$35,000 in the early days of our work.

Saturday, April 29th was Mr. Hearst's birthday. I was asked from New York to send him a telegram of congratulations which is printed on the attached sheet.* It seems that, with the exception of vice-president Garner, I was the only Southerner invited to do this, which I appreciate very much indeed. Mr. Hearst has been a good friend of Oglethorpe.

Daylight saving time began yesterday, a most unhappy circumstance from the point of view of our mailing facilities at the college. Our principal mails have been coming in at about nine o'clock. They now come in at ten which delays the initiation of our clerical work for an hour.

It is a beautiful day today. We have had a cool and lovely spring. Flowers have been a bit later than usual. Today there are blooming on the campus: deep purple iris, grandsire gray-beard, honeysuckle, azaleas, late dogwood, violets, roses, mountain laurel, columbines, poppies and many types of wild flowers in our plantarium. All of our birds are now singing. We have all of the best song birds of the world with the exception of the

* "President Thornwell Jacobs of Oglethorpe University sent the following message: 'You should be the happiest man in America today because, for a longer time than any other American you have exercised a greater influence upon her life; because you have done this courageously and often at great expense of money and clientele; because today you represent the greatest, sanest and most American force in the public life of our country; because you see clearly and describe fearlessly the diseases which are now attacking her body politic; and because, from a point of high advantage, you are so patiently keeping watch over the land that you love and that loves you.'"

nightingale. Every morning from my window I hear the mocking bird, thrush, thrasher, cat bird, cardinal, tanager, vireo, warblers, towhees and jenny wrens.

Maudie writes that she is to announce her engagement at a tea on May 6. I have caused to be sent to her and Aunt Nannie a spray of orchids, each, on this day. The wedding is to be in August and I am to "give her away."

My brother, Dillard, has just come home from Emory hospital where he underwent an operation for tonsils and another on his nose. He seems to be getting along nicely.

June 1, 1939—We have just closed our twentieth commencement season and while it was delightful and effective, and while we had some very distinguished men with us, the strain of a multiplicity of details has taken a great deal out of me and it will be some time before I shall completely get over the effects. The guests seem to have enjoyed their visit as is evidenced by their letters of appreciation which have been coming in this week. Four of the men receiving degrees brought their wives with them—Dr. Hall of Richmond, Va., Mr. Oakey of Milledgeville, Mr. Preston Herbert of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Mr. T. J. Watson of New York. Two of our local honorees have charming wives also: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Slaton and Judge and Mrs. S. Price Gilbert, so it was quite pleasant, indeed.

The exercises began with a luncheon at the Biltmore Hotel at one thirty o'clock on Saturday with only officers of our Woman's Board and Board of Directors and the honorees present. After the luncheon, which lasted until four or after, the guests came out to the college campus and at six o'clock, W.S.B. broadcast Mr. Frank E. Gannett's address. Each of the honorees was introduced over the air. We had had showers all day but just at the end of Mr. Gannett's address, the heavens opened and we had to have our "alfresco supper" in the dining room instead of out on the lawn but the guests seemed to have a pleasant time and we had quite a number of friends present. After the supper, the Glee Club gave a recital in the chapel, followed by the presentation of a movie of Oglethorpe.

Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, Dr. Frank N. D. Buchmann, founder of the Oxford Group made an address in our chapel and we had quite a crowd out from the city to hear him. After the address we drove in to the luncheon which I gave at the

Piedmont Driving Club at one thirty. It was on the back porch of the club and Mrs. Charles Haden, who has been ill and was unable to attend any of the affairs, had the luncheon table decorated for us with a most beautiful arrangement of garden flowers. With her permission, the flowers were sent to Mr. Henry Inman after the luncheon. He has been sick eight weeks and is convalescing at the Frank Inman's. There were forty two present at the luncheon. The guests were the nine honorees, six wives, Judge and Mrs. Edgar Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Ottley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Inman, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Vickers and Mr. Barrett, members of the Oxford group here with Dr. Buchmann, Hugh Richardson, John Brice, Thornwell and Barbara Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Noble, Mrs. John Grant, Sr., Charles Haden, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bancker, Congressman Robert Ramspeck, Morris Brandon and Mr. and Mrs. Myrick. Each of the visiting ladies was given a magnolia bud which had been sent by Mrs. Haden from her own garden. Sunday evening at eight o'clock our baccalaureate exercises were held at the Erlanger Theatre with the Hon. Thomas J. Watson delivering the baccalaureate address.

June 13, 1939—This morning's paper carried a little story to the effect that I have been appointed to the Postmastership of Oglethorpe University. Yesterday, I received a telegram from Senator George to the same effect. This carries me back to the early days of the establishment of the Post Office. Hanging on the walls of my office is a letter, dated October 25, 1916, from Mr. W. E. Dendy, Postmaster. It is postmarked Oglethorpe University, Ga., Oct. 26, 1916, and reads: "I have pleasure in officially notifying you that the United States Post Office of Oglethorpe University is opened for business this day. The letter conveying this information is the first to receive the official stamp, Oglethorpe University, Georgia. Respectfully yours, W. E. Dendy, Postmaster."

When Mr. Dendy left the University a year or so later it became necessary to appoint someone to succeed him. Realizing that there might be too many changes in the future if temporary officials were appointed and desiring to have the Post Office in one of the buildings on the campus for the convenience of the patrons, our Executive Committee requested that I should be appointed Postmaster, which was done. The Post Office has

grown from a very small fourth class Post Office to a fairly prosperous Third Class office but it is still located in the Administration Building.*

The following letter may be of interest to future historians.** When President Roosevelt, who was then Governor of New York State, visited Warm Springs, Ga., in the spring of 1932, I called on him to discuss arrangements for his approaching visit to Oglethorpe when he was to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws. While we were talking, President Roosevelt handed me a little book and asked me whether or not I had read it. It was the *New Russia's Primer*, referred to in this letter. In his Oglethorpe address, delivered a few weeks later, he foreshadowed the policies of the New Deal, and, since he has been supposed by many to have veered definitely toward communism both in his appointments and in his policies, this note may be interesting. Somehow or other, word got out, not of my telling, that he had given me such a volume and I have, on more than one occasion, been ap-

* Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, now knows the thrill often experienced by his students at Oglethorpe.

He has passed his examinations. Except in the case of the President of the University, Uncle Sam was the teacher, rather than the faculty of Oglethorpe.

Dr. Jacobs took a civil service examination to retain his standing of eligibility for a Georgia postmastership, nomination of which was sent to the senate yesterday by President Roosevelt.

The educational leader has held the post at Oglethorpe University for the past twenty years, having been appointed under President Warren G. Harding, Jacobs said yesterday.

"For years we (the post office) have been a fourth class post office, but now we are third class, and there is as much difference as there is in an M. A. and a Ph. D. degree."

** May 12, 1939.

My dear Governor Roosevelt:

Under separate cover today I am returning the volume which you so graciously loaned me, "*New Russia's Primer*." It is thoroughly interesting. Many thanks.

As I wrote you yesterday, all arrangements have been made for the use of the Fox Theatre, the most attractive auditorium in the city. From all parts of our commonwealth there are coming expressions of the greatest interest in this address.

Feeling that you should pass upon every word that is spoken on this occasion, I am enclosing herewith my introductory remarks. Please feel at liberty to alter them in any way that you think advisable.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President.

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Warm Springs, Ga.

proached by news agencies, requesting a story about it but I have constantly declined to make any statement.

Summer school has opened with an enrollment of approximately 184 which means that our summer income for tuition will be approximately \$9500.00. It is an unusually good student body, of a very high type.

The newspapers have been full of troubles of North Atlanta during the last few days. Dr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Libby have appeared before the Grand Jury which is now conducting an investigation of the town's affairs, according to the papers.* Dr. Libby was, for many years, a capable and popular professor at Oglethorpe as was Mrs. Libby, also, both in our School of Commerce. Shortly after he entered politics and was elected Mayor of North Atlanta, Mr. Hearst gave us the Silver Lake property. Actuated by our desire to protect this property from undesirable invasion of the lower classes of DeKalb and Fulton counties and acting upon the advice and authority of our attorney and Executive Committee chairman, Judge Edgar Watkins, we temporarily barred the approaches to the lake, not, however, in any way obstructing passage between Peachtree

* "After a day spent investigating charges that a motorist's 'speed trap' was being operated in the incorporated town of North Atlanta, the DeKalb county grand jury yesterday recommended that the legislature revoke its charter and that in the meantime Governor Rivers seize and impound the town's charter, records and monies.

The jury's report, in dealing with the matter, used such phrases as 'aspects of racketeering', 'fines and forfeitures illegal and irregular'; 'ordinances are illegal'; 'elections irregular'; 'no legal or permanent records kept'; and that the administration of the small town 'casts a reflection on DeKalb county and the state of Georgia.'

Nervous, black-moustached Dr. Arthur S. Libby, mayor of North Atlanta since its charter was granted in 1924, and his wife, who is clerk of the council, were before the grand jury for three hours with their records, which were summoned with a subpoena duces tecum late Thursday night by Solicitor General Roy C. Leathers.

The grand jury severely criticized the 'theory' of government practiced in North Atlanta that of depending upon fines and forfeitures for its only source of revenue, but it set forth that the jurymen believed Dr. and Mrs. Libby to be conscientious.

On the other hand, it sharply lashed out at irregularities in arrests and in the holding of elections.

Policemen are paid 70 and 50 percent of the fines they take in but the town performs no services to its citizens except that of police protection—which the grand jury asserted could be done much better by DeKalb county police force.

THREE ARRESTS STUDIED

Three specific cases of alleged arrests without foundation were studied by the grand jury which Mell Turner, DeKalb representative in the general assembly, heads.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Road and the six or seven residences of the Silver Lake subdivision. Nevertheless, the Mayor gave orders for the obstructions to be removed. This was done while I was away in California visiting Mr. Hearst and when I returned I found that Judge Watkins had discharged both Dr. and Mrs. Libby from the faculty of the University and that we were in the midst of a big row about it. Dr. Libby's fraternity and other friends made protests. etc., but the Judge was adamant. We are, all of us, interested to know whether the government of North Atlanta is to be discontinued or not.

June 21, 1939—Dick Flinn has resigned his church! The first time I saw Dick, he was reporting the Sadie Means case. That was over forty years ago! I couldn't resist writing him this letter:

June 21, 1939.

"Dear Dick:

Last Sunday morning I attended the services at North Avenue Church and remained afterward for the congregational meeting. I had hoped to hear you preach and consequently was disappointed in that respect. Your letter of resignation printed in the bulletin was finely phrased and to all of us who had known you for so long a time, deeply moving. The house was well filled and following the motion to join you in requesting Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relationship, many of the members rose, evidently under deep emotion, to pay tribute to your pastorate.

I heard very little of the sermon because my memory was going back over the more than forty years that you had been pastor of the church. I was living in Morganton, N. C., at the time that the North Avenue edifice was built. I remember reading all about it, although you were the only person in the long list of members whom I knew. Later, one of the first addresses that I ever made in raising money for the Georgia Home of the Thornwell Orphanage was by invitation to your church. After one of the devastating fires that we had, your people gave me one of the warmest welcomes of my life. Mr. J. M. High was living then, their home being just across the street, and Hoke Smith and many others who have long since left us. It was an exceedingly fine group to welcome and support, as they did, their popular young pastor.

And now the years have passed, forty of them, and you have resigned and you are looking back on one of the longest pastorates in the history of the state and doubtless the longest Presbyterian pastorate in the history of Atlanta. You must be thinking of the more than 10,000 sermons and prayer meeting talks that you have made and of the other thousands of funerals, marriages and protracted meetings that you have conducted and of the other thousands of pastoral visits that you have paid in the homes of

your congregation and in the hospitals of the city. Doubtless, you are receiving hundreds of letters from persons who are grateful to you as I am and who have counted you as their pastor, as I have done and who feel with me, that whether they agree with your theology or not, you have exhibited as finely as any one that has ever lived in this city, the true spirit of the gospel of Jesus. I kept thinking about that date, January 21, 1916, when our Board of Founders met for the first time in your auditorium, organized, heard eight distinguished poets read verses acclaiming the risen Oglethorpe, transacted the preliminaries to the legal founding of the University and elected me as its first president. Dr. James I. Vance was president of the Board and I could still hear him admonishing me with the fine words: 'Certainly, I will be with thee.'

Of course, hundreds have probably said to you what I am saying now, that North Avenue Church will never be the same without your services. Almost all of the old faces which began the life of the church with its young pastor, have gone and now you are surrendering the pulpit. The spirit of the church is the spirit of Dick Flinn and the spirit of the church is a very fine spirit.

So, you must allow me to join with the others in trying to say that which cannot be expressed adequately, the sadness which comes with the ending of a great pastorate. I left the church with a feeling of deep depression and I haven't gotten over it yet.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, President"

Dr. Richard Orme Flinn,
1020 Springdale Rd.,
Atlanta, Ga.

July 28, 1939—This week we have been enjoying the largest religious gathering insofar as numbers is concerned, that Atlanta has ever known, the meeting of the Baptist World Alliance. Newspapers have carried the story that as many as 57,000 were gathered together at one time at Ponce de Leon Park for some of the exercises. Fortunately, the weather has been comparatively cool and there have been no thundershowers to dampen the enthusiasm.

It all reminds me of an experience in my own life in 1913. For several years I had succeeded in winning the approval of the Presbyterian ministers of the city of an annual mass meeting in the auditorium of all of the Presbyterian churches of this community. On several successive occasions, we filled its every seat. Then, it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to have all of the general assemblies of the various Presbyterian churches to meet in Atlanta, at the same time, for better fellow-

ship, and understanding. The Presbyterian Ministers Association approved the plan and in 1913 the Northern Presbyterian churches (USA), the Southern Presbyterian (US), the United Presbyterian Church and the A. R. P. Church, all met here. This was in the spring of the year just preceding our Atlanta campaign for the refounding of Oglethorpe University. It was also the year in which our charter was obtained. That was twenty-six years ago and although it was a very great occasion, there are not many people in Atlanta who recall it very vividly. However, I think it did an immense amount of good in bringing together the various types of Presbyterians and in laying the foundations for future cooperation and goodwill.

The most interesting feature of our approaching academic year will be the Exceptional Educational Experiment. My "twelve disciples" have been selected and I am expecting them to lunch with me at noon on September 19th. Fred Goss is to be their don. I am going to explore the limits of work that can be done by exceptional minds under exceptional circumstances. It will involve smashing all of the rules of my *bete noire*, the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. I am going to give the boys a *chronological* education. The first year they will study the life story of the solar system and of the earth and of life on earth and of the earliest civilizations, particularly those around the Mediterranean basin. They will carry approximately thirty clock hours per week and will be subject to a rigid regimen* and discipline, fitted to get the finest intellectual results

* SCHEDULE OF STUDENTS TAKING PART IN THE
EXCEPTIONAL EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays,

8:30 A.M.	Mathematics III
9:30 A.M.	Latin 3II
10:30 A.M.	Greek III
11:30 A.M.	History III
12:30 P.M.	Latin III
1:30 P.M.	History and Appreciation of Music

MEMORANDUM: Special arrangements will be made with the professors of Latin III and History and Appreciation of Music in order that students taking Latin III may have time for lunch between the two classes.

On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays,

8:30 A.M.	Astronomy III
9:30 A.M.	Geology 3II
10:30 A.M.	Assembly on Tuesdays and student assembly on Thursdays
11:30 A.M.	Cosmic History (Thursdays)
12:30 P.M.	Mythology
1:30 P.M.	Bible 14I

possible without encroaching upon their physical and social health. I am preserving in this diary further details about this experiment.* It is my purpose to furnish these boys with the

* For full details, see Appendix.

READ CAREFULLY THE FOLLOWING MEMORANDA:

- 1—Rise approximately at seven o'clock A.M.
- 2—At 7:30 A.M. meditation, reading and prayer.
- 3—7:45 A.M.—Breakfast.
- 4—8:30 A.M.—2:30 P.M.—Classes and luncheon.
- 5—2:39 P.M.—4:00 P.M.—Exercises and relaxation.
- 6—4 to approximately 5:30 P.M.—Library.
- 7—5:30 P.M. to 6 P.M.—Dinner.
- 8—6 P.M. to 10:45 P.M.—Study in rooms under direction of Don.
- 9—11 P. M.—Lights out.

The above schedule holds good from Sunday at 6 P.M. until the following Saturday afternoon after lunch. From Saturday lunch until Sunday at six o'clock P.M. students are free for social engagements and diversion, as desired, except that on Sundays all members of the group, accompanied by the Don, will attend some church in Atlanta or vicinity for the purpose of worship and devotion, not only, but also of studying religion as practically expressed in the churches of this community. Each Sunday the Group will attend a different church. The President of the University will expect a written report from all students as to his impressions of these services before the end of the year.

10—Students may take part in intra-mural sports or in practice with inter-collegiate teams and in other student activities, if when and as they do not conflict with the above. No absences from the campus will be permitted, conflicting with the above schedule.

11—Members of the group will be organized into what is, in effect, a fraternity and will, therefore, not join any other college fraternities.

12—Each student will be expected to purchase text books for each class which he attends, to procure a bookcase and to retain every text book used in his classes, permanently. Resale of these as second-hand books will not be permitted.

13—Each student is required to procure a scrapbook in which he will paste, from time to time as he may find them, special passages, quotations which, in his opinion, are of extraordinary value in nourishing and guiding his life, spiritually, morally and socially. These books shall be open for inspection at any time to the Don or the President of the University and will be considered in grading members of the group.

14—Attention of the students of the group is especially directed to the necessity of neat dress, courteous deportment and a generally friendly manner to other students on the campus. They will be expected to set an example of gentlemanliness and good breeding. They are directed to show proper deference to members of the faculty and officers of the University and to any strangers who may visit the campus. Their table manners will be especially noted and graded.

15—They are also expected to set an example of loyalty to Oglethorpe and to its traditions of gentlemanly deference to the young ladies who are attending the institution, and to avoid at all times any consciousness as to the special quality or quantity of the work which they are doing or of their privileged position on the campus.

16—Members of the group will see to it that their rooms are kept in good order and, as far as may be practicable, made attractive and home-like as examples to other students on the campus.

17—Special attention of the group is directed to the fact that they

finest education ever given to American youths. If the experiment succeeds, it will revolutionize our work here and perhaps all other educational work in the United States.

We are having a number of minor but important things done on the campus this summer. Every dormitory room is being repaired, retinted and made comfortable and the floors are all being sanded. We are constructing first class walkways between our buildings and a sewerage system for our railway station which, next year, will be a small dormitory. Mrs. Foster, our matron, is back with us as cafeteria manager and that means a saving of several thousand dollars in comparison with last year. My faculty is about completed. We are adding Dr. Leonard Wallace in English and C. I. Patterson as his assistant. Hal Jones is coming back to us as Professor of Chemistry in lieu of Dr. Marsh.

I have been very much interested in putting the finishing touches on three stories which I have written. One, *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* is an enlargement and improvement on a story which I published over thirty years ago in the *Taylor-Trotwood* magazine while I was living in Nashville. It has never been published in book form but I am expecting it so to be within a few months. Another of the stories is *The Law of the White Circle* which I am also enlarging and improving and preparing for book publication.* The third is *Not Knowing Whither He Went* which has met with an amazing public reception and has, I think, done a great deal of good. If I had been as interested in and had known as much about writing stories when I wrote them as I do now, they would have had a much better chance for wide distribution. In *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* I have tried to express my political philosophy, especially as related to Southern problems. In *Not Knowing Whither He Went* which will probably be re-christened *Drums of Doomsday*, I have tried to express my religious philosophy. In *The Law of the*

* Not yet published.

are under unusual discipline which is necessary in order that they may do unusual work. They will, in effect, be a brain team, comparable to a football team as to its intensity and loyalty and all-embracing enthusiasm and earnestness of their work. Nothing is to be allowed to interfere with that work. The whole United States is watching their experiment and each student who is a member of the group is expected to devote his uttermost endeavors to its success.

18—No smoking, no chewing of tobacco, no playing of cards or gambling, no drinking of whiskey, and no profane language will be permitted to members of the group.

White Circle, I have tried to express my ethnological philosophy. The chief pitfall which I have trouble in avoiding is too much philosophy and too little story. The public is interested in stories and not interested in philosophy.

I have been invited to preach at the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Peter Marshall's old church, on Ponce de Leon Avenue, next August 13th and have accepted. In spite of the fact that I am considered by the old-timers as radical and heterodox and perhaps largely because of that fact I appreciate all the more such an invitation as this. I think I shall talk to them about the Chief End of Man.

August 10, 1939—We had an interesting meeting of our Executive Committee last evening. I gave them a dinner at the Cox Carlton Hotel, Room 211. It was served by my black Chesterfield, Homer Thomas, very acceptably. Present were Judge Watkins, Robert H. Jones, Jr., J. R. Murphy, Archibald Smith, W. O. Steele, and myself. I submitted the attached report and it was adopted unanimously and a committee was appointed to effectuate its recommendations.* We elected Dr. M. D. Collins, Dr.

* June 20, 1939.

REPORT OF PRESIDENT JACOBS TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Please permit me to submit to you herewith a summary of my activities during the last ten years, depression period, and with it the story of the University's progress during that time.

As you know, when the crash came, beginning in 1929, it found Oglethorpe with a bonded indebtedness of \$375,000, interest on which was being paid by Mr. J. T. Lupton. Mr. Lupton had just authorized me to buy these bonds, provided no premium had to be paid for them and as they might appear on the market. In addition thereto, Harry P. Hermandance was in process of causing to be constructed on the campus of the University the stadium, bearing his name, costing approximately \$100,000. The first section had just been completed and \$55,000 of that sum was owing the bankers. In addition thereto, Mr. William Randolph Hearst was in process of paying for Silver Lake property which he had just given to the University and there was still owing on that property, including obligations of the University for certain lots which they had promised to buy from the Silver Lake Park Company, something like \$75,000. This constituted all of the large obligations of the institution but there was also approximately \$25,000 of floating indebtedness covering balances due for equipment and operating deficit. These sums totalled at the time of the crash, about \$540,000.

As conditions grew worse, it became apparent that it would be very difficult to secure from our governing boards the same kind of cooperation and assistance as that which they had been previously giving. Many of them suffered severely themselves and being unable to continue their gifts were unwilling to attend the meetings and assume the obligations of directing the financial affairs of the institution. Simultaneously, the death of Mr. Lupton rendered the situation very much worse. Acting under the advice of our Chairman, the Executive Committee appointed a sub-committee consisting of himself as Chairman, Hollins N. Randolph

Charles J. Haden and John K. Ottley, Jr., to membership in the Committee. Now that Oglethorpe is getting into good financial condition, I have no difficulty with committee attendance.

as vice-chairman and the President of the University as a third member, giving them all authority necessary to order the life of the college and to conduct its affairs. Upon the death of Colonel Randolph, Judge Watkins and I have associated with ourselves other members of the Committee as counsellors, hoping each month that we would soon have the University in such a position that we could report to and reorganize the Executive Committee on a permanent basis. In the meantime, some members of our Committee have died and others have removed from Atlanta. At last, however, we have brought the financial conditions of the University to such an excellent point of progress that we feel that the time has come for us to submit the results of our labors to the larger board.

During these ten years there has been scarcely a month in which we have not been able to report progress. Each annual audit made by P. L. Bardin and Company has shown a diminution of the indebtedness and an increase in the net assets. The last audit, August 1938, shows that the original total of liabilities, approximately \$540,000, has been reduced to a total of about \$135,000. In the meantime, the annual deficit of the college which amounts to approximately \$50.00 per student or \$40,000 per year, has been raised and the floating indebtedness has been reduced from approximately \$25,000 to approximately \$10,000. At the moment, the President has in view certain other gifts which are likely, before the end of 1939 to reduce the total indebtedness to less than \$100,000. The Board will be pleased to learn that the net assets of the University now amount to nearly \$2,000,000, all of which has been accumulated during the worst period through which the United States has passed in three-quarters of a century.

The present moment, therefore, seems to be a fitting one for the reorganization of our governing boards and the reassembling of the friends of the institution after ten years of stormy weather. With that in mind, I have consulted a number of these friends of the institution who have seen it through this decade of disaster and acting under their advice, I submit herewith a summary which I suggest as a basis for the reorganization as follows:

1—The Board of Founders which now consists of men of all denominations whose interest in Oglethorpe has been proven by subscriptions of \$1,000 or more, shall be continued as heretofore and shall become a general advisory group, summoned only on special occasions for special purposes.

2—The present Executive Committee shall be recognized and enlarged into a self perpetuating Board of Directors, this Board of Directors to select its own members from the Board of Founders and to have full authority over and responsibility for the operation of the University as an educational institution under the limitations and privileges of the charter. I suggest that they should number approximately eighteen or twenty-one, approximately one-third of whom shall be from Atlanta, one-third from the South outside of Atlanta and one-third from the nation at large other than Atlanta and the South. The annual meeting of this Board should be held on the campus of the University and one meeting per year at some point outside of Georgia, convenient to members of the Board who do not reside in Atlanta. The City of New York has been suggested. Other meetings should be held in the City of Atlanta as provided by the By-laws.

3—The Atlanta members of the Board of Directors should constitute

From my point of view, the most interesting part of the meeting was a remark made by Bob Jones as we were all leaving after a happy evening together. I had urged them, now that we had succeeded in paying off most of the enormous debt which we have been carrying for so many years, to help me to get together a group of "representative" men on the Executive Committee, which might now be possible since there were no financial obligations that they would assume. As we stood on

an Executive Committee which, when acting unanimously, should have the power of the Board of Directors between meetings of said Board.

4—The present Board of Trustees set up by the Charter to hold in trust the property of the University should be continued, its principal duty being to see that said property is not encumbered nor transferred to other owners except as provided in the charter. In recognition of the historic traditions of old Oglethorpe and in order to keep faith with promises made when the Presbyterian Church gave more than one-quarter of a million dollars to refund the University, these trustees should all be members of the Presbyterian or Reformed Church. The present members of the Board of Trustees should be continued in office.

5—It should be provided in the Charter that no Board or Committee or officials of the University should have power to place a mortgage or lien on its campus, buildings, equipment or endowment.

6—The by-laws should provide for a committee that shall nominate for election from the Board of Founders, the Board of Directors and the Board of Trustees. I suggest that this Committee should consist of the President of the Board of Directors, President of the University and a third member to be elected either by them or by the Board of Directors. No nominations shall be suggested by this Committee except as unanimously agreed upon by it. For your information I should add that the officers of the Board of Founders and existing members of the Committee are as follows:

President—Edgar Watkins.

1st Vice-President—Cartter Lupton.

2nd Vice-President—William Randolph Hearst.

3rd Vice-President—William J. Bailey.

Officers of the Executive Committee are as follows:

Chairman—Edgar Watkins.

Vice-chairman—Robert H. Jones, Jr.

Secretary—Archibald Smith.

There are certain friends of the University who have indicated to me their willingness to serve on our Board of Directors as above reconstituted. I am ready to submit their names upon request. Some of them are men who have shown special interest in the University and who would make fine members of our Board of Directors to fill vacancies.

It makes me very happy to be able to submit this fine record of steady progress which has been made in financial matters not only, but also in other directions. Our student body includes a total registered list of over 800. We have been able to maintain our academic work, our faculty, our enrollment and to increase our equipment in library and laboratories. We are, at the present, engaged in refitting all of the dormitory rooms on the campus. Our cafeteria is adequately equipped. The work on our Crypt of Civilization is progressing steadily and, most important of all, the quality of work done in our class room is probably the best in the history of the school.

Respectfully submitted,
Thornwell Jacobs, President

the front porch, Bob said something like this: "Another good thing about it would be that it will end the complaint about Oglethorpe being a one-man school." That did me good because I think that a person gets more satisfaction from a consciousness of duty well done without any praise or glory from his fellow-men. As Lloyd Douglas said in his *Magnificent Obsession*, "I can use it all up, myself." It is an odd and interesting fact that after having suffered agonies for ten years and having, by the grace of God, saved the life of Oglethorpe University, single handed, when all others forsook me and fled, my reward is that I should be actually *accused* of having operated the institution as a one-man school! It is a very high compliment and a very fine illustration of human nature. The real history of this institution, its real heart and its real soul will never be known to anyone except myself, my secretary, and my God.

August 14, 1939—I filled the pulpit for the Westminster Presbyterian Church yesterday in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Ferguson Wood. Despite the rain, I had a good crowd present. My subject was: "What is the Chief End of Man?"

Last week we found that the stadium was cracking, so we sent for Mr. Lewis, our engineer. We began digging a large hole on the inside of the stadium some twenty feet deep when suddenly we struck water. This has caused us great concern and it is going to be rather expensive as we find that we must change the water line, diverting it from the stadium as there must be a broken pipe, somewhere.

This morning, Mrs. Woolnough, a friend who lives in the suburbs of London, Highgate, England, sent Maudie, in my care, a little bit of old Worcester china from England for a wedding present. It was a lovely thing to do. Maudie delights in old things so I am sure this gift will please her greatly. I shall take it with me.

September 1, 1939—I am just back from a combination trip East, college business in New York and wedding in Boston.

Leaving Atlanta on the Crescent Limited at 2:24 p. m. on the 16th of August, after a pleasant journey in an air-conditioned pullman, I arrived at the sweltering furnace that was New York. That city was enjoying the longest period of heat in history. High humidity and high temperature and no breeze. It was insufferable on the streets and the only way to get cool was to

go to an air conditioned movie or lunch room. While in New York I called on Mr. John Macrae, Sr., president of E. P. Dutton and Company and made preliminary arrangements for the publication of *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* which will likely come out next January unless world conditions should render its publication inopportune. On the 19th I rode up to Brattleboro, Vt., where I was met by John and Marge and driven further up into the mountains, about twenty-three miles, to their summer place, Taft Farm. Since I was there last they have made great improvements in the place. The building is now quite habitable. They have painted it on the outside, covered it with corrugated iron roofing, painted the barn, put in a number of modern conveniences, furnished the rooms attractively and among other things, installed machinery for a small cannery. John is the farmer with the aid of two young boys. He has a tractor and two trailers and the largest hay rake in the neighborhood, twelve feet in width. He has about 150 chickens and a fine garden and is installing a sawmill to turn the timber of his farm into lumber.

Marge is the canner and she works all day long at it. John brings in the beets and the carrots and she, with the aid of a young girl, during the canning season, at which time I was there, washes, scrapes, cuts and cans the produce from the garden. It is a beautiful location with one of the loveliest mountain views imaginable. On Thursday before the wedding, we drove down to Boston, about 100 miles and I was soon pleasantly located in my room at Harriet's. I found Harriet's house to be more beautiful than ever, and enlarged since I was there last with a very attractive and convenient nursery, enjoyed mostly, at the moment, by little Ned about two months old, who didn't cry when I took him in my arms for about fifteen minutes. I found his brother, Charles, had grown into an adorable young boy. He and Pressley will have a great time as they grow up. They are about the same age and size and both of them are well mannered and well trained and most attractive and intelligent little fellows. I enjoyed the discussions that we had with various members of the family on the critical events which are now taking place in Europe. John disagreed with my views but Olsen and I looked at things very much alike. The two days spent in Boston were very happy and busy ones. There were calls on the different members of the family. There was a dinner in the evening at "Aunt Nannie's" and a dinner given by her at the Weston Coun-

try Club. This last was on the evening of the 25th of August. There were present, in addition to the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Koester, Bud's mother and father; Mr. Koester's two sisters, Bud's sister, the four ushers, some friends of Harriet's and Maudie's and of the family, Olsen, Harriet, "Aunt Grace" and "Uncle Fred" Lesh, Fred and Sue, John and Marge and others. Bud's sister played the organ at the wedding. Aunt Nannie asked me to offer the first toast which I did with these simple words: "I give you the bridegroom, sometimes erroneously referred to as "the forgotten man" at the wedding; and the bride, always lovely and beloved. May the 'Greatest Thing in the World' abide in them and abound for them, always." We had a very lovely and lively time of it. Many other toasts were offered. The tone of the occasion was an interesting blend of happiness and seriousness.

The next day, Uncle Fred and Aunt Grace Lesh gave a luncheon at the Braeburn Country Club. There had been about forty present at Aunt Nannie's dinner and about the same number or a few more were at Uncle Fred's luncheon. The wedding took place that same afternoon and was a very pretty ceremony in the chapel of the Unitarian Church, just around the corner from Aunt Nannie's home.

After the wedding, there was a delightful reception at Aunt Nannie's with perhaps 125 to 150 people present. Aunt Nannie has built a very beautiful little terrace garden in the rear of her lot and refreshments were served at tables under the trees. There was a delicious wedding cake and when it was cut, Harriet got the ring. A number of old family servants were present. Among them, Christine, Aunt Nannie's long time cook who just about reared all of the children. After the wedding reception, Maudie made her escape, pelted with rose leaves.

After a day in New York at the World's Fair, I returned home to find Atlanta as cool as when I left. When I reached my hotel in New York, I had a notice from my secretary to the effect that the editor of *News Week Magazine* desired an interview with me so I communicated with their offices and gave them the information desired. They are going to use an article on our new Exceptional Educational Experiment in a forthcoming issue. This should give the plan widespread publicity for *News Week* is one of America's leading magazines.

While I was at John's and Marge's they gave me some very lovely social occasions. There were two teas, one at Mrs. Potter's whom I met a few years ago on the occasion of my first visit to West Townsend. Another was a tea on her own terrace with Dr. and Mrs. Landsteiner and their son and a Mrs. Mitsui, a prominent Japanese woman who is visiting Mrs. Potter. Another day we took a ride over to Manchester among the most beautiful farming lands and summer resorts of Vermont. Pressley went along with us. He is a fine little fellow, growing rapidly, and an exceedingly enjoyable little chap. Upon my return I found that the Attorney General of the State had made an interesting ruling concerning the accrediting of Georgia High Schools. It confirms almost in my own words the opinions which I have had and the fight which I have been making for the *legal* accreditation of schools and colleges, rather than the types of private and fraternal accreditation at present practiced.

Highlights in the trip were: The sweltering heat in New York, one of the worst experiences I have ever known; picture of John as a farm hand and Marge as an expert canner and of little Pressley, all day long catching the chickens and putting them back into the pen; the marvelously beautiful view down the valley from Taft Farm; the tea with the Landsteiners and Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Mitsui; half hour's wait at the chapel before the "preview" of the wedding, while the preacher delayed his coming; the three parties described above with their jolly crowds, and, above all, the radiant bride having the best time of all, happy and beautiful; little Charles playing freight train with his grand-daddy. To this should be added the long day at the World's Fair, including the hour's ride around the grounds and visits to the Science and Education buildings; the Russian, the British and Italian, the Czechoslovakian and the Belgian buildings, four o'clock tea on the British terrace and the fireworks in the evening.

While in Boston, I had the pleasure of seeing little Fred of whom I saw a great deal when he was in Atlanta but have seen very little since he moved to Massachusetts. He has grown to be quite a large boy and he had forgotten his grandfather completely. All of the children were looking well and happy.

This morning at about three o'clock, I happened to wake up and inasmuch as there had been some interesting news bulletins

on the radio last evening, I turned on my dial. Almost immediately came the announcement that Herr Forster had decreed the annexation of Danzig to the Reich. A little later came the announcement that Der Fuehrer had accepted Danzig into the Reich. Followed various bulletins announcing what seems to be the beginning of another war in Europe—the bombing of fortified towns and railway stations, including Warsaw. There came bulletins concerning the meeting of Parliament this morning, and from France to the effect that Daladier had exclaimed: “*It’s here!*”

Then came a special meeting of the Reichstag and an address by Hitler, interpretations and misinterpretations by radio commentators. All in all, I missed about four hours sleep by listening to it but perhaps it was the most important occasion in many years.

September 9, 1939—The president of the Baltimore and Ohio is interested in our Exceptional Educational Experiment as are millions of people all over the country. Next to the removal of the remains of General Oglethorpe to our campus and the Crypt of Civilization, this is the most widely known of our undertakings. This letter answers some of his questions:

Sept. 9, 1939.

Mr. Daniel Willard, Pres.,
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad,
Baltimore, Md.
Dear Mr. Willard:

Your letter of the 7th is so interesting and so incisive that I am taking the chance of boring you by attempting to reply to the thoughts and doubts which you so well expressed concerning our exceptional educational experiment.

Having your letter before me, I shall answer the questions in their order, as raised:

May I preface by saying that the purpose of this experiment is many-fold. First of all, believing as I do, that only a small fraction of the ability and interest of the average college student is engaged in study while he is on the campus, I wish to try out the possibility of so exciting his interest and intellectual pride that he will give all that he has to the intensest degree in the prosecution of his studies. At present, our colleges are so standardized that they are ossified. There are as many different intellectual speeds and endurance as there are physical, yet we make all of our students run for the same length of time and at the same speed by our rigid class room standardization. I think all of our college work is organized on the wrong basis and that it

does not give a fair chance to the exceptional student, whether above or below the average.

This brings me to the second test, that the experiment will make. Practically all of our American colleges belong to private accrediting associations which are nothing more or less than academic labor unions, designed to limit production, increase wages and shorten hours, both on the part of students and faculty. These standards are set up as classically perfect and all colleges are required to conform to them. I believe that they are all unwise. This test proposes to demonstrate that they are.*

The third point concerns the student himself. Usually, when he reports to college he makes a variegated selection and in spite of supervision by the faculty, often pursues a heterogeneous conglomeration of studies. This test proposes to begin at the beginning and to educate these boys chronologically in the great traditions of human civilization, requiring of them that they should do the same thing that is required in all of your engineering work, lay an unshakable foundation for later structures. This will have two tremendous effects. First, I think the mind of the boy himself will be so stretched and his fund of knowledge so increased, that he will get many times more out of life than he would have gotten otherwise. The other is that he will be able, no matter what profession or avocation he may follow, to do his work more wisely, understand his obligations more fully and guide those depending upon him more intelligently than he would otherwise be able to do. Our country today is suffering the loss of billions of dollars and incalculable amounts of moral force by the lack of just such men in key positions all over the nation.

Having said this, you will see what my answers would be to the questions which you raise. We have endeavored to select boys who have more than one special aptitude on the principle that the greatest minds are great in all directions. We shall see that they do not specialize while they are with us but that should they become Einsteins, Newtons, Pasteurs, Harpers or Eliots they will have had, at the cost of only a few years of extra study at college, much of the superb knowledge and wisdom that it took so many decades for these men to obtain. Also, they will be so well rounded and their foundations will be so broad and secure that, should they attain to great eminence in some specialty, they will not be narrow-minded and short sighted as so many great specialists are.

Your letter pleased me very much. It makes me happy to know that you are interested in this experiment. I shall keep you posted as to its progress.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres."

* For fuller details, see appendix.

September 13, 1939—I am just back from another trip, this time it was to Clinton, S. C. As, in the case of New York, the point which I visited was enjoying the hottest day of the year. The temperature in Clinton and vicinity was reported to be about 103. By invitation of Dr. Woods, pastor, I spoke in the new Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning, September 10, at 11:15 A. M. It was the first time that I had ever spoken in this new third church, though often in the second church. The first real sermon I ever preached in my life was in the old first church which had begun with the ordinary square country church type and had then had superimposed on it an entrance and a high steeple somewhat on the order of St. Michael's in Charleston. I used as my text the first question of the first catechism which I had been taught in the little, white, painted Sunday School room to the east of the old church. In spite of the hot weather, there was a fine congregation of about four hundred people. I found Will Bailey slowly recovering after a very severe operation. He had been in the hospital in Spartanburg for about six months and even yet is not able to wear his ordinary clothes but his pajamas were attractive enough and much more comfortable, considering the weather. Other members of the family were all well. Ferd's daughters, Louise and Eliot, were getting ready to go off to school at Converse where they are studying music. William's boys, William, Jr. and Hugh, are both attending Presbyterian College. P. III, as the boys call William, Jr., is very much interested in radio broadcasting. Hugh has a flare for photography, photo-engraving and such like. Thomas was looking well, also. While in Clinton we were discussing old pictures and William brought me a picture of my mother, framed in an old fashioned oval frame with oval glass. I told him that it was very precious and to take good care of it. He then asked if I wouldn't like to have it and I accepted with glee because, though I had never said so before, it is the one thing associated with my childhood that I had rather have than anything else. It is probably the first picture that I ever noticed. It used to hang over the mantelpiece of my father's bedroom and every morning when I would build the fire, while the flames were developing, I would stand and look at it. It was never removed until my father's

death. Then it went to my brother, Ferd, and from him to William and William now gives it to me. My father used to say that I looked very much like my mother and other people have seen a similar resemblance. I hope that whoever may become possessor of it will cherish and protect it.

I found the boys hard at work on their jobs. Ferd tells me that he is having a good September and William is having remarkable success in his campaign to preserve and improve Presbyterian College. I am hoping to go back to Clinton for the P. C.-Oglethorpe game in October. It is a strange thing, how all of my ancestors on the Jacobs side have been either preachers, teachers or printers, some of us being all of them.

October 13, 1939—Oftentimes I try to balance my life, the good against the bad, the pleasant against the distasteful, the misfortunes against the good fortunes and the more I do so, the more it seems to me that the value of life consists in contrasts. After all, sweetness is more marked after bitterness and pleasure much more enjoyed after pain.

Sometimes I think that I have an exceedingly soft and easy life, protected from most of the troubles that other people seem to have. I was reared in a Christian home, instructed in the proper principles of action and taught to love the good and the true and the beautiful. From the little village where I was reared I went to the Seminary at Princeton and for three years was surrounded by as fine a type of life as the religious world is able to offer. Then for a few years, I was pastor in a Southern Presbyterian Church, then under my father in Clinton, then editor and writer and then thrown constantly with the finest kind of people in the refounding of Oglethorpe University. Through all of these years, I have had plenty to eat, good clothes to wear, good books to read, fine experiences at home and abroad and many marvelous friends.

When I balance against these blessings "the difficulties which show what men are made of" they are not hard to find. Physically, I have had three hospital experiences, involving operations of a serious nature besides many minor infirmities, finally resulting in something bordering on "old fashioned nervous prostration" and pointing up in a ten-year experience with paroxysmal tachicardia. This was brought on me very largely by the intense nervous strain of the break-up of my family which

resulted in tremendous losses of "face" and "standing" and made me liable to many darts of ill will. The third difficulty arose from the fact that while my theology is definitely Calvinistic and therefore, orthodox, my Christology and especially my interpretation of some of the cardinal tenets of the church are widely different from and, therefore, heretical to many pious people. Books which I have published, especially *The New Science and Old Religion* have called attention to this difference. On one occasion, I understand, a prominent minister of Atlanta Presbytery read excerpts from this book and proposed that I should be cited for heresy. In spite of this danger, however, it seems that I am the first minister of such widely known differences of opinions to be permitted to live in peace within the bounds of the Presbytery and last Fall the Presbytery even went so far as to meet on the Oglethorpe campus.

A fourth source of worry is the fact that the refounding of Oglethorpe University called my attention to the degeneration and ossification of the educational system of our country which I have, from time to time, criticized vigorously. This brought me into collision with many prominent educators and, in particular, with the Georgia Education Association which promptly tossed me and Oglethorpe out of the window. In addition to this and only recently, the fact that I stated frankly what I believed to be the truth concerning the Jewish situation, has eliminated me from the rank of columnist in one of our local papers, although it was done with extreme care and consideration.

One of the worst situations that I ever faced was during the great depression when it was not within my power to keep up the salaries of our teachers nor the property of our institution and when, as a consequence, I was under fire from students, faculty and alumni and many among this latter group are so interested in big-time football and so insistent upon its adoption by Oglethorpe that the fires of their feelings have, in many cases, maintained their heat.

As I look back over my life, I see clearly that I could have avoided practically all of these difficulties by simply acquiescing in the *status quo* of the world and failing to take any positive stand on anything; in other words, by being all things to all men. A little clever politicking and the denial of the urge within me to respect the integrity of my own mental processes would have

saved me many of my troubles but, as a matter of fact, I rather enjoy them because they are, after all, nothing but ripples in front of the swimmer which are always larger when one swims up-stream than when one floats downward with the tide.

October 17, 1939—Today, October 17th is the third anniversary of my operation for appendicitis at St. Joseph's hospital. As I look back over these three years, it seems to me that they have been unusually fine years. We have been steadily paying off our debts and we have steadily improved the college. Life has been worth while and I am more than ever grateful for the opportunity of such services as these years have afforded me.

The campus is getting to be beautiful now as the leaves have begun to turn and our dogwoods are a mass of scarlet. Today is warm and sunny but brisk enough to make it necessary to have our heat on in the early mornings and late evenings.

Our freshman team has a splendid record so far. Each time they win a football game we give them a meal with the compliments of the University. So far, the Varsity team has lost only one game, that with the University of Kentucky. We expected an even worse defeat than we received for Kentucky has a very strong squad.

We are having more thrift planted in the pockets of the rock garden where it is needed, on either side of the steps leading down to the football field from the rear of Lupton Hall and on the hillside just beyond Hermance Stadium and facing Peachtree Road. This should be very beautiful in the early spring. The Wayside Gardens of Ohio have promised to send us a quantity of assorted bulbs for the campus later on in the autumn. They have been most generous, having given us many bulbs at various times in the past. Their products are of the highest quality.

Mr. D. W. Davis reports that he has one of the best Glee Clubs he has ever had.

A recent report from Mr. Harold Jones, professor of Chemistry, shows that the ten highest grades made in his Geology class so far this term were made by the Triple E boys. They are doing very well indeed in Cosmic History and up to this year only juniors and seniors have been allowed to take it. All of these boys are freshmen.

October 31, 1939—I have just returned from a trip to Clinton, S. C. The occasion was a football game between our boys and

those of Presbyterian College. I drove over with my brother, Dillard and his wife, and sister-in-law, Miss Estelle Rutledge, leaving Atlanta at 12:30 p. m. and arriving in Clinton after two or three stops, at a little past five, Eastern time. There was an alumni dinner at which I spoke for ten minutes, just preceding the football game. Something like 2,000 people saw the game which was a beautifully played contest. Oglethorpe lost by a score of 6 to 0. Presbyterian College's victory was due to one successful forward pass. I stayed with my nephew, Ferdinand Jacobs, and his family. There were two family dinners, one at the home of William Jacobs on Saturday evening and one old fashioned Sunday dinner at Ferdinand's. I found my brother-in-law, Will Bailey, somewhat improved. I guess the dinner Sunday was the first he had attended since his operation. He seems to be regaining his strength but quite slowly. Ferdinand reports good business with his religious press and William is doing a splendid job in preserving and endowing Presbyterian College. William, Jr. is very much interested in radio and is an assistant to Hugh Holman in the radio production work which the college is carrying on. The younger son, Hugh, is the official photographer of the school and at the moment thinks that his career will lie along those lines. Two of Ferd's daughters, Louise and Eliot, are studying music at Converse College. We drove up Sunday morning to bring them down for the dinner, leaving Clinton at eighty-thirty and getting back at ten-twenty, driving along the Jacobs highway, named for my oldest brother who was a great road builder of that section.

While we were in Clinton we visited my father's library and I brought with me duplicates of a few old family pictures which I expect to frame and present at Christmas as gifts. Four of them were of John, Thornwell, Jr., Fred and Harriet, and one, an interesting photograph of my sister at the age of eighteen in a dress which she made herself which I want to have copied, presenting one of them to W. J. Bailey. I also found an old Bible belonging to my grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Redbrook. I have a half dozen old spoons and a butter knife which were hers. My father's library is to be moved into the Clinton library now being erected on the northwest corner of the college campus.

One of my pleasantest experiences while in Clinton was a call at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Copeland, Ame's mother

and father. They told me this story: one day a young preacher who had just come to Clinton was passing by Aunt Sake Finney's (yes, wife of my church pillow) and she gave him a rose, evidently with quite a bit of the stem. He brought it home and he or his wife decided to root it. It grew beautifully and is still a bush on the old lot. There was one rose on it which they gave me. They tell me that it blooms, off and on, all winter, even in the snow. Mrs. Copeland is going to root a cutting for me and I expect to plant it somewhere on the Oglethorpe campus as a tie between the old days and the new.* The young preacher was my father.

We came back Sunday afternoon, taking about four hours and twenty minutes to make the trip.

November 9, 1939—The last week end was a very interesting one to me. Mrs. W. Cyrus Bailey of Augusta, Ga. and one of her lovely daughters, Frances, came over and spent Saturday and Sunday as my guests at the Cox-Carton Hotel. That afternoon I escorted them to the Tech-Duke football game, a very exciting affair which ended 6 to 7 in favor of Duke. Immediately upon our return we had dinner at the Georgian Terrace Hotel. My other guests were Thornwell and Barbara, Ruth and Dill. Afterwards, I took them to a movie at the Fox, immediately opposite, to see one of Lloyd Douglas' plays, *Disputed Passage*. We talked until about midnight. On Sunday morning I took Mrs. Bailey and Frances over to the Church of the Redeemer where my Triple E boys worshipped, introducing them to the pastor and to the Triple E boys after the service. Immediately afterward, we drove up to "Uncle Dill's" and had dinner. At about 3:30 they left for Augusta.

The remainder of the week has been full of the usual college perplexities including the suspension of a couple of boys, which is very unusual with us. They are the first to be suspended in many months. Also, including little difficulties of officer with officer and professor with professor.

This morning there came a wonderful check from _____ in amount of \$25,000 which insures my happiness for another year and also the safety of the college. Eventually we are going to get all of these obligations paid. They now total \$100,000. And

* It is growing nicely in the rose garden (1943).

when we do this and have from a half million to a million dollar endowment, we shall be, humanly speaking, safe.

November 14, 1939—Self pity is one of the worst of faults and this is not self pity but only a record of one of the most fearful weeks I have ever had in my life. It began with what looks like a loss of some \$25,000 in the anticipated income of the college for next year. This had barely wrought its work of depression before I had a severe reversal in a personal matter which I had almost accomplished successfully and before I could get over that, came the bitter news of the death of little Pressley Jacobs. The first telegram was received from Harriet, merely saying that he had died and giving no particulars as to where or when the funeral would be held. Immediately, I called John on the phone and was informed by the operator that no one answered at his home. I then called Harriet and I heard her maid tell the operator that they had gone up to Vermont. From both of these I thought that evidently John and Marge were spending the week-end on their farm in West Townsend, Vt., taking advantage of the Armistice Day week-end on the farm and so I sent a telegram to Marge at that point, asking her to wire me when and where the funeral would be held. No answer came for many hours and until it was too late for me to take any train that would give me a safe connection to Boston. I then called up the Eastern Air Transport Company and they told me that every seat in their Sunday planes was taken. As a consequence, I was unable to attend the funeral but I am leaving today to go up and spend a little while with John and Marge. Little Pressley is the only little boy in our family ever to die in his childhood, which shows how good God has been to us in the past. All my brothers and my sister lived or are living into the sixties and all of my own children are still alive and no other of my grandchildren has died.

The funeral was in Lincoln, Mass., conducted by the same minister who had christened Pressley and who had married Marge and John. From a conversation I had with Harriet last night, I judge that he and Marge and John and Mr. Evatt, Marge's father, took the little boy up to the farm near West Townsend where he was buried on the high hill which overlooks the deep valley where one of the branches of the Connecticut runs. I shall always think of him as a dear, lovable little fellow, sleeping

on the spot which he most enjoyed, near where he used to catch the chickens and put them into the pen and shake down the apples for the live stock. I never realized before how miserable a person can be who is not able to be where he should be!

November 27, 1939—On Tuesday morning, November 14th, immediately after an illustrated lecture by Dr. Lon Grove, the surgeon of my appendix operation of some years ago, given by him in our Assembly Hall to our students, I took the one ten p. m. train at Peachtree station to go to visit John and Marge in Boston. Until I reached Lincoln, I felt very badly about not being able to be with them during the days immediately following the passing of little Pressley but I was somewhat reconciled to the circumstances when I arrived because I found that in the deadly lull of their great sorrow, I was perhaps more needed than in the high excitement immediately after his death. I found that John and Marge had been staying with Aunt Nannie and when he met me at Back Bay station at four fifty five Friday afternoon, we went back to her home for dinner. I had planned to arrive late in the week because I knew John would be busy at the college earlier, and that it would be an imposition to stay with them at such a time. After dinner with Aunt Nannie, we went on over to Marge and John's on Lincoln Road and we lighted the oil burners and warmed up the house and had a good, long talk. In the living room, John built up a fire of birch wood brought down in his trailer from the farm in the summer and we had it just as cheerful as possible. Mrs. Evatt had fixed everything in good order and there were vases of beautiful flowers everywhere. Next morning we had a late breakfast and made arrangements for the day which consisted in a visit to Maudie's apartment on Jamaica Way in the early afternoon. There we met Maudie and her husband and Fred and Sue. Afterwards, we went over to Harriet's home on Hilltop Road for dinner. Then back again to John's on Lincoln Road. Sunday morning we went to St. Peter's church and heard Fred Lawrence preach an excellent sermon and then I took John and Marge out to the 1776 House for dinner. After dinner, at the request of Maudie and Harriet, instead of going home, as I had planned, we went back to Harriet's home and had a good, long talk on the subject of religion. I got home about ten o'clock and left the next morning about ten arriving in New York Monday afternoon. That evening,

Earl Blackwell's new play, *Aries Is Rising* was being given at the John Golden Theatre to a benefit performance and I slipped in with Earl and Miss Caroline North and Ted Strong, his business partner, and watched what was the first performance of any kind in that city written by an Oglethorpe boy and I am not sure but that it was the first time a performance had been given on Broadway, written by a graduate of a Georgia institution.

On my way up, I had a day in New York and a very pleasant visit with Mr. B. M. Baruch. I found him much improved after his recent operation. I also saw Mr. Macrae and made final arrangements for the publication of *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* which doubtless will come out in the early spring.

CHAPTER 25.
THE DIARY—1940

January 2, 1940—Nineteen hundred and thirty-nine has come and gone and 1940 has begun. The last year was a good year for me with one dark chapter, the loss of my little grandson, the only grandchild named for a member of my side of the family and the only grandchild whom we have lost. As I face the new year I am happy in a gift of \$25,000 from —— which is safely deposited in the Irving Trust Company of New York, \$250.00 from Preston Herbert and \$100.00 from precious Mrs. Cora Smith Gould.

I have some interesting plans for this year. If any of them should materialize, it should be a great year. One of the things that I want to do is to build a planetarium at Oglethorpe and I am now engaged in correspondence to get the necessary information about it and Dr. Charles J. Haden has promised to help me on the financial side by using his influence to secure gifts. In addition to this, it looks as if we might take over the Atlanta Southern Dental College this year with its three hundred dental students, although plans for this are still tentative.

This morning I received from E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, *News of Books and Authors, January-February, 1940*, announcing the publication of *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's*, which gave me quite a thrill. I have read all of the galley proofs and the date of publication has been set for February 26th. The book is a defense of the old republic as against our modern democracies and is principally a story of Charleston from 1860-65. A short novelette which I wrote back in the early days of the century and published in the *Taylor Trotwood* magazine of Nashville, Tenn., during 1907 and 1908, furnished the nucleus, although it is hardly recognizable in the present novel. I have illustrated it with something like seventy-five pictures, all taken from the magazines of the period, drawn by war correspondents which, I believe, is the first time such a thing has been done with a novel in the United States. From my point of view, it not only

aids in the illusion of reality but also illustrates the story finely. I hope it prospers in the purpose for which I wrote it. I am not expecting any large sale but I believe that it will do some good in the present disturbed governmental and economic world.

Christmas was, as usual, the happiest season of the year for me. In addition to receiving something like two hundred Christmas cards, there were many lovely gifts.

I have written a little brochure on Christmas* something I have wanted to do for many years. I think I shall have it published by next Christmas for use at that time. *When Church Bells Chime** has brought me many letters, quite a number from Presbyterian ministers from all over the South and a considerable number of orders for extra copies.

This morning, the temperature was down to 18 above zero, a cold day for Atlanta. Registration for the winter term begins tomorrow and we are expecting a full enrollment. William Eason will take Professor Prescott's place in the Accounting Department.

February 7, 1940—February has come and there is no great improvement in the weather. The ten and three-tenths inches of snow—it was over a foot deep in some places on the Oglethorpe campus—lasted about three weeks, largely because the temperature refused to rise above freezing. Up until yesterday, some of the rural schools in the state were not in operation but the warm rain and high temperature has, by now, melted practically all of the snow.

We had an interesting day of it yesterday. Miss Martha Brown, our local "student getter" for girls had asked our Glee Club to give a recital and some twenty-five or thirty young ladies from the Atlanta Girls High School listened to it with interest, in addition to our own student body. It was quite well done. The young ladies were received in the library of Lupton Hall and later were entertained in the cafeteria with a nice lunch, not only, but also by a fight between two of our football boys which, of course, was followed by the swift justice of the Dean. From nine a. m. until ten thirty I was chief engineer of a job of collecting and placing planks and cinders on the muddy places in the path leading to the entrance of Lupton Hall. The ground

* See Appendix.

has been heavily soaked with melting snow and ice and by the copious rains.

Last Friday, Feb. 2nd, we began sending out the blurbs for *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's*. Some went to Charleston and others to various parts of the country. Tuesday, three days later, was the first day on which we received any orders. The Oglethorpe University Press is southern representative for Dutton's. On Tuesday three orders came in. One was from C. R. Huger, ordering a copy to be sent to Mrs. J. Ellison Adger, The Point, James Island, Rt. 1, Charleston, S. C. This interested me particularly because my grandfather, Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs, was pastor of the James Island Presbyterian Church and as a little boy my first recollection of any trip that I had ever made was a trip to James Island where we spent the summer. I could hardly have been more than five or six years old. The other two orders were from W. T. Neal, Brewton, Ala., and Mrs. J. L. Alderman, Riverland, Charleston, S. C.

I have purchased and begun a scrapbook concerning *Red Lanterns*, including letters, criticisms, etc. This morning we have a letter from the publishers, saying that the first books will be ready on February 15th, my birthday, and that the date of publication has been set for March 8th, the birthday of my brother, States Jacobs. February is a month of dates intimately associated with our college. I have already mentioned my own birthday, February 15th. February 3rd was the anniversary of the birthday of Sidney Lanier who, up to date, is probably our most famous alumnus. February 12th is the anniversary of the founding of Georgia by James Edward Oglethorpe. By the old calendar, this was February first but still within the month. We could hardly claim February 22nd, Washington's birthday, except on the general principle that he founded the nation of which Oglethorpe founded the thirteenth state.

My little cedar birds have arrived but this year I have a suspicion that they have been around in the woods and fields near the University all winter long. During December I saw a flock of them in one of our trees and on February 5th, they had grouped themselves on one of the Spanish oaks outside my window. This year there were no ligustrum berries for them to eat. The freeze and snow and intense cold of the three weeks of the January blizzard have broken the limbs, and the hunger of other birds made them devour the remaining berries.

My friend, Preston Herbert, has just sent me another package of maple syrup, a treat which I enjoy and try to see that others enjoy, also.

A mild flu epidemic is raging. My bursar, Mr. A. G. Marshall, is in bed this morning. Mr. B. E. Alward, our artisan, has been in bed for a week with it. Our nurse, Miss Feebeck, has spent two or three days in bed. Professor Jones and Patterson were ill a few days as well as Mrs. Patterson, and various members of the student body have also been afflicted. Fortunately, however, it has not reached serious proportions.

February 20, 1940—My birthday passed this year without our making any mention of it in the diary. I now find myself, since February 15th, to be sixty-three years of age and in the midst of a very interesting and exciting month. My publishers wrote me that the first copies of *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* would be delivered to them on February 15th and that the publication date had been set for March 8th which I have previously mentioned. The first discovery of the publication of the book was made by our librarian, Mrs. William Carper, who immediately wrote Dutton's, ordering three copies.

The month of February is full of "dates", beginning with the radio broadcast over WSB presenting the Oglethorpe Crypt of Civilization on February 11th, followed by Fred Waring's repetition of our pep song on the 16th, the day after my birthday, by the Woman's Board meeting at three o'clock at Mrs. Hugh Bancker's on the afternoon of the 16th, by a dinner at Wiley Moore's in honor of Radio Broadcaster Kaltenborn on the 20th, by the Princeton Alumni dinner for Mr. Heermance (not our Harry) at the Driving Club on the 21st at which I am invited to offer the invocation, by the South Carolina Society's meeting on the 26th, where I am to make a talk on what South Carolina stands for, and by the wedding of Ida Akers, daughter of my friend, William Akers, on the 28th. In March, there comes the publication of *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* and the address before a group of business men in Dallas, Texas, on March 4th and then another address before the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce there on March 14th, and on March 22nd, a luncheon given by Rich's at which I am to be featured as an author.

As I write, there comes to my memory a boyhood ambition which I treasured for a long while and then gave up as hopeless.

It is said that oftentimes people have a great ambition to do something at which they are only second or third best. Perhaps the chief success that I have made in life, if I have made any at all, is the raising of money and the founding of Oglethorpe University but in my youth I recall vividly a dream of writing a novel that would sell widely and do a lot of good. While there is very slight hope that *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* will fulfill that dream to any great extent, nevertheless, it is going better than any book that I ever wrote. At any rate, I shall hope that the first edition will move out of the bookstalls with a reasonable degree of rapidity.

Today we had our first public debate of the year in the chapel.

March 19, 1940—I am just back from the second of two very enjoyable trips. On March 3rd, I left Atlanta at 3:40 p. m. for Dallas, Texas, where I had been invited to speak before a group of about 125 business men, comprising the operating force of the Campbell-Taggart Company. After a long ride via Memphis and Texarkana I arrived at Dallas the following evening about 8:30 and went immediately to the Baker Hotel where I found Mr. Glenn Stewart and Messrs. Campbell and Miller, the latter being the firm's representative in Atlanta. The following morning, after a breakfast with Mr. Stewart, we drove out to the plant, one of the most modern of the sort in this country and at about 11 o'clock I made my address which, I am happy to say, was received with great applause. After taking lunch with as fine a group of young business men as it has ever been my good fortune to meet, I took the Southern Pacific's Sunbeam a stream lined, modernistic train, making 265 miles in 265 minutes, including three stops. I arrived in Houston at 8:45 and found Laura and States and the Judge (States, Jr.) waiting for me. We drove up Main street and on out to a place where curb service is given by attractive young ladies, dressed in chorus girls' outfits. Returning to my brother's home, I found a copy of *Red Lanterns On St. Michael's* on his table, the first copy bought in Houston. Later on, I learned that the bookstore where the book had been bought, had sold out. While in Houston I visited the flower show, took lunch downtown and, with the family, drove out to the new San Jacinto monument and attended to a few business matters but principally had some good, long, enjoyable talks with the home folks. While in Houston also I was interviewed by the *Houston Post* about the novel and the college.

Hardly had I gotten back to Atlanta before I left for Miami to make an address before the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, the second in four years. In fact, it is the fifth address made in Miami during that period. The first was at the Miami Rotary Club. The second was before the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, the third before the Committee of One Hundred, the fourth before a group of lenders of money in small amounts at the Coral Gables Hotel in Miami, and now, just before I left, Mr. Beeching told me that he wanted me to come back to Miami to address the Committee of One Hundred again next year.

While I was in Miami, just before leaving I drove over to Fort Lauderdale to take lunch with delightful Mrs. Gould. Ormond, her son, drove down to Miami for me and I went back with Mrs. Gould. They have a very lovely home at Fort Lauderdale. The intercoastal waterway is directly in front of and parallels it. I had a fine time with them. Mrs. Gould is hale and hearty at the age of over eighty and is still writing poetry and enjoying life.

Also, I had the pleasure of a call on Cartter Lupton and on Dr. John Harvey Kellogg who invited me to lunch at his sanitarium at Miami Springs. I went and came from Miami on the fastest train now running between the two points. It leaves Atlanta at 6:25 in the afternoon and arrives in Miami at 11:30 the next morning. Returning, it leaves Miami at seven p. m. and arrives in Atlanta at 10:30 Central time.

Spring has already come in Florida and all of the lovely spring flowers were in bloom and the weather was delightfully warm. I stayed at the Pancoast Hotel. The address before the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce was received with great applause.

April 12, 1940—We have had an unusual sort of spring this year worth writing about for a moment.

It was cold up to the first of April, then suddenly we had soft, warm days and spring came at once. While it is chilly today, all of the flowers are in bloom. Even the January jasmine bushes still show a few blossoms. The bloodroots are still blooming and the hepaticas and the dogtooth violets and various other types of violets are in full bloom. From my office window, I see pink and white dogwood and pearl bushes and forsythia and flowering quince and redbud and weeping cherries and wild crabapple, and lilacs and thrift and jonquils and crocuses and

tulips and iris and pansies and practically all of the spring flowers blooming at the same time when there is usually a lapse between the dates of their appearance. Wisteria is also in bloom and blue phlox and johnny jump-ups and bluets and trilliums and Virginia bluebells and azaleas. Peachtrees, plum trees and pear trees are still in bloom.

The robins have finished their nest and there are two eggs in it.

Since writing the above, the mother robin left her nest and there is another egg in it, making three in all.

April 16, 1940—My friend, W. R. Wilcox is dead. Reading the account in the newspapers took me back to the days of my youth. While my friend, Cornwell Jennings, was supposed to be the best man at my wedding, it was actually Mr. Wilcox who acted as such. Mr. Wilcox had been postmaster of New York and was a very prominent lawyer and politician and has lived to the good old age of 76.

I recollect once when I went to Europe and lost my passport just thirty-six hours before the ship sailed, he was of very great assistance in getting a duplicate forwarded from Washington. I remember a remark he made to me when I reported my loss to him: "After all", he said, "we can be sure that hundreds of other people must have done the same thing before and there must be some established way of correcting the loss." I haven't seen Mr. Wilcox for many years, fifteen or more, but his is a very vivid personality in my memory. He was a very fine man.

My friend, H. M. Johnson of Augusta, Ga., who helped me to raise money in two of our campaigns in Atlanta, died last week in Augusta, which I regret. He was the son of the author of the *Defense Of Charleston*, Dr. John Johnson, whom I met many years ago when I began work on *The Shadow Of Attacoa*, now *Red Lanterns On St. Michael's*.

Mr. Weber, from the Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C., spent yesterday at the college, inspecting our work on the Crypt, sealing, etc., and said that we were doing a nice job of it. That pleased me greatly.

May 6, 1940—Our little robins are one week old today. So far we think we see five of them, at least there were five eggs. The nest is so full of little birds that we can't distinguish one from another. It took them two weeks to hatch and it looks as if it

will be from one to two weeks longer before they get out of the nest.

I never cease wondering about the marvelous ability of these young robins, the father and mother, to build a nest without ever having been taught to do so, to hatch and rear their young, and find the immense amount and kind of food which their young require, without ever having been instructed in vitamins, minerals and calories.

My nephew, William P. Jacobs, of Clinton, S. C., spent the week-end in Atlanta and spoke at the Peachtree Road Presbyterian Church yesterday morning. I took dinner with him at my brother's. Marion Fleming Bailey and her daughters were present also. It was most enjoyable.

Thornwell, while working in his garden, stuck a prong of the hoe into his foot which is causing him considerable pain but which will not prove to be serious, I hope. The same thing happened to me when I was a boy. He is developing his place beautifully.

We are in the midst of preparing for commencement which falls on May 25th and 26th, just three weeks distant. We are planning quite a delightful occasion with many distinguished guests to receive honorary degrees.

May 13, 1940—This morning when I came out to the office I found that the little birds had flown. It took them two weeks to hatch out and two more to grow their wings. Out of the five eggs, only three hatched. Evidently, the bad weather had something to do with it. It was really a wonderful sermon just to watch the mother bird feed these little fledglings and to contemplate the marvelous transformation which took place in the course of four weeks from an invisible germ to a flying robin. That is doubtless what will happen to us in the future, just as it has happened in the past.

July 16, 1940—We are having a remarkable summer. This is July 16th and at a time of the year when the mercury usually sticks around 95 but we have had only one hot night during the months of June and July combined and that was before the rains began. The papers say that this is the longest rainy season in many decades. One of its beautiful results is the turning of everything into an emerald green. The grass has never grown more lustily nor the trees and flowers been more beautiful but

our income from Lake Phoebe has dropped to a dribble and even the envelopes and letter paper feel as if they had been steamed, as you handle them. The temperature has been low, down into the sixties every morning and seldom above 80 at noon.

I had an interesting experience on July 4th. It was a holiday. No work at the college. So I spent the day examining the files of the *Atlanta Journal* during the period between August 24th and September 30th, 1906. I wanted to get the news as it was delivered to the people concerning the Atlanta race riots. Over thirty years ago I wrote a little story, *The Law Of The White Circle*, and it was published in the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine* in Nashville, Tenn., and later in a small edition of about five hundred copies in book form, circulated more or less privately. I am re-writing this story and am trying to make a real novel of it. It took me all day to scan these papers. I have had photographs made of some of the pages for possible use in the novel.

We are having a good summer school. Our enrollment is nearly two hundred. All of the professors tell me that this summer term is about the best we have ever had as to quality of students and work done.

We are having a number of small improvements made and numerous repairs. The greatest amount of interest centers around applications for admission for the autumn term, 1940-41. So far, we are considerably ahead of last year.

Among the items that I placed in the Crypt of Civilization for preservation until the good year 8113 A. D. (I hope) was the diary of my father. It seemed the sensible, the beautiful and the wise thing to do. In this diary I found too many personal references having to do with people still living for it to be put in a public place where any Tom, Dick and Harry could read it. It would be at least a hundred years before it would seem impersonal enough even to people living in the town of Clinton. As I had already published the gist of the diary in a special volume and quoted liberally from it in his biography which I wrote, it seemed wise to put it in the Crypt. Also, it was written on the kind of paper for long-time preservation and a memorial to his life and work will have immense value to the ages which are yet to come.

The Wayside Gardens have given us enough rose bushes to fill out the beds in our formal plot between Lupton Hall and the

Administration Building. There must have been two or three hundred of these bushes. They are now planning to give us some pastel water lilies for our frog and fish ponds which Professor D. W. Davis has built near the wild flower garden.

The abelia hedge between the two buildings is most fragrant now and the bed of petunias and portulaca just in front is greatly admired by our summer school students.

August 6, 1940—On Saturday, July 27th, I took the Crescent at Peachtree Station for a trip to New York. The heat in Atlanta at the time was up in the high nineties but the cars were air conditioned and the trip was pleasant. New York was about as hot as Atlanta, too hot to walk the streets and I arrived too late to go to church and the crowds would have made it uncomfortable to visit the fair but Sunday evening I took a bus and rode through Harlem. It was the first time I had ever seen Harlem on Sunday. This negro section extends now from the northern edge of Central Park, 110th street, for more than 50 blocks northward up to approximately 163rd street and runs almost from river to river. It is within a few blocks of the beautiful church on Riverside Drive built by John D. Rockefeller, the pulpit of which is occupied by Harry Emerson Fosdick. At the rate of increase in negro population, it will not be many decades before this church will be entirely surrounded by the negro communities and eventually it will become, doubtless, a church in which negroes worship. I understand that Harlem touches Riverside Drive at one point. It is an interesting sight to ride through it, to contemplate street after street lined with six, eight and ten storied apartment houses and to see in every window one or more black faces peering down on the streets below, and in the streets themselves no white people, although there are plenty of octoroons and even lighter colored negroes.

After finishing my work for the University, I called on the publishers of *Red Lanterns On St. Michael's*, E. P. Dutton and Company, and made arrangements for the fifth printing of the book. I called on a number of friends of the college.

Coming back, I visited Morganton, N. C., "Dunvegan", for the first time in forty years. My train got in at seven o'clock on Sunday morning and I went immediately to the Caldwell Hotel and after breakfast, took a walk around the town. First, I went to the Little Red Church Under the Oaks. The door was locked.

An attractive Sunday School building has been erected in the rear of the church. The old cemetery lay around the church and between the two buildings, very much as is described in *Red Lanterns*. Both buildings were closed so I started back up Union Street. I had hardly gotten a hundred yards before I saw Wilhelmina Tate, who, as a young girl, forty years ago, used to arrange the flowers for the church services. She was on her way to do the same thing that morning. During all these years she has been looking after the flowers and seeing that the janitor had the building in good order. I then walked up Union Street, noticing the changes that had taken place, homes pulled down and moved back, beautiful new homes which had been built on vacant lots and above all, every street finely paved. I was able to discover a few houses that remained as they were when I was there but they were very few. The town had trebled in size. It now boasts of about ten thousand people. When I was there, it was a dreamy, old-fashioned, aristocratic place which had lost its all in the War Between the States. Majors and generals and captains were on every street. My Session consisted of Hon. A. C. Avery, once Judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, Captain Phifer Ervin, Major Wilson, Dr. Moran and a few "just gentlemen" such as Messrs. Ross and Presnell and Pearson. One of the distinguished law firms of the day was Avery and Ervin. Avery, I spotted in the church, an elderly gentleman of eighty-four, listening dreamily to the sermon of a boy who was just a year older than I was when I was pastor of the church, Jack McAlpine. Mr. W. C. Ervin, I did not get to see as he was up in the mountains. Many of my old friends I did meet, among these were some of the young girls, now mature women, around fifty or sixty who formed the Junior Aid Society which ran the famous excursion which cleared over \$500.00 and initiated the payment of the debt on the church. Mrs. B. P. Hunt, Sue and Wilhelmina and Irene Tate, the Presnell girls, the Perkins girls, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Taylor, whose marriage I performed while I was in Morganton, and many others. The whole scene made an immense impression on me. I have not been in this little church for forty years and while it had changed, the pulpit and the woodwork were the same and also the memorial windows and the whole atmosphere. It was almost worth the forty years of absence from so delightful a spot to get the

sudden and vivid effect of the passage of forty years through the village. In meeting my friends after the service, for many of them recognized me on the spot and came crowding around to shake hands with me, I noticed the change on their faces first and it was only after having contemplated them for a while that I was able to get rid of the effect of the changes on my memory. I remembered them, alright, but not as they are today but as they were forty years ago and trying to impose their present upon their youthful past, gave me a strangely poetic feeling. I invited a few of the old Junior Aid members to take lunch with me at the new Caldwell Hotel and, immediately before lunch, Sudie Presnell's boy, Robert Phifer (Sudie married Dr. Ned Phifer) drove us around town, out to old Quaker Meadows Church, over the old bridge which spans the Catawba and out to Creekside, the old Walton place on the road to Asheville. I had had a letter from Louise Walton Boggs about *Red Lanterns On St. Michael's* and had hoped that she would be at home. The doors were all wide open but not an inhabitant in sight.

That afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Taylor drove us around the southern part of the county, along the new highway to Rutherfordton. Hidden away in a little stone house in the mountains we found May Mills who shortly is to tell the story of the gold mine which she is operating over Ripley's *Believe It Or Not*. I had not seen May for forty years, but, outside of being gray and a little wrinkled, her face had changed only slightly. Monday morning, Mr. Taylor drove me over the South Mountains along the trail that Perry Poer White took from Dunvegan to Lincolnton and then on to Charlotte where I caught the train for home. It was a delightful trip.

On the first of the drives referred to above, we went by the home of S. J. Ervin who, when I lived in Morganton, was one of my deacons. I remembered him as a rangy, strong, brown-bearded, sparkling brown-eyed brunette without a gray hair in his head. He had an elderly father who was quite feeble, a distinguished gentleman who lived with him and two young daughters, Catherine, about twelve and Laura, about fourteen. Catherine is now quite a writer and also a preserver of records. She seems to be the only person in the world who has a complete file of *The Burke Presbyterian*, a little monthly publication which I used to get out while I was pastor of that church. She happened

to have an extra copy of Vol. 1, No. 6 which she very graciously gave me. I had preserved a file but in some way it has been completely lost. Mr. Cobb printed the *Burke Presbyterian* for me for a sum so small that it has been easy to forget it. His paper, the *News*, is still in existence but its office has been moved around on Sterling Street and his daughter is now National Committeewoman for the Democratic party. When I reached Morganton, one of the first things that I heard was that she had "recently lunched with the President."

When I was there, although Morganton had been shattered by military and financial disaster, nevertheless, it stood out as the most aristocratic little wreck in the state. The streets were nothing but red mud as were the roads around the town, except a road that the state had built from the railway station to the hospital for the insane. There was a street spoken of as Macadamized, the road leading from the railway station to the Court House, the top dressing of which had long since been worn off, if there had ever been one. It consisted of stones, varying in size from your fist to your head, sunk into the mud. To see, after all these years, the transformation of the physical appearance of a town which recently had won a prize for being the most beautiful village in America and to see the effect of nearly 500 months of time on the faces, not of just one person but of scores of old friends, gives one an eerie, ghost-like reaction. It was really an amazing experience. One of the most interesting things about it all was that my old friends would remind me of things that happened forty years ago which I had completely forgotten. I felt as if I had been resurrected, after having been dead for half a century, and allowed to return to earth to see how the little village was running.

What a lot of different lives I have lived! I began life in an orphanage, myself being an orphan with the death of my mother when I was two years old. Then, at the age of thirteen, I stopped smoking, entered Clinton College, was graduated at seventeen and received my Master's degree at eighteen. Then I worked as foreman of the printing office at the Thornwell Orphanage for a year. All of which is life of a very distinct type and variety.

Then I went to Princeton and was a student in one of the centers of the academic life of America. It was like leaping from a hot bath room on to the North Pole, so far as difference of climate

was concerned, intellectual rather than physical. The revolution wrought in my ideas was tremendous, though I was still under the influence of the old orthodoxy so far as religious training was concerned. Then I went to Morganton as pastor of this little church. I was at Morganton for about three years and after that, went to help my father at the Orphanage by raising money and presenting the cause of the orphans in the churches of Georgia. When his health recovered sufficiently, I went to Nashville, Tenn., and for nearly five years was engaged with my brother in securing advertising for the religious press. During the latter half of this period, I began to write and became associated with Bob Taylor and with the *Taylor-Trotwood* magazine and began selling stories. One of them, I sold for as much as \$300.00! Then, I became obsessed with founding a Southern Presbyterian University in Atlanta. I had been elected to the presidency of a Georgia Presbyterian College but when I declined it, that plan fell through. Later, I came to Atlanta on my own hook with about \$300.00 in my pocket. I had been asked by J. K. Orr to become secretary of a campaign committee which was going to raise \$150,000 in Atlanta for Agnes Scott College. We put this campaign through and at its close, I knew many Atlanta citizens. I then turned to the execution of my plan and in the August, 1910 issue of the *Southern Presbyterian*, wrote an article urging the watering of our Educational Sahara in that way. Then followed the work of raising hundreds of thousands of dollars for Oglethorpe. The total income of this institution from that day to this has probably been \$3,000,000, not including sums received from students for their board, room rent and tuition. During all this time, I have continued to write, growing a little better with the passing years. Time has wrought as many changes in me as in any of the folks that I saw in Morganton.

August 15, 1940—I have just noticed a very interesting thing. In looking up my memorandum concerning the beginning of my work at Morganton, away back in 1900, I found that I preached my first sermon in a church which was my first and only pastorate, on March 4, inauguration day.

In making my recent trip to Dallas to address the bakers, the thought occurred to me that my Providence was celebrating my fortieth year in the ministry or at least in ministerial, educational and literary work, by giving me a remarkable year. It

was the year of the closing of the Crypt, the inauguration and execution of the Triple E plan and the publication of *Red Lanterns On St. Michael's*. The day I left Atlanta, Saturday, March 3, we were shipping so many copies of the volume all over the country from our office that we had to get the Southern Railway to stop their limited passenger train to take them on. This pleasant trip was capped off also by another equally interesting one to Miami. It has occurred to me recently, however, that all this has climaxed another March fourth. I left Atlanta March 3rd, traveled on March 4th and spoke on March 5th in Dallas.

We are fortunate in a number of improvements which are going on around the campus this summer. The Georgia Power Company will, on August 28th, inaugurate the trackless trolley line which will cut down our time from Atlanta by about nine minutes and give us a more comfortable bus. At the same time, they will inaugurate the bus service from the University to Chamblee. In order to do this, we had to give them a little land to make a turn-around and they are returning the compliment by cutting away a heavy embankment which has marred the appearance of our railway station for years. They will also build a handsome steel rail fence to protect the lots on the north-western side of Peachtree road. They have also promised to build a little shelter for the new car-stop at the head of Hermance Drive and to give us a carload of cinders for our track. Mr. Scott Candler, Commissioner of DeKalb County, has also promised to improve the roads in the former Silver Lake subdivision. And now comes the rumor that we are to have an airport on the old Camp Gordon site. This brings Atlanta nearer to our doors and enhances the value of our six hundred acres of campus.

August 17, 1940—From the Minutes of the College Association of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, kept by my father, I copy parts found below.*

* Minutes of June 13, 1894: "The Association met at 4 p. m., Library of Thornwell Orphanage. Opened with prayer. Present: The President and Messrs. R. H. McCrary, A. M. Copeland, M. S. Bailey, J. F. Jacobs, J. W. Young, J. A. Bailey, W. J. Bailey, Rev. E. C. Murray being present and introduced to the Association and was welcomed by them. The Committee on the Primary school was granted further time. The Secretary read the excuses of absent members. The following degrees authorized by the faculty were confirmed:

D. D.—Rev. A. R. Holderby.

A. M.—W. S. Glenn.

A. B.—R. R. Copeland, E. C. Doyle, J. E. Hollis,

October 29, 1940—On last Friday, October 25 I went over to see the football game between the Citadel (in Charleston, S. C.) and Oglethorpe, played on their own grounds. James Pope drove us over. We left Atlanta at ten o'clock and arrived in Charleston about five thirty that afternoon, our time. With the exception of a detour at Decatur, the road was perfect all the way as was also the weather. We took lunch at Greensboro in an old fashioned colonial house converted into a boarding house. Among other guests at the table, was a lady who expressed her delight at meeting the author of *Red Lanterns On St. Michael's!* She told me that she had read it while convalescing from an attack of pneumonia and that it had been a source of great comfort and pleasure to her. Friday evening, I took a stroll over the city of Charleston, down King to the Battery and up Meeting Street,

*Thornwell Jacobs, A. J. McCutchen, R. J. Otts,
F. K. Sims.
B. S.—Miss Laura Lynn.*

The same officers of the Board were elected to serve for the ensuing year. The Rev. E. C. Murray was authorized.

First, to prepare the reports to the Presbyteries.

Second, to secure the filling of the vacancy in Harmony Presbytery and the appointment of delegates from Bethel.

Third, to visit the Presbyteries at his convenience.

Messrs. M. S. Bailey, and A. M. Copeland were appointed the Committee of Inspection.

Adjourned. W. P. Jacobs."

From the Minutes of June 12, 1895: "The Association met at 6 p. m. and was opened with prayer by Rev. E. C. Murray. Present: The President and Rev. E. C. Murray, J. W. Young, J. J. Boozer, A. E. Spencer, Rev. J. F. Jacobs, R. H. McCrary, W. E. Owens. Rev. E. C. Murray announced that the faculty recommended the conferring of the following degrees:

A. B.—H. C. Cousar, R. W. Davis, R. N. King,
K. McCaskill, E. P. Pelham, W. J. Wyly
and I. M. Watts.

B. S.—Miss Pearl Humphries.

A. M.—(Post Graduate) *Thornwell Jacobs.*

A. M.—(Study in other institutions) D. M.
Fulton, A. M. McNaul, J. W. Davis, M. D.

The financial committee reported a debt of \$804.76 and a little above \$3,000 as assets. It was resolved that it would be best to delay collections of said amount till early fall. The same officers of the Board were elected to serve for the ensuing year.

On motion of J. J. Boozer, it was resolved that the Board meet on next Wednesday, 6 p. m., Nellie Scott Library, to elect a primary teacher. The faculty announced that they had decided to retain the 5th grade at the college. The Committee on the old academy building were requested to report at the meeting next week. On motion of Rev. E. C. Murray, an annual assessment of \$1.50 on the local members of the Board to meet the expense of commencement speakers. That the same be due and collected by the treasurer on May first of each year. Messrs. W. J. Bailey, J. C. Copeland were appointed to raise the assessment for this year. The Board then adjourned.—W. P. Jacobs, Clerk."

home again to the Francis Marion Hotel. At intervals, during the night, I could hear the Charleston Orphans' Home chimes sounding. It seemed natural to one who had lived so much of his life listening to the bells of the Thornwell Orphanage, built by a little boy who had used to pass the Orphans Home twice a day on his way to Charleston College. Saturday morning, I walked around to the *Courier-Post* office to see Dr. W. W. Ball and Mr. James Petigru Lesesne. Both were out but Miss Feucht-wanger learned of my presence and asked me to come in for an interview. I gave Charleston a little dose of General Creston's political philosophy. Saturday afternoon, I went to the football game and saw our boys take a good licking. Saturday night I took dinner with Dr. Ball and we had a fine, long talk about old days in South Carolina. Sunday, I had breakfast with Dr. Albert Rhett Stuart, pastor of St. Michael's. After that, Mr. King, the verger of St. Michael's, showed me over the church and we climbed to the top of the steeple. I saw the little room where Perry watched over the the harbor toward the close of the war. Charleston was a beautiful sight, seen from the steeple of this church. One is impressed more than ever with the fact that it is one of the most self-contained cities in the United States. Also, all of its institutions are old institutions. Charleston was before the War Between the States just about what it is today with its colleges, its orphanage, its museums, its libraries, its theatres and its churches. It is the Rothenburg of America.

After the service in St. Michael's, Dr. Ball gave an account of the General Episcopal Convention which he had recently attended and Dr. Stuart spoke briefly. He told of an inscription of one of the three Anglican churches, built during the days of Cromwell at a time when things were going very badly for the church. The inscription read: "To the greater glory of God and to Robert who did the best things in the worst times and continued to hope them in the most calamitous." That seems to me to be an inscription which fits in very well with the story of Oglethorpe University.

After the service was over, Dr. Stuart's secretary and a friend of hers, pretty Miss Mary Trott, who is a collateral descendant of Nicholas Trott, famous early pioneer of Charleston, kindly drove me back to the Francis Marion and we left immediately thereafter for Atlanta, making it in about seven hours.

Yesterday morning at seven o'clock, I spoke to the Presbyterian Ministers Association, making a talk, introductory to certain visits of thanksgiving that I am planning to pay to many churches which twenty-five years ago made the original subscriptions which began Oglethorpe. It was very happily received which pleased me all the more because I have an idea that the Presbyterian ministers in the state look upon me as being a little too liberal in my theological beliefs.

November 4, 1940—For some time I have been planning to go back to all of the churches that subscribed to the original Oglethorpe campaign in 1912-16 just to thank them for their kindness and to report to them on the progress of the college. At the time that I made this tour of the churches, we did not have a campus nor a building nor a student nor a teacher. We had nothing but an idea. I remember saying to them that some day I would come back and tell them that the school had been re-established and that their faith in the plan which they have evidenced so generously, had been rewarded.

Yesterday, I started on this tour. Coach John Patrick drove me down to Milledgeville where the original presentation of the plan was first made. The story of it is contained in a little booklet which I wrote and published after the tour had been completed, called *The Story Of Oglethorpe*.* On that first visit to Milledgeville, Dent W. Brannen was the pastor of the church. He was a former Thornwell Orphanage boy and a graduate of my father's two institutions at Clinton, S. C. There were only about a dozen people present, among them another Thornwell Orphanage boy, John Harris, who had lost both of his legs in a railroad accident and Dr. H. J. Gaertner, who, at that time, was a professor in the Georgia Normal and Industrial School, now G.S.C.W.. I took him (Dr. Gaertner) with me yesterday and had him to sit in the same seat where he sat that Sunday morning. It was a romantic moment to me after twenty-eight and a half years to go back to the old church. There was a splendid congregation. Someone said about 700 people were present and the pastor of the church, was one of my own boys, Rufus W. Oakey, to whom we gave the doctor's degree last year. There was a deacon standing in the very same door as that in which young Myrick stood.

* See Chapter XI.

While the principal purpose of my going to Milledgeville was to thank them for their kindness, I think that some further good results for Oglethorpe will come from the visit. They have started a plan to validate the subscription of \$1,000 made by the session of the church at that time, none of which has ever been paid. Also, I had an opportunity to call on a number of people who had made subscriptions and to thank them personally for their generosity and in one case, a subscriber of \$500.00 revitalized his subscription. Also, I have an idea that addresses of this kind may favorably influence students to come to the college and create good will for the institution among a very high class clientele.

But, regardless of any or all of such good effects, my principal purpose is to do something that I have never heard that anyone has ever done before—go back after more than a quarter of a century to say “thank you” to people who helped him and believed in him so many years ago.

Milledgeville is about 109 miles from Atlanta. We made the trip in a little over two hours.

November 25, 1940—Recent discussions of Fifth Columnists and un-American propaganda has just caused me to look up some old letters to and from Secretary Hull, W. Earl Hopper and President Roosevelt. As they have a certain vital value, I am adding them to my diary.*

* March 30, 1939.

My dear Mr. Hopper:

I haven't heard from you in a long while. I trust that you have not been ill. I am anxious to know how you are coming on, both in your work for students and for funds.

You are due a fuller explanation than I have, as yet, given you in connection with your proposed plan to secure funds from national groups endowing foundations for the study of their languages, literature and histories at Oglethorpe. There is nothing wrong with the plan. It is, of course, an ideal one. Under any normal circumstances, I should have been delighted to press it to completion but most unhappily at the moment, the world is so stirred up and there is so much hysterical partisanship being manifested everywhere that for us to attempt to raise funds, for example, for a foundation of the same sort, would certainly be misinterpreted and both our friends who gave the money and ourselves who receive it would be promptly accused of anti-American attitudes and activities. Until sanity returns to our citizenship, it would seem, therefore, best for us to sacrifice our academic interests for the sake of avoiding “any appearance of evil.”

I believe that all of your friends in New York whom you have contacted in this matter, will understand our attitude fully. Under present circumstances, should a gift have been made, I should have felt compelled to report the matter to the authorities in Washington for a request for a ruling on its acceptability almost as if war time had returned and

Also, I am going to save this item from the *Atlanta Constitution*

this might have resulted in unpleasant moments for our friends and ourselves, not only, but also Washington authorities.

Please let me have any news about your progress. I am especially interested in knowing what progress you are making in the securing of first class students for next year.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, President.

Mr. W. Earl Hopper,
33 King Ave.,
Weehawken, N. J.

April 6, 1939.

My dear Secretary Hull:

For several years Oglethorpe University has been planning to establish a series of cultural foundations relating to the history, literature and language of European countries from which the citizenship of the United States has largely been drawn. Among them are the Italian, German, French and English peoples.

The international situation involving the government of the United States with a number of European countries has grown so acute that it has seemed best for me to ask you officially whether, in your opinion, there is anything objectionable in the further prosecution of our plans about the matter. For example, we had in mind the establishment of a Germanic foundation for the teaching of German language, history and literature, especially in relation to its influence on American life and letters. Offers of books in a department library of this sort have been made. As yet, we have received no money except for the foundation of a King George V Memorial.

For fear that the matter might be misunderstood unless we had already acquainted the State Department with our plans and with perfect willingness to abandon them if you think it wise, I am writing you this letter.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President.

Hon. Cordell Hull,
Secty. of State,
Department of State,
Washington, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
Washington, D. C.

May 10, 1939.

In reply ref. to RC 811.42,326.

My dear Dr. Jacobs:

Secretary Hull has asked me to acknowledge your letter of April 6 and to indicate the interest of the Division of Cultural Relations in furthering cultural relations between our country and the people of other nations.

Mr. W. Earl Hopper has kindly sent us a brochure, outlining the program of the Earl Hopper Peace Foundation of Oglethorpe University through which I assume the activities outlined in your letter will be carried forward. The Division of Cultural Relations wishes to cooperate in every appropriate way with the activities of private agencies which are designed to further international intellectual cooperation. We should be pleased to be informed from time to time of the developments in your progress.

Sincerely yours,
Ben M. Cherrington,
Chief Division of Cultural Relations

of July 28th, 1940. It appeared on the Society page and in the Sally Forth column.*

* "Dr. Thornwell Jacobs' recent novel, *RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S*, published by E. P. Dutton and Company, is having a most favorable reception all over the states. In fact, word has just come to the Oglethorpe University Press, southern distributors of the volume for Dutton's, that according to a survey of the Los Angeles Public Library on July 6th, as to what Los Angeles people were reading, it received second place on the fiction list. Ranking first on the list was "Oh, Promised Land" by James Street, with "Before Lunch" by Angela Thirkell, coming third, and "This Land is Ours" by Louis Zara in fourth place.

The sale of the book in Charleston, S. C., where the scene is laid, is phenomenal. The number of copies sold there equaled the number of "GONE WITH THE WIND" sold in Charleston which chalked up a record of sales of novels. Orders have been received in one day from points as far distant as Provincetown, Mass., on Cape Cod, Seattle, Wash., San Jose, Calif., and Miami, Fla. "*RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S* is now going into its fifth printing since its publication in the early spring."

CHAPTER 26.
THE DIARY—1941.

January 14, 1941—On Friday, December 27th, I took the Southern Railway No. 37 to California. It was about an hour and a half late, leaving Atlanta, but the Atlanta and West Point made up some thirty minutes going into Montgomery so that we reached New Orleans in time to make the eleven o'clock connection on the Southern Pacific for Los Angeles. It is almost exactly a three day trip and after subtracting two hours for time gained in the journey, we arrived at 7:05 at Alhambra, a little station just outside of Los Angeles and inside another hour I was at the Constance Hotel in Pasadena. My first day in the city, Tuesday, was spent in making appointments, visiting the office of Carnegie Institute and in a call on Frank Barham, publisher of the Los Angeles *Herald-Express*. We called up Col. Joe Willicombe to let him know that I was in California and he told me he would let me know whether it would be possible to come up to see Mr. Hearst at Wynton. They had been having a great deal of snow and ice in that part of the state and the roads were often choked and impassable.

Between business appointments, I put in some pleasure jaunts. On Tuesday, I went over to Cal-Tech to observe the polishing of the 200 inch telescopic lense. On entering the campus I asked a young man where I would find the lense and he told me that it would be easier to show me than to tell me so he went over with me to the building especially constructed for that purpose. He turned out to be a brother-in-law of Clyde Tombaugh whose careful examination of the photographs in the Lowell Observatory had discovered the new planet, Pluto! He seemed greatly interested when I asked him to tell Tombaugh for me that he was of all men most to be envied because he had written his name in letters of light and even in the name of the planet itself, the two first letters of the planet's name memorializing Percival Lowell, the last two Tombaugh's name and the connecting "u" standing for the United States in which country the planet was

discovered. He promised to bear the message to Tombaugh for me. Did you get it, Mr. Tombaugh?

After watching the procedure for some time I came back to the Constance Hotel where Dr. Frank Chalmers McKean lunched with me as my guest. McKean was a fellow classmate at Princeton University. He has since held many important positions and is now pastor of the West Hollywood Presbyterian Church. That evening, I took a trolley which intersected the Mile of Christmas trees, which consists of deodaras arranged on either side of a mile-long boulevard all of them lit with colored bulbs and with a brilliant white star at each end and in the center. I walked along the entire length of the mile. It was a very beautiful sight. Hundreds of automobiles moved slowly along the boulevard and in the same direction and all with lights out.

On Wednesday, between 9 and 12:30 o'clock, I watched the annual parade of the Tournament of Roses with its marvelous floats and a crowd of approximately 1,000,000 people. Immediately thereafter, I took a street car and rode to within three-quarters of a mile of the Rose Bowl and then walked the rest of the distance to see the game between Stanford and the University of Nebraska. Neighbors at the game were Lawrence Mitchell and a friend who invited me to dine with them afterwards. That evening, however, I had a date with my friend and critic John Gallishaw and spent an hour or so with him discussing creative writing, Hollywood and similar subjects. On Thursday afternoon, after a little shopping, I took the bus to Hollywood, walked around the town and then went on over to Beverly Hills. On Friday after a trip to the Southern Pacific offices to get my tickets and reservations, I rode out to the Huntington Library, inspecting its rare books and paintings and furniture, including the Japanese garden and the amazing acres of cactus plants imported from all over the world. On Saturday about noon, my friend McKean called for me and took me over to lunch with his family and then for a ride down the beach toward San Diego and finally to a Chinese restaurant in Los Angeles where they were my guests for dinner. Immediately afterwards we walked over to the Southern Pacific station nearby.

On my return trip, I stopped over in Houston, Texas, for a day's visit with my brother, States and his family, returning home on

Thursday morning in time to look over the mail and teach my Cosmic History class. On reaching the college, I was deeply distressed to learn of the death of Mrs. J. T. Lupton which had happened on the preceding Friday.*

* Saturday, January 4, 1941.

Mrs. Elizabeth Patten Lupton, to whom her husband dedicated one of the units of Lupton Hall when he presented that building to Oglethorpe University, died Friday night in her home in Chattanooga.

She was the widow of John Thomas Lupton and a member of one of the South's wealthiest and most prominent families. Mr. Lupton held a major interest in the Coca Cola Bottling industry. Mrs. Lupton's father was Z. C. Patten, pioneer Chattanooga industrialist and financier.

Lupton Hall, on the Oglethorpe University campus, is in three units, one of which Mr. Lupton dedicated to the memory of his mother; a second he dedicated to the memory of his wife and the third is in his son's name. The building is valued at about a million dollars.

Mrs. Lupton is survived by her son, Cartter Lupton, and several grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held in Chattanooga on Sunday at 2 p. m.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe was en route from California to Atlanta, Saturday. Other university officials expressed appreciation for Mrs. Lupton's services to the institution, in whose welfare she manifested cordial interest.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

January 10, 1941.

Dear Cartter:

Mark Twain said once to a group of dinner guests whom he was addressing that before one passes the age of maturity he learns that most of life consists of sorrows, disappointments and worries. Doubtless he was right, for most people but somehow, in our case, I think that he was wrong. We do have sorrows and distresses and worries but there is something so fine about the lives that we are living and about the sorrows which we have had to bear that their sting is taken away and a sort of glory hangs over them.

I have been thinking all day about your mother. I remember the afternoon, when you were a little boy, that I came up to Chattanooga and talked to your father. It was in his old office and after I had told him about what we were trying to do at Oglethorpe he said, "I want to take you around to my home to meet Mrs. Lupton," and when we had arrived at Lyndhurst he talked it over with her and they decided to begin the erection of Lupton Hall. That was the first building, the one with the tower, dedicated to the memory of his mother. From that day to this, each year has been crowned with kindnesses and courtesies on her part and on that of her husband and son and now that she is gone, I can't realize it at all but I have in mind a sense of perfection which soothes the spirit of sorrow and advises me that her life was too good and useful and important for grief not to be mollified by pride and joy in long years full of good deeds and blessed with the gratitude and affection of her friends.

It comforts me also to remember that I wrote her just before Christmas, expressing once more my personal appreciation of her friendship. Perhaps you might like to see a copy of it. It is attached hereto.

And now you are left to carry on two great traditions of two great families. Your father used to tell me, with pride and satisfaction, that his boy would be a better man than he. I don't think it is possible for any human being anywhere to be a better man than John Thomas Lupton but I have a feeling that at the end you will be so alike as to be indistinguishable.

Christmas, this year, was another fine season for gifts and progress. There was a check from my friend — for \$25,000 which guarantees the life of the institution for another year. Dear, generous Mrs. Gould also remembered us. Nearly two hundred Christmas cards are now adding color and happiness to my office.

January 10, 1941—Judge Watkins scores me about our honorary degree selections this year. Probably, I had better preserve my reply in this diary:

I know you are thinking deeply these days as you did after July 31, 1933. I have only one thought to offer you. It is a thought which comes to my mind always at times like this. I think there is no answer to its logic. It is this: The Power which made this world, who planned our life for us, who gave us all the happiness and joy and opportunity and fine friendships and good work to do and great pleasures to enjoy and fascinating things to see and great ideals to pursue—all without our knowledge or planning or even asking—may be trusted to attend to our future. One need have no fear nor regret nor dismay at anything He does. If He could give you, without your asking it, the kind of life to live that you are leading, there is every reason to believe that the future will be safe in His hands.

Ever gratefully and affectionately
 Thornwell Jacobs
 President

Mr. Cartter Lupon,
 Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dec. 22, 1940

My dear Mrs. Lupton:

Every day of the year I think of you and of the good old times of the past. Your photograph which the Boss gave me when he was ill in Chattanooga and I came up to see him along about 1930, is on my desk, encouraging and stimulating me constantly to better work. I am sure that you know that next to your own family there is no one to whom you and yours are so dear as to me. That is why I keep imposing on you from time to time by writing letters like this, when I cannot resist the desire to say once more, things I have said so often in the past.

Christmas has always been the loveliest season of the year to me. It seems to represent better than any other holiday period the generousities of men and the loving kindnesses of God. That is why, when it comes, my thoughts go back irresistibly to the many years in which, through you and the Boss and now through Cartter, this institution and myself have felt the blessings of both. If I were asked what and who, more than any other thing or person, symbolizes the goodness of God on earth, I would say that it was the beneficent and gracious help that you three have given Oglethorpe University and through Oglethorpe to me. That is why we love you so much here on this campus and always will love you.

I hope that you will have a happy and enjoyable Christmas season and that the New Year will bring to you many, many blessings.

Always gratefully yours,
 Thornwell Jacobs,
 President

Mrs. J. T. Lupton,
 Lyndhurst,
 Chattanooga, Tenn.

January 10, 1941.

"Dear Judge Watkins:

Your letter of the 7th awaited me upon my return trip from California where I went to try to get some money for the college. Immediately after reading it, I looked up the list of honorary degree men for last May, concerning whom you say that "many of your friends have criticized the University . . . especially was that true of last year's degrees." I also wished to recollect the circumstances of their selection, having in mind your thought that "the general opinion is that the Executive Committee and especially myself have a part in the selection of those to whom we give degrees . . . for the last two years, the first I knew of the selections was in the newspapers."

There were seven of them. Robert W. Nelson was entirely your own nomination. Two others were selected after special conference between you and myself concerning them, Mr. T. K. Peters and Ivan Allen. My impression is that I also mentioned James A. Farley to you or that you suggested him to me. Of this, I am not certain. I remember that we talked about it in connection with the refusal of the University of Georgia Board to give him a degree shortly before commencement. Of the other three, Dr. Albert R. Stuart was recommended to me by Dr. W. W. Ball, editor of the *Charleston News and Courier* and a member of his congregation, with words of great praise. Dr. Ball, as you recall, is a member of our honorary alumni group. Dr. Stuart is, as you know, rector of the most important Episcopal Church in the State of South Carolina and possibly the most famous in the entire nation. Dr. A. H. Collins was urgently recommended by Dr. M. D. Collins, a member of our Executive Committee, an alumnus of the institution and State Superintendent of Schools in Georgia. He has an enviable reputation and a distinguished record as Superintendent of Education of Alabama. The last of the three, Glenn Stewart, was recommended by the President of the Committee of One Hundred which is one of the most distinguished groups of American citizens. He has served the United States in many high and responsible positions and is a man of great worth and attainment.

Summarizing, you will note that all of these men were recommended and approved either by yourself or members of our Executive Committee or our Honorary Alumni group.

Yet, your letter intrigues me and poses once more the question we have discussed from time to time. As I have often told you, I am conscious of the fact that the years are passing and that I am getting older and that just as quickly as possible I want to organize an Executive Committee, composed of men of intelligence and ability who are not only capable of acting wisely concerning this and many other important matters but also whose interest in the college is deep enough to persuade them to support it finan-

cially as well as verbally. Unfortunately, conditions have been such that I have had to carry this burden without the aid of anyone except a few close and liberal friends. In the past, practically all of our honorary degree men have been recommended by these friends. I need not name them for you know them already. They are the men who put up the annual deficit for the college each year and who are paying off its debt. I do not see how we can refuse to accede to their nominations of such distinguished Americans as we have brought to Atlanta in past years for honorary degrees. Our list of honorary degree men now constitutes what is, to all intents and purposes, a National Honorary Alumni Association. They are more interested in the school than any other group connected with it, except perhaps the Woman's Board and they have saved the school from destruction and are now putting it on its feet again.

The difficulty of discussing honorary degree men and of having them passed on by our present Executive Committee is three-fold. First, the certainty of violent disagreement between the members of the Committee such as was exhibited in the case of Mr. Farley by the Board of Regents. Second, the certainty of advance publicity in the papers and interference with appointments of the honorees, upsetting our plans for commencement and third, the certainty of personal politics entering into the selection of them.

The fact that we, meaning I, have been criticized in connection with the bestowal of these degrees on any one or more of the men, is to be expected. You have often told me that any man that is worth while or any deed that is worth while will be criticized, from the President on down. I have an idea, however, that this criticism comes from people who either want to get a hand in the pie or who are envious of the recipients. Not knowing who they were who did the criticizing nor what they offered as criticism, I cannot reply more specifically. I do know, however, that our group of honorary alumni are the only people who have thought enough of the school to support it when it was face to face with death and I may add that I have not yet received from them a word of criticism. Always, they are helpful and gracious. During the past year they and their families have sent to the institution over \$25,000. During the same year our campus alumni, excluding a few Silver Anniversary subscriptions, sent nothing in response to the same solicitation from this office. During the same year the Woman's Board, excepting its president, Mrs. Bancker, gave nothing. During the same year, the Executive Committee, gave nothing. If I had a dozen men who would give me the intelligent support that you and they have given me, not only would I be happy but I would be pressing upon them the necessity of attending, themselves, to a multitude of things that I have been attending to because of lack of such support for nearly twenty-five years and which I neither desire nor intend to attend to individually very much longer. That is why I have

asked you to help me organize such a Committee. To turn over to any other kind of group the delicate and difficult tasks which you and I have been attending to for the last decade would, in my opinion, be folly. Before long, I am coming by your office, for a conference on this and some other things that I want to talk to you about.

Always gratefully and appreciatively yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, President."

January 14, 1941—It always does me good to have an opportunity to defend a friend, although I do not know of a single instance in which anybody has ever defended me under similar circumstances. This should be preserved in my diary:

"EDITOR, ATLANTA JOURNAL:

In the news columns of the *Atlanta Journal* yesterday I read with regret the following statements by Governor Rivers: 'Jim Cox will find that Georgia is no good field to exploit with his type of journalism. Another man tried that one time—William Randolph Hearst. He finally had to fold up and get out. . . . My prediction is that Cox will go the way of William Randolph Hearst.'

The many friends of Governor Rivers will deeply regret that he wrote those words and caused them to be published. They are totally out of accord with his many efforts to bring a high quality of industries and citizens to our state. One can only appeal from Governor Rivers, pessimist, to Governor Rivers, optimist.

Mr. Cox has already adequately defended himself in his own columns but Mr. Hearst is three thousand miles away and I, therefore, ask you to allow me, in the name of good friendship and good citizenship, to deplore such an unwise and inaccurate statement.

For something like a quarter of a century, Mr. Hearst was a citizen of Atlanta and Georgia in the person of the *Atlanta Georgian*. I doubt whether there were a half dozen men in the state during that period who brought to Georgia as much good citizenship, loyal patriotism and generous philanthropy as he did. Instead of exploiting the State of Georgia, he was exploited by it. It is a matter of common knowledge that he spent millions upon millions of dollars more in Georgia than he received from the state. In addition, there were few Georgian philanthropies which did not feel the boost of his big-hearted generosity. At an annual loss to himself for a quarter of a century, he employed hundreds of Georgians, ranging everywhere from newsboys to outstanding authors and journalists and business men. When the publication of the *Georgian* was finally discontinued, all of these employees were treated with a generosity that has become a matter of universally favorable comment in this city.

Personally, I feel indebted to him beyond words for his great generosity to Oglethorpe University, an institution owned and operated in Georgia and largely patronized by Georgia boys and girls. There are literally thousands of other men and women in this state who must have been mortified when they read the words concerning him, spoken by the Governor of the Commonwealth. It was, in my opinion, a great calamity to Atlanta and to Georgia when Mr. Hearst ceased to be a citizen of the state through the Atlanta *Georgian* but his kindness and generosity have not ceased nor has his interest in the land in which some of his ancestors lived.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, President."

January 20, 1941—This list of "*Do You Knows*" was prepared by my secretary and has been mailed to patrons and friends of Oglethorpe. I didn't realize, until I read it, what a unique little school Oglethorpe really is: *

* SOME "DO YOU KNOWS" ABOUT OGLETHORPE

Do you know that Oglethorpe is a \$2,000,000 plant with a six hundred acre campus?

Do you know that Lowry Hall is a replica of Corpus Christi College, the alma mater of General Oglethorpe at Oxford, England?

Do you know that President Jacobs, single-handed, raises the annual deficit of the college each year which for many years amounted to \$40,000?

Do you know that Oglethorpe has graduated one-fourth of the teachers in the Atlanta Public School System and that one-third of all of them have either attended or been graduated by Oglethorpe?

Do you know that Oglethorpe is the only college in America that has preserved for posterity a complete picture of modern-day civilization?

Do you know that Oglethorpe is the first University to prove that the average college student is doing just one-half of the work he could take without excess strain on his physical and mental faculties?

Do you know that Oglethorpe has one of the few University presses in the country on which are printed text books, stationery, catalogues and other literature?

Do you know that *THE WESTMINSTER*, one of the oldest and most internationally known poetry and prose journals is printed by the University Press?

Do you know that Oglethorpe numbers among its honorary alumni a hundred or more of America's most illustrious citizens?

Do you know that during the depression not one of the members of Oglethorpe's faculty was discharged?

Do you know that Oglethorpe possesses the only authenticated portrait of General James Edward Oglethorpe as a mature man?

Do you know that Oglethorpe has in its library over 60,000 volumes?

Do you know that Oglethorpe is one of the few universities in the South having a complete carillon of chimes played daily?

Do you know that one of these bells weighs a ton, that their average cost was \$1500.00 and that they are made of bronze?

Do you know that the professor of Journalism at Oglethorpe is one of the finest newspaper men in the country and is city editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*?

Do you know that Oglethorpe is one of the very few universities in America today that requires all Freshmen to take Bible courses?

January 22, 1941—Just before I went to California I had a letter from Ed H. DeCamp of Gaffney, S. C., editor of *Grit and Steel*, inviting me to come over and preach for the folks of the First Presbyterian Church on January 19th.

Forty years ago, when I was twenty-three years old, and pastor of the little church at Morganton, N. C., I was called to the pastorate of Gaffney. Ed DeCamp was, at that time, editor and owner of the *Gaffney Ledger* as well as of *Grit and Steel*. H. D. Wheat and Mr. Wardlaw were prominent owners and managers of the Gaffney Manufacturing Company, a big cotton mill, located in the heart of the town. Mr. DeCamp had two little daughters, one about five or six years old and another about two years old. His hair was jet black and he was about thirty-five years old and now his hair is snow white and, outside of looking a little chunkier, he has changed almost none at all. His eldest daughter has four children, one of them is center on the football team at the University of South Carolina and the younger daughter is also married. She has two children, one of them being graduated this year from Clemson and the other being graduated next year from Limestone College.

I had a lovely time meeting the people. There were only four persons at church, out of the 275 members who were present at the time that I was called to the pastorate.

February 20, 1941—Last Saturday, February 15th, I celebrated my 64th birthday, and everything was in order, even to the arrival of the flock of cedar birds which usually appear in the big Spanish oak just outside of my office window about this time. They seem to be quite fond of the berries on the ligustrum bushes beneath the windows for within a short time after they come, the bushes are bare.

Do you know that 1940 was the Silver Anniversary of the founding of Oglethorpe?

Do you know that President Jacobs is the author of *THE NEW SCIENCE AND THE OLD RELIGION, ISLANDS OF THE BLEST, THE OGLETHORPE BOOK OF GEORGIA VERSE, DIARY OF WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS, LIFE OF WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS, SINFUL SADDAY, AND RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S* and that the latter, published by E. P. Dutton and Co. of New York, is now going into its sixth printing?

Do you know that Oglethorpe has a W. E. Hopper Memorial and that in this memorial there is one of the finest flag collections to be found in the South?

Do you know that every flower bulb in the Oglethorpe gardens was donated by an internationally known florist?

The students sent me a beautiful box of growing plants—geraniums, begonias, ferns and three plants covered with tiny little blossoms. It was very thoughtful of them to have remembered me so generously. We used the flowers as a centerpiece at the luncheon I had in my private dining room for the Triple Es. We also invited the six boarding girls and Miss Feebeck, our nurse, to make the fourteenth. When I arrived, all of the boys and girls began singing "Happy birthday". The menu was delicious and the George Moore Ice Cream Company had made and sent me a lovely ice cream cake. It was a most enjoyable occasion. Also, I received some choice gifts, among them a pair of pigskin gloves, some delicious chocolates, a multitude of cards from sororities, officers and students and faculty and a nice birthday letter from Aunt Nannie Camp.

Yesterday, I officiated at the funeral of one of our former students, Cecil Lemon, a star football player while at Oglethorpe, who died in New York. The photograph of his son, taken when he was a baby, hangs on the wall of my office.

Mr. Charles R. Hook, president of the American Rolling Mills, is in the city and this afternoon I am to have tea with him at the Piedmont Driving Club at the invitation of Howard See of the Dixie Culvert Company. He, Dr. Hook, is one of our honorary alumni.

Tomorrow, from five to seven, we are having a small tea in the newly furnished and decorated sitting room for the boarding girls on the third floor of the Administration building inaugurating the formal opening and use of it. This was furnished by the Woman's Board under the guidance of Mrs. Hugh Bancker, president of the Board. It is quite an asset. Besides the boarding girls, the guests will include all of the day girl students, faculty and officers and some fifteen or twenty members of the Woman's Board and friends who are interested in our work.

On February 14th, I made an address before the members of the Colquitt Chapter of the U.D.C. on Sidney Lanier.

March 5, 1941—Yesterday, there was a hearing before one of the Education Committees of the House of Representatives concerning the accreditation bill.* It was introduced without my

* S. B. No. 195

By Senators Drake of the 8th, Odum of the 9th and Bradley of the 13th. Read for the first time, Feb. 12, 1941 and referred to the Committee on Education and Public Schools No. 2

knowledge but I was and still am very much interested in it. When I reached the hearing in the office building of the State, I found that it was packed with members of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges and with high personages of the University of Georgia System. Six members asked to be excused and to have their "no" votes recorded without even listening to the hearing. The Chairman appeared to me to be desirous of excluding, as far as possible, any favorable presentations in its behalf. The whole atmosphere was hostile and when it came my time to speak I saw that the bill would be unfavorably reported by the Committee but I gave them twenty minutes of good, sound argument on the subject of the accreditation of schools and colleges.

Last night the thought occurred to me that I must be a quadruple heretic. I am a heretic in the field of education. I do not

A BILL

To be entitled as act to amend Section 7 of the act establishing the State Board of Education prescribing its jurisdiction, powers, duties, etc. (Ga. Laws 1937, pp. 864,859) which said Section relates to the power of the State Board of Education in prescribing standard requirements for universities, colleges, normal and professional schools, by prohibiting discrimination in the public schools of this State against graduates of any school complying with said standards; to repeal conflicting laws; and for other purposes.

Be it And It is Hereby Enacted by the General Assembly of Georgia:

Section 1. That Section 7 of the act approved Feb. 10, 1937 (Ga. Laws 1937, pp. 864, 859) relating to the power of the State Board of Education to prescribe standard requirements for universities, colleges, normal or professional schools be and the same is hereby amended by adding at the end of said Section the following:

"Whenever any such university, college, normal or professional school shall have met the standard requirements prescribed by the State Board of Education no graduate thereof shall be discriminated against by any private or voluntary accrediting association, but such graduate shall stand upon the same footing as any and all other graduates of any university, college, normal or professional school of like standing. It shall be illegal for any private or voluntary accrediting association to reduce the rating, grade or standing of any public school of this state employing such a graduate by virtue of any rule, regulation or procedure of said private or voluntary accrediting association or by virtue of the fact that the University, college, normal or professional school of which said person is a graduate is not a member of or affiliated with the accrediting association or agency, or for any other reason whatsoever."

Section 2. This act shall apply to all graduates of such institutions as are referred to in Section 1 of this act who graduated prior to January 1, 1940, as well as to all future graduates of said institutions.

Section 3. Any person or association or accrediting agency violating any of the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished as prescribed in Section 27-2506 of the Code of Georgia of 1933.

Section 4. All laws or parts of laws in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

believe in the system of self-“accreditation” of colleges and universities and high schools, by extra-legal, extra-territorial, teachers’ labor unions. As I am the only college president in America, so far as I know, who *openly* opposes this system of private educational racketeering, I am a heretic there. I am also a heretic in the field of politics and government. I believe in a republic, with General Creston, and not in government by a *numerical* majority of the population. This, at a moment when the whole population of America is shouting: “We want democracy, and more democracy and more democracy!” I am a heretic in the field of international politics. I do not believe that the present war is necessary or advisable. I believe that the peace of the earth depends upon a permanent understanding between Anglo-Germanic peoples, particularly Germany, the grandmother, England, the mother, and America, the daughter. I am a heretic in religion. I do not accept as literally true, many of the dogmas of our ecclesiastical organizations. Now, I suppose I could get along all right if I were “smart” enough to keep my mouth shut. On all occasions I have spoken the truth as I see it, without regard to consequences. Therefore I have a few devoted followers and admirers and many opponents. I like that. I notice that my followers and friends belong to the intellectually upper 10% of the population. My theory of life has been, first, to respect the integrity of my own mental processes, to set as high ideals of thought and feeling and action as I can possibly conceive and to follow them, regardless of consequences. Of course, I have made failures in doing this but the chief delight of my life is to have tried enthusiastically and fearlessly—and to have taken the consequences: Calvary, crosses, crowns of thorns and just common “cussin’.”

April 11, 1941—A few days ago a friend brought to the office a copy of the program of our first Oglethorpe Jubilee, celebrating the opening of the university on September 24, 1916. The exercises were held at the city auditorium at eleven o’clock and all of the Presbyterian churches of the city joined in the celebration. My father came over from Clinton and pronounced the benediction. Dr. J. Sprole Lyons preached the sermon. A message from the president of the Board of Directors and from the president of the United States, was read. Short addresses were

delivered by Dr. Thornton Whaling and Asa Candler. I was very glad indeed to get hold of another copy of this program.

Miss Mary S. Ray of Gastonia has just sent me a clipping concerning my work at Oglethorpe. It seems to have been printed all over the United States.

April 16, 1941—I wrote this letter to “Jedge Briles” today:

“Dear Judge Broyles:

This morning, by chance, I happened to notice a check with your signature in payment of the tuition of one of my favorite girls, Deas Hamilton, your grand-daughter. Forty years ago, I was living in a little town in North Carolina, Morganton, and used to read the *Atlanta Constitution* regularly. Always, I was interested in accounts of happenings in “Jedge Briles’ Co’t” but it never occurred to me that I would live to see the day when, as president of a college in Atlanta, I should have the privilege of dropping a note to “Jedge Briles” himself, appreciating his confidence in my own institution as shown by his sending such a fine girl as Deas to it. Truly, life is a fairy story.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.”

April 17, 1941—This evening I am to attend another meeting of the Writers Club and speak for a few moments on Ernest Hartsock and Harry Harmon. Hartsock was a brilliant young poet and is one of the group whose poems I included, with a short biography, in my *Oglethorpe Book of Georgia Verse*. He was editor of *Bozart* which was a successful poetry magazine and was given by his parents to the Oglethorpe University Press after his death. We combined its publication with *The Westminster*. His splendid poem, *Strange Splendor*, was a prize winner. I expect to quote the last two stanzas tonight.

There is an interesting connection between this poem and one of my own, published originally on page 67 of the *Midnight Mummer* in the year 1911 when Ernest Hartsock was only eight years old. It was republished in 1928 in *ISLANDS OF THE BLEST* which was reviewed by Ernest Hartsock in *Bozart*. When *Strange Splendor* was published, I noticed the similarity between these two poems and called his attention to it but I have never heard anything further from it.

Interestingly enough, during the other part of the program, I shall speak about a man also intimately associated with the life of Oglethorpe. When Dick Gray of the *Atlanta Journal* called for a book shower for our library, Harry Harmon immediately vol-

unteered to get together a collection of Southern literature which we call the Harmon collection. As a basis for it he gave a good many volumes to the collection. I felt honored, one day, when there appeared in the *Journal* a poem from his pen, paralleling my *Road to Enoree*.

In checking over the *Oglethorpe Book of Georgia Verse* this morning, I found that fifteen Georgia poets had been associated with Oglethorpe University in one way or another, more than with any other school in the South, so far as I am able to learn. **This is most interesting.**

We are now enjoying the sudden coming of early spring after many weeks of cold weather which have held back the spring flowers. There are now blooming on our campus or in our neighborhood the following flowers: Dogwood, lilac, pearl bush, Japanese cherry, wild crabapple, hawthorn, redbud, spirea, wisteria, phlox, daffodils, tulips, iris, pansies, forsythia, Japanese quince, candytuft and numbers of others. Bluets, violets, anemones, late hepaticas should be added.

May 2, 1941—For several years we have had a little bird on the campus which our ornithologist placed as a yellow warbler. We were under the impression that these birds nested elsewhere but yesterday, much to our delight and pleasure, we found that the pair which have been living on our campus for several years, have built a nest beneath my office window in one of our highest shrubs, quite visible from the window but hidden from sight from the ground.

Mrs. William Fisch, one of the former presidents of our Woman's Board, died this Tuesday. Her husband is a member of our Board of Founders and both have always been good friends of ours. We are saddened by this loss.

Our commencement plans are progressing nicely. We should have a very brilliant occasion this year with some of the outstanding men of the country present to receive honorary degrees at our hands. Dr. Amos Ettinger and Dr. Preston Herbert, both honorary alumni, plan to return to be with us as does, also, my son, John L. Jacobs.

He is coming to talk over with Dr. Eskridge, Judge Watkins and myself the matter of refunding the Oglethorpe Medical School.

Shortly upon the heels of Lord and Lady Halifax's visit to Atlanta came the Metropolitan Opera Company. The weather

was perfect for three days of opera and though the weather man has predicted rain, it is still clear and sunny.

This week I had a letter from my publishers, E. P. Dutton and Company, saying they are ready to publish my second manuscript, *Drums of Doomsday* which I believe will sell even better than *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's*. It is a book of an entirely different sort and will appeal more to the populace, I think. It should come out in the spring of 1942.

We have a number of interesting "irons in the fire" in respect of the college.

May 27, 1941—Commencement is over and it has been one of the most interesting in our history. Immediately preceding it, I ran down to Tybee Beach to meet with about 100 educators in a discussion of teacher training. We were guests of the State at the suggestion of the Department of Education. There were three or four days of meetings of various kinds. I had the pleasure of attending for about one and a half days, leaving two of our professors to carry on. Returning, I found myself almost immediately in the midst of our commencement preparations. Something happened which has never occurred before in the history of the school, signaling the twenty fifth anniversary of our opening which was in September, 1916. There came to us, unsolicited, different gifts amounting to \$900.00 which is both badly needed and very much appreciated.

As usual, we had the introductory luncheon at the Biltmore at which some thirty guests were present. This was followed by a drive to the cyclorama and that evening at seven thirty o'clock, we had our baccalaureate dinner on the campus and Ambassador Kennedy's address on conditions in England which was broadcast over Radio Station WGST.* After the dinner, the

* The reasons being advanced why this country should enter the war are false and "silly", Joseph P. Kennedy, former ambassador to England said in an address before the Oglethorpe graduating class last night.

The man who himself was bombed in the "blitz" on London sees only loss of our own democracy if we allow our hatred for the German political credo and our love for England to draw us into conflict.

Instead we should follow the policy we have laid down—"to rearm as swiftly as possible, to give every aid to Great Britain, to stay out of war," he said.

"There are those among us who sincerely believe that the welfare of the United States requires us to become a belligerent. They give us slogans. They seek to stir our emotions. We should never take such a grave step just because we hate Hitler and love Churchill. Facts are what the country needs, not slogans."

"... War will not preserve our liberties. We may, with our eyes on

guests enjoyed a short play and Glee Club recital in our Little Theatre of Lupton Hall. On Sunday, the 25th, we had a delightful luncheon at the Driving Club at one o'clock to which some fifty guests were invited. Mrs. Charles Haden arranged and gave the centerpiece which consisted of Easter Lilies and magnolias. At four thirty, Mr. John K. Ottley had an informal tea at Joyeuse and that evening at seven thirty our honorees met at the theatre for the commencement exercises. The address was by Jesse Jones.*

On Monday morning after the commencement exercises I went up to Chattanooga to make an address before the Southern Bakers at the Lookout Mountain Hotel. There were about 150 persons gathered from all over the South and a sprinkling of others

* America cannot fend off the stern reality that the war in Europe holds portentous possibilities for all on this side of the Atlantic, Secretary of Commerce Jesse H. Jones declared Sunday night in the annual commencement exercises of Oglethorpe University at the Erlanger Theatre.

"The war across the ocean is not just another European war," said Mr. Jones. "If I thought it was, I would favor going about our business and letting them fight it out. To me, this war is a life and death struggle between two powerful world forces with totally different concepts of life and government.

"One force seeks savagely to restore the state to a position of absolute power represented by the dictum: The state can do no wrong. The other fights desperately against great odds to preserve the hard-won freedom and dignity of man.

"I am on that side heart and soul. Our country, as strong and resourceful as it is, cannot live independently of the rest of the world. We have no desire to impose our form of government on any other peoples and we do not intend that any other form of government shall be forced upon us.

"It is an uneven struggle. Fourteen separate and independent countries have fallen victims to the madness and vicious ambition of one man who has spent seven years and the entire resources of his country building a mechanized war machine, the like of which the world has never dreamed and cannot now easily comprehend."

Before our defense production equals that of the Axis powers it must be multiplied several times, said the cabinet member.

"We are helping the British in our own interests," he said, "and with the right kind of fighting equipment, Britain can win, but not otherwise."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

the foreign scene, be insensible to the loss of our liberties at home."

Declaring himself "particularly unimpressed by the hysteria . . . stimulated by the idea we are in danger of military attack," he painted the picture of besieged England, still unconquered across her 20 miles of channel, encircled, yet still free, and declared "the English should be amused when they think of their confident stand against invasion and the hysteria of their friends 3,000 miles away."

"A direct attack on us would require an armada mightier than the power of man could create. . . . We have barriers against attack that nothing can destroy."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

from all over the nation. I dropped by to pay Cartter Lupton a short visit. My son, John, who is here for a visit, drove with me to Chattanooga.

June 6, 1941—I wrote this letter to Senator George today:

June 6, 1941

“Dear Senator George:

A strange Providence has placed you in a position of paramount importance in respect of the destinies of America. Democracy (d) is arriving rapidly at its historical culmination, a combination of mob and demagogue, robbing the treasury and terrorizing the country. A poor old Congress, bullied and domineered, seems to be following the Supreme Court into oblivion. A hysterical America is imposing upon itself peace terms as bitterly destructive as those which they fancy that Mr. Hitler may be planning for them—astronomical financial burdens, a repeal of the Declaration of Independence, perpetual slavery to arms and taxes, and complete loss of liberty of body, speech and property.

Worst of all, the South whose social institutions will be totally uprooted by this hysterical cyclone is, to say the least, doing nothing to stop it.

Providence has put you in a position where you are able to stop this mad rush toward ruin. You accepted the challenge once. “Who knoweth whether thou art come into the kingdom for such a time as this.”

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs, President.”

July 7, 1941—I am just back from a week-end trip to Clinton, S. C. Dill and his wife Ruth and I drove over on July 3rd, leaving Atlanta at eleven fifteen o'clock, arriving in Clinton at about three-thirty. We found all of the family well. William was just about to leave for a week's trip around everywhere. Both of his talented young sons were at home. William, Jr., who had suspected the possibility of an appendicitis operation, was up and well again. Hugh, his brother, was home from camp. Ferdinand and Ame were expecting all of the children in, over the week-end. They have a very lovely family, three girls and one boy. Louise has developed into a real pianist. She gave us a short recital while we were there. Ame is a remarkable girl and has a flare for drama and cooking. Elliott should have been named Florence, she is so like my sister Florence. Little Ferdinand, like his grandfather, is a statistician. He can tell you the population of any good sized town in the United States in the 1930-40 censuses. He is just twelve.

On July 4th we had a picnic at the cabin on George Copeland's farm in the valley of Bush River, four or five miles from town. It was a cool, pleasant day. We spent six hours and ate two meals on the picnic. There were about twenty five people present, mostly the family: George Copeland, typical, good-natured, hospitable, generous, old-fashioned Southern planter, and his family, including "B", the twins, Ethel and Ellen, and their husbands and children and Ame and Ferdinand and their children and Dill, Ruth and I. As soon as we got home it began to rain and continued to pour with rare intermissions until we got home on Sunday evening.

Sunday we went to my father's church. It is a very beautiful stone church, nicely furnished. William is very largely responsible for its erection. Amy is the organist and they have a new minister, Rev. J. K. Roberts who preached an excellent sermon and administered the communion very finely. All of my old friends and boyhood playmates are now elders or deacons or "pillars" of the church.

Sunday afternoon I baptized John Dillard Jacobs, son of Thomas and Marion Jacobs and immediately thereafter, we started for Atlanta, in the midst of a heavy downpour.

Back, today, I find that the college spent an uneventful fourth. The rain cut down our receipts from Lake Phoebe for the three day holiday from approximately \$175.00 to about \$90.00 but, as my friend Dent Brannen used to say, quoting James Whitcomb Riley, "When the Lord sorts out the weather and sends rain, why rain's my choice."

Peter Marshall who is now pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C., is visiting in Atlanta for a few days and I have invited him to speak to our summer school students this morning at ten thirty. After the sermon is over he will lunch with me in the private dining room. There will be about twelve persons present.

I have two new grand children. Maudie has a little girl, Margaret Elizabeth Koester who was born the day before her mother's birthday, on June 23rd, and Harriet has a little boy, Henry Frederick Field. I sent both of them little silver cups, gold lined, which I trust will be useful. I loved the one Miss Pattie gave me.

July 15, 1941—For several weeks, Judge Watkins who is president of our Board of Directors, Chairman of our Executive Com-

mittee and Attorney for the university, has been meeting with Dr. Frank Eskridge, a prominent Atlanta physician, and with me, for the purpose of discussing the founding of a new medical school. Inasmuch as the old Oglethorpe University operated a medical school, perhaps I should call it the refounding of the Oglethorpe University medical college. Usually, they have met as my guests at the Cox Carlton. We have decided to go ahead with it.

The founding of a new medical college will be a very difficult and delicate matter. In our favor, will be the tremendous need for doctors. There are whole counties in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi that have no physicians. Veterinary and Negro doctors are delivering white women, in some cases. On our side, also, will be the thousands of well-qualified young men who desire to study medicine but are prevented from doing so by the limitations of the number of medical students, enforced by the American Medical Association and its subsidiary organizations. Against us will be organized medicine, the American Medical Association, dominated by medical politicians who are hostile to any increase in medical schools or medical students. Judge Watkins hopes to get into Grady Hospital through Mr. T. K. Glenn who is chairman of the executive committee of Emory University and the chairman of the Board of Grady Hospital. Also, one of the former employees of a corporation in which he is influential, is chairman of the city Council Committee on hospitals. The Board of Medical Examiners of Georgia are, many of them, Emory alumni or sympathizers.

The point of our difficulties lies in "accreditation". The accepted manner of choking a new institution to death is to adopt a friendly attitude at the beginning, encourage "cooperation", secure as much information about it as possible, refer that information and the question of the "need for a new medical college in that vicinity" to the nearest Medical School (which, in our case, would be Emory) contact the State Board of Examiners and local medical "bosses," visit the new institution as soon as possible, before it is fully organized and equipped, find every fault possible with it, point them all out in a report, and make that report public. This is followed up by a threat to drop from the list of "accredited" hospitals, any institution that allows students from the new school to receive bedside instruction in

its wards or that accepts graduates of the new school as internes. In other words, both Judge Watkins and Dr. Eskridge tell me that we are going to buck a gigantic conspiracy in restraint of trade which, because of its hypocrisy and political chicanery, they describe as an abominable racket, a racket which permeates the whole field of medicine, right down to recruiting patients.* But Judge Watkins says he can and will, if necessary, force the State Board of Examiners to examine our graduates and Dr. Eskridge is willing to do the medical organization work. The great mass of doctors, the non-political and non-Emory group will doubtless favor us and, if we have a sufficient number of students, we shall also have an income sufficient to employ a first class faculty and buy necessary equipment. *Jacta est alea!*

The American Medical Association itself has been convicted as a "combination in restraint of trade" by the Supreme Court of the United States, I am informed by Judge Watkins.

July 22, 1941—Well, one question has been settled: the attitude of the Georgia State Board of Examiners toward our new medical school. Judge Watkins and Dr. Eskridge and I appeared before them a few days ago, told them of our plans, and asked

* In that connection, here is an interesting article from *Time Magazine* of July 24, 1944:

"Racketeers, M. D.

New Yorkers were beginning to wonder just how pure the boasted ethics of the medical profession really are. When 175 Manhattan doctors were temporarily suspended from practicing in workmen's compensation cases last week, the total number of New York City's 16,000 physicians thus convicted of crooked dealing this year passed the 1,000 mark. (The figure might be even higher if 890 accused doctors now in uniform had not been excused from answering charges.) The suspensions were the result of a State drive against one of the nation's richest rackets: the 'kickback' racket that has netted unscrupulous New York insurance men, lawyers, physicians and X-ray laboratories as much as \$5,000,000 a year.

How the racket works: an injured workman is told by a "steerer" (usually a lawyer or insurance man) which doctor to go to; the doctor then pads his fees to double the normal amount (or, more often, by prolonging treatment unnecessarily) and sends a kickback to the steerer. If the doctor refers the patient to a specialist or an X-ray laboratory, he gets a second piece of dirty money when the specialist or laboratory pads fees in turn and kicks some back to him.

The racket is well known to New York's State and local medical societies which pass on doctors' eligibility to treat workmen's compensation cases. But they did nothing about it until prodded by the Moreland Commission, sponsored and appointed by ex-racket busting Governor Thomas E. Dewey.

The Moreland report has resulted in: 1—Eighteen amendments to New York's compensation law; 2—attempts at suicide by two compensation officials."

them to promise to examine our graduates. Here is their reply:
(Italics mine.)

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
John B. Wilson, Secty. of State
STATE BOARD OF MEDICAL EXAMINERS
R. C. Coleman, Joint Secty.
State Capitol
Atlanta, Ga.
July 21, 1941.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President

Oglethorpe University,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

In answer to your request to the Board of Medical Examiners as to the attitude of the Board in regard to requirements necessary for accreditation of medical colleges in Georgia, the following was unanimously approved by the Board in executive session Monday, July 14:

'Sympathetic as we are with the high motives that have been advanced by the representatives of Oglethorpe University concerning the establishment of a medical school, the Board of Medical Examiners of Georgia must advise that *it is not within the duties imposed upon the Board by the Medical Practice Act of Georgia to prescribe the policies, curricula, or other details bearing upon the physical or professional qualities of a given school whose graduates offer for examination by us as set forth in the aforementioned Medical Practice Act.*'

'We are concerned primarily with the preservation in Georgia of the high quality medical care for all the people in Georgia. *The Medical Practice Act sets forth the standards which candidates for examination must meet.*'

'Since your proposed medical school is non-existent, *if and at such time your school is established and operating and you have graduates to make application to this Board for examination, we will then investigate your school as set forth in the Medical Practice Act of Georgia as amended in 1939, Section 84-910. If your school is then found to be acceptable to the Board, your graduates will be eligible for examination.*'

Yours respectfully

STATE BOARD OF MEDICAL EXAMINERS
By Harold P. McDonald, M. D., President"

Their resolution is clear and acceptable. Now we can go ahead, hoping that they will stick to their resolution. I am afraid it is founded on the belief that we shall fail. If we succeed, opposition from local and foreign medical politicians will immediately show itself. Then what will our Board of Examiners do?

August 1, 1941—John is here helping me with the Medical

School. Applications are coming in. We are getting the labs ready. He has been elected, at my suggestion, vice-president of the University in charge of scientific work. He is finely prepared to assist in its organization and especially to direct the research work in all departments. His training under Dr. Hans Zinnser at Harvard and under Dr. Landsteiner in the Rockefeller Institute, and in the department of bacteriology at Tufts Medical School have given him an ideal preparation for his work. My main concern is his lack of training in medical politics and his already obvious tendency to subject every plan and action to the necessity for *immediate* "accreditation" by the A.M.A. He seems to think that if we "cooperate" with them and place our case entirely in their hands, all will be easy. I know that that way lies death. So, I am doing all within my power to persuade him and Dr. Eskridge to steer clear of applications to and other entanglements with the A. M. A. and its subordinate groups, including our State Board of Examiners until Judge Watkins has won our rights from the courts, if such an appeal should be necessary which should not be the case. I have had enough experience with educational politicians to fear their methods and doubt their sincerity. We shall have to hang together in this matter or we shall certainly hang separately.

August 12, 1941—Last night *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's* was dramatized on the Cavalcade of America hour.* It was the highest compliment that the book has yet received, and, in fact, the highest compliment that anything that I have ever written has been paid. My life has been so completely spent in raising money for church, orphanage and college that I have never had

* The *Cavalcade of America* will dramatize this evening (WSB at 9:30) the first and successful use of the submarine in warfare. The dramatization will be a page torn from the history of the War Between the States and is a radio adaption of "*RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S*" by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University.

Perry White, a young idealist torn between love for his Yankee fiancee and loyalty to his native South, is the principal character in the drama. Angered by the starvation of his fellow Charlestonians, young White created the first crude submarine in order to break the blockade. The drama of this underwater experiment that led to the sinking of the Housatonic presents the first use of underwater craft in Naval warfare.

His attempt to raise the siege was futile, but his name still ranks high in the history of naval warfare despite the fact that he lived and died an ardent pacifist.

The roles in "*RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S*" will be played by the highly capable members of the Cavalcade of America cast.—*Atlanta Journal*, August 11, 1941.

the opportunity or time to do the highest type of literary work but I have always wished it otherwise. My literary life began when I was about eight or ten years of age with the first chapter of a story dealing with the game chickens in our back yard. I got to the point where the fight was about to commence when somebody captured my manuscript. A few years later, a Thornwell Orphanage boy by the name of Plug Ugly Murphy and I planned a story for the *Youth's Companion* but as well as I remember, we got only as far as a debate over the title. When I was about seventeen or twenty I wrote a little story about the Thornwell Orphanage, *Sinful Saddy* which was later sold to Dr. H. M. Dubose who ran it serially in the *Epworth Era*. It was then brought out in book form and two editions of five hundred each disposed of with the exception of a few copies which I now have on hand. While living in Morganton, N. C., I wrote a story, *The Shadow of Attacoa*, which I later sold to *Bob Taylor's Magazine* of Nashville, Tenn. From that time till 1936 my literary products consisted of a volume of poetry, *Islands Of The Blest*, the editing of *The Oglethorpe Book Of Georgia Verse*, the writing of *The New Science And The Old Religion* and a short novelette, *Not Knowing Whither He Went* which I am now developing into a full novel (*Drums of Doomsday*) to be published by E. P. Dutton and Company, next spring.

While I was living in Clinton, S. C. in 1903-5, I became deeply interested in writing a novel for which I had no training whatever nor any great talent, only ambition. My first manuscript was "something fierce" and was returned to me promptly by a half dozen publishers, with nothing more than a rejection slip. They say that each of us has a secondary ambition to do something for which we are not especially talented while our real talents which bring us real success seem ordinary and commonplace to us. It has been somewhat like that with me. My real work has been the refounding of Oglethorpe University but I have always had a secret ambition, like my father before me, to write a book that would live in the hearts and minds of many people and do a great service for the progress of humanity. The nearest approach to it, I guess, has been *Red Lanterns On St. Michael's* and the broadcast of last evening. I am told that something like four million people listened to this program.

October 1, 1941—For a number of years I have been thinking

of establishing a medical school. The great need for doctors in Atlanta and in the country at large, especially in the present emergency and the vital need for medical service in Georgia to which Governor Eugene Talmadge directed attention recently, united in bringing the Board to its final decision. On July 23, 1941, after a newspaper article, announcing the founding of the new school, appeared in the Atlanta papers, inquiries began pouring into the office from literally all over the United States. The article stated that Oglethorpe University would begin immediately the founding of a medical school which would open on October first, with the freshman class only. When this announcement was made, we thought that if we could obtain a class of thirty or forty it might be possible for the medical school to break even during its first year. Shortly after the announcement in the Atlanta papers appeared, we began sending out literature on our plans and purposes, first to all of the physicians in the State of Georgia. Then, we covered the states of Mississippi, Florida, Alabama and sent out a number of announcements to parts of Illinois and Massachusetts. Mrs. Ogden Reid, vice-president of the New York *Herald-Tribune* received one of these announcements and caused to be written in her paper a very fine article on the new medical school which attracted wide attention. Letters, long distance phone calls, telegrams and personal interviews poured in and today the medical school has opened with a class of 76 which is the limit of its capacity under present circumstances. We do not have a vacant bed. While enrollments of colleges all over the country have fallen off terribly, Oglethorpe, for the first time in her history, has actually overflowed.

We have purchased quite a lot of new equipment for the dormitory rooms and laboratories. The rooms have been redecorated and it was necessary to purchase the home of Dr. H. J. Gaertner which is north of the Administration Building, in order to house some eighteen or twenty boys there.

October 10, 1941—Our medical school has enrolled approximately seventy-five freshmen. I hear that they are saying over at Emory, that they are nothing but a lot of kikes, wops and Porto Ricans. It is true that we have not discriminated against either Jews or Porto Ricans as most medical colleges do and we make no apologies for that or for them. They are a fine class of men—

courteous, earnest and able. They have made a splendid impression on all of us. The bursar, cashier, secretaries and matron speak of them in the highest terms, especially their appreciation of everything that is done for them. They praise the school, its buildings, campus, cafeteria and our manner of treating and providing for them. We have never had anything quite like it on the campus.

I have heard that Emory men, not only, but also prominent local doctors and certain members of the Georgia Board of Medical Examiners are declaring that "we already have too many of that kind of people practicing medicine in Georgia". But "forewarned is forearmed." I shall see to it that my fine little medical school is delivered both "from the paw of the bear and from the maw of the lion". We shall steer clear of both the Georgia board and the American Medical Association with their "accreditation" dynamite until we have gotten these men to the point where we have a right to demand that they be examined. Dean Eskridge and Judge Watkins have both agreed to that. Once they have a fair examination, I am sure they will equal or better both Emory and Georgia students. What I am afraid of is that our students will be injected with "accreditation" fever, chuck my plan overboard, and deliver themselves into the hands of the very people who have prevented them from studying medicine. And that goes for my faculty also. If *they* take *that* fever, God help us!

October 15, 1941—Dr. John and his wife, Marge, have arrived. At present they are staying with Thornwell, Jr. and Barbara. They have rented a house on Thirteenth Street but plan to buy a permanent home, later. As my father once said of me: "May God bless him and make him a great and useful man."

October 30, 1941—Thornwell, Jr., gave me a tip at the Tech football game a few days ago. For many years Drs. Crenshaw and Armstrong most kindly have been sending me a couple of season tickets to their home games. Often I take Thornwell, Jr. with me. At this game he asked me whether I could trust my executive committee to back me in an emergency. My answer was a prompt "yes". They are all, even Judge Watkins, my appointees and, I trust my friends. But, somehow, since thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that something is happening behind my back of which he was warning me. But how could Thornwell know of it?

November 16, 1941—Dr. John has “organized” our first year medical students. They now have their officers and also a special liaison committee to act as an instrument of cooperation between faculty and students which is like a liaison committee of children to “cooperate” with their fathers. The reason for this is that the medical fraternity has so fixed things that it is *within the power of any member of a Medical School faculty to end the career of a student abruptly by merely flunking him in the subject which he teaches. The student cannot re-enter the class nor may he enter any other medical school. His medical career is at the mercy of each of the members of the faculty.* I am told that the whole field of medical education is a tight trust dealing in the sale of services to the public, restraining the trade by restricting the “manufacture” of doctors and tyrannizing over the students by controlling, absolutely, their professional destinies. Many of the professors you employ are tarred with that brush. I am afraid we are going to have trouble with the medical trust tar baby here at Oglethorpe before the story is finished. I fear that designing faculty members will use the students as a whip “to haud the Board of Directors in order”—and the President.

December 3, 1941—Today is rainy and gray outside and quite warm for this time of the year. Practically all of the autumn leaves have gone and the ground is brown with multitudes of them which have fallen in recent days.

I have received an invitation to be the guest of the President of Alabama Polytechnic Institute in Auburn, Ala., for a week in February to make two addresses daily to their students which I have accepted. I shall speak on the religious messages of the great sciences. Also, this morning, I received an invitation from Mrs. Charles J. Haden to speak before the Every Saturday History Club on January 24th on the subject: The Aryan Question. This, I have also accepted.

A most interesting thing has happened. Yesterday at eleven o'clock I made a talk to the students in the Chapel in which I announced to them that next Tuesday morning, Dec. 9th, we would have a special convocation program in the Chapel in which I felt sure each of them would be interested. I did not tell them what the exercises would be as I shall keep that a secret until the date arrives but at that time we shall break dirt for Faith

Hall, the new building which we must have before the autumn of 1942. Faith Hall, as the name indicates, is to be built by faith (and elbow grease). At the time I spoke to the students we had no money in sight from anyone but in my heart I knew that the building would go up just as others on the campus have been built with nothing in sight from which to build them. In the early afternoon I had a long distance call from New York. I was advised that, at just about the time when I was talking to the students, a group of men in New York were discussing a donation of \$2,000 to Oglethorpe University through the good offices of a friend. And so Faith Hall gets its first contribution! The rest will come.

Today the first proofs of *Drums of Doomsday* arrived from Dutton. I shall correct them and send them back as quickly as possible as the book is to be published on February 15, 1942.

December 11, 1941—The last few days have been interesting and historic ones. On Tuesday morning at ten o'clock I announced to the student body, faculty and officers our plan to build Faith Hall by faith alone. Preceding this announcement, Mr. D. W. Davis, director of the Glee Club, presented Christmas carols and music. After the chapel exercises we all walked down to the site of the proposed new building which was staked off by the engineers, above one corner of which flew a large American flag and our Oglethorpe pennant. Mrs. Hugh Bancker, president of the Woman's Board and one of the college's best friends, broke dirt with an old spade.

On February 15, 1942, E. P. Dutton and Company will release my new novel, *Drums Of Doomsday*. The fifteenth of February is my birthday and they have very kindly made that the publication date.

Christmas for me has already started for —— has sent in his generous contribution to the college for this year. No matter when this check comes in the mail, Christmas begins for me and I have my little Christmas tree brought down and put in my private office, adjoining my main office and pin the letter bringing the check to one of the limbs. As other gifts come in during the season, they are placed around the tree and opened on Christmas day.

Tonight I have been invited to make a short talk to the group of boys comprising a new medical school fraternity on the cam-

pus. The dinner will be held at the Henry Grady Hotel at seven o'clock. Tomorrow evening, I have called a meeting of our Executive Committee to convene at six o'clock at the Georgain Terrace to be followed by supper.

It has been many weeks since we have had any rain of consequence. Today is sunny and warm but the Spanish oaks just outside my office window are beginning to turn scarlet. Next week-end we have our home-coming game with Alabama State Teachers College of Livingston, Ala. It will be quite a gay week-end with a dance in the gymnasium following the game.

December 21, 1941—Oglethorpe was born and my father died in the midst of World War I. "Yesterday this day's madness had prepared". Under the hypocritical guise of bringing peace, prosperity and Christian civilization to the oppressed Filipinos, we had bought them, their liberties, their lands and their businesses for \$20,000,000, a fine bargain compared with the cost of the savage slaves captured, freed and citizenized from Africa. Woodrow Wilson (Oglethorpe, class of 1920, LL. D.) Oglethorpe campus baby and Scotch-Irish Presbyterian Elder, whose second term campaign slogan had been "He kept us out of war", had, at once plunged us into war. He had written too much but in none of his notes had he told his secret which was that if our boats were to be sunk we could not defend our over-seas possessions. To hold the Phillipines we had to hold the "Freedom of the Seas", for ourselves and our allies, only. So our part of the blood-letting started. As white men, all over the world, kept cutting one another's throats, their grips on all of the colored people whom they were converting to Christianity and militarizing into civilization kept relaxing. Soon the war was to end, leaving every white nation on earth weak and anaemic and every colored people in the world, stronger, richer and more confidently rebellious. The foundation of Aryan civilization had been shaken and its walls were cracking. Another war would end its dominance in world affairs and reduce the entire structure to the ground level of financial, political and racial democracy.

Well, another World War has started and we are in it. Congress has declared war on Japan, Germany and Italy, all in one breath. This is no surprise to me. Another of our alumni, Dr. Roosevelt, class of 1932, has been steadily moving forward toward it for several years. One of his first "overt acts" was the recall

of our ambassador to Berlin "for conference". The appointment of H. L. Stimson as secretary of war settled the matter, for me. His inflammatory speeches could have been made only by a madman or by a president who was "burning his bridges behind him". The dictatorial demands on Japan, the steady tightening of economic sanctions, the innumerable words and acts favorable to England, the visit of the King to Hyde Park and to Washington and, especially, "Lend-lease-lose" system put us into the war months ago. We, long since, abandoned neutrality.* The attack on Pearl Harbor is only a retaliatory blow. Our navy has been under orders for months to sink German boats. We have been extending financial, normal and martial aid to Britain for a long while. We have done everything except declare war. Now, we have done that.

I lived through World War I. I saw a nation that was astonished and horrified at the incredible news of the beginning of the holocaust, gradually converted into a blood-thirsty, murderous mob of vengeful haters ready to wreck their country and kill their sons to "save our way of living and make the world safe for democracy". I saw democracies all over the world perish until only one or two were left. I saw a League of Victors organized and a contract for another war signed at Versailles. I saw greedy American business men lend billions of American dollars to bankrupt people whom they had been trying to destroy, with which to purchase American goods—and lose both goods and dollars. I saw the contents of hell poured out over the United States. I witnessed the loosening of all decent inhibitions, the multiplication of all criminalities, the endangering of all foundations. I watched the morale, morals and mores of millions poisoned by legalized bribery. I saw our two great political parties sink to the pitiful level of competitors in courting popular favors by promises to raid the treasury and award its golden hoard to greedy blocs, organized for loot. I saw—why go on?

We were in that war only a few months. It overwhelmed us

* In that connection, the address of Sir Oliver Littleton before the London branch of the American Chamber of Commerce states the matter clearly: "Japan was provoked into attacking the Americans at Pearl Harbor. It is a travesty on history to say that America was forced into the war. Every one knows where American sympathies were. It is incorrect to say that America was truly neutral, even before America came into the war."

by a loss of approximately forty billion dollars, followed by a depression that wrecked every fine old principle by which we had lived for centuries. What will this war cost us? What new shibboleths and old follies will sing us into what new infernos of passion and bottomless depths of debt? What will be left of us when "Foolish old Dollar-sign" Roosevelt goes out of office? Will he go down in history as "After me the Flood-and-Deluge" Roosevelt?

December 28, 1941—So far as I can see through it, here are the motifs of a drama that is being enacted in our medical school. Most of the faculty (including my own son) and most of the students are firmly convinced that the medical school can be successfully operated both as to instruction and finances by medical men, only. They, also, fully and sincerely believe that "accreditation" by the American Medical Association can and should be obtained immediately. They feel that their professional dignity and destiny depends upon steps being taken to effectuate both of the above policies at once.

My principal objection is to the latter of the two policies. I feel absolutely sure that any application made *now* to the A.M.A.'s subsidiaries for accreditation will result in the death of the Medical School and the paralysis of the rest of the university. So far, Judge Watkins and Dean Eskridge agree with me. This difference of opinion is so deep and vital that most of the faculty and most of the students feel that their entire professional future would be ruined unless their ideas prevail. I feel that the future of both our medical and liberal arts school would be ruined if their ideas do prevail. They will doubtless fight for their policies to a decision. I shall have to do the same for mine. I can see nothing ahead but mutual disaster. If we can only get the faculty to see the problem our way, all will be saved, for our combined influence would probably swing the students into line. Then nothing could stop us. We would win hands down. What I am afraid of is that this clash of opinions will result in a clash of wills with the inevitable result of name-calling, hostility and hate. Nevertheless, I hope that the contest will be conducted with dignity, courtesy and fine academic sportsmanship. There is no reason, considering the high quality of our faculty and student body, why it shouldn't be. The final decision will have to be made by our Executive Committee.

I have enough information about this controversy, both secret and open, (through two frank medical faculty members and the wife of another *via* mutual friends) to know that I am the best and wisest friend these medical students have in all the world, except their own families, and the most determined to see that they have an opportunity to practice medicine.

I wish that the medical students (and their faculty) liked me. I could win their confidence, approval and praise by denying the integrity of my own mental processes, approving the way they have chosen to destroy their chances of becoming doctors and betraying my friend, Dr. Eskridge. The alternative is to catch hell from all parties concerned. I have made my choice between that happiness and that hell. I have chosen that hell.

The tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that I have a good faculty, a good student body, a good executive committee, all of whom I should and do love but I differ from them on measures, the adoption of which, in my opinion, means the death of my medical college and the destruction of the opportunity of my medical students to become doctors. They are honest, sincere and determined in their convictions and purposes. So am I. They are together—a powerful combination. I am alone and weak. Probably they will win and I shall lose.

If the final outcome proves that they were right, I shall be honestly happy. If it proves that I was right, I shall be sincerely sorry. In the former case, my medical school will be safe and prosperous. In the latter we shall all alike be ruined.

CHAPTER 27.
THE DIARY—1942.

January 8, 1942—Christmas is over and the boys and girls have registered for the winter term and this morning we held our first Cosmic History class since the holidays. We have lost a number of boys to the army in the undergraduate school but several additional girls have registered and then we have the medical school boys. There are about seven less in my Cosmic History class.

As usual, Christmas for me was just about perfect. —'s letter in which he enclosed a gift to the college, my brother Dillard's letter in which he enclosed a check, Mrs. Cora Smith Gould's letter in which she enclosed a check, Dr. F. E. Gannett's letter in which he enclosed a check, and the letter from Mr. Preston Herbert's attorney in which he told us of a \$1,000 legacy left to the school in Mr. Herbert's will, all adorned my little desk-Christmas tree. Beneath the tree, I placed all of my gifts from friends and family.

Today, a message came to me that my niece's father, George Copeland of Clinton had passed away. It is possible that I may drive over with Dill and Ruth for the funeral tomorrow, returning to the city on Sunday.

We have broken ground for Faith Hall and the grading is well under way.

Today is very cold and everything outside is frozen up. Tires have been rationed by the government as well as many other commodities such as sugar, etc. We have purchased a number of articles for the cafeteria, thinking that perhaps we will be unable to obtain them later. There is a scarcity of rubber as well as many metals.

Dr. M. H. Hunt, one of our professors, is at Emory hospital, resting up for a rather serious operation. We all trust that he will come through successfully.

January 10, 1942—Well, just as I expected we are at last up against the Emory-Grady combination. I have no faith at all in our ability "to get into Grady". It is almost the same as getting

into Emory Hospital, on their campus. Mr. T. K. Glenn is the head of both boards. But I am going to do all that I can to back Judge Watkins and Dr. Eskridge's efforts to do so. They suggested that a letter from my friend, Jesse Jones, might do some good, so I wrote him about it. His letter to Mr. Glenn will be pigeon-holed.

Mr. Jones sent me this carbon of his letter:

Dec. 29, 1941.

"Dear Mr. Glenn:

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, of Oglethorpe University, informs me that he has asked the use of the facilities of Grady Hospital for the Oglethorpe University Medical School.

It seems to me that any action which may be taken at this time to increase the number of qualified doctors is in the public interest, so that if your trustees would grant Dr. Jacobs' request, they would be performing a real service.

Sincerely yours,
Jesse H. Jones,
Secty. of Commerce."

Mr. Thomas K. Glenn,
Chairman Board of Trustees,
Grady Hospital,
Atlanta, Ga.

January 15, 1942—A very dangerous situation is developing rapidly. I am trying to train "Dr. John" to succeed me as president of Oglethorpe. Judge Watkins and I had that possibility in mind when he was elected vice-president. His principal duty at present is to organize the medical school of which he is acting as Dean Eskridge's associate. I have been acquainting him with my administrative problems, telling him many things that he, but no other faculty members or students, should know, the private affairs of the administration and problems of the school. I always warn him not to discuss such matters with them.

Nevertheless, from some sources—I am worried for fear it is from him—the faculty first and then the students are acquainted with and disseminate garbled information about the intimate, managerial details of the school. Worse still, both the medical faculty and students are assuming the right to oppose, change, and, in general, to direct the operation of all departments of the Medical School. If this isn't stopped, it may turn out to be:

“The little rift within the lute,
That, bye and bye, will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.”

January 31, 1942—It has come! The medical atmosphere discharges a very dangerous spark. They do not agree with the policy that Judge Watkins and Dr. Eskridge and I agreed upon, that of depending on our legal rights and avoiding A.M.A.-Board of Examiners entanglements until our first senior class has been graduated and licensed to practice by the Georgia Board of Examiners. They want *immediate* “accreditation” by the A.M.A. and are persuading the students to be of like mind. So, I asked Judge Watkins to come out and talk to the class. They know nothing of Georgia Medical politics. They do depend absolutely on their professors for guidance in medical matters. They have to. Judge Watkins (and I) did his best to explain matters to them. What they want is to enjoy all the advantages of graduation from “an accredited” medical college, although they will be graduates of a “non-accredited” school. Some of them have been refused by one to a half dozen “accredited” schools, often because the schools had from two to ten times as many applications as they had vacancies. Somebody is telling them that I, not being a doctor, and being an opponent of “accreditation” don’t understand how to handle the matter, and that if we “play ball” with the medical organizations we can get “accredited” tomorrow and into Grady Hospital next week. That is dynamite! Many tracks lead into that cave; none lead out of it.

February 15, 1942—The sixty-fifth anniversary of my birth.

About three weeks ago, I had an attack of bursitis in my left arm which was the most painful illness I can ever remember. It has been necessary for me to go to my physician daily in order to have a diathermic treatment. It is getting better each day and I don’t think it will be very long before I can leave off the treatments.

War clouds continue to hang heavy. Singapore has been lost to the Japanese and it looks as if they will also take the East Indies. All men between the ages of 20 and 44 must register now. Sugar rationing and tire rationing are in effect.

Just as I finished writing the above, I looked out of my window and there were the cedar birds! The flock has diminished considerably this year but, of course, there must be many more around in the vicinity.

April 1, 1942—My friend, James A Mills, world correspondent of the Associated Press, died at the early age of 58 in California on March 27th. When I was in London, endeavoring to remove the dust of General Oglethorpe to our campus, he called on me and gave me much good advice. He was with us when we opened the vault of General Oglethorpe at Cranham and wrote a very appreciative and sympathetic article about it which was published all over the world. (See appendix) I was taken ill toward the close of my visit there and he came to see me several times and finally went down to the train at the Waterloo Station to see me off. He was everything that was said about him in a fine article by DeWitt McKenzie.

On Monday, and Tuesday, March 30 and 31, we entertained the Board of Medical Examiners of the State of Georgia and their "agents", Drs. Weiskotten and Leathers, the nature of whose coming to our campus is described in my report to the Executive Committee herewith included. Dr. Eskridge tells me that one of the "inspectors" said that there wasn't but one well-qualified man on our medical faculty.

The most beautiful event of all of the past week has been the coming of spring. Our Japanese cherry trees are in full bloom as are also the wild crabapples. I think that our wild crabapple is more beautiful even than the Japanese cherry. The weeping cherry between the Administration Building and Lupton Hall is also in bloom, together with the Japanese quince, forsythia, jonquils and thrift.

We have finished the erection of our warehouse, in which the materials and equipment for Faith Hall have been stored and this week we will probably pour the concrete footings for Faith Hall unless it rains again.

Odds life. Daily, I am having to defend our medical students against their detractors and to protect them from pressure which is being put on the Board of Medical Examiners by those who say that our students are mostly Jews and Porto Ricans and that if the Board examines them and they are admitted to practice, it will only add to an already over large and undesirable group. At the same time, I am having to defend my faculty from the charge that "there isn't but one man in the faculty who is fit to teach in a medical school." Then, I have to turn right around and face the accusations of both my faculty and students that I

am ignorant of medical matters and unfit to direct the affairs of the medical school! And all this has to be done quietly for fear of adverse publicity which would hurt both my faculty and my students, and tactfully for fear of a "revolution" against me by my faculty and my students. As a matter of fact, the faculty and students are above the average in quality and ability and one of them admitted that I am "a d—— good shock absorber."

May 22, 1942—It begins to look as if we are in for trouble. Yesterday, we held a meeting of our Executive Committee, preceded by a meeting of our Medical College Council, which disclosed ominous possibilities. At the first of the two meetings, a report of the Dean of the Medical School was read. In it and in other papers presented in association with it, three recommendations were made. One was a communication from the freshman class of the Medical School advising us that only medical men know anything about running a medical school and demanding that their family be given control of ours. Obviously, the original suggestion came from faculty sources. Their paper exhibits a great deal of information of a private nature about our institution which must have been retailed to them from their superiors (in office). The second paper was the report of the Dean, part of which scolds us for not spending more money on our faculty and uses the approved lever of "accreditation" to prize up the faculty salaries. A paragraph from it cleverly connects it with state requirements. It reads: "This figure is so far below that necessary for effective teaching and research or the sums recommended by the American Medical Association or the expenditures of any other medical school that we could be charged with disregarding the state law which requires that a medical school shall live up to its public representations, inasmuch as we have represented that we are building a school planned according to a pattern and developed along the lines that would be creditable to any accrediting agency in the field. It is not believed that members of the Medical profession, in good standing, would, knowingly, become attached to the faculty of a school operated on this level. It would seem advisable, therefore, for every possible consideration and effort to be given to immediately building up the instructional elements of our teaching even if other developmental

projects have to be curtailed for the time being. Dormitories are not necessary for a medical school."

This gives a perfect picture of embryonic conflict. First medical men demand the financial control of a medical college. Next, they raise their own salaries and add numerous assistants to relieve them of their work, using "accreditation" as their lever and prohibiting other developments until they have been furnished with the money they want. The same ideas were also expressed in the students' paper. Evidently, the same mind conceived both. I don't know whose mind it is but I shall find out. It was presented as Dean Eskridge's report.

The dormitory referred to is Faith Hall, which is being constructed by means of gifts raised by public subscription. It belongs to the University but probably next year's freshman medical students will room in it. With such ideas in their minds, they will have only ill-will for the building and for me.

The third paper put before the Committee was a request from our anatomist, Dr. John Barnard and our bio-chemist, Dr. Herman D. Jones, for additional payment for the summer term's work. No action was taken on any of these communications.

May 23, 1942—I asked Dr. Eskridge about his report presented to the Executive Committee on the 21st. He said that it was prepared by Dr. John. I shall talk with John about it immediately.

June 28, 1942—The storm has come. We have succeeded too well! Just as I expected, the local and foreign medical politicians have begun an offensive. The story of it is so thoroughly outlined in the following letters to Dr. McDonald, to the medical profession, and to Dr. Steve Kenyon that I shall include them herein instead of writing it out, but I should add, by way of explanation, that, all of a sudden, without our knowledge or consent, two A.M.A. inspectors arrived in town on invitation of the Georgia State Board of Medical Examiners to inspect Oglethorpe's medical school. I found out about it and protested against it, as a violation of our agreement. The rest is in the correspondence:

March 26, 1942

Dr. H. P. McDonald
Healey Building
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Dr. McDonald:

Confirming our conversation over the telephone this morning,

I am submitting to you herein the attitude of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University toward the visit of the Board of Medical Examiners to inspect our School of Medicine next Monday, March 30th.

It is our policy to distinguish clearly between our rights under the Code of Georgia and our privileges as future members of the medical fraternity and between the two systems of accreditation involved therein.

The laws of Georgia provide that the Board of Examiners *shall not include any members who are associated in any way with any medical college*, the obvious implication being that the Board of Examiners shall, of their own knowledge and qualifications, determine if and when Georgia medical colleges are in good standing with said Board. We do not admit that the Board of Examiners *is incapable of performing the duties provided by the Code, the obligations of which they have knowingly assumed*. We are advised that we have the right to come to the Board of Examiners with the request that they and they only shall decide upon the merits of our medical school and we shall so insist.

On the other hand we realize the position in which the Board is now placed by having invited two distinguished gentlemen to be your guests and ours on this inspection trip and we are unwilling to place ourselves in a position of wounding the feelings, either of them or of your Board. We understand that your visit of next Monday is not for the purpose of accreditation but is made in the nature of a friendly inspection to advise and counsel with us as to our progress in the establishment of a medical school satisfying the conditions of excellence laid down by the Code of Georgia. We shall, therefore, welcome the two gentlemen Drs. Weiskotten and Leathers as your guests and ours *but with the understanding that they are honored guests and have no authority or responsibility whatever for accreditation of our medical school by the Board of Medical Examiners of the State of Georgia*.

We shall look forward with pleasure to your visit.

Heartily yours,

THORNWELL JACOBS,
PRESIDENT

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

You may have noticed in the papers or have heard of the recent action of the State Board of Medical Examiners concerning the Oglethorpe University School of Medicine. As the full reply which its importance demanded was too lengthy for complete publication in the newspapers, we are handing it to you herewith.

We consider that this action of the Board of Medical Examiners is a smart attempt to prevent the founding of another medical school in Georgia. It stems from the rivalry of a sister university and from the sources which recently so unjustly discredited the

medical school of the University of Georgia. The resolution was not the action of the Board of Examiners itself—they have confessed themselves to be incapable of passing upon the merits of a medical school and *have even depended upon professors in a local medical college to prepare and mark their examination papers*—but of agents *who are on record as opposed to the founding of any more medical colleges and who were intruded into the situation by subterfuge*. It stinks with accreditation politics. The first question we were asked was: “*Is this a Talmadge College?*” Its best answer is the one we shall give it—to press even more swiftly onward toward the founding of a medical school of which the whole South will be proud. When the proper time comes we shall demand and obtain full equality of rights with the other medical schools of the state.

Faithfully yours,
FRANK ESKRIDGE, DEAN
THORNWELL JACOBS,
PRESIDENT

June 23, 1942

Dr. Steve Kenyon, Pres.
Mr. R. C. Coleman, Joint Secty.
State Board of Medical Examiners
State Capitol
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Sirs:

Your letter of the 18th, enclosing copy of Resolution adopted by your Board, requires an explicit reply.

For the reasons which follow, we decline to accept that action as valid either in law or in equity.

Before founding our Medical School, we formally requested you to assure us that you would examine our graduates. In answer to our request, by special resolution, you promised: “If and at such time as your school is established and operating and you have graduates to make application to this Board for examination we will *then* investigate your school as set forth in the Medical Practice Act of Georgia as amended in 1939, Section 84-910. If your school is *then* found to be acceptable to the Board your graduates will be eligible for examinations.” Upon this agreement and understanding between us we began to invest thousands of dollars, to employ our faculty, to remodel our buildings and to admit our student body. Your resolution was published in our catalogue and became part of our contract with our students who, relying upon it, have spent time and money fulfilling its requirements. *They will demand its execution by us and we shall demand its execution by you.*

There is a *grave error* in the first paragraph of your covering letter. You say: “Previous to and after the establishing of your Medical School you requested the Board of Medical Examiners of

Georgia that they investigate your school and rate it according to the laws of Georgia." We *could not* have requested you to investigate and rate our Medical School before it was established and we *have not* done so since. On the contrary, when we learned that you were employing outside "agents" for that purpose we advised you that "We understand that your visit of next Monday is *not for the purpose of accreditation* but is made in the nature of a friendly inspection to advise and counsel with us as to our problems in the establishment of a Medical School satisfying the conditions of excellence laid down by the Code of Georgia." Furthermore, in the following words, we protested against *your* statement that *you considered yourselves unqualified to perform your duties*: "We do not admit that the Board of Examiners is incapable of performing the duties provided by the Code, the obligations of which they have knowingly assumed. We are advised that we have the right to come to the Board of Examiners with the request that they and *they only* shall decide upon the merits of our Medical School and we shall so insist." (See copy enclosed) Certainly if you are unqualified to pass upon the merits of a medical school you are unqualified to pass upon the demerits, suggested by interested, outside parties. Had we suspected *that the terms of your resolution and of our acquiescence in the presence of your "agents" would be violated* we would never have agreed to their coming. Our suspicions had not, at that time, been aroused by this now *obvious haste* to inspect a six month's baby and judge it by adult specifications.

Apart from these ethical considerations, the Code of Georgia provides that none of the members of the Board of Examiners "shall be connected *in any way with any Medical College.*" We wonder whether you are aware that each of your two "agents" is a Dean of a Medical College and that one of them is the examiner for the Council on Medical Schools and Hospitals which recently so unjustly disaccredited the Medical School of the University of Georgia. *Transfer of your trust to them on the ground that you are unqualified to perform its duties is clearly illegal and invalidates your resolution.*

The reasons assigned by these gentlemen are so inept as to be ludicrous. Permit us to answer them seriatim:

1. Our standards of admission have been and are *definitely higher than* the Code of Georgia requires.

2. Our library which was then and is now being furnished on recommendation of the heads of departments *will be one of the most modern and up-to-date collections in the South*, free of museum pieces and of antiquated theories and errors. The purchase of all important modern volumes has been authorized and is being made.

3. Our faculty is adequate and satisfactory. Wisely, we began our school with only the freshman class. The freshman studies include Anatomy, Biochemistry, Physiology, taught by

men of many years of successful experience in standard "accredited" colleges (Barnard of Michigan and Georgetown Medical; Jones of Vanderbilt Medical; Leimdorfer of the University of Vienna). In our sophomore year we will add Pharmacology, Pathology, Bacteriology, etc., and these subjects also will be taught by men of wide experience and preparation. (Jacobs of Harvard and the Rockefeller Institute; Funke of Emory and Jefferson Medical; Barnes of Hahneman and Yale). Each of these men is or will be supplied adequately with technicians and assistants.

4. This is laughable. Physical facilities costing over \$1,000,000 are being used by our Medical School. Equipment already purchased amounts to approximately \$25,000. *There are not a half dozen medical schools in the United States which began with such adequate physical and equipment facilities.* Being newly purchased they are modern and up-to-date. As to clinical and hospital facilities, permit us to remind you that they will not be needed until we begin our third year. Obviously, you were unaware that *the very parties whom you selected to "accredit" us are those whose local associates are trying to prevent us from obtaining adequate clinical facilities.* Otherwise, you would not have permitted this hollow mockery of *employing a surgeon who hopes his patient will die.*

5. Our Medical School enjoys the same sources of faculty supply as other medical colleges, has \$1,000,000 of physical facilities at its disposal and is fully competent to handle its financial affairs.

6. The program of the development of our School is perfectly clear to us and will be revealed to you as wise and excellent as the years pass.

We realize from your own statements and from the resolution itself that it was the work of outside parties *whose declared purpose and desire is to prevent the establishment of any more medical colleges* and thereby to limit the number of physicians. This is directly opposed to the desperate need of our country and of our state for more doctors. The fact that one of the first questions which we were asked by them was: "What is the attitude of Oglethorpe to Governor Talmadge," *smells of accreditation politics.* Their association with you in this matter violates both the Code of Georgia and the fundamental assurances given us by your Board upon which our school was founded. It resembles the old shell-game of *passing the buck to pre-determined executioners.*

For these reasons we cannot believe that this action represents in any true sense the considered opinion of your Board. We decline to accept it as such. We renew our invitation to you, individually and collectively, to visit our school for the purpose of inspection and helpful advice. If you consider it deficient in any respects, we shall remedy those deficiencies. When we have

graduated our first class *we shall call upon you to fulfill your promise* to examine us with a view to accreditation under the Code of Georgia. Advised by our recent experiences we shall insist that *no extra-legal and extra-territorial "agents" shall be substituted for Georgia's legally constituted Board.*

We note that your agents failed to mention the *only important question* in connection with the accreditation of any Medical School, viz. *how much medicine are its students learning?* This will be revealed when you examine our graduates. We shall so prepare them that they will acquit themselves finely at that time. We shall insist that their examinations must be prepared and graded by members of your Board, *not by persons connected with any Medical College in any way.* We shall make sure that our students know their subjects as well as our Board of Examiners know them and *if necessary, will demand comparisons.*

In short, we have set out to found a first class Medical School, as it is our right to do under the laws of our State, a school of which every doctor in Georgia will be proud, and accreditation politics shall not stop us.

Faithfully yours,

FRANK ESKRIDGE, DEAN

THORNWELL JACOBS, PRESIDENT

August 19, 1942—I am just home from a trip that included a twenty-four hour visit to my brother, States, in Houston, Texas, and a longer stay in and around Los Angeles, California. Back in Atlanta again by August 18th. While I was in Hollywood, I saw my old Princeton classmate, Frank McKean who won the Old Testament Fellowship at Princeton. Am now busy finishing and financing Faith Hall. To my surprise, I find that many of the medical students are hostile to its construction. This opposition springs from faculty sources. They say that until the Medical School gets everything it needs, no money should be raised or used for Liberal Arts School developments which is an echo of their first "Dean's report" to our Executive Committee. We are facing a very disturbing situation. Certain Medical School professors and students are assuming the right to dictate policies to the administration. They are talking about "strikes" and refusal to pay fees or to attend classes if certain things are or are not done. They insist that they are "men", not college boys. They attack the rule that requires campus residence for pre-clinical students, meal-tickets for the cafeteria, prompt pre-payment of fees, weekly assembly attendance, etc. They are getting excited about "accreditation". It may be that they are being stirred up to this antagonistic attitude by some professor in order to bring

dissatisfaction with the administration and lead to a shift of power into other hands. Everything a professor complains about, I hear later from their students. Every time I deny a request of a professor, their students growl. When these boys first came, they were happy, satisfied and enthusiastic. They liked the place. They admired the magnificent buildings. They delighted in the expansive campus of six hundred acres. There was not the slightest discontent with any of the rules. They complimented the cafeteria manager on her food and service. They were willing to share with the administration the risk of "non-accreditation" by the A. M. A. and its subsidiaries. They were all pleased with us and we with them.

But, now, "the worm is in the apple." Some one or more of the medical faculty is pumping them full of hostility to the administration—and I know why.

In the meantime, I am having to finance the completion of Faith Hall, personally.

September 18, 1942—When Oglethorpe University students throng the great hall of the Administration Building for registration next Monday and Tuesday, September 21 and 22nd, they will be beginning the second quarter-century of the life of the University. Twenty-six years ago the first class registered in the same hall. They were the freshman class of the School of Liberal Arts, and there were something like forty of them. It is expected that the total enrollment of the University for the academic year 1942-43 *will approach one thousand!* At that time, 1916, James R. Gray, the president and publisher of the *Atlanta Journal* was the chairman of the executive committee of the University; John K. Ottley, Sr. was its treasurer; and J. Cheston King was its secretary. There were five members on its faculty: Dr. G. F. Nicolassen, Dr. H. J. Gaertner, Dr. B. P. Caldwell, Prof. E. C. Gruen and Prof. W. E. Dendy.

There was one building, the upper floor of which had not quite been finished. The buildings of the University now number nine, counting Lupton Hall as the three separate buildings of which it really consists. The campus consisted of forty-seven acres of land. Its size today is six hundred acres, including an eighty acre lake.

Against a faculty of five, it now has a faculty of approximately forty.

The Oglethorpe athletic teams are known as the Stormy Petrels. O. B. Keeler explained this once by saying that the Stormy Petrel is the only bird that can fly in the face of the fiercest storm. Doubtless, he had reference to the fact that the University was founded during the War for Texan Independence; destroyed during the War Between the States; and refounded during the First World War. Since the Second World War began, it has added three buildings to its already ample equipment. Principal among these is Faith Hall, a new dormitory which will house something over sixty students. A house warming for this new building erected by the generosity of men and women all over the United States will be held shortly after its opening. It will be occupied principally by medical students of the freshman class.

Registration for the incoming Liberal Arts class of 1942 will begin at 9:00 o'clock on the morning of Monday, September 21. On Tuesday, September 22, the medical students will be registered. Classes for all students will begin on the day following registration.

November 4, 1942—It has been quite a while since I've written anything in my diary but the clippings and memoranda accompanying this will give most of the highlights during this "silent period". One of these is a highly appreciated article about *Drums Of Doomsday* in *The Think Tank** of July 23rd. Many thanks,

* Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, the distinguished and popular president of Oglethorpe University, is a most versatile and remarkable person. Aside from his strenuous work as college president he finds time for writing poetry, novels, children's stories and books on science and religion.

Dr. Jacobs has many times visited Europe. Perhaps his most valuable trip was the one to England in 1923 when his mission was to remove the bones of General James Edward Oglethorpe, founder of Georgia, to the campus of Oglethorpe University. It was a fascinating adventure, for in England General Oglethorpe was "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." His countrymen did not even know where his burial place was, but thanks to Dr. Jacobs and through the kindness of the British officials, his resting place and that of Mrs. Oglethorpe were located and each February 12, Dr. Jacobs causes to be sent in the name of the University which bears his name, a large wreath of flowers.

Dr. Jacobs was born in Clinton, S. C., where his father, Dr. William Plumer Jacobs, an outstanding Presbyterian minister, founded the Thornwell Orphanage, the First Presbyterian Church and the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. After graduating from his father's college, he entered Princeton University, graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary.

He held numerous pastorates and in 1913 after being associated with the *Taylor Trotwood Magazine* and serving as vice-president of the Thornwell Orphanage, Dr. Jacobs decided to refound Oglethorpe Uni-

Mrs. Seydell! About the biggest things that have occurred are the completion of Faith Hall in time for the incoming medical boys to occupy rooms on October first, the purchase of the old Coca Cola building at the corner of Edgewood and Piedmont avenues which will house the clinics for our Medical School, Thornwell's splendid advancement and training for Sub-chasing work and the birth of Elizabeth Redbrook Jacobs which occurred on October 14th. She is the second daughter of John and Marge Jacobs and the sister of little Caroline Lee. I gave the new baby a very pretty silver bowl.

On July 4th, I left Atlanta for a swing around the circle, visiting my brother and sister for a day or so in Houston on my way home. My sister, Laura, has been very ill and has practically

versity on the site where it is now located. He was fired with the desire to do this work since the days when his grandfather, a professor in the old Oglethorpe University, located on Midway Hill in Milledgeville, Georgia, told him stories of how the institution had had to close its doors during the War Between the States, when the students went into the Confederate army. The buildings were used for barracks and hospitals and college funds were invested in Confederate bonds. It was of this Oglethorpe University that the famous poet, Sidney Lanier, was a graduate.

Beginning with nothing but hope and faith and many good friends in the Presbyterian church and in the South at large, Dr. Jacobs today has built Oglethorpe, single-handed, into a plant valued at over \$2,000,000. The campus consists of some six hundred acres, including an eighty acre lake. There are four handsome buildings of granite with a fifth, Faith Hall, in process of construction, which will house the newly established Oglethorpe School of Medicine.

Dr. Jacobs has probably brought more prominent and international figures to Atlanta than any other of her citizens. He is quick to recognize achievement and to do honor where honor is deserved.

Now comes from the presses of E. P. Dutton and Company in New York, Dr. Jacobs' latest and tremendous war novel, *DRUMS OF DOOMSDAY*. The story is unusual, interesting and controversial. The conflict is in IDEAS AND IDEALS. It is a startling novel of religion, politics, social problems and Hollywood. It is a fierce piece of writing. The characters are strong and contrasting. It bristles with hard sayings and thoughts. An exquisite story of the cinema; an uncensored story of the press; an ominous story of the campus; an astonishing story of the radio; an unparalleled story of the church condensed into an immense story of the SOUL of America.

DRUMS OF DOOMSDAY follows closely on the heels of Dr. Jacobs' *RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S*, which came from the Dutton presses in 1940 and is now in its sixth printing. His book, *THE NEW SCIENCE AND OLD RELIGION* which is the story of the earth and its inhabitants, was syndicated serially in one of New York's largest newspapers. His book of poems, *ISLANDS OF THE BLEST*, is an exquisite volume of verse, and his *GEORGIA ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE* includes all contemporary Georgia poets.

When asked what his hobbies are, Dr. Jacobs, in his usual scintillating and attractive manner, always replies: "Reading, Writing and Arithmetic" and he never fails to add: "The arithmetic being balancing the Oglethorpe budget."

lost her vision but I found her cheerful and hopeful and quite an inspiration to me. My nephew, States, Jr., is quite an outstanding lawyer in Houston and at the time of my visit, was busily engaged in selling war bonds. Since he established his own law firm, he has never lost a case. I arrived back in Atlanta on August 18th and since that time have been constantly on the job here at the college, looking after various details and especially the construction and completion of Faith Hall on scheduled time.

We have a very nice enrollment this year. The freshman and sophomore medical classes, combined, number about 115. The undergraduate boys enrollment is, of course, shot to pieces due to the fact that so many of our former students have entered the services. However, the extension classes are approximately the same as last year.

The leaves are beautiful now and the campus is aflame with color. Baylis Sutton is sodding the plot around Faith Hall in Bermuda grass and also he is sowing winter rye grass in the Bermuda so that the plot will be green all winter. We plan to plant running roses on the rock wall just in front of Faith Hall and a nandina hedge above the wall to give the boys privacy.

We have discontinued intercollegiate athletics at Oglethorpe "for the duration" but intramural athletics have taken the place of the former. The gymnasium has been converted into laboratories for the departments of bacteriology and pathology and I understand that our facilities and equipment are as fine as any in the South and perhaps better than that at Tufts and Harvard.

The Press is getting out an edition of poems for Mrs. Cora Smith Gould, the good friend of the college who lives in New York and who gives us the poetry prizes each year in memory of Ernest Hartsock. We plan to get it ready for her by Christmas so that she can give copies to friends as gifts. The Press is also working on a medical school catalogue and the medical quarterly.

Our autumn meeting of the Woman's Board is to be held next Tuesday, Nov. 10th, at the Piedmont Driving Club. Mrs. Hugh Bancker is a very able president and she has done a great deal for the college.

CHAPTER 28.

THE DIARY—1943

January 22, 1943—Yesterday was January 21, the pearl anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of our first building. On that date, thirty years ago, our Board of Founders met in the North Avenue Presbyterian Church, listened to a series of seven or eight commemorative poems which were put later in the *Oglethorpe Story*, heard a fine address by Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, Tenn., and president of the Board and elected me president of the institution. I had been working for three years, raising funds outside and inside of Atlanta and the total subscription list amounted to approximately \$500,000, counting some contingent subscriptions which later, however, were collected.

After the meeting in the North Avenue Presbyterian Church, we came out to the Oglethorpe campus and laid the cornerstone. Dr. W. J. Martin, president of Davidson College, was present and little Frank Inman, grandson of Sameul M. Inman "The First Citizen of Atlanta", who had given us a subscription of \$35,000, put the copper box into the cornerstone. It was a cold, gray, January day and it was the same yesterday.

The good Lord certainly celebrated the pearl anniversary of the University with an interesting providence. After the usual morning mail and conferences and the teaching of my class in Cosmic History, came an afternoon full of excitement. There suddenly appeared on the campus eight members of the Georgia Board of Medical Examiners who, without notice of any kind, intended to inspect our institution. We had already heard of this intention and had supposed that they would notify us in writing as they did before and I had prepared a letter as an answer. Having in mind the circumstances of the last visit, fully described also in our letter to the members of the medical profession and to President Kenyon on June 23rd, I had a conference with the Board in my office and explained to them as courteously as possible that we would have to rely upon their resolution which stated that if and at such time as we had a going concern

and graduates to be examined, they would *then* visit our school for the purpose of accreditation. I could tell easily from the tone and content of their arguments and remarks that they had in mind the adoption of some kind of adverse resolution to be spread on their minutes and to be reported to the local papers. It seemed to me also that this visit was timed just as the other one was, to be made just before our new class entered the school. As they were leaving, one of the members remained behind and told me that the original resolution of the Committee provided only for the inspection of Oglethorpe but that he had insisted that if one should be inspected they all should be and, therefore, they had already gone to Emory and Augusta. I am looking for some form of complaint or unpleasant publicity about it but it could not possibly do as much harm as if we had consented to another blow such as they gave us last time.

Dean Eskridge came out a few minutes after they had gone, told me that he had had a favorable conference with T. K. Glenn and the Grady Board. Mr. Glenn is chairman of the Board and also "chief elder" in the Emory University Executive Committee and a heavy patron of that institution. In spite of what he and the Judge and the faculty and the students say, I don't believe that he will let us into Grady.

February 14, 1943—This article was published in the *Griffin News* and is written by Wightman F. Melton:

"Just before Christmas, President Thornwell Jacobs of Oglethorpe University, sent to the members of his faculty, a letter that deserves wider publication. Here it is:

"We have come to the close of a long, hard, trying year and at the very time when we need it most, Christmas arrives to lead us into the world of happiness and joy, and Santa Claus appears by every hearthside. Surely all things must be working together for good to those who have faith in the Eternal Kindness.

This year has been a hard one on Oglethorpe because it has been a hard year on her friends. They have all been cramped and pounded by the relentless forces of a global war. Yet I can testify that even during these difficult days the Good Father has shown us many blessings, among them your helpful cooperation.

The cloud is not the sky, and all these troubles will pass. The sun will shine again and every hour be bright and happy. Such is the Christmas faith. It is also ours."

February 15, 1943—This is February 15th, my 66th birthday anniversary. Exactly one-half of these years I have devoted to the refounding of Oglethorpe University. I came to Atlanta in 1909

for this job. The first thirty-three years were spent approximately as follows:

Four years in Nashville, three in Clinton, assisting my father; three as pastor of the Morganton, N. C., Presbyterian Church and one in Virginia at Martinsville; three at Princeton Theological Seminary; one as teacher and foreman of the Printing Office at the Thornwell Orphanage; one taking my Master's degree at Presbyterian College; four as an undergraduate in that college and the remainder as a child and student in the Thornwell Orphanage high school. I should like to feel that I had another thirty-three years before me in which case I should like to continue to do just what I am doing now, minus the multiplicity of annoyances and difficulties due to lack of money and opportunities to develop this institution.

The cedar birds came back a few days earlier this year to remind me that the date was about to arrive. I heard today from Thornwell, Jr., who, as executive officer, is about to take his sub-chaser to Miami.

Today is a cold, raw day, the coldest this winter, temperature about ten above zero with a high wind blowing out of the northwest. I am going to a meeting of our Executive Committee all of whom have promised to be present, in a few minutes. We shall discuss and decide questions concerning the establishment of our own hospitals in the city of Atlanta to furnish clinical facilities for our medical school.

February 16, 1943—Yesterday we held the most satisfactory meeting of our Executive Committee since the bright days before 1929. Judge Edgar Watkins presided and present were Charles J. Haden, Hugh Bancker, W. O. Steele, Otis Jackson, Archibald Smith and myself. Dean Eskridge was invited to present to us the problems associated with the securing of clinical facilities for our medical students. Important actions were taken. The purchase of property on Forrest Avenue for a negro hospital was authorized. The signing of a tentative contract with the Fulton County Board of Commissioners for the hospitalization of their indigent sick was authorized. For nearly fifteen years our Executive Committee has consisted only of Judge Watkins and myself with Archibald Smith and W. O. Steele and here and there another one who could be found willing to come. Financial hazards, many distresses in their own businesses have made

it practically impossible to get together an Executive Committee. Things are looking better now, although we are in another war. It begins to seem possible to reorganize a strong Board which will be of real value to the University.

March 1, 1943—A number of medical students recently submitted the following paper to Dean Eskridge. The control of the school is involved in the case. In my opinion, the students are being used as catspaws but their feelings have been whipped up into more than imaginary hostility. As I read the items of their dissatisfaction, I see no new ones. I have heard all of them before from one or more members of the faculty.

Dr. Eskridge read the paper and advised the "men" to "forget it". Nevertheless, it is an ominous paper.

It is an odd situation. These medical students are of more importance to me than they are to their faculty and our executive committee, combined. I care more for them and for their welfare than do their faculty and committee, combined. I am interested in their future and feel more responsibility for their progress than do all of their faculty and committee combined. I know more about how to get them into Grady and "accredited" than do all their faculty and committee combined. Yet, not only do they condemn my plan and my arguments for it, but also, they condemn me. I am afraid that some of them actually hate me, so greatly have their emotions been aroused. Nevertheless, I like them and I love my school and I shall continue to fight for both right down to the end.

My weakness lies in the fact that I am largely a stranger to the medical students, that the history, traditions and ideals of Oglethorpe are a *terra incognita* to them, that I am not a member of the medical profession, that they are compelled to depend upon their faculty for guidance as Dr. Eskridge, Judge Watkins and I come in contact with them only rarely, and that their faculty have practically all come from "accredited" medical schools.

Even more fundamental is the fact that the economic and professional life of the United States is being organized into groups whose purpose is to control and to profit from their control of their part of the body politic and professional. The medical profession, including medical schools, hospitals, have chosen the physical necessities of mankind as their share.

February 27, 1943.

Dear Dr. Eskridge:

As a member of the Executive Council of Oglethorpe University School of Medicine the students of the Medical School strongly urge that you give careful consideration to the following facts, which have given rise to a situation that we feel has now reached the point where drastic measures must be employed, and without delay.

Ever since our arrival upon the campus we have been confronted with situations and predicaments beyond our comprehension. We came here with the sole purpose and intent to study medicine, which in itself is quite an undertaking. Most of us had never heard of Oglethorpe University before, but nevertheless we came prepared to take what the school had to offer us and in return to give the best that was in us.

Most of us are graduates of colleges and universities in various parts of the country and some from abroad. Undertaking the study of medicine is a man-sized job, and we do consider ourselves men and have been treated as such at the respective institutions in which we studied previously and for which we are proud of those institutions. We want to be proud of Oglethorpe but under the circumstances we cannot be.

We were given to understand that Dr. Frank Eskridge was Dean of the Medical School and we wish here to state that we fully acknowledge and appreciate his efforts on our behalf and are proud to have him as our Dean, advisor and friend and we furthermore can assure him of one hundred percent wholehearted support from us in any matter he considers beneficial to our welfare. However, we do object to the principles and practices of others who have undertaken to guide us.

We realize that the establishment of this medical school is a great undertaking. We appreciate too that we are here. We acknowledge the fact that there are many forces working against us. We know, too, that the success of the school depends to a great extent upon us. We agree that administering the School of Medicine is a tremendous job, but suggest that medical men should do it, and that it not be left in the hands of one whose self-interests seem to be more at stake than are the interests of those to whom the school must provide that for which we came here.

We obstinately refuse to cow-tow to the whims and fancies of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs merely because he is the President of Oglethorpe. Dictatorial powers have dominated us ever since we came here. In dire fear of the consequences we have accepted many edicts, contrary to our wishes. We have had enough of this; now the time has come for us to revolt.

To illustrate our case with specific instances would not be too difficult. The following are but a few examples:

1—Dr. Thornwell Jacobs has repeatedly made public state-

ments of his disapproval of accrediting bodies. We contend that there is nothing the students or faculty would want more than for this Medical School to be fully accredited.

2—We have reason to believe that Dr. Jacobs has antagonized many local members of the medical profession and the community at large, who otherwise might be in a position to help the school succeed in these, its most difficult days.

3—We believe, too, that Dr. Thornwell Jacobs has diverted the finances of the school for unnecessary purposes when that money could have been used for more essential purposes and for the betterment of the medical school. We refer specifically to the building of Faith Hall for the purposes of a dormitory when a good part of the other dormitories were empty and uninhabited.

4—Dr. Jacobs has constantly antagonized members of the medical school. These are some of his methods:

a. On at least two occasions during final examinations he has threatened to expel numerous students for non payment of fees, and usually those fees were for the quarter which started after that examination period.

b. There are numerous instances where students had paid in advance for a whole quarter's meal ticket (amounting to ninety dollars) and then if that student had some slight fee billed against him his meal tickets were with-held.

c. In other instances, if one's room-mate left the school for one reason or another the remaining occupant of the room was promptly billed for living alone, when surely it was not his fault that the other person left school, yet if he refused to pay he was promptly moved elsewhere.

d. In the latest school bulletin, Vol. XXVII, No. 1, published in mid-January, 1943, it was stated that registration and payment of fees for the junior year would be on March 10, 1943, and notices were sent to our parents to that effect. Then on February 9, 1943, an announcement was made that those fees would be due on February 20, 1943. We submitted a petition to Dr. Jacobs asking him to consider our predicament as a result of that announcement. He replied by granting us until February 25, 1943, to make payment and would charge us one dollar a day late registration fee after that date until it was paid. Our financial obligations are fulfilled until March 10, 1943, therefore, why should we be forced to pay Dr. Jacobs one dollar a day after February 25, 1943, when the tuition is for the junior year which doesn't begin until March 11, 1943? Obviously the answer is that thirteen dollars from each of about thirty students amounts to a tidy little sum.

5—We have adequate reason to believe that if Dr. Jacobs were not associated with this Medical School we would at the present moment have far better clinical facilities at our disposal than we now have.

6—We have constantly been subjected, humiliated and em-

barrassed by statements directed at us by Dr. Jacobs on more occasions than one. Disciplinary measures have been carried to a point of *reductio ad absurdum*. We feel that being grown men we should not be unnecessarily embarrassed by catering to childish behaviorisms expected of 'prep-school' youngsters.

7—Dr. Jacobs has repeatedly told us that if we are dissatisfied we can "go to Oxford". We don't want to go to Oxford. We came here for a purpose and are determined to see it fulfilled.

We could go on endlessly citing examples such as the above. We seek nothing more than what is just and ask for our sake and for the sake of future classes that you earnestly look into these matters. It should be within your power as Executive Council of the School of Medicine to remedy such matters. We refuse to believe that the Executive Council is content to let matters rest as they are and we hereby appeal that you take the proper steps and avoid any further disaster that may arise if conditions continue to exist as they are.

As a medical school we should be held in high esteem by the community and become an institution of which Atlanta should be proud to call her own. Under the circumstances we are ridiculed by the majority. We want to be a good medical school and we believe that we have the proper nucleus for that purpose, but with Dr. Thornwell Jacobs at the helm we can never hope to achieve such goals. As a member of the Executive Council we appeal to you to see that something is done immediately for the benefit of the students and above all for the benefit of the medical school. We suggest that this be a medical school established for the purposes of furthering medical education and that it be administered by medical men.

(Signed)

March 4, 1943—Our first medical freshman class which entered school eighteen months ago has completed the pre-clinical training and their life on the campus and are now entering upon their clinical work down-town. We have bought or are buying a clinic building and a negro apartment on Forrest Avenue for a negro hospital. In spite of opposition, believed to come from Emory, the City Council has given us the green light on its operation. To get apparatus and equipment, however, requires permission from several combinations of the alphabet. We have been delayed in getting both buildings ready for the "men" and that means trouble. Also, they are now in direct contact with Emory students, faculty members and alumni and in close proximity to Emory's Grady Hospital and that means still more trouble.

At any rate, I am now turning over my charges to the exclusive direction and control of Dean Eskridge as this letter shows:

March 4, 1943

"Dear Dr. Eskridge:

Day after tomorrow we shall turn over to you the forty-five or fifty members of the rising junior class of the Medical School. March 6 is the last day of their residence on the campus. After that date, those of us who have been responsible for their housing and feeding and personal conduct, will have finished our task and the Dean of the Medical School will be almost solely responsible for them thereafter. We shall have gone halfway to our first commencement. This is a notable event and I want to emphasize it by complimenting you on it and thanking you for your services in bringing it to pass. You deserve and you have the gratitude of all of those who love Oglethorpe.

We have tried to do a good job, both by them and by you. We have tried to bring to bear on them every influence possible to maintain the last two specifications of the motto: '*Good minds, good morals and good manners*'. They came to us from many different kinds of schools and from various circumstances and environments and in some cases, the task has been difficult. The problem of securing prompt payments from the students, of maintaining good behavior and good class attendance and of preventing the occurrence of unfortunate incidents has been perplexing and, at times, disagreeable. On the whole, however, we are pleased with the results, with a few exceptions, and as we turn them over to you we think that you should be advised of what these exceptions are.

The worst and most important is the very evident spirit of recalcitrance which some have exhibited from the date on which they were "organized" by some of the faculty. It appears that they obtained from somewhere an exaggerated idea of the role which they were to play in the government of the Medical School. Worse still, from that day to this they have given evidence in their conversations, as reported to me by officers of the Medical School on the campus and personally by the students themselves, that they feel that they have the backing of certain members of the faculty and of yourself in maintaining the position that no one except a doctor or a professor in the Medical School has any right to restrict their actions in any way. They even go so far as to say that there is a definite intention on the part of some members of the faculty and of the Dean completely to separate the government of the Medical School from that of the University and to clip the wings of the President. Upon occasion some of them have threatened our officers and myself with unfavorable publicity, saying that they had been assured that this would have your approval. I have done all that I can do to correct this sentiment and opinion which has done much harm for something like two years and which will continue now to plague you as you take over these boys for their clinical years, but the only person who can correct this condition, if there is any truth in

what they say, both with the faculty and with the students, is yourself. Please understand that I do not want you to think that I believe these things. I am writing them because I felt sure you would want to know of them, to deny them and to stop them.

When I reply to the students that I am sure they must have misinterpreted the position of members of the faculty and of the Dean they give me a wearily patient smile. This has been at the bottom of all of the trouble that we have had with this class including those difficulties which have come upon us within the last thirty days. We are through with them now *but you will have to contend with the spirit which has thus been engendered for two years more and the ill-will of the truculent members of the class will certainly be directed against you the moment you begin to restrain them in any manner of personal conduct, academic record or financial settlement.* You will be face to face with this necessary disjunctive; either you will have the same difficulties which we have had in enjoining good order or, if you should not do so, you will be faced with the certainty of humiliating incidents which will seriously affect your reputation and ours. We have succeeded, on this campus, in keeping down the amount of drinking too customary among college students; we have endeavored to maintain the simple principles of common honesty and promptness in the payment of their obligations to the University. The key to all our restrictions and rules is that Oglethorpe University will not allow drunken students to lie in bed all day, and to attend classes in an inebriated condition, to steal the property of other students and to enjoy the facilities of the University in defiance of the rule that they must be paid for. We do not want a Medical School that badly. We have borne in mind the obvious truth that to be a first class doctor one must be a first class man. We have, therefore, endeavored to put into their lives something of the spirit of the Great Physician for the sake of their patients principally, for their own sake secondarily and to save ourselves from the humiliation of having added to the profession men who would disgrace it by their personal conduct.

Up to this time nothing disgraceful has happened in connection with any of the boys of the Medical School. I am saying these things because I want to enjoin upon you the necessity of continuing that same firm, fair and friendly control of the personal conduct of these students, which, in the long run and in the last analysis, will mean more to their success as doctors than their knowledge of the latest theory of how to cure this or that disease.

The second important thing is that I feel that the time has come to go into the matter of the budget for the clinical years. The auditor has just about finished his job and I shall send you in a few days the summary of the receipts and disbursements of the Medical School up to date. During this present term the income from the students in the first clinical year will amount

to approximately \$10,000 which we will have on hand to spend, less the moderate requirements for overhead expenses. Fortunately, we shall have another payment due before it will be necessary to pay for the purchases, lease and equipment of most of the hospital facilities which we are planning to obtain. This will double the amount and will total approximately \$20,000 which should be sufficient to finance a reasonable setup. The expenditure of these funds will be almost entirely upon your recommendation but I should like to have a budget setting out the manner in which you propose to spend them.

The third thing is this. All of us on the campus realize that you are going to have the same sort of hard pull for the clinical years that we have had for the pre-clinical. You will have the same problems to meet, the same troubles with the boys and in addition to that you will have the medical profession to handle. We want to assure you that we will cooperate with you in any and every way possible and you can absolutely rely upon our faithfulness in supporting you as a Dean should be supported.

Heartily yours,

Thornwell Jacobs, President.

May 10, 1943—For the last year or so, I have been giving a good deal of thought to the reorganization of our Executive Committee. I want to get them trained in and familiar with Oglethorpe policies, finances, traditions and management before I go out of office which will be when I am seventy. Hard times are over for the present and the “depression” ended. So I can get my men to attend meetings without fear of being asked for money. Before 1929-35 Atlanta played a good part by the University. About one-fifth of our gifts have come from Atlanta campaigns and individuals.

The Committee that I have gotten together has a core of old members: Judge Watkins, W. O. Steele, Dr. Archibald Smith and myself. Two outstanding alumni have been added: Dr. M. D. Collins and Otis Jackson. Robert H. Jones, Jr. is now attending regularly. Charles J. Haden has been added recently. So has Hugh Bancker, husband of loyal, generous Mrs. Nellie Block Bancker. Yet Judge Watkins isn't very well pleased with it. He thinks we should have men of higher local standing and greater financial ability. I think they are fine. Nevertheless, I must teach them not to depend on me to raise the annual deficit, nor the money for further development. And they *must* learn something about the school that they are administering!

The annual deficit, however, is, from now on, to be a thing of the past. The income of the University for next year will be

about a quarter of a million dollars if our medical school prospers. The expenses can easily be kept within that figure. The other day I was actually able to tell my Liberal Arts faculty that they needn't be worried about their salaries during the war *for our budget is balanced!* I have never been able to say this before, not in all of the third of a century of my work for it. Think of it! Seven hundred students, half-million dollar debt almost paid, and a balanced budget, at last!

My father used to say that there was one good thing about being president of the Thornwell Orphanage. No one wanted his job, because he received no salary. Up to now, no one has wanted my job because it consisted principally in begging for money and my salary is only a small percentage of my average "raisings" with no charge for other services. But, with an annual income, even in wartime, of \$250,000 and a balanced budget? I may have competition before long. That is one reason why I want to get a loyal, understanding successor firmly seated in the saddle just as soon as possible; a man who, as my father used to express it, "is of like mind with me."

May 21, 1943—A few days ago the Junior class of the Medical School invited me to come down to the Clinic and set before them the present plans of the Executive Committee as to accreditation. I have done this and I am now in receipt of the two following letters from the presidents of the sophomore and freshman classes. In my talk to the juniors, I reiterated over and over again that it was *my* plan and that of Dean Eskridge to obtain accreditation from the Georgia State Board of Examiners *first*, and that it was *the plan of the Executive Committee* of whom I was the campus spokesman, to secure the accreditation of the A. M. A. and its subsidiaries, if, when and as it was possible. I have been put in the position where I am being compelled by my executive committee either to be their agent in what I believe to be highly unwise and objectionable, or to resign. For the present, I shall not forsake my own child. Perhaps, the skies will clear. But I do not feel right about accepting the praise of the students for doing something I am compelled to do against my better judgment. Just as soon as I feel that I can do so without being disloyal to my executive committee, I shall explain the matter more fully. At present, I must support my executive committee and follow the wishes of the students, although I feel certain that this policy will lead to our common destruction.

These students and their school are very dear to me, but I am afraid that I am tolerable to them only when I obey their commands. Here are the letters:

Oglethorpe University Medical School
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

May 19, 1943.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs,
President Oglethorpe University,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

We have learned of your recent address to the Junior class of the Medical School in which you expressed your determination to devote all your administrative energies to achieving the goal of accreditation of the Oglethorpe University Medical School by the Georgia State Medical Board and of recognition by the American Medical Association.

We, the Sophomore class, write you now to express our pleasure at your announcement and to assure you of our complete cooperation and support in any and all efforts made by you on behalf of the accreditation of our school.

Very respectfully yours,

James Oberholtz,
President of the Sophomore Class.

Oglethorpe University
School of Medicine

May 19, 1943.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.,
Oglethorpe University,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Sir:

As members of the Freshman class of Oglethorpe University School of Medicine, we have been particularly conscious in recent weeks of your untiring efforts which you have directed toward dispelling our apprehension for the future status of our school. We, therefore, feel it only proper and fitting for us, at this time, to express our deep appreciation and gratitude.

Upon hearing some of the details of the present situation from Dr. Herman Jones we have many reasons to feel that you are doing all within your power in order to obtain full accreditation of this school by the Georgia State Board as well as by the American Medical Association. Such accreditation would be the acme of all of our hopes, in that it would enable us to actively enter upon our chosen profession. Your excellent choice of the teaching staff, the contemplated increase in the library and clinical facilities, although at great expense, as well as the other innumerable steps undertaken by you toward meeting the requirements

of all of the accrediting agencies have convinced us of your earnestness and sincerity.

While we are hopefully awaiting further developments, of which you will undoubtedly inform us, we wish to express to you our appreciation and gratitude for all that has already been done. You may be assured of our full-hearted cooperation and support in your definite program of accreditation of the Oglethorpe University School of Medicine by the American Medical Association and by the Georgia Board of Medical Examiners. It is our determination to make Oglethorpe University proud of us and to prove ourselves worthy of your untiring efforts.

The above has been read to our entire class and has their whole-hearted approval.

Respectfully yours,
Ralph H. Tash,
President Freshman Class.

May 30, 1943—I hear that this is how the “accreditation” squeeze-play is to be worked. The plan is to “strike the shepherd and the sheep will be scattered.” Dr. Eskridge, who, with myself, persuaded the Executive Committee to found our medical school is to be scrapped. The means used is a promise of immediate “accreditation” and quick entrance to Grady Hospital, enforced by a students’ rebellion, a faculty joint resignation, and students’-fathers’ demands made under advice of “prominent members of the profession.”

This letter of Judge Watkins which I have just gotten, alarms me. As long as he backed me up I had no fears for the future. I have handled similar tumults before, including faculty rows, student strikes, and fathers’ uprisings. But I don’t own Oglethorpe and if the Judge goes over to the other side, I am sunk. It looks from his letter as if he is going to do it.

EDGAR WATKINS
Attorney at Law
Citizens and Southern Bank Bldg.,
Atlanta, Ga.
May 29, 1943.

“Dear Doctor:

Dr. C. N. Carraway, head of Norwood Clinic and Hospital, Birmingham, Ala., and Dr. P. L. Williams of Cordele, Ga., called on me this morning.

Each of these gentlemen has a son attending Oglethorpe Medical School. Dr. Carraway is chairman of a committee to co-operate, both with the Medical School and the Medical Association.

These gentlemen are deeply concerned about the situation.

They have discussed the matter with the President and Secretary of the Medical Association of Georgia and with other doctors. Perhaps this discussion has gone further than it should have and, no doubt, there are many rumors floating around in the medical profession that lack foundation in fact.

However, these gentlemen are sincere and honest, and both of them are friends to the University. Their interests, of course, as fathers, increase their desire to do what can be done to help the situation.

I asked them, after they had talked some time, to tell me what they would recommend for us to do. They recommended as follows:

First: That a new Dean be obtained who should be temporarily elected Acting Dean, and not given a definite appointment until probably January first. They said that, while they liked Dr. Eskridge, they knew, from conversations with medical men and the officials of the State Medical Association and some representatives of the American Medical Association, that Dr. Eskridge would not be acceptable to the profession. They also said that Dr. Eskridge had told them that he did not want our medical school accredited. They said that there are two men in the present medical faculty, either of whom would be acceptable to the profession. These are Dr. Jeff Richardson and Major Fowler. Their first suggestion was that we get a new Dean.

Second: They said that we should then have our new Dean communicate with the Council of Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association. They said that they knew that with a satisfactory Dean there could be harmonious relations with, resulting in accreditation by, the American Medical Association.

Third: They said that eleven students had failed and were entitled to re-examination; that the re-examinations had been promised, but the promise had not been fulfilled and that these re-examinations should be had promptly.

The situation is such that I believe we should, at the earliest possible moment, call a meeting of the Executive Committee, ask Dr. Eskridge to be present, and then state to the Committee and to Dr. Eskridge what these gentlemen say and recommend, after which the Committee can act on the matter.

Yours very truly,
Edgar Watkins."

May 30, 1943—I am beginning to worry over the attitude of my life-long friend, Judge Watkins. Since his recent illness, I have been conferring with him about University affairs at his home on Piedmont Road. Recently, he made some remarks, during one of these conferences, that made me wonder whether some strong, alien influence hasn't begun to undermine his confidence

in me. For the first time, he spoke of giving up the fight against the self-accrediting agencies and applying to the Southern Association for "accreditation". "If we don't," he declared, "we shall dry up." That was my only clue to the source of this new influence. I have heard that before. It is part of some of the medical faculty's propaganda.

More important to me, the Judge went on to say that he didn't think Oglethorpe's application for "accreditation" would be successful if it came from or through me. That was a very plain hint of what he has in his mind and what may come to pass. I know where it came from, also.

June 2, 1943—The climax of a pitiful tragedy has arrived. The worm has eaten its way through the whole apple. The plan on which Judge Watkins, Dr. Eskridge and I agreed as the only practicable way whereby we could found a new medical school, i. e. to center our attention and efforts for the present entirely upon accreditation by the State Board of Examiners, to which we are entitled by law, and to consider other types of accreditation later, is being scuttled. Some of the faculty and students of the medical school have gotten in touch with the parents of the students and with medical rivals, opponents and enemies of Dean Eskridge and high pressure methods have been applied to my Executive Committee. The members of that Committee are all of my appointing and are all my friends, but for the most part, they are, academically speaking, new and green and are tyros in medical politics. They have completely reversed, if indeed they even remember the policy hitherto pursued by Judge Watkins, Dr. Eskridge and myself. They want *immediate* application for accreditation by the A. M. A. and have been assured that it *can be gotten immediately*. Also, that when gotten, Grady Hospital will fall like a ripe persimmon into their mouths. When I tell them that the persimmon is and, for a long time to come will remain green, they give me a pitying look. They are even willing to sacrifice Dean Eskridge to the wolves, although he was largely instrumental in founding the school and served it for a year without salary. That, of course, is what the enemies of Oglethorpe want! I am beginning to fear that even Judge Watkins, my friend and backer for over thirty years, won't support me in this matter.

These letters tell the story. I am copying them into my diary

in order of clarity, rather than chronology. They show that the point of the "offensive" has shifted. I am now a hero, which I do not deserve to be. Dr. Eskridge is the villain which he does not deserve to be. That means that the insurgents have decided to remove him, first. Many students have demanded that I call a meeting of the Executive Committee, at once, and demand and accept the immediate resignation of Dean Eskridge. They have been told by members of their faculty that if this is done, we can obtain A. M. A. accreditation next week and get into Grady over night! These demands were presented to me, in an excited, almost hysterical student meeting in Lowry Hall. I told them that I would not call such a meeting nor would I vote to sacrifice Dr. Eskridge to their misled hostility, that I wouldn't treat a yellow dog that way. Their answer was to howl me down. Yet, I don't blame them. Both their medical destiny and my position, in their opinion, are completely in the hands of their faculty whom some of them trust and others fear. I only marvel at the power of skillful propaganda about the hypocritical system of "accreditation" and the ability of a medical professor to light the fires of student rebellion and then "sit by and watch the smoke," as, I am told, he himself described it. All this is bad enough but the worst and most significant part of the whole business is the evidence of an understanding between the faculty and students in the matter. *Simultaneously with the strike of the students, practically the entire medical faculty resigned.* I accepted their resignations as fast as they came in.

For myself, since last May, I have had to resign myself or fall in line with the new policy of the Executive Committee. Acting under what amounted to orders from them, I wrote, on May 19th, inviting Dr. Weiskotten, for them, to revisit our school, an executive mistake for which I disclaim responsibility here and now. It only means another rebuke, another blow-up and another throat-cutting.

Furthermore, after Dr. Eskridge resigns, our chance to get into Grady is exactly nil. For our then failure, somebody else will have to be blamed. It will, of course, be me. I do not deserve their praise now and I shall not deserve their antagonism then. But I might as well turn out my beard for I shall certainly be the goat.

Formal notification that my head is safe as long as I do their will but that "Dr. Eskridge must go" is contained in these papers

adopted by the students of all three classes of the Medical School. I do not blame the students. They and their faculty are evidently honest and sincere but to me they seem blissfully ignorant of medical politics and enthusiastically determined to destroy their opportunity to become doctors. After Dean Eskridge has been ousted, a "sympathetic" dean will then be put in, the Medical School will be separated completely from the University, or the President will also, and in the same successful manner I shall be attacked and removed. By that time, the Medical School will be moribund.

The present status of the school is that it is in the hands of its leading students who are being directed by able, skillful hands behind the scenes,—with the full knowledge and consent of my dear, old Executive Committee.

May 31, 1943.

Oglethorpe University School of Medicine

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.

Oglethorpe University, Oglethorpe Univ., Ga.

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

The members of the Junior class of the Oglethorpe University School of Medicine hereby wish to acknowledge your sincere determination and efforts on our behalf to secure full accreditation of the Medical School by the Georgia State Board of Medical Examiners and above all by the Association of American Medical Colleges in conjunction with the American Medical Association. This matter has been uppermost in our minds since our coming here, and only now do we feel that there can be no doubt as to the outcome, if proper measures are adopted and honestly adhered to.

In the new light of matters, we admit that in the past we may have been quick to judge others, but we are willing to forgive and forget provided we are shown concrete evidence that measures necessary to obtain accreditation are being fulfilled as promised.

We hereby pledge our loyalty and support to the above program in particular to Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Judge Edgar Watkins, President of the Board of Trustees, and especially to Drs. C. N. Carraway of Birmingham and Williams of Cordele and their most distinguished associates from neighboring states, who have so wholeheartedly and unselfishly given their time and efforts and financial support to further our cause. We are sure that with the proper cooperation between the aforementioned parties there can be but little doubt as to our future.

However, we wish to make it clear that it has been brought to our attention by eminent medical men in and about Fulton County that accreditation cannot be hoped for unless the School

secures for the office of deanship a person associated with the medical profession in high and honorable standing with his associates, the American Medical Association, The Georgia Medical Board and the public at large. We have been told by the authoritative sources that this is the first step toward accreditation and an absolutely necessary measure that must be enforced immediately and unless this is done we can no longer entertain hopes of accreditation and those things which of necessity go hand in hand with that status, namely the acquiring of an hospital and proper facilities for our Junior and Senior years clinical instruction.

We wish to inform you that we can see no reason for not demanding the immediate resignation of our present Dean since his presence and views are definitely a detriment to our school and a hindrance of your promise of an "all-out" program for accreditation. Furthermore, unless this step be taken, and immediately, we of the Junior Class hereby declare that as a body we refuse to pay any further tuition fees and will not reregister upon the next date set for the Junior registration, namely, July 19, 1943 and it has been further unanimously resolved that we shall not attend any more classes, as of today until a new Dean is appointed to office.

We regret that such drastic steps are necessary and we fully realize that the men in charge of this program are highly competent and as anxious as we are to see the success of their efforts. We therefore, appeal to you as a key-man in this situation to demand the immediate removal from office of our present Dean so that the program of accreditation may be carried to completion. When this step is carried out, we the Juniors, will do whatever is in our power to assist in making this institution successful and accredited.

Respectfully submitted in behalf of the Junior Class

President: Harry Lyon
Secty. Elbert F. McFadden, Jr.

Oglethorpe School of Medicine
Oglethorpe University
Atlanta, Ga.
May 31, 1943.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President
Oglethorpe University, Oglethorpe Univ. Ga.
Dear Dr. Jacobs:

Resolution unanimously adopted by the members of the freshman and sophomore classes of Oglethorpe University School of Medicine this 30th day of May, 1943, as follows:

Whereas, it has come to the attention of the student body that the accreditation of this school cannot be procured as long as the present incumbent in the office of Dean of the School of Medicine continues to hold such office, and

Whereas, it has further come to the attention of the student body that such accreditation can be procured only by the appointment of a Dean acceptable to the Georgia State Board of Examiners, and

Whereas, the student body deems it of the utmost importance that accreditation be procured as soon as possible, and that the necessary steps toward accomplishing that end be immediately taken, therefore be it

Resolved that the members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes strongly urge upon the members of the Board of Trustees and the President of the School of Medicine to comply with the suggestion and requirement of such Board of Examiners, and appoint to the office of Dean a man acceptable to such accrediting agency, and be it further

Resolved that the members of the said classes go on record as deeming it inadvisable and against their best interests to make any further tuition payments until such time as definite action regarding such change in the holder of the office of the Dean be taken, and be it further

Resolved that the members of said classes hereby unanimously vote to withhold such further payments until such definite action is taken, and be it further

Resolved that the members of said classes shall not attend classes beyond the above date until such definite action is taken, and be it further

Resolved that copies of this resolution be sent to Judge Watkins, as Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President and Dr. C. N. Carraway, Chairman of the independent Committee.

Respectfully yours,

J. K. Lipscomb, Secty. Soph. Class
M. Srebnik, Secty. Freshman Class
James C. Oberholtz, Pres. Soph. Class
Ralph H. Tash, Pres. Freshman Class.

These are good letters, written by fine men, clearly revealing the mind of the student body. From them, I judge, that the heart of our trouble is that the students are overwhelmingly and many of them absolutely convinced that we may, can, must, might, could, would and should obtain "A. M. A. accreditation" and "get into Grady" immediately, if it were not for the Dean of the Medical College. In particular, they are convinced that our policy of working for, demanding and legally providing state accreditation and licensure to practice medicine in Georgia *first* is unsatisfactory and impracticable. As for myself, they have believed, in the past and doubtless will also believe in the future, that I am obstinate, ill-informed and incompetent as to medical

college matters. As none of them had ever seen or heard of me before they came to Oglethorpe and as the reasons offered for their opposition and ill-will began to appear before the first quarter was over and came first from some of the faculty, the original source of their dissatisfaction is obvious.

I wish I could convince them that everything I do and say is done and said for their sakes and to protect the medical school from destruction and to make it possible for them to practice medicine. They have been told just the opposite—that everything I do is to exploit them and the medical school for the benefit of the Liberal Arts College. So I find myself the captain of a boat in the hands of mutineers whom I love and will serve to the last, headed for Niagara!

In answer to these papers, I have written Judge Watkins as follows:

June 1, 1943

“Dear Judge:

I have spent all day in conference with members of the faculty and students concerning the petition which they presented to you. I understand that this petition states that the students will neither attend classes nor pay any further fees unless and until Dr. Eskridge is removed from the Deanship.

After patiently explaining to them the part that Dr. Eskridge had played in the origin and development of the Medical School, I told them:

1—That no self respecting deliberative body would be coerced or stampeded into action by threats and stop-watches.

2—That if the students had any grievance or desires of such importance that they wished to present them, to the Executive Committee, the proper approach to said Committee was through the President of the University, not over his head.

3—That unless and until the students of the Medical School were attending their classes and had paid their dues (which are due this week) in an orderly manner, I would have no part in acting upon their petition and that I felt sure that the Executive Committee would feel exactly the same.

4—That it was the fixed determination of our Board of Directors and Executive Committee to see that our Medical School was accredited by the Board of Examiners of the State of Georgia and by the American Medical Association through its subsidiary organizations but that the manner and steps to be taken in that direction would be decided by the Executive Committee and by the officers of the Medical School without mob violence.

This message has been transmitted to the students and, I under-

stand that the excitement is subsiding and the institution is resuming its orderly program.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President."

When the Executive Committee meets, I shall offer the following resolution. If they adopt it or one like it I shall know that they intend to back my administration, as heretofore. If not, I shall know that serious trouble is ahead. Here is the resolution:

TO ALL STUDENTS OF THE OGLETHORPE
UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SCHOOL

"The Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University has received your communications of May 31, 1943, demanding the immediate resignation of your Dean and stating that you would refuse to attend classes and meet your financial obligations to the University unless and until this was done.

We are further informed that you have carried this threat into execution and that the great majority of the members of the three classes have not met their financial obligations to the Medical School and are not attending classes.

In such an atmosphere of disorder and coercion, the Executive Committee of the University finds it inadvisable to consider your demands. If and when you have paid your debts to the University and resumed attendance on your classes, the Executive Committee will give your communications all due consideration. Unless you resume your obligation to the University within the limits set for attendance for medical students on their classes by the Code of Georgia, the Registrar is directed to erase from the rolls the names of all of those who fail to comply with legal and University regulations and to notify their parents and their respective draft boards as required by law that they are no longer students of this institution.

We regret this delay in consideration of very important matters connected with your future welfare, brought about by ill advised action and we assure you that it is the determination of this Executive Committee to take every step which, in its opinion, seems advisable to protect your interests, both as students and as future physicians of Class A standing."

If Judge Watkins favors it, it will be adopted. If it is adopted and stood by, it will save the school and the boys will continue their education and become doctors. If it isn't adopted, Dr. Eskridge will resign and the school will be in chaos.

June 8, 1943—Our graduation exercises are over. They were simple this year, due to war conditions but most enjoyable and

dignified. On Saturday evening, May 29th, we had a seated supper in the college dining room to which some two hundred guests were invited including members of the graduating class, members of the Board of Directors and Executive Committee and officers of the Woman's Board, together with a group of special friends of the University. At this supper former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy made a splendid address, thoughtful, informative and timely. This is the first public address Mr. Kennedy has made since his last at Oglethorpe in 1941. The dining room, which had just been redecorated, was draped in flags of various nations and the centerpiece for the long tables at which the guests sat were bright colored garden flowers. The Glee Club gave several selections and Moss Robertson sang two or three beautiful solos. One of our medical students played the violin during the supper, and all, in all, the evening was a delightful one. Mr. Kennedy was awarded the President's Medal* after his address.

Three of the Triple Es who were called to the colors some months ago, came to receive both their A. B. and M. A. degrees. Two others, John Goldthwait and John Meacham, were unable to get leave.

Our summer school opens on next Monday and it looks as though we are going to have a large enrollment.

We are in the midst of much confusion on the campus just now, concerning the medical school and the desire of the students and faculty to oust the Dean. The students sent a petition to Judge Watkins, chairman of our Executive Committee, stating that they would not pay any further fees nor attend further classes until Dean Eskridge was removed. A meeting of the Executive Committee is to be held this afternoon at two o'clock in Judge Watkins' office to determine what course will be pursued.

June 10, 1943—Ominous! A new kind of Executive Committee meeting. For the first time in my life I found myself compelled, publicly and positively, to oppose the judgment of Judge Watkins. Always, up to now, we have conferred before such meetings, agreed on the wise course and acted in unison. This time

* This medal is a personal expression of appreciation for educational, national and/or international service of exceptional merit, awarded upon selection of the president of the University.

when I phoned for such a conference, he declined to give it and urged immediate calling of the Committee meeting.

We spent hours in warm debate. The upshot was that Dr. Eskridge, who was present, because I insisted that he must come to hear every word that was said, presented his resignation. I opposed its consideration and told the Committee as plainly as I could what would happen if they accepted it. I mentioned, among other things, that the students and faculty would take over the duties of the Executive Committee from then on, that all ordered government would cease on the campus, that the joint action of the faculty and the student strike made their common understanding quite clear, and that if they would not support their dean, it was obvious that they would not support their president, who would sooner or later, be the object of similar attack. Dr. Eskridge was even plainer. He pointed out to them the elements of medical politics which entered into the affair, the various cliques of doctors centered around the local hospitals and the ease with which they were being duped. "*When you wake up and find that you have made jackasses of yourselves, then what?*" he asked. He then presented his resignation.

The meeting was held in Judge Watkins' office. Those present were: Charles J. Haden, Robert H. Jones, Jr., Otis Jackson, W. O. Steele, Dr. Archibald Smith, Hugh Bancker, Judge Watkins and myself.

The course of the debate and the final action thereon is shown in the minutes as follows:

"After full discussion of the facts concerning the recommendations of Drs. Carraway and Williams, Mr. Steele offered a resolution reading:

RESOLVED by the Executive Committee of Oglethorpe University that it has received, and accepts with appreciation, offers of advice and cooperation from the medical profession, and that it here and now affirms its purpose immediately to take such action as may be necessary to obtain from the proper agencies of the American Medical Association and all other accrediting authorities, accreditation of the Medical School of Oglethorpe University."

After this resolution was seconded, Mr. Watkins moved a substitute, as follows:

"**WHEREAS** assistance has been offered and recommendations made to the officials of the Medical School of Oglethorpe University by members of the medical profession in Atlanta and in Georgia, and

WHEREAS it is desirable to accept this offer of aid, and necessary, for the good of the medical school to follow the requests contained in such offers of aid,

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the resignation of Dr. Frank Eskridge as Dean of the Medical School be accepted;

That be appointed Assistant Dean until otherwise directed by the Executive Committee;

That said while acting as Assistant Dean, shall continue his duties as professor and shall receive, during such action, his present salary, this salary to include services both as Professor and as Assistant to the Dean.

RESOLVED FURTHER that the Assistant Dean notify Drs. Carraway and Williams, Dr. Shanks, as secretary of the State Medical Association, and the proper representatives of the American Medical Association, of this action, and request that Oglethorpe Medical School be accredited;

FURTHER that Oglethorpe University appreciates the interest, sympathy and advice of the medical profession, and will always receive suggestions and advice therefrom and give them full consideration."

This substitute resolution not being seconded, the original motion of Mr. Steele was further discussed, and then rejected by a vote of 3 ayes and 4 noes.

After further discussion of the situation in all its aspects, Mr. Jones offered a resolution which was the same as the Steele resolution, with the addition of the following:

"A letter was received from Dr. Eskridge, Dean of the Medical School, renewing his request that a full-time Dean or an associate Dean should be appointed by the Committee, and a special subcommittee was selected to consider this request and to report their findings to the next meeting of the Executive Committee.

This motion, seconded by Mr. Haden, was passed by the affirmative votes of all the members except Mr. Watkins, who voted in the negative, and Mr. Bancker, who did not vote. The Chairman declared the resolution adopted.

Upon motion duly carried, a committee was appointed to consider and report on the resignation of Dr. Eskridge. This chairman appointed to this committee Charles J. Haden, Dr. Archibald Smith, and Otis Jackson."

So, although I succeeded in preventing the acceptance of Dr. Eskridge's resignation under threat and intimidation, I am afraid it is a Pyrrhic victory. The Dean is very deeply hurt. The faculty is determined. The students are highly inflamed. The delay may do no good. What the situation needed was a stentorian, No!

June 12, 1943—For the last few months, I have been in one of Andy's "picklements." I am not the owner of Oglethorpe. It is, of course, legally owned and controlled by a self-perpetuating board of directors, acting through an Executive Committee. Such pressure has been put on this Committee that it is reversing my "accreditation" policy of a quarter-century standing. As their loyal servant I must either fall in with their plans or get out. The situation is so serious as to threaten the life of the institution. I had rather eat humble pie than see my life-work perish. Therefore, I am conforming to their wishes for the present. This notice tells the story of it:

June 12, 1943.

BULLETIN

TO STUDENTS, PARENTS, PATRONS AND FRIENDS OF
THE OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SCHOOL

A great deal of interest has been manifested in the Resolution on the subject of accreditation passed recently by the Executive Committee of our Board of Directors. The passage of this Resolution, in turn, was occasioned by the express desire of the administration for a full statement of policy on that subject by the Committee for the benefit of all those who are interested in the Medical School.

The President of the University had previously written to Dr. H. G. Weiskotten, Secretary of the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals, on May 19th: "We would greatly appreciate your coming to Atlanta again at your convenience for the purpose of making a detailed inspection of our Medical School in order that we may do such things as are necessary for its accreditation by your body."

On June 7th, Dr. Weiskotten replied as follows: "Your letter of May 19th was presented at the regular business meeting of the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals, held June 6th, 1943 at the Palmer House in Chicago. The Council authorized a visit to your institution, such visit to be made as soon after July first as possible. Dr. Victor Johnson, who will become Secretary of the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals on July first, will communicate with you in regard to a mutually agreeable time for the visit."

The Resolution, as adopted by the Executive Committee on June 8th, 1943, is as follows: "Resolved by the Executive Committee of Oglethorpe University that it has received and accepted with appreciation offers of advice and cooperation from the medical profession and that it here and now affirms its purpose immediately to take such action as may be necessary to obtain from the proper agencies of the American Medical Association

and all other accrediting authorities, accreditation of the Medical School of Oglethorpe University."

Another matter of importance which came up at the same meeting was the request of Dean Eskridge that the Committee should elect a full-time dean and that while they were in the process of making such a selection an Executive Dean or Associate Dean should be appointed to aid him in performing the growing duties of his position. In that connection the Executive Committee adopted the following: "A letter was received from Dr. Eskridge, Dean of the Medical School, renewing his request that a full-time or associate dean be appointed by the Committee and a special sub-Committee was selected to consider this request and to report their findings at the next meeting of the Executive Committee.

June 13, 1943—Judge Watkins writes:

"It is late now, but there is some possibility of saving the Medical School, and to save the Medical School, I think, is necessary to save Oglethorpe University. In any event, we should try, and I hope there will be an immediate call for a meeting of the Executive Committee, and that at that meeting we will follow my suggestions now adopted by Mr. Bancker."

The good part of this letter, from my point of view, is his belief that "to save the Medical School is necessary to save Oglethorpe." But I don't understand his logic as the University operated over a quarter of a century without a Medical School. Still I am glad to know that the Medical School is not to be scuttled.

The bad part is that he and Mr. Bancker are now acting as a unit in the matter. They are so influential on the Board that they dominate it. And they are two of my finest men.

June 16, 1943—Just as I feared. The sub-committee has met. Here are the disastrous results:

"The sub-committee appointed by the Executive Committee of Oglethorpe University to consider and report on the request of Dr. Frank Eskridge, Dean of the Medical School, that a full-time Dean should be appointed to relieve him of ever increasing duties, met in the office of the Chairman of the Executive Committee at nine o'clock on the morning of Monday, June 14th, 1943.

After discussion, it was moved and unanimously carried that this sub-committee recommends to the Executive Committee that the request of the Dean should be granted and his resignation should be accepted.

The sub-committee further recommends that Dr. Major Fowler be appointed Dean to serve for such time as may later be fixed by the Executive Committee and until appropriate efforts have been made to attain accreditation. This sub-committee invited the cooperation and assistance of Dr. C. N. Carraway, Chairman

of the Committee of Fathers of medical students of Oglethorpe University, and of the Medical Profession to assist in applying for and obtaining accreditation of Oglethorpe University School of Medicine.

C. J. Haden, Chairman
O. M. Jackson
Archibald Smith
Edgar Watkins, Chairman Ex. Committee and ex-officio."

From now on there will be no ordered government on the campus. From now on our Medical School will be operated by a block of students, their fathers, their faculty and Atlanta medical men, who know exactly how to work their will. From now on our Executive Committee and Board of Directors are mere weathervanes. From now on, I shall be the object of attack.

I had planned to retire in a few years but I consider it to be my duty as pilot of this ship to stay on board until I am dismissed. The situation will grow more and more intolerable every day. No first class physician in Atlanta will accept the deanship of the Medical School. They will doubtless elect one of the insurgent professors whose resignation I have accepted, to fill the position. The students will expect of him that he fulfill the promises to get "accredited" and into Grady Hospital immediately. He will not be able to do so. The ship will founder. The storm will wreck it. Emory and her local medical educational monopoly will triumph.

June 17, 1943—Judge Watkins has written me another and much more important letter. It is full of good moral philosophy but is also ominous with warnings. If I read it correctly, in the light of our past relationship, he is not pleased with my warm defense of Dr. Eskridge and my refusal to yield to disorderly control of the University. I am sorry, if I seem unreasonable, but not only would any other course of action, in my opinion, be unwise, it would also be a betrayal of my special trust. Oglethorpe University has been built by my personal efforts, by means of contributions made upon my promises to the givers, and in an amount approximating two million dollars. Excepting Judge Watkins who has given valuable legal services, the total contributions of the entire Executive Committee, composed largely of new appointees, do not amount to three thousand dollars, so far as I can recall. As I conceive it: my first duty is to the school, my second duty is to those who built the school.

Then would come the opinion of the Executive Committee, newly reconstituted and, again excepting the Judge, unfamiliar with the affairs of the institution of which I have made them the legal owners. I am beginning to realize what Luther meant: "*Hier stehe Ich. Ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir!*" But it is a good letter and doubtless was meant to be what it is, a friendly warning of evil to come. Let it speak for itself:

EDGAR WATKINS
 Attorney at Law
 Citizens and Southern Bank Bldg.,
 Atlanta, Ga.
 June 15, 1943.

"Dr. Thornwell Jacobs,
 President
 Oglethorpe University
 Oglethorpe University, Ga.
 Dear Thornwell:

My interest in Oglethorpe University transcends my admiration for your magnificent capabilities and accomplishments. My interest in Oglethorpe and my deep affection for you compel me to write this personal letter.

Success has its dangers, not the least of which is the effect it has on him who succeeds. The successful man frequently feels that he is, by Divine Right, entitled to rule. He becomes oversensitive and resents opposition. He disregards the judgement and advice of the less capable and, when he can, imposes on them his own will. Like President Wilson, conscious of superior capabilities, he withdraws from humanity, in general, and arrives at the conclusion that, as said by John Adams, the "Good, the able and the successful should rule the lives and activities of the great mass of the less favored."

Permit me to urge your objective consideration to what follows.

However great a man is, he must make adjustments to the forces of ideas, whether or not he fully agrees. While he who has built wisely, or accomplished other things of great value to mankind may justly feel pride in what he has done, he, nevertheless, is but a trustee of what has been accomplished.

The common people gladly heard the teachings of Jesus, and they are yet influenced by one who meets them in the mart, and on the mountain, in their homes, and in public halls. The greater the talents, the greater the obligations. Friends come from being friendly, and no man can give his best service in a monastery. Democracy, perhaps, has its weaknesses, but people are brothers, whether sons of one God or of one Great Cause. In modern times, a prophet must have honor in his own community,

because from his neighbors, others form their judgements. A University is but a miniature state, and totalitarian rule will not long continue in a State or University.

Some enterprises have a rule 5 which reads, "Do not take yourself too seriously".

With apologies, admiration, appreciation and affection, I am
Your friend,
Edgar Watkins."

The Judge's quotation from John Adams intrigues me for he has put his finger on the exact thought for which I contend. With Adams I believe in a republic, the government of a country by the educated, responsible and property-holding citizens as opposed to a democracy which is the government of a country by a *numerical* majority of its citizens. Applied to a college, this means its government by those who have put their time, thought and money into it, and who know what it is for, as opposed to those who have no interest in it except what they can get out of it and/or those who know and care little about its past and would lose nothing if it had no future. A college operated by its students is on the same plane as a department store operated by its customers—it is moribund. That is the trouble with America today, exactly. Politically our republic has degenerated into a democracy and the legalized robbery of the treasury and ruin of government and wrecking of both morale and morals is the result. Its final stage will be a mob led by a demagogue. Our educational system is a part of the general debacle. So are our radio programs and movies. Everything must please (not uplift or instruct) the masses because the life of movies and radios and state schools and political officeholders and even the livelihoods of our preachers depend on votes, on the *numerical* majority rather than on "the good, the able and the successful." For the average man is as poor an authority on what government or religion or education is good for him as he is on medicine or dentistry or astronomy.

In my opinion the admittedly universal degeneration of our civilization is due to our apotheosis of the "common" man, the "forgotten" man, the "underprivileged" man, and to the overwhelming handicaps we have imposed on the uncommon man. Every great and precious thing that civilization possesses has been won by the high intelligence and noble courage of less than one per cent of the population. The life of these priceless possessions is preserved for us by an equally small proportion of the

population. These are the men and women of vision and "where there is no vision the people perish," as they are doing now by the million, physically, mentally and morally.

And, furthermore, I don't agree with the Judge—to use a slogan from *What Every Woman Knows*,—"Come with us and join the swelling tide!" On the contrary I believe that the minority is most often right. I accept the retort: "Come with us and dam the swelling tide!" All of which reminds me of what Frank Inman said to me once when we were organizing our first committees. I was trying to distribute the authority and responsibility as widely as possible. "Every organization," he remarked dryly, will be run by three or four men and if Dr. — is in it, it will be run by one man."

June 25, 1943—The crack-up has come! From now on our medical school will wander through space, dying as the earth would die if a tramp star, more powerful than our sun were to pass nearby and pull it out of its orbit, away from its father.

The story of the tragedy is told in a few letters and acts:

First, was the report of the Special Committee: Dr. C. N. Carraway, Dr. Archibald Smith and Judge Edgar Watkins, appointed to select a dean to succeed Dr. Eskridge. They asked one of the Medical School faculty to take the job after approaching a number of local physicians who refused. He accepted their offer.

Second, he immediately recommended that all of the professors of the Medical School who had resigned and whose resignations I had accepted, be re-elected to and re-instated in their positions. To this, of course, I objected, setting forth my reasons therefor in the following letter to the Executive Committee:

June 19, 1943.

"Dr. Herman Jones, Dean Protem of our Medical School, acting under the advice of Dr. C. W. Roberts, has recommended the re-election of those professors in the Medical School who recently resigned their former positions at Oglethorpe as professors. I have thought it unwise to approve these recommendations for the following reasons:

1—These professors voluntarily offered their resignations at a time when the school was in dire need of their loyalty and when they expected it to discontinue operations as all of the students were on strike. They accompanied their resignations, in at least two instances, by cutting criticisms of the institution and its administration. Their attitude, freely expressed by them, is known all over the campus and in the City of Atlanta.

2—Some of them are believed by many persons associated with

the University and by friends of the University living in the City of Atlanta to have taken a prominent part in instigating the student strikes. They are commonly reported to have boasted of their and its success and of their future intentions along the same lines.

3—Their return to high positions of honor and power under these circumstances would undermine, endanger and tend to destroy all respect for the authority and prestige of the administration and of its officers and would assure them and the students who participated with them in the strikes of complete control of the institution. By creating disturbances in the name of "accreditation" which they hope to obtain and later of "accreditation" which is "endangered" by the acts or policies of persons whom they wish to remove, they could and would oust officers, control operations, select faculty members and direct the governing board of the University at will.

4—The loyalty and devotion of other officers and faculty members who did not desert the school in an hour of severe crisis would be hopelessly affected.

5—The slight gain in the acceleration of "accreditation" by immediate completion of the faculty on account of their re-appointment would be offset many times by its ill effects.

6—For these and for other reasons formerly reported to the Committee and which I do not care to go into again, I have declined to approve these appointments and have referred the whole matter to the Executive Committee for determination. In order that you may discuss the matter the more freely and fairly, I am absenting myself from the meeting and am suggesting that Drs. Jones and Roberts should be present to explain to you their points of view.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs."

Third, the Committee met on the 23rd in Judge Watkins' office. Present were the Judge, Charles J. Haden, W. O. Steele, Dr. C. N. Carraway, Dr. P. L. Williams (father of one of our students but not a member of the Executive Committee), A. H. Bancker, Dr. Herman D. Jones, the new Dean Protem, and Dr. Archibald Smith. Otis Jackson, Dr. M. D. Collins and I were not present. The Committee unanimously passed a resolution offered by Mr. Haden that the faculty be reinstated.

Fourth, the new dean protem has published to the students the following information:

June 21, 1943.

"This is to inform you that the Executive Committee and Board of Trustees of the Oglethorpe University School of Medicine appointed me as Dean Protem of the Medical School, effective June

17th. I am at the present time conducting the affairs of the office through a committee composed of Dr. C. N. Carraway, Norwood Clinic, Birmingham, Ala.; Dr. Edgar Shanks; Dr. George Fuller; Dr. C. W. Roberts; Dr. B. H. Clifton and Dr. T. C. Davidson of Atlanta. They have been authorized, by the Board and the Executive Committee, to advise me in the proper conduct and administration of this office. Dr. Carraway has instructed me to begin classes for the juniors, June 28, 1943. I wish to request that if you plan to return to school, that you be present on this date, ready for work and payment of tuition fees.

It appears at the present time that the clinical faculty will remain intact with many new additions under the leadership of the above named committee.

Your cooperation will be greatly appreciated and I assure you that the Committee as well as the Board of Trustees and Executive Council are making every effort to secure favor and gain ultimate recognition by the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association and the Georgia State Medical Examining Board.

Kindest personal regards and best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Herman D. Jones,
Dean Protem."

From now on it is a plain issue. My Executive Committee has ended my authority over the Medical School. I am no longer, in any true sense, its president. It is governed by one of its former faculty, some of its leading students, their fathers and a group of doctors hitherto ignorant concerning and uninterested in Oglethorpe, through an Executive Committee who have bet the future existence of the school that I am wrong. I have accepted the challenge. I say, the school will die under such mismanagement. I say it is already moribund. It is *Jacobus contra mundum*.

June 30, 1943—I have turned over to Dr. Herman D. Jones, Dean Protem, the operation of our Medical School, in accordance with the action of our Executive Committee. The student strike has reduced the student body by 36 students who obviously either disagreed with the majority or lost their faith in the school. This reduces the income, per quarter, by about \$8,000, over \$30,000 per year.

The Judge says that one reason why the Committee quailed before the students' strike was a threat to sue the school. They claimed that we had stated in a letter that the Medical School was already accredited. I am now in receipt of the following letter from Judge Watkins:

EDGAR WATKINS
Attorney at Law
Citizens and Southern Bank Bldg.,
Atlanta, Ga.
June 29, 1943.

"Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Pres.,
Oglethorpe University,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Doctor:

I kept after Mr. Murphy to give me the date of the letter you had written, stating you had accreditation. He took it up again with the gentlemen, and they admit that the letter does not contain any such statement. Murphy does not have the letter, but with this admission it is not necessary.

What happened was that they construed your circular letter as stating that. Of course, there is nothing in the circular letter as to what you have—it is what you hope to get.

So, running it down, there is nothing in it.

Yours truly,
Edgar Watkins."

July 7, 1943—I understand that *the next point of attack* will be an effort to deprive the University of all or most of the payments hitherto made by the Medical School as its part of the overhead and rental for use of facilities of the College of Liberal Arts. Among these items are: heat, light, water, janitor services, proportionate share of the salaries of bursar, cashier, registrar, president, etc. Having this in mind, I wrote Judge Watkins requesting that he inform Dean Protém Jones concerning the rules of the Executive Committee under which the Medical School has been operated. From his reply, I am preserving these relevant paragraphs. From them I judge that I am beginning the defense with him on my side:

"When it was agreed to establish the Medical School, it was recognized by the Executive Committee that that school would be less interrelated with other schools of the University than were these other schools, and, therefore, it was determined that a plan of procedure for the Medical School should be set up. The President of the University and the Dean of the Medical School, after consultation with the bursar and with the auditor of the University, prepared in detail certain rules and regulations which should govern in the conduct of the Medical School. These rules and regulations were submitted to and unanimously adopted by the Executive Committee some year or two ago. The rules are probably available to each of you; they should be, and I presume they are, recorded in the Minutes.

In this plan of procedure, it was recognized that some charge should be made against the Medical School for facilities furnished by the University. These were largely determined by the auditor, and probably were less, and are less, than the value of the facilities furnished. This plan of procedure has not been changed, and unless and until it is changed, it should be followed."

The resolution referred to by the Judge was adopted at our meeting of October 14, 1941, and is as follows:

October 14, 1941.

RESOLUTION

"The following Resolution was offered and adopted:

Whereas Oglethorpe University has created and is now operating a School of Medicine for the education and training of physicians, therefore, for its better administration and development, the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of the University hereby adopts, and *directs the President and other officers of the University to put into effect the following plan for its operation:*

The auditing and book-keeping departments of the University are hereby directed to set up a *separate account* of the University with the Medical School showing its receipts and expenditures and its assets and liabilities. The *University will finance the Medical School* if and as it is necessary and possible *under the decision of the President* to do so and all sums so advanced *will be repaid* to the University from the income of the Medical School *as such repayment may be deemed advisable by the President* of the University.

All gifts and grants made to the University for the sole use and development of the Medical School shall be held and/or used when accepted by the Board of Directors strictly according to the conditions of the gift. All receipts from tuition and strictly medical fees in the Medical School shall similarly be accounted for.

The *expenses which are to be charged to the Medical School* by the University shall be:

1—*All expenditures made expressly and occasioned solely by the creation and conduct of the Medical School* such as salaries and wages of persons engaged solely in conducting the medical department, purchases of apparatus, labor and materials, equipment, etc.

2—*Proportionate part of the salaries of officers and professors and other employees of the University* engaged partly in the service of the Medical School such as the President of the University, the Bursar, Cashier, secretaries, office help, professors, etc. This proportion is to be determined on the basis of the amount of time devoted by said parties to the Medical School and calculated on the basis of the total number of hours of instruction for

which the medical students register as compared with the hours for which other students register.

3—*Rental and use of property of the University by the Medical School* including class rooms, office space, infirmary, gymnasium, printing office, assembly hall, library, campus, athletic field, dormitories, etc. The cafeteria is operated as a separate department of the University and endeavor is made to see that its receipts equal its expenditures. It is, therefore, not to be taken into account. The printing office is also to be treated separately. All charges for printing, etc., for the Medical School are to be charged at the regular rates. Proportionate charges for postage and insurance are to be included. In calculating the usage and rental charges the auditor will estimate the property at its replacement value at the present time as stated by the architects, approximately as follows: Lowry Hall \$250,000; Administration Building, \$400,000; Lupton Hall \$550,000; Stadium \$125,000. Other charges are equipment approximately \$100,000 and campus, approximately \$300,000. Interest proportionate to usage of all university property is to be charged at the rate of 6% which is the rate paid by the college on its present loan and which is less than the amount that it has paid for approximately twenty years on purchase of much of this property, including \$375,000 in bonds, and which it would have earned by buying stocks and bonds instead of putting the money given into campus and buildings and equipment. The Medical School is to be charged its proportionate rental of this property based on the number of students actually using the campus daily. A proportionate differential between day students and boarding students is to be set up by the auditor. In this calculation the Saturday extension students are to be included as day students one half day per week but the extension students who do not use the campus are to be excluded, said latter type of extension student, however, to be calculated as to the proportionate amount of time of officials of the University devoted to the registration and conduct of their instruction under Item No. 2.

The above charges apply to the first and second years of the Medical School only. *For the third and fourth years* which will be conducted in down town Atlanta there will be no charge against the Medical School for rentals of campus property but charges for proportionate time of officials, professors, etc., engaged in serving the third and fourth year students (Items 1 and 2) will be continued.

The President of the University is hereby directed to put this resolution into effect immediately and to furnish all parties concerned with copies thereof."

July 26, 1943—All the elements of a great drama are in my present situation: Here they are: A man, nearing seventy, who has spent a long lifetime preparing for, dreaming of, working towards

the happy re-founding of an old university and praying and toiling until it has been accomplished. Comes a world-wide war. His boys volunteer or are drafted, his girls go into war work or accept the astronomical pay offered for their services. He has a number of offers from governmental sources to take the institution over "for the duration". Instead, he sticks by his medical school and devotes almost all of the University's facilities to its operation. To this medical school have come nearly two hundred young men, from Oregon to Puerto Rico, from California to Maine, varying in musical atmosphere from a Georgia cracker to a New York Jew. They arrive. They are pleased with everything, most of all with their opportunity to become doctors, an opportunity few other schools in the world will give them. Many of them have applied to a half dozen or more other Medical Schools and have been turned down by all of them. Most of them are dead in earnest about studying medicine and are putting all they have into it. So far as I can see, none of them have any love for the undergraduate college. None of them know anything about her history or traditions. Few of them ever heard of her President or Dean before or of any member of her faculty. Most of them care nothing whatever for any person or thing at Oglethorpe unless it is a part of their Medical College. All of them are graduates or alumni of some other Liberal Arts School, which they have left with all its restraints, for good. Few of them had any restraints at college, nor will they brook any now. Many of them are familiar with, used to, have taken part in, and are ready for student strikes and other academic antagonisms. Particularly, now that the Liberal Arts College is evacuated, they are ready to take over.

The President has been looking around for a successor. He wants some one on whose loyalty he can assuredly depend; someone who loves Oglethorpe and all that it stands for, who is imbued with its spirit and ready to spend his life fighting,—and sacrificing if need be—for the preservation and development of its plans and purposes. Who more suitable than his own son who is an Oglethorpe graduate, an M. D. from the Harvard Medical School, and trained in research under Zinsser and Landsteiner and who is a professor at Tufts Medical College? So, the President causes him to be elected vice-president of the University and put in charge of organizing the Medical College where he, shortly, becomes associate dean also.

But the President and the vice-president differ on questions of administration, especially on the highly controversial question of "accreditation". The "organized" student body and the medical faculty, nominated by the vice-president, the fathers of the students, and now the Board of Directors of the University become embroiled in an administrative controversy. The students are blissfully unaware of the maelstrom of medical politics into which they are plunging their destinies. The faculty is, also, and some of them are determined to have themselves "accredited" and to rule or ruin the college—as one of them announced: "I am going to get what I want. If I don't, I can blow this school up and I am going to do it!" The Executive Committee is newly appointed, in large part, and is composed of strong, fine laymen, ready to swallow the medicine doctors may offer them. The Liberal Arts faculty and the officers look on with amazement as the foundations of their college are undermined. The real friends of the school, whose money has built and supported it, are hundreds of miles away. The students strike against the administration. So does the faculty, simultaneously. They demand the Dean's resignation. The president refuses to be intimidated. The heat is turned on the Executive Committee. The President warns them that if they melt, all ordered government on the campus is at an end, that they will lose the support of the community and, eventually, their self-confidence and even the respect of the students who are pressuring them. Also, that the next demand would be for the removal of the president. Then, all that would be needed for a tragic *denouement* would be for the President's faithful old friend and backer for a quarter-century, who is president of the Board, chairman of the Executive Committee and attorney for the University to give way.

What a movie such a story would make!

July 28, 1943—Almost every day, now, I am having to make an entry in my diary to keep up with the fast-moving events connected with our Medical School. When we founded it, Judge Watkins prophesied that it would bring me many headaches. Chancellor John G. Bowman of the University of Pittsburgh wrote commiserating me upon its establishment. They were prophets.

The clash now is between the budgets of the Medical School, on the one hand, and the rest of the University, on the other. A

few days ago, in order to harmonize them, the Judge appointed a special Finance Committee, consisting of Otis Jackson, W. O. Steele and myself. We met with the auditor. The result was expressed in the following paper.* If it is approved by the Ex-

* "A meeting of the Finance Committee of Oglethorpe University recently appointed by Judge Edgar Watkins, Chairman of the Executive Committee, was held at the Roosevelt Cafe on the evening of July 27th at six thirty o'clock for the purpose of making a general survey of the problems confronting the Committee. Those present were Otis Jackson, Chairman W. O. Steele and Dr. Thornwell Jacobs. Present with them, also, by request, was P. L. Bardin, auditor.

The Committee had before it the Resolution adopted by the Executive Committee on October 14, 1941, governing the operation of the Medical School and also letter of Judge Edgar Watkins, President of the Board of Directors, Chairman of the Executive Committee and attorney for the University, addressed to Dr. Herman D. Jones, Dean Protem, of the Medical School and dated July 17, 1943.

After a thorough survey of the financial condition of the University, the Committee adopted the following resolution:

The budget of the University in operation *as of this date* was approved.

The President of the University was directed to continue the service of the Bursar, Cashier, Registrar, and other officials employed by the University prior to the founding of the Medical School *jointly* with the College of Liberal Arts, Lowry School of Banking and Commerce, School of Adult Education and School of Science.

The auditor was directed to furnish the Dean of the Medical School, through the President of the University, a forecast of the income and expenses of the Medical School for the current term, said forecast to be based upon directions hitherto given him by the Executive Committee. The auditor is advised that individual officers of the University have objected to detailed statements of their salaries being made to others than those who must necessarily sign their checks and the *Finance Committee reserves* for itself the direction and interpretation of the orders of the Executive Committee above referred to. The auditor is advised that in giving any statement to the Dean of the Medical School he is to state exactly as possible, the following items:

Estimated income, including all payments for tuition and medical college fees.

Estimated expenses covering the Medical School's proportion of the instructional, library, infirmary, operation and maintenance of physical plant, general overhead and charges for rent, space and equipment, not owned by the Medical School.

The Dean of the Medical School is directed to prepare a budget of the Medical School omitting the items mentioned above as overhead and other charges, the otherwise total expenditures of said budget not to exceed the net sum remaining after the above mentioned charges have been made. The Medical School is to be operated on the net sum remaining

ecutive Committee and followed by the Medical School administration, the Medical School and the University will have chances to live. If it is not, catastrophe is upon us. My opinion is that it will be attacked and repudiated.

To me it is a great disappointment that, after laboring for nearly thirty years to balance our operational income and expenses and having at last succeeded, all my efforts and success should now be put in jeopardy:

“For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environed with a wilderness of sea,
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave.”

August 5, 1943—A few days ago, having heard that complaints were being made that the University was using medical school money for Liberal Arts purposes, I asked our auditors to give me a report on the latest term's operations. As his reply may be of importance, I am noting it herein. It shows, as I had expected, the continued operation of the Medical School by the University at a loss—approximately \$10,000 for 1942-43.

August 22, 1943—Otis Jackson, Chairman of our Finance Committee, and I are making an effort to keep the “accreditation” juggernaut from running over our College of Liberal Arts by absorbing an undue proportion of the University's income into its budget. The Medical School administrators have been told to cut down the number of students and increase their income as a preliminary step to consideration of their application for “accreditation”. They don't even suspect that they are being disarmed. Having been reduced to a point of defenseless financial starvation, they will be devoured at leisure.

We had an important meeting of our Finance Committee on August 10. We adopted a sane and workable paper. For the sake of the record only I am copying it into this diary for I feel sure that the new medical administration will have it reversed by the

after said charges have been paid. Any sums contributed to the Medical School by the Carraway Committee or by others are to be reported to the Finance Committee for their acceptance and approval and any expenditures thereof are to be made only upon authorization of the Finance Committee and are to be disbursed by the regular disbursing officials of the University. In authorizing expenditures in behalf of and in the interest of the Medical School, the Finance Committee will give full weight and thorough consideration to the recommendations of the Dean of the Medical School and of the Chairman of the Carraway Committee and to any conditions upon which the gifts have been made.”

Executive Committee in the name of "accreditation". (See footnote to July 28.)

August 24, 1943—A new kind of trouble! For many years past it has been the custom of the University to pay its faculty members and officers on or before the 15th of the month following service. Often, in August, the check which is due on the 15th is delayed until the 21st of the month (six days) because at the end of the summer the finances of the University are depleted and we have adopted the policy that we shall never again borrow money to meet the payroll. On the other hand, last December we not only paid our December checks in advance but also paid to all faculty members and officers the sums which were not due them until January 15th.

During the first autumn after the establishment of the Medical School, when the Bursar reminded members of the faculty that their checks would be a few days late, all members of the faculty and officers of the Liberal Arts School accepted it as a matter of course but members of the Medical School faculty remonstrated and immediately we began to hear rumblings from the student body of the Medical School likewise. As the situation proceeded to develop into trouble between the Medical School faculty and their students, on the one hand, and the administration on the other, I personally financed the immediate payment of the salaries of the Medical School for about one week.

This year the same thing happened. All members of the faculties were advised that their checks would be a few days late. The officers and members of the faculty of the School of Liberal Arts accepted it as a matter of course. Protests immediately arose in the Medical School faculty. The Dean Protem took the matter up with the Finance Committee of the University, urging that they should borrow the money necessary to pay the Medical School faculty and officers on or before the 15th of August. The Finance Committee unanimously declined to do so. The Dean Protem, however, secured funds from members of the Executive Committee, sufficient to cash the checks of the Medical School faculty in advance of the date on which the checks were made payable. I congratulate him. Perhaps I should have been doing the same thing! But the immediate result on the campus of the University was to present a comparison of relative treatment so invidious as to create criticism. Some members

of the Liberal Arts faculty have been serving the college for thirty years and have, during that entire period, cooperated with the administration in such matters even to the extent, during the depression, of doing without their salaries for months at a time. The obvious injustice of asking them to continue that cooperation and sacrifice when the demands of the Medical School were so promptly met by the Executive Committee could mean only one of two things to them; either that the Executive Committee was not interested in the School of Liberal Arts as compared with the Medical School or that the Medical School had a much more efficient management than that of the School of Liberal Arts. Under these circumstances, there was nothing left for me to do but to see that the checks of the School of Liberal Arts were paid on the same basis as those of the Medical School which I have done by personally cashing the University's checks.

In this connection, the Committee has been furnished with some very illuminating information by Mr. Bancker. The report of the accrediting committee will be very unfavorable. The Committee of the Accrediting Council now claims that

(1)—Our Medical School has too many students. (2) Is inadequately staffed. (3) Available Grady facilities inadequate. (4) Should reduce number of students to 120 and then we would need \$50,000 annually in addition to student fees to finance school. (5) No such thing as "probationary accreditation" for new schools. (6) Definite "accreditation" never given until fourth year of a medical school.

Concluding, Mr. Bancker states categorically (*Italics mine*) that our medical school will endeavor to meet whatever requirements the Council may make as requisites for accreditation, that there seems to be *no doubt that the Medical School will be admitted to Grady Hospital* as requested, and that there is *no doubt in his mind that its admission* together with the increases in faculty and equipment which we will begin at once to acquire, *will result in the examination of the school's graduates by the Georgia Board of Examiners*, even though full accreditation by the Council on Medical Schools and Hospitals should, for financial reasons, be *temporarily deferred*.

That is a perfect description of how new medical schools are persuaded to enter the cave into which all footsteps lead and from which none return. My fine, prosperous, successful little

medical school is going to be murdered! In every day life the members of my Executive Committee are able and distinguished professional and business men whom I love and respect. Mr. Bancker is one of the strongest and ablest and best informed men on my committee. Furthermore, he and Mrs. Bancker are among my best friends and both of them are deeply interested in Oglethorpe. I hope he's right. But I fear that in medical politics my committee are just some more "innocents abroad."

September 18, 1943—This morning I received an important letter from our auditor, Mr. Bardin, showing that the indebtedness of the Medical School to the University now amounts to approximately \$48,930.68. *Yet the students have been told that I have used Medical School money to finance other schools of the University!* I do not blame them, however. That all started with the first "Dean's" report. Mr. Bardin's report is too important for me not to embody it in this record.

Sept. 16, 1943.

"Dear Dr. Jacobs:

We have estimated the results of the operations of the Medical School for the year ended, August 31, 1943. Our examination has not been completed. When our examination is completed we will, of course, be able to give you correct figures on the Medical School operations for the year.

The estimated indebtedness of the Medical School at August 31, 1943 is as follows:

Net loss for the year ended Aug. 31, 1942	\$25,627.72
Medical equipment purchased during the year ended August 31, 1942	4,239.29
Total	\$29,867.01
Estimated net loss for the year ended August 31, 1943	1,938.67
Total	\$31,805.68
New equipment purchased during the year ended August 31, 1943	8,200.00
Total	\$40,005.68
Repairs to clinic building made at the request of Dean Eskridge	8,925.00
Total estimated indebtedness at Aug. 31, 1943	\$48,930.68

The estimated proportion of rent, operation and maintenance

of physical plant, including the operation of the clinic building, and administrative and general expenses is approximately \$5,000.00 monthly.

Yours very truly,
Bardin and Moore."

September 19, 1943—I am incorporating in this diary my long-delayed answer to the letters of the three classes of the Medical School written to me on May 31, and June 2nd last. It has not been possible to write a satisfactory reply sooner because of the turmoil and confusion.

Oglethorpe University
September 18th, 1943.

Harry Lyon, Pres. Junior Class,
James Oberholtz, Pres. Sophomore Class,
Ralph H. Tash, Pres. Freshman Class,
Oglethorpe University Medical School,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dears Sirs:

This is a long delayed reply to your important and highly appreciated letters of May 31st and June 2nd, 1943, which have not been answered before because I have been waiting until I could assure you of the same unanimous backing on the part of all of the authorities of the University of your reversal of the plans of the former Dean and administration as that which you assure me in your letters you had been giving and would give to my policies. During the intervening three and a half months I have been devoting a good part of my time to seeing that the shock caused by your demands that the resignation of the former Dean should be accepted and that the plans for getting hospital connection and accreditation by the subsidiaries of the American Medical Association which he and the administration were following, should be reversed would not affect the fortunes of the Medical School more than a minimum. I want to make clear to you, as a matter of justice to the administration that we believed and still believe that the policies which were being followed would have operated successfully and that in due course of time every assurance, verbal and written which the Dean, President, Board of Directors, the catalogue and the circular matter had made would have been fulfilled. Nevertheless we have, all of us, in a spirit of cooperation, accepted your demands and are doing our best to see that the new policies for which you are responsible, are executed.

This being the case, may I beg of you that, unanimously and enthusiastically, you should back your new new Dean, Protem, and the permanent Dean if and when he shall be elected and the Executive Committee and myself in every effort we make

to see that your policies are successful. I have no doubt of your willingness to do everything within your power to help us secure entrance to Grady Hospital and accreditation by the subsidiaries of the American Medical Association. What I am thinking about most is this:

In the report from the inspectors of the American Medical Association group who visited us a week or so ago, copy of which will probably be sent to the Georgia Board of Medical Examiners, the quality of our student body was criticized and this means that when you come up for examination before the Georgia Board or any other Board of Examiners, your examination papers and your records will be subjected to intense scrutiny. It also means that your personal character and conduct as well as your term grades and examination papers will be taken into consideration. Another matter in which you can help us, in the execution of your policies is by doing all within your power to aid Dr. Jones and the Committee of Fathers to secure the funds necessary for the operation of the Medical School on the basis required by the subsidiaries of the American Medical Association which calls for the expenditure of much larger sums than were provided for in the budget of Dr. Eskridge. This may mean liberal subscriptions on the part of yourselves and your families (I have already made my subscription to this campaign). It may mean some campaigning on your part. Above all it will mean that inasmuch as we are showing you our willingness to cooperate with your demands and to execute your orders and to discard our own policies according to your requirements you will be expected by all parties concerned to give whole-hearted support to whatever measures Dr. Jones and the Executive Committee of the Medical School may adopt.

For myself, may I add: First, I appreciate beyond words your expression of 100% loyalty to myself and to the policies which I have always pursued, namely to build an accreditable school first and then to have it accredited by all agencies of any importance in the United States.

Second, the fact that you found it necessary, in your opinion, completely to discard the plans which we were pursuing and to substitute your own for them has not chagrined me at all. On the contrary relief from this responsibility is quite pleasant and I am satisfied to leave these decisions to your Dean and to the Board of Directors of the University.

For yourselves, I have only good wishes and an earnest desire to serve your best interests.

Inasmuch as your action was unanimous, I am sending the original of this letter to your Presidents—Harry Lyon, James Oberholtz and Ralph H. Tash—with the request that they should

notify you officially of its reception. Also, I am sending a mimeographed copy of it to each member of the classes.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President.

September 24, 1943—Matters have at last reached such a pretty come-to-pass that I am so embarrassed as to be constrained not to attend one of my own Executive Committee meetings. The reason for it is told in this copy of a letter I have just written to Judge Watkins:

“I have thought the matter over very carefully and have come to the conclusion that it would be best for me not to attend the Executive Committee meeting this afternoon and not to attend the Grady Board tonight, which has been urged upon me by Dr. Jones, Dean Protem. As President of our Board, Chairman of our Executive Committee and attorney for the University, there should be set before you certain facts. You will direct and advise me as to the proper mode of procedure after you have considered them carefully.

1—When the Medical School was originally founded, all the funds derived from it were put in the common treasury and it was assumed that the University was one and the Medical School was simply a department of it such as the Lowry School of Banking and Commerce or the School of Science.

2—Shortly thereafter, the then dean, Dr. Eskridge, and the vice-president, Dr. John L. Jacobs, and other members of the faculty demanded that the Medical School should be set up as an autonomous institution and that all of its funds should be segregated from other departments of the University and spent exclusively for the Medical School. I was told that this was the best practice among medical schools which were accustomed to paying their own bills, only, which should include a proper rental for use of properties previously given to the institution and used by other departments of the University.

3—On this basis the Dean, Bursar, Auditor and I agreed upon a rental of 6% on that part of the University property which the Medical School required for its use. Other departments gave up space in every one of the buildings on the campus. Such friction developed in the doing of this that three of our best Liberal Arts professors resigned and the others remained only upon my advising them that the rent paid by the Medical School was necessary in order to keep the Liberal Arts School financially solvent. The University has been operating on this basis for between two and three years.

4—Upon the demand of a new member of our Executive Committee that this rental arrangement should be ended, a sub-com-

mittee was appointed to examine the question in conference with the Finance Committee of the University.

5—In a conference between these two committees it was agreed that the rental should be reduced to three instead of six percent, thus reducing the amount paid for the use of University property by the Medical School to approximately \$11,000. The two committees adjourned with the understanding that this would be satisfactory.

6—Now comes a meeting of the Executive Committee, called because something has happened that has cancelled this agreement between the two finance committees.

7—There are at least three ways in which this problem can be settled:

a. The budget can be cut by the necessary \$11,000. It is still \$31,000 above the budget proposed by Dean Jones some weeks ago and that budget was approximately \$70,000 more than the Eskridge budget.

b. The fees of the students can be raised by the necessary \$11,000. They are the ones who will profit by the purchase of all of this equipment and the making of all the expenditures necessary to get into Grady Hospital.

c. The Carraway Committee can raise the necessary \$11,000. I understand that the Dean Protem included \$50,000 in the budget from them. If anything like this is raised the matter is settled with a handsome margin to spare."

September 26, 1943—The "Dance of Death" for our medical school goes tragically on. Mr. Bancker "cannot praise too highly the work of Dr. Herman Jones in changing the former antagonistic attitude of the Grady Board of Trustees to an attitude that—on the part of a majority at least—is distinctly friendly." We must convince the Grady Trustees that we have the financial support necessary to carry through our program. All depends on that. It is even more important than "accreditation by the Council of the A. M. A. toward which we will continue to work." Dr. Carraway congratulates Dr. Jones on the wonderful work he is doing and wants to make him permanent Dean. Three fine men putting their heads against a stone wall.

In the meantime, it seems that Dr. Carraway has written*

* From his letter of September 20th to Dr. Carraway: "The monopolistic attitude and power of the American Medical Association is something we cannot overcome. Our present students know, as Dr. Jacobs told the first year class, that we could not promise them accreditation but we would get it if we could."

From his letter of September 22nd to Dr. Carraway: "I believe that the second paragraph of your letter of September 21st should, in the interest of keeping the record straight, be referred to. In November

Judge Watkins that we had promised the boys that the school would be accredited. I was glad to receive a copy of a letter from Judge Watkins, setting him straight on that subject. Think I shall preserve it herein for the sake of the record:

October 1, 1943—I am beginning to look around in earnest for a successor. Here is an article I have prepared for the news agencies. Just as soon as things quiet down a little, I shall hand it to them.

I WANT A COLLEGE PRESIDENT!

"This is a free and urgent advertisement for a college president. For the last ten or fifteen years my friends have been saying: 'I wonder what will happen to Oglethorpe University when you die.' During the same period of time I was kept wondering what would happen to Oglethorpe University while I was alive!

During the last few years I have been looking for some one to whom I could deliver my little sword, wherewith I have conducted an unceasing warfare against professional racketeering in education, superstitious ignorance in religion, greedy graft in politics, and academic hoodlumism on the campus.

I want to find a man who loves young people but who has been disillusioned as to any hopes that they will love him unless

1941, Vol. 24, No. 10, Bulletin of the School of Medicine of Oglethorpe University, page 8, the subject of accreditation is discussed. There, there was quoted from the letter of the Board of Medical Examiners of the State of Georgia, dated July 14, 1941, a statement requiring a compliance by Oglethorpe with the Medical Practices Act of Georgia, Code 84-910, and a conclusion therefrom stating as follows:

'If your school is *then* found to be acceptable to the Board your graduates will be eligible for examination.'

It will be noticed that there is no requirement of accreditation from the American Medical Association.

Further, on Page 8 of the Bulletin No. 10, and at the top of page 9, there is a reference to the American Medical Association, in which the Medical School said:

'The relationship of Oglethorpe University Medical School to the American Medical Association, and to the Association of American Medical Colleges, will be determined in due course.'

Here the Bulletin sets out exactly what the facts were at that time. As to the statement made by Dr. Jacobs, and referred to in the second paragraph of your letter of September 21st, I was present when such statement was made, and I also made a talk to the class. At that time the facts stated in the Bulletin were referred to, and the promise was made, not that we would get accreditation from the American Medical Association, but that we would comply with the law of the State of Georgia, and that if we did so we would be entitled to have examination by the Board of Examiners of the State of Georgia, as they promised on July 14, 1941. We, of course, want accreditation because under present conditions it is desirable, and we told the boys at that time that if we could, we would get accreditation, and we have been striving therefor ever since; but we did not guarantee that we could satisfy the American Medical Association.

This letter is written in order that the record facts may be brought definitely to your attention."

he gives them what they want, in which case he would not be fit to be loved.

I want to find a man who will be courteous to and considerate of the dumb, indifferent to the hostile, and who will firmly resist the aggressions of the clever, deceitful and selfish.

I want to find a man with X-ray eyes who can see through mountains of prejudice, valleys full of acrid fumes of intramural gas-warfare, and depths of smothering, organized hypocrisy.

I want a man who has the skill of J. Edgar Hoover in discovering the truth that lies in misrepresentations and skillful plottings of college politics.

I want a man who has real religion in his heart, free from the unctuous, smug, orthodoxy of the customary clichés but who has respect and at least a little admiration for the standard, organized churches and especially for the traditions of the Presbyterian Church whose money founded Oglethorpe University and has, up this time, almost exclusively supported it. Yet he must realize that his institution is more largely attended by Methodists, Baptists, Catholics and Jews than by any other denominations and from them learn grateful appreciation of all faiths.

I want to find a man who can pray when he needs money to pay coal bills, smile when adversity swears at him, and pursue his course like a good ship on a steady keel in the midst of stormy students, disloyal employees and doubting Thomases in his faculty and Board of Directors.

I want a man who will hold the honors and emoluments of his position so lightly that he would surrender them at a moment's notice rather than sacrifice the fundamental principles upon which all true education and wise government must be founded.

I want to find a man who knows that fair-weather friends and praises mean nothing; to whom truth, integrity and determination mean everything.

I want to find a man who can take criticism from his friends, attacks from his enemies and even insults from the dead "with soft laughter", as Horace would advise, remembering that '*Nihil est ab omne parte beatum.*'

I want to find a man who, in the same moment, can face a payroll and an overdraft at the bank, an insurrection of the student body and a fire on the campus, and opposition everywhere, with firm confidence in his cause, in his friends and in his God.

I want to find a man who will not curry favor with his student body by soft-soaping them with fullsome praise when they need the frank, stern truth but who will not destroy what remains of their faith and confidence by vindictive punishment.

I want to find a man who knows how and is willing to take care of \$2,000,000 worth of property, a normal student attendance which has averaged, during the past ten years, between five hundred and a thousand, many precious documents and memorial

gifts of devoted friends to the cause of a distinctive type of education, and who will not surrender the ideals upon which Oglethorpe University has been founded for all the money and popularity that cheap, flimsy types of modern education may offer him as a bribe.

I want to find a man who can go months without money, miles without companions, and decades without encouragement from those whom he expected to support him, and yet, who will not fail each morning to thank God for those faithful helpers whose generosity, prayers and friendship have made and are making his work possible.

I want to find a man who will realize that he must distinguish clearly between those philanthropic souls who love all men and who are willing to devote their wealth to helping them, and the rest of the world whose sole idea is to get from his institution everything that they can squeeze out of it.

I want to find a President who will adopt as his, the motto of the Oglethorpe family '*Nescit Cedere*,' and the favorite aphorism of Lord Shaftesbury, 'Let no man despair of a good cause. Let him persevere, persevere, persevere!'

I want a man who will love my good old friends such as Dr. H. J. Gaertner and Dr. G. F. Nicolassen who have taught and toiled and slaved with me at this institution for a quarter of a century or more and all the other faithful and fine employees of this institution who have from time to time suffered the tortures of the damned in order to keep its head above water and to meet its emergencies (and among them I include Jesse James, a colored boy than whom I have never seen one more efficient or loyal or capable in the performance of his janitorial duties) and who, especially, will come to know and with all his heart, to love those friends of Oglethorpe without whose generous financial aid this institution would not have been and would continue not to be possible.

I want to find a President who will often repeat to himself (for he will need them) these words:

'If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise . . .
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken
And stoop and build them up with worn out tools . . .'

If I can find a man like that between now and my seventieth birthday anniversary, it is my intention to recommend him to the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University for election as my successor. I should like to hang around here at the college for the rest of my life, teaching a little, maybe, preaching a little

when the religious world has gone so far forward that I shall no longer be considered a heretic, happily watching my college move onward under the guidance of firm and competent hands, and, in general, working with and for all those who love Oglethorpe, but only if, when and as I please."

October 3, 1943—The Executive Committee adopted the inflated budget over my protest and it was presented to Grady. I hear that the Mayor asked for time to study the situation and that he, Mr. Milner and the two Jewish members of the Board, Messrs. Haas and Hirsch, indicated that they were against us. Action on the matter was postponed—all according to the papers.

Doubtless another attempt will be made, with the same result.

Mr. Bancker made a forceful but hopeless presentation of his plans. The meeting reminded me of one of Uncle Joe Stalin's trials.

It's going to end just as I told them it would. But I'm afraid that they will have wrecked my school before they discover their error.

October 12, 1943—I hear that we are now at the point where the Dean Protem is being advised to form a committee of some of our Jewish medical students to call on Messrs. Haas and Hirsch of the Grady Board and request them to help us get into Grady. The basis for the advice, as stated, is that "Jews are the most clannish people on earth and always stick together." I hear also that a committee of the fathers of Jewish students is also to be organized. I have heard that the point is to be made that under *my* administration many Jews have been admitted to Oglethorpe whereas it is very difficult for a Jew to get into an A. M. A. Medical School, ordinarily. The Jewish members of the Grady Board are to be reminded that in one Southern State University the Dean said that he had only one Jew and apologized for having him. The point also is to be made that Emory isn't taking any at all. I can't vouch for the facts, and won't vouch for the policy.

October 19, 1943—During the past few months many important and interesting and exciting things have happened on the campus of the University. A brief summary of the incidents which initiated them, frankly told me by some of the faculty members, gives me a clear account of the happenings *as conceived by the medical faculty*, as follows:

"When the Medical School was originally founded, we thought

of it as simply another school to be handled just as the School of Banking and Commerce or the School of Adult Education are handled. However, Dr. Eskridge and Dr. John Jacobs insisted from the beginning that it should be made autonomous. While the Medical School was in process of formation and operation, it was necessary for the Liberal Arts School to finance it. It would have been unwise and suicidal to turn over to a new faculty the right and authority to spend whatever they thought they needed, without limit, to be paid for by other departments of the University. After the first audit was made, it was planned to shift the burden of responsibility for making and living by a budget to the medical authorities. Having all this in mind, the Executive Committee adopted a system of financial relationships between the Medical School and the rest of the University which includes a modest sum for rentals of property used.

As the months passed, the students became anxious to get into Grady Hospital and to be accredited by the subsidiaries of the A. M. A. and as progress was slow in that direction, members of the Medical School faculty who did not think that the Executive Committee had been successful in handling the affairs of the Medical School and who stated that they had been promised by Dean Eskridge that the administration, including the President, would be "blasted out" from its control of affairs, succeeded in creating a rebellion among the students and great dissatisfaction among their fathers and by personal calls on members of the Executive Committee induced them to demand the resignation of Dr. Frank Eskridge and completely to change the policies looking toward the securing of hospital facilities and accreditation.

After the resignation of Dean Eskridge, Dr. Herman D. Jones, former professor of bio-chemistry, was elected Dean Pro-tem by a special committee of the Executive Committee, appointed with power to act and has since been announced as permanent Dean by the Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Medical School and is now acting as such. The balance of the story is pretty well told in petitions and correspondence.

The Extension work is coming on nicely and a new medical school class enters on November 19th.

Autumn has come to Atlanta and the leaves are turning.

In late September, Faith Hall burned to the ground. Nothing was saved with the exception of the outer walls. It started in one

of the boys' rooms who was away at the time. We had the building and contents insured but, of course, we shan't realize anything like what we put into it.

November 1, 1943—My Executive Committee is a subject of considerable thought and anxiety for me since they yielded to the student demand for the resignation of Dean Eskridge. Dr. Eskridge, not they, originally suggested the founding of the Medical School, in association with Judge Watkins and myself and has lived faithfully by his agreement with the Judge and me as to our plan of operation. If for expediency they would throw him overboard they would throw anybody overboard, including myself. Yet, as I review them they are all fine men. W. O. Steele and Archibald Smith have never failed to back me before. Robert H. Jones, Jr. is an old Princeton fellow-alumnus. Charles J. Haden, recently appointed on my request, is an Oglethorpe honorary degree man, also at my request. He has been a capable promoter of Georgia's interests for many years. I count him and his lovely wife among my best friends. I highly respect Hugh Bancher, a successful lawyer, and husband of my good friend, the generous, faithful, devoted president of our Woman's Board. Otis Jackson and Dr. M. D. Collins are locally the outstanding alumni of Oglethorpe. I have no fear of them. They voted with me against allowing the disruption of the policies of the University. Dr. C. N. Carraway is a prominent physician of Birmingham, Ala., father of one of our medical students and is on our board by my nomination. Finally, there is Judge Edgar Watkins on whose support I have relied for twenty-five years. Never before has he failed me. Never before have I seen him yield to faculty and/or student insurrections. Each and every one of these men accepted their positions at my request, some of them on account of my urging. But they are now in a field concerning which only Judge Watkins is well informed. Their minds are, I fear, obfuscated by the noise and threats of a student body, incited by some sincere but unwise professors. Having gotten rid of Dr. Eskridge because they believed what his professional enemies told them, they now are sure they can get into Grady—Emory's Grady! I think that Grady is kidding them along by saying that their budget is too small to pay a big enough faculty and furnish large enough equipment, etc., etc. They actually believe that when their weaknesses are all revealed to their rivals every-

thing will be hotsy-totsy! So do the students. When all of them, committee, faculty and students, learn the bitter, brutal truth, what will happen? Probably they will put the blame on me. We shall see.

The situation is all the more grave because of the fact that none of these men are among those whose gifts have built Oglethorpe. Psychologically while they are all splendid, unselfish and honorable men, it is only where one's treasure is that his heart will be also. Yet, according to the law, they are the legal owners and controllers of my school. They have it within their power to force me to resign, to put me off the Board of Directors and all committees, to take possession of my life-work, founded and operated by the sacrifices of others and run it to suit themselves. Then *they* would be on the spot, but perhaps that would be a good thing. Perhaps they can and would run Oglethorpe better than I have done. Perhaps, a new insight into the problem is needed. Perhaps I have been wrong all the time. They are all smart men and almost all of them are against me.

November 6, 1943—My correspondence now contains such a full statement of the "stream of history" that other diary entries are largely redundant. Here, e. g. is a self explanatory letter which I wrote to Mr. Hugh Bancker on Nov. 4th. Today I was glad to receive a reply, *disavowing any intention to discontinue the medical school*. The fact that it had to be denied is ominous. Unless the Executive Committee completely reverses its "*immediate accreditation*" policy, events will discontinue it for them.

November 4, 1943.

Mr. A. H. Bancker,
William-Oliver Building,
Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Mr. Bancker:

The carbon copy of your letter of November 3rd to Judge Edgar Watkins came this morning. In it you state: "Dr. Jones calls attention to the fact that some sixty students have made deposits of \$50.00 each on first quarter's fees of the Freshman class, scheduled to enter on the 19th of November. If the action of Grady tomorrow is adverse, we must immediately face the question of whether we should return the \$50.00 deposits or let the students enter." If this means that you are contemplating the discontinuance of our Medical School I must protest immediately and with all the power of which I am capable. The honor and integrity of the Medical School, not only, but also that of the

whole University is at stake in this matter, not to mention the fortunes and futures of the students.

When we originally planned the founding of this institution we knew perfectly well that the securing of clinical facilities in Grady Hospital in the near future was problematical. Judge Watkins took the trouble to visit the University and explain this in detail to the first class which entered, in the presence of the President of the University. It has also been explained to each of the other classes fully and clearly. We laid plans for the founding and conduct of an excellent medical school in accordance with the Code of Georgia and without depending at all upon Grady Hospital. We even went so far as to purchase property suitable and adequate for the clinical facilities of a medical college with clinical standards as high as some of the schools accredited by the subsidiaries of the American Medical Association, especially when the use of hospitals other than Grady had been granted us. We were making arrangements to purchase from a small hospital that was going out of business complete equipment at a price far less than the cost of our first year in Grady. We were arranging with Fulton County for the use of our hospital on a basis of payment which probably would have made it possible for us to have operated the hospital without a loss. We were approaching other hospitals in the State with a view to having them use some of our seniors in the same manner in which a number of Juniors are now being used in certain hospitals. In other words, while access to Grady may be useful and important, it is in no sense essential nor, for that matter, has their final decision been made. Persistence will certainly open this door as it has opened every other door in the history of the world.

Our plans were succeeding when a complete change in policy and a violent demand for *immediate* accreditation and *immediate* access to Grady Hospital was made and our Executive Committee was persuaded to fall in line with this demand. I do not blame the students in this matter, although I spent hours warning them against the course they were pursuing. They assumed that their other advisors knew better. They trusted statements that all they had to do was to get rid of their then Dean and they would get into Grady and be accredited by the A. M. A. immediately. If the new policies fail, it does not mean and should not mean that the Medical School has failed and above all it should not mean that the supposed necessity for such failure should be accepted as final, to the endangering of the standing and even the life of the other schools of the University, and the damaging of the professional careers of our faculty.

Our students who will shortly number nearly two hundred have understood or should understand these things and for us to contemplate the possibility of closing the doors of their school would be a severe reflection upon the integrity of every person connected with Oglethorpe and especially upon the men who

have demanded and directed the detour from the road as originally planned. To say to a trusting student body: "We are sorry but we have failed to get everything done exactly and as quickly as we had hoped. You may go home now." would be an unthinkable demission of academic duty.

If and when those who are directing the destinies of the Medical School along recently adopted policies should come to the conclusion that they have failed in their efforts, the only honorable thing for us to do, in my opinion, is to return to the original plans which were so violently interrupted. Although we have lost nearly a year's precious time, it is still possible, by all-round cooperation of students, faculty and Board of Directors for us to build the Medical School which we purposed to found in the beginning. Having done this I am advised by the President of our Board that the Board of Examiners of Georgia will examine our graduates and by continued and persistent efforts we shall eventually obtain full accreditation by any and all agencies. The highest praise ever given Great Britain is that while she may lose many battles, she never loses the war. Grady is one little battle in the founding of the Oglethorpe Medical School and even that battle has not been lost, yet.

May I add one further thought. The actions of our students will depend upon the courage, faith and backing of the Executive Committee. We must not fail them and their parents who have trusted us and invested time and money under our leadership, just because a rival institution temporarily blocks our way.

In the third paragraph of your letter you state further: "We must, in the next day or two, make some statement on the subject to the three classes now in college." The first sermon that I ever preached was on the text: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!" That is what Moses told them when their enemies were driving them into the Red Sea. This present crisis gives us a chance to show our boys what the Oglethorpe Spirit really means.

This matter so vitally concerns the future of our students that I am making copies of this letter available to them.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President.

November 13, 1943—They are actually talking about discontinuing the Medical School! That is exactly what the Medical Union politicians have been working for. The matter is now out of my hands, taken out by my Executive Committee. All I can do is to keep straight my part of the record as I do in this letter to Dean Protem Jones. Yet, I fear that when they come to the end of their broad highway, and find themselves up against the stone-wall "no" of Emory's Grady Hospital, they will not be

willing to retrace their steps, say to Dean Eskridge, "you were right about our being jackasses, after all" and start on the straight and narrow road again, even if it is necessary to insist on our legal rights, as originally planned.

November 13, 1943.

"Dr. Herman D. Jones, Dean Protem,
Oglethorpe School of Medicine
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Dr. Jones:

From remarks which I have heard made by members of our Executive Committee and from rumors which have come to me on the campus, I think it wise and proper for me to advise you of the great danger to the interests of the University which might arise from any conference which you or I or members of the faculty may have or letters which we may write, indicating a doubt in our minds about the permanent operation of our Medical School. Our failure to get into Grady Hospital and the consequent delay in obtaining accreditation by the A. M. A. subsidiaries should only spur us on to greater effort and finer courage. We don't want to be accused of scuttling our own ship, no matter how unjust the accusation may be.

You remember the favorite aphorism of Lord Shaftesbury: *'Let no man despair of a good cause. Let him persevere! Persevere!! Persevere!!!'*

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President."

Copies to members of the Executive Committee and to the Pre-Clinical Faculty.

November 1943—Truth really is stranger than fiction! The destiny of our medical school and, doubtless of our whole institution, is no longer in my hands nor in the hands of its founders but in the hands of four masterful men, three of whom are largely strangers to its history, ideals, and traditions. They are Hugh Bancker, Dr. C. N. Carraway of Birmingham, Ala., Dean Protem Herman D. Jones and Judge Edgar Watkins. Mr. Bancker is in charge of drawing up the Medical School budget on the adoption of which he is earnestly insisting! As he has had no experience with medical school budgets, he is wholly guided by Dean Protem Herman Jones who appoints and thereby controls, the Medical School faculty. They, in turn, control the medical students. This powerful group appears to have made up their minds to put through our Committee *a budget that, I think, will bleed the*

Liberal Arts School to death. I have told them that I could not and, therefore, would not administer such a budget. This issue is clear: The ownership and control of Oglethorpe is, legally, in the hands of the Executive Committee. The Executive Committee is in the hands of three men who are newcomers to everything that is Oglethorpe. *They are betting the life of my school, including my presidency of it, that I am wrong and that they are right. They say they can get into Grady Hospital and be quickly accredited if our official personnel is satisfactory to the accrediting agencies and if their budget is adopted. I say they cannot.* They are willing to pitch me overboard as their Jonah to accomplish their purpose. If Judge Watkins forsakes me, they can take over, for then only Otis Jackson and M. D. Collins will be on my side. They have a profound faith in the wisdom of the doctors who are "advising" them and the Executive Committee has completely lost control of their faculty and student body as I prophesied. Of the three, Dr. Carraway was a total stranger to Oglethorpe until he sent his son to the Medical School a year or so ago. Mr. Bancker was added to our Executive Committee something over a year ago, on my nomination. Dean Protem Herman D. Jones has been with us a little over a year. Their interest centers chiefly on the Medical School. Only Judge Watkins seems to feel adequately responsible for the College of Liberal Arts. If he gives way, I may see my entire life-work wrecked by three men, none of whom has been with us two years! They seem to be quite unaware that our enemies want them to "strike the shepherd and the sheep will be scattered." After they find out that they can't get into Grady Hospital and that they are not going to be "accredited" and that they have humiliated their Dean, their President, and their school, then what?

November 14, 1943—We cannot be very far away from a crash. A new (fourth) budget has been prepared by Mr. Hugh Bancker's Committee. It drains the life blood out of the rest of the University, puts the burden of administering re-infusions on me, trusts confidently in the goodwill and "cooperation" of Grady and Emory. The students have now been told that everything depends on the adoption of this budget, that if it is adopted, Grady Hospital will let us in and the A.M.A. will accredit us and that everything will be "Jake". They are also being told that the only thing that stands in the way of all of this success

and happiness is Jake. That's me. They actually believe that if I can be forced to approve and administer this lethal document, or gotten out of the way if I will not do so, all their troubles are ended. A few days ago, Dean Protém Jones himself told me that there were only two men at Emory University who would not "co-operate with us!" He really believes that! I told him honestly and frankly that if he succeeded in getting our medical school students into Grady, he would have done a magnificent job. If he does, I shall know that my judgment was wretched and my presidency of the Medical College a failure. They have been told, also, that the University is living off of the medical school. In that connection, I am including herewith two letters from our auditors and a copy of a letter to Judge Watkins.* See also diary entry of September 18th, 1943.

Dear Judge Watkins:

With further reference to our telephone conversation a few moments ago, this is to re-emphasize the fact that, as President of this University, the only way in which I can legitimately administer the funds of the University is in accordance with directions of the Board of Directors through their Executive Committee. In respect of the Medical School, the Executive Committee adopted a detailed method of procedure for the administration of the funds of the University and directed the Bursar, auditor and the President to handle said funds in accordance therewith. Any failure to do so on my part would, in my opinion, have been a dereliction of duty.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held recently, a new budget and a new system of procedure was adopted, effective November first, 1943. The auditor and the bursar have been notified to that effect by myself and, I assume, by the Executive Committee also.

The last payment of the sophomore and junior medical students was made in August and for the freshman before the middle of September and since these dates practically no funds have been received from medical students except a few advance payments placed to their credits as place-reservation fees.

The November payment would have been made in time to take care of all the Medical School bills if it had not been that Dr. Herman D. Jones, Dean Protém, wished it otherwise and his wishes were respected.

Sometime ago, I asked the University's auditor to give me a statement showing the financial status of the Medical School in respect of its obligations to the Liberal Arts School and vice-versa. In his letter he stated that the Medical School was indebted to the University, as of August 31, 1943, in amount of something like \$48,000.

Please note that I do not keep the books of the University and that I sign the checks only if and when authorized to do so, as above. In this particular matter, I have been meticulously careful to see that the orders of the Executive Committee have been carried out and so has the auditor and bursar. As the responsibility for the operation of the University rests ultimately on the Board of Directors and as the accuracy of its administration rests ultimately upon the auditor and Bursar of the University, I would refer you to them for any alterations or corrections that it is desirable to make.

In your conversation you stated that I had no idea of the amount of

November 20, 1943—I have been furnished with a copy of *the new, final and necessary budget*. I understand that the students have gotten up a petition, demanding that it should be passed with or without my consent and urging my resignation, if necessary therefor. That is just what I have been expecting since they demanded—and got—Dean Eskridge's head on a charger.

Therefore, in order that my position in the matter may be

feeling and discontent among the students as to the matter of the expenditure of the funds paid by them to the University. This is the first intimation that I have had that the students were, in any sense, responsible for the use made by the Executive Committee of the fees which they have paid or that there was any one informing them of what use the Executive Committee was making of these fees. In my opinion, the sole and only relationship of students to the expenditure of the fees which they pay the University is contained in their contract with the University as printed in the catalogue. *Has the time come when the students may not only discharge and elect their Dean but also keep the books for the auditor and direct the Board of Directors and the Executive Committee?* As a matter of fact, I am not sure that any large proportion of the students either know or care about the matter. Certainly, they could not have known or cared about it had their emotions not been stirred by others.

BARDIN AND MOORE
 Certified Public Accountants
 William-Oliver Bldg.,
 Atlanta, Ga.

"Judge Edgar Watkins,
 Citizens and Southern Bank Bldg.,
 Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Judge Watkins:

As requested by you yesterday, we have prepared from the books of Oglethorpe University, without verification, a summary of the cash receipts and disbursements for the account of the Medical School for the three months ended Oct. 31, 1943.

Following is a summary of the cash receipts and disbursements for the three months:

Receipts of account of tuition and fees	\$27,160.00
Disbursements—equipment, salaries, supplies, etc.	22,260.01

Excess of receipts over disbursements	\$ 4,899.99
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A number of small items of disbursements have not been included in the above summary:

The amount of such disbursements, however, would not be large. The above summary of cash receipts and disbursements does not, of course, include any part of the general expenses of the University such as heat, light, water, janitor's services, general maintenance, expenses, salaries and expenses of the office of the Cashier, Registrar or President. The estimated amount of such items, is approximately \$2,600.00 monthly or, approximately \$7,800 for the three months period. The charge for rent of classrooms and laboratories in the buildings and for campus facilities which is not included above, amounts to approximately \$2,000 monthly, or a total of \$6,000 for the three months period.

Yours very truly,
 Bardin and Moore."

clear, I have written Mr. Hugh Bancker a criticism of his budget and am embodying it herein:

Nov. 15, 1943.

"Mr. A. H. Bancker,
William-Oliver Bldg.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Mr. Bancker:

Please allow me to acknowledge the receipt of the budget proposed for the operation of our Medical School as a two year institution. I assume that you desire the comments of members of the Executive Committee. A cursory examination of the budget shows the following defects:

1—The budget begins by cancelling approximately \$35,000 of tuition fees due the Medical School from the sophomores. No reason is given for denying the Medical School this income. To cancel this obligation would be unjust to the other students and an unnecessary handicap to the school.

2—Having denied itself this amount of income, the budget next turns to the general public to ask them to contribute this sum or, in lieu thereof, proposes to collect it from the three upper classes which, in my opinion, would add still further to their present dissatisfaction.

3—The budget proposes to compel the junior and senior classes to repeat work for which they have already paid and which they have already done and is an admission which is, in my opinion, an error, both of fact and judgement.

4—The budget proceeds upon the supposition that the Medical School is under no obligation to pay for the services of its registrar, cashier, bursar, librarian, janitors, heat, water, light and other similar expenses and services, none of which are provided for therein. In addition thereto, it continues to ignore the obligation of the Medical School to assume any responsibility for the use of the facilities which it is enjoying on the campus.

5—The budget assumes that the Carraway Committee could convert \$15,000 subscribed for one purpose into \$15,000 for the operating expenses of the University which may not be possible and which, if possible, should be devoted to permanent improvements, to the development of the laboratories and library. The underlying reason for this is that the income of the Medical School, if properly handled, is sufficient to operate the Medical School without such help.

6—A final criticism is this: We had been working with the determination to found a medical school first and secure accreditation thereafter. For the last few months we have been working with the determination to accredit our medical school first and then found it afterward. All of the boys who are here came to us upon the former basis. Many of them prefer to take

their chances with us on that basis rather than to transform the institution into a two year school, even though accreditation as such could be secured immediately. This statement is made on the basis of recent information which the students themselves have furnished me. To secure immediate accreditation would be a pleasure to us all but it is not a catalogue nor contractual obligation. To fail to carry these boys through, according to our catalogue statements, would, in my opinion, be a failure on our part in the performance of our duty to them.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President."

November 24, 1943—I have prepared this memorandum concerning "the budget" for all members of the Executive Committee. The gist of it is italicized:

November 24, 1943.

"For your thoughtful consideration before the meeting of the consolidated Finance Committee, recently created by the Executive Committee of the University to draw up a consolidated budget for all schools of the University which budget, by action of the Executive Committee, must be approved by the President of the University, I submit the following. I am ready to approve and administer any budget that you may adopt upon the following basis:

1—The income must not include any hypothetical receipts, by that meaning any sums to be raised by public subscription which are not already in the bank, nor any tuition, board, room rent, and college fees which are not certainly collectible.

2—The income must not contain any borrowings from any banks or other persons to be used to balance the budget.

3—When I say budget I mean the consolidated budget, embracing all schools and all departments and all overhead and other expenses of the entire university.

With blood, sweat and tears I have succeeded in reducing the indebtedness of the University from approximately \$550,000 to less than \$100,000 within the last two years. I know of no way in which to destroy an institution more quickly than to borrow money for its operation. It is for this reason that I am constrained so positively to say that *I cannot and will not approve nor administer any budget which violates the principles stated above.* The details of the budget, including my own salary, I leave entirely to your wisdom for decision.

I am not writing this because I have any reason to suppose that you would differ from those principles which are fundamental to the success of our enterprise but because I want you to know that I am not opposed to any item contained in any budget that you

may adopt but only to a deficit that would destroy one or any of our schools or departments by borrowings and debt.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs,
President."

November 25, 1943—Events have moved swiftly toward the denouement. Judge Watkins called a meeting of the Executive Committee to convene in his office on the 22nd.

For over thirty years I have always called these meetings of the Executive Committee and Board of Directors. That, also, has recently been taken out of my hands. Why?

In order to save friction, Otis Jackson and I succeeded in consolidating the two finance committees (University and Medical) and in getting a few other salutary measures passed.*

November 26, 1943—Day after tomorrow, the 28th, will, I think, be a day I shall long remember. A meeting of the Executive Com-

* Nov. 23, 1943.

"The Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University hereby directs its chairman to consolidate the Finance Committee of the University and the Finance Committee of the Medical School into a general budget and finance committee of the University to consolidate the assets of all of the schools of the University into one budget with the provision that all income derived from Medical School fees shall be expended in behalf of the Medical School as directed by the Executive Committee and to balance the income and expenditures of said budget, including the service of all indebtedness of the University and when said budget, within ten days from today, shall have been approved by the President of the University to report said budget to the Executive Committee for its consideration. The obligations of the University, including the Medical School, are not to be increased unless and until the new consolidated budget shall have been approved by this Committee.

The Executive Committee further directs its chairman to appoint a committee of five which committee shall include the chairman of this committee and the President of the University to nominate a permanent Dean of the Medical School and to report said nomination to this committee when said nominating committee shall have unanimously agreed upon the person to be selected and is reasonably sure of his acceptance.

The Executive Committee further directs the Dean Protem of the Medical School to see that

a. All schedules of lectures and laboratory work for the current quarter of the Medical School are bulletined immediately, if this has not already been done.

b. That all professors, instructors, etc. of the Medical School are at their posts in accordance therewith.

c. That all rules and regulations relative to class attendance, etc. be applied immediately as provided for in the catalogue.

d. That this action of the Executive Committee shall be posted on the bulletin boards of the University and read by the Dean Protem to the medical students at once.

Signed: Otis M. Jackson, Chairman
Oglethorpe University, Finance Committee."

mittee has been called to meet in the Club Room of the Administration Building to settle many things, among them the question of the budget. It is a totally impracticable one, designed to appease two avowed enemies. It administers a lethal blow to the College of Liberal Arts. It puts me in the position where I shall have to assume the responsibility for whatever deficits result—and they will be astronomical—or refuse to administer it. In this latter case, I run head-on against the same forces that ousted Dean Eskridge. In the meantime, about half of the students are still on strike. Here is my position in the matter as expressed in a resolution which I shall offer:

“The consolidated Finance Committee of the University, and also the Executive Committee have considered a petition presented to them by the President of the University from a large number of students, requesting ‘that payment of tuition be deferred without penalty for a period of two weeks or until such time as the Board of Trustees and/or the Executive Committee adopt a definite program as to the future progress of the Medical School.’ The Committee have also considered certain other reports and information given to them in connection with the general conditions under which work is now being done on the campus and particularly a letter from the faculty of the College of Liberal Arts.

The Committee has also considered its duty and responsibility of solely determining its policies and responsibilities in conducting the affairs of the University.

Having all of these things in mind, we are of the opinion:

1—It is not possible at this time for either the Finance Committee or the Executive Committee wisely and judicially to pass upon the details of a budget for the Medical School, involving the expenditure of nearly \$150,000 and including many items which the members of the Committee have not had adequate opportunity to evaluate.

2—We do not consider it advisable to take such an important step as adopting a new and ‘definite program as to the future progress of the Medical School’ in an atmosphere of haste and turmoil and threat.

3—We do not think it wise to commit ourselves in detail to the expenditure of so large a sum when approximately one half of the income involved in the budget is uncertain by reason of the failure of half of the student body to meet their contractual obligations by the non-payment of their fees which were due on the 19th of November.

4—Even if this budget, determining largely the future program for the Medical School, were adopted, under the above conditions, it would still, in our opinion, be impossible for us to do

work in our sophomore and junior classes of an accreditable quality during the current quarter because of the fact that two weeks of this term have already been lost, that other time must necessarily be lost in holidays which, beginning on December 12th and extending until January 10, 1944, during which studies could be conducted only under abnormal conditions, are almost upon us and that it will be January 11, 1944, before the first accreditable class work could be done. We feel certain that no accrediting agency acquainted with the conditions under which the autumn's term's work was conducted and with the conditions under which the budget for it was adopted, would approve either. The Executive Committee, therefore, directs the Dean Protem of the Medical School to suspend the exercises of the sophomore and junior classes for the remainder of the current term. It is ordered also that their petition, presented to the University with the approval of the President, shall be, insofar granted that students of these two classes shall be reinstated, without penalty, upon making application for admission to the quarter beginning on the second day of March, 1944, provided that their application is approved by the acting Dean of the Medical School and, in the case of those students who are doing class work on the campus, by the Dean of the College of Liberal Arts.

The Executive Committee assures the students and members of the faculty of their determination:

1—To secure the accreditation of the Medical School of Oglethorpe University by all standard accrediting agencies just as quickly as possible and

2—In the meantime, to develop and operate an accreditable Medical School.

The Committee wishes to make clear to the students and faculty of the University that up to November 1, 1943, the President of the University, auditor and bursar have been receiving, disbursing and accounting for the funds of the University on the basis of and in accordance with directions given them by act of this Executive Committee on Oct. 14, 1941, and that in accordance with said directions a recent auditor's statement shows that the Medical School was indebted to the University, as of August 31, 1943, in amount of approximately \$30-40,000. Since August 31, 1943, a budget, calculated on the basis of our admission to Grady Hospital was prepared and adopted by the Executive Committee, effective Nov. 1, 1943. This budget was automatically revoked by the failure to accomplish that purpose and since that date, Nov. 1, 1943, the University has had no budget under which to operate except the act of the Committee of Oct. 14, 1941. Just as soon as the Committee shall adopt a new budget in an atmosphere of reasoned consideration, we shall do so and the students and faculty of the University will be informed of such details thereof as this Committee considers proper.

We ask for the cooperation, good will and aid of all members of our student body and faculty in accomplishing this task."

November 29, 1943—We had a distressing meeting yesterday. The clash came when Mr. Hugh Bancker's committee recommended the passage of the "new budget". Supporting it also was a "request from 106 medical students that the committee should" approve and make effective the resolution pertaining to the finances of the medical school as proposed in a budget presented by Mr. Bancker at a recent meeting in which the finances of the medical school are to be administered for the benefit of the medical school only. *"If the above cannot be made effective without the removal of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs from the office of President of the University, then we suggest that his resignation be requested and accepted."*

With perfect timing, as in the case of Dr. Eskridge, the medical school faculty presented a similar demand for the passage of the budget. It was an ultimatum, requiring that the new budget should be approved, that it should be "administered solely and only by the present acting dean," Dr. Herman D. Jones, and that "due to the impending resignations of staff and upper classmen unless these matters are satisfactorily and speedily settled, definite action thereon is imperative by November 29, 1943." It was approved by the members of the faculty as representatives of the various departments.

The second paper was read by Otis Jackson by request from the signatories, the four deans of the other schools of the University as follows:

"To the Finance and Executive Committee,
Oglethorpe University.

Dear Sirs:

Under the administration of President Jacobs we have followed the well established academic rule that the faculty or student body of an institution should approach a Board of Directors only through the President of the University. The President, however, has informed us that in the matter concerning which we are writing, he has done all that he can do for us. We, therefore, must undertake to defend ourselves directly.

We understand that you are about to adopt a new budget for the Medical School which will discard the plan of operation adopted by your body on Oct. 14, 1941. We have considered both of these papers and it is clear to us that the new budget will eliminate from the income of the Liberal Arts School ap-

proximately \$40,000 per year. It is proposed to do this although the income of the Liberal Arts School will be reduced by \$30,000 or more over the same period on account of the absence of practically all of our boys in the armed forces of the nation.

After carefully considering your Resolution of Oct. 14, 1941, we affirm that, in our opinion, it is fair to all parties concerned and in any case cannot and should not be set aside during the life of contracts based upon it and covering an academic year.

We have reason to believe that, in spite of the obvious fact that this Resolution was recorded in your Minutes and is known to all members of your Committee, our President is being accused by the Medical School students, and by the faculty of using Medical School monies to finance the College of Liberal Arts. Of course we know that the students are incited thereto by officers of the Medical School and by members of your body, who, according to student testimony, have visited our campus and addressed the Medical School students without his knowledge or presence and without offering him any opportunity to give them the facts and without offering us an opportunity to present our side of the matter.

We know that this proposed budget which so vitally affects us, was drawn up under the advice of a recent addition to our official force and of outside persons who have no knowledge of nor interest in the way its provisions may affect our lives.

We know that our President, relying upon the provisions of your Resolution of Oct. 14, 1941, assured us that we would not suffer the same unbearable conditions as those which we passed through during the last war and its consequent depression.

We know that if this budget is passed, as is, the College of Liberal Arts will be emasculated and our livings and homes jeopardized and, for many of us, our life work will be devastated.

We do not believe that your Committee has given adequate consideration to these facts nor even to the provisions of the budget itself.

Without presuming upon your prerogatives we, nevertheless, feel compelled to inquire: What do you think the Accrediting Commissioner of the American Medical Association and the Board of Examiners of the State of Georgia would think of an administration of a Medical School that would incite its students to rebellion with the known approval of the faculty of the Medical School and of members of your Executive Committee?

We ask you seriously to consider what it would mean to our College of Liberal Arts, not only, but to you and the Medical School to have the thousands of alumni and of other friends of the University thrown into a turmoil of excitement and indignation which might easily be done if information concerning your proposed action should be retailed to them with the speed with

which everything that you do or say is told to the faculty and students of the Medical School?

We ask you to consider the fact that there exists, outside of your Executive Board, groups of individuals and families who have given to this institution a total of more than \$2,000,000 who have not been consulted concerning an action which will shake the foundations of the institution which they founded and are continuing to support, not only, but might well end their faith in its management.

We ask you to see that a copy of this letter and of the Resolution is read or sent to the entire Medical student body and to their faculty and we ask you to give us your permission to have it read to the students of the School of Liberal Arts also in order that all parties concerned may be properly informed concerning our stand in this matter and be prepared for its possible consequences.

Yours very truly."

For my part, I explained to them that the new budget sucked the life blood out of the college of Liberal Arts and was so impracticable *that I could not and would not administer it. The budget was passed!*

Thus, for a second time, the Executive Committee, faced by the demand of a determined student body, united with an unwise faculty, has yielded. In doing so, they have, in my opinion, destroyed the medical school, emasculated the College of Liberal Arts, and dis-served themselves and the medical students. They are like a doctor who gives a desperately ill child everything it cries for. When they required that Dr. Eskridge should resign, I told them that they had destroyed all ordered government on the campus, that the students and faculty would know how to get what they wanted and would thenceforward run the University—that in this manner they would soon lose their president, also. I'm next.

No action was taken on the letter of the Liberal Arts Deans. A committee was appointed to nominate a permanent dean of the Medical School and all charges, credits and payments made by bursar, cashier and President under the basis of operation established on Oct. 14, 1941, were validated.

Now, for Niagara!

December 1, 1943—Last summer Dr. Routh asked me to write a poem for the Summer issue of the *Westminster Magazine*. I did so. The title was *December Day*. Surely "coming events cast their

shadows before them”:

There was an April then, and grass was green,
 And I was certain that the skies would hold,
 And there were paths I had not trod, and gold
 At nearby rainbow's end, and silvery rain,
 And dew that glistened. Fairy tales were true
 As dreams, and lilies purified the bogs.
 And there were bright new axes and soft logs,
 And colors, moss-rose pink and larkspur blue.
 And there was dawn when birds sang, and I knew
 Where I could climb a tree and see their eggs.
 There was a taste in things, and sleep was good,
 And hazy, distant lands came towards our prow,
 And there were princesses asleep in woods,
 And glorious deeds to plan and do—but now,
 All things are foggy, bitter, cold and gray;
 The icy tempest howls his miseries;
 The storm-swept bird's-nest sighs its memories;
 Within is silence and December day.

December 3, 1943—As a matter of record, I am including in this diary the following letters and excerpts from the Minutes of the Executive Committee:

“To the Executive Committee:

Our plan for the erection of Faith Hall called for the payment of bills at the usual time and proportions. On account of the war situation and the difficulty in obtaining materials except by immediate purchase and storage, it was necessary for us to buy practically all of the equipment and materials for the building many months in advance of their use. Otherwise it would have been impossible to obtain them. This has required more cash than the University has on hand during the summer months. In order to meet these difficulties, I am willing to borrow on my life insurance policies, the sum necessary to lend it, without interest, to the University for the necessary interval, subject to your approval. Signed: Thornwell Jacobs, President.”

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the University held on May 21, 1942, the following resolution was adopted: “The attached letter from Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of the University, was received and the Committee expresses its appreciation to him for his generosity in lending the sums required to finish Faith Hall, without interest to the University. Immediate repayment of these monies to Dr. Jacobs by the University by check or note was authorized at such time and in such manner as he may desire. Signed: Archibald Smith, Secty.”

On November 26, 1943, I notified the Executive Committee that all of these monies had been repaid without interest.

At a meeting of the Finance Committee and Executive Committee, held on November 28, 1943, the following motion was

made and adopted: "The motion was made to the effect that the basis of operation of the Medical School as established by the Executive Committee on Oct. 14, 1941, expiring as of Nov. 28, 1943 and all action pertaining to the operation of the Medical School up to and inclusive of Nov. 28, 1943, be approved." The motion was passed.

December 7, 1943—Here it is at last! I quote from a letter of Judge Edgar Watkins, written on December 6th:

"The Executive Committee has laid down certain plans for the medical school. These plans were disapproved by you, and since they were laid down, you have declined to cooperate in carrying them out. While I have always feared that these plans, while the best we could do, would not be fully available, I do believe we should try them in good faith and loyally cooperate in carrying them out. If there is such a decided difference of opinion between you and the majority of the Executive Committee as seems to exist, there is only one of two things to be done. The majority of the Committee should resign, and let you select a committee which will agree with you, or you should resign and let the Executive Committee get a president who will agree with them.

Yours truly,
Edgar Watkins, Chairman
Executive Committee."

Copy to:

Mr. A. H. Bancker,
William-Oliver Bldg.,
Atlanta, Ga.

I am afraid that this may mean that the Judge is going back on me, as incredible as that may seem to me. He has been my lifelong friend. He has never forsaken me. He has been the President of our Board of Directors, the Chairman of our Executive Committee and the attorney of the University for many years, all of my nomination and urging. I have consulted him in advance of doing anything of importance and never have I gone contrary to his advice. Our accreditation policy was based on his counsel. Neither Dr. Eskridge nor I would have undertaken the founding of the medical school except upon his positive promise to stick with us and his assurances that our legal position was impregnable. If he fails me, we are sunk.

Believing, as I do, that my Executive Committee has taken and insists on pursuing a fatally wrong road and that disaster for my college will certainly be the consequence of their ill-advised actions, I am tempted to agree with the Judge and call for a clean sweep of its members whose votes have brought about this condition of affairs. But, I cannot bring myself to do this

because (1) I *may* be wrong and they right. (2) I cannot rebuke my friends so publicly and severely. (3) I am not that bigoted, arrogant and dictatorial. I have a duty to the medical students whether they hate me or not. So, I shall await developments.

December 9, 1943—On looking through my diary, I found this copy of an address, delivered by Judge Edgar Watkins before our Woman's Board and their guests, accepting for the University the portrait of myself, presented by Mrs. Willis Westmoreland on May 25, 1935:

"The fact of being a president of a university itself justifies presenting a portrait, but we do not rely on that justification alone. Thornwell Jacobs is not only the president of Oglethorpe University, he is its founder, without whom there would have been no university.

Dr. Jacobs is superbly fitted for the work he is doing. With an educated mind, genuinely religious, he has added qualifications of enthusiasm, idealism, persistence and faith. His enthusiasm and persistence hold him to his work, through his ideals he sees the good and the beautiful, and his faith and optimism support him, whatever difficulties are presented. He is a practical man, a pragmatist, and wisely solves the complex problems of his office.

Other qualities he has. Among such may be named, vision and originality. He holds to the good in what is old, but has been able to vision and originate ideas that are useful and thus has advanced the science of education.

These facts and others which could be recited if the occasion permitted, warrant the preservation in this beautiful and artistic portrait of the features of our beloved leader. It is fitting that this painting is of Dr. Jacobs while he is yet in the prime of life.

Gratitude and praise are due Mrs. Westmoreland, president of the Woman's Board, for making possible this gift, presented to that Board and by it to the University. No other gift could be so appropriate, none other will ever be more cherished by the officers of today and of the future. To Mrs. Westmoreland, the giver, whose kindness and generosity has made this gift possible, to Mrs. John K. Ottley, who so appropriately presents it, and to you other ladies of the Board, friends of Oglethorpe who have contributed so much for its artistic growth, I cannot adequately speak the praise you deserve. I can do no more at this time than, representing the officers, faculty and students, to say we thank you.

I accept this splendid gift for the University, and generations yet unborn will look with admiration and thankfulness on the features it depicts."

December 11, 1943—Day before yesterday morning I had a tele-

phone call from Judge Watkins. He said that he had received a very important memorandum from someone and wanted me to come by his home for a conference at once. Early in the afternoon, I called. He then gave me the memorandum which was obviously to be used as the basis for action by our Executive Committee. It was dated December 8, 1943. The author had done some telephoning and had some conferences and had been forced to the conclusion that there was only one way whereby all of the University's troubles could be happily ended, viz.; to get rid of the President. One man had told him that I didn't have a chance to succeed with Oglethorpe; another that the school couldn't get anywhere with me as President; others that nobody approved of my administration, that nobody could work with me, that no contributions could be expected, that the students were growing distrustful of the Executive Committee's ability to do anything constructive while I was president and wouldn't countenance any further delay. On the other hand, large promises of help had been made if I were removed—a subscription of \$10,000, funds amounting to \$16,000 raised to get the medical school accredited, additional funds that would certainly be available, the backing of the medical faculty, etc., etc. Above all, if I could be ousted there was a brilliant prospect before the medical school. The students would all stay. The faculty would remain. And, *beyond any question, the medical school students could be furnished with the necessary instruction in an accredited hospital which would guarantee their examination by the State Board and the accreditation of the Medical School.* As a final clincher it was claimed that the writer had been forced to buy some coal for the clinic furnace because the medical school had no funds to pay for it.

Quickly, my mind considered the "charges". There was nothing new about any of them. They were all old sores, all camouflaged, or retailed by indirection. One of them resulted from contacts with a friend of one of our officers whose bond Judge Watkins had to refer to a bonding company. Another was the reaction of a naive director suddenly plunged into college politics. A third was the same old anti-Eskridge gag. Two more were misinterpreted assurances which will not be fulfilled. The reaction of the students was the familiar "accreditation" propaganda in the faculty, used to remove opponents. The opinions

expressed in the memorandum were all based on hearsay except the lack of funds which was the direct result of taking the management of the financial affairs of the school out of my hands. It was, however, the first time in thirty-three years that a member of the Executive Committee had ever bought any coal for the University!

"This is childish, Judge, as you know," I remarked. "What else is in the arraignment?" I wrote them down as he named them over to me. They were: *my stand on accreditation*, identical with his own (see appendix) of which I am proud. *The slow paying of the University's debts*, four hundred and forty thousand (\$440,000) in eight years, of which I am also proud, about \$50,000 a year to which, so far as I recall, none of the complainants contributed; *insufficient number of appearances in public*: obviously this was the local public of Atlanta as in the last few years I had appeared on *two ocean-to-ocean radio hook-ups and twice caused the name of Oglethorpe University to be favorably printed and commented on in practically every English-language newspaper on earth* besides speaking, personally, to many of the most important and largest audiences in America, from the Committee of One Hundred in Miami Beach, Florida, to 25,000 Oxford Group members and friends in Stockbridge, Mass. *Doctors don't want you*: Those only who knew that they couldn't get the college or destroy it while I was there. *Spent medical school money for Faith Hall and Liberal Arts College*: On the contrary, The Liberal Arts School had spent money on the medical school (as authorized). The Medical School owed the Liberal Arts College about \$30,000, according to the recent auditors' report and the money for Faith Hall came from private subscription. This dates back from the first Dean's report and faculty propoganda to the students. Finally, "*You have offended the Jews*: By my editorial in the *Atlanta Georgian*. This editorial in the *Georgian*, *What Happens to Minorities*, should be read carefully.* I shouldn't have pointed out their control of newspapers by rationing their department store advertising. Of equal importance was the presence of two of them on the Grady Board.

It was now crystal-clear. This memorandum was the agreed-upon basis of a resolution which would be presented to the Executive Committee for their action. Its logic was: 1—We *must*

* Chapter XXIII.

be "accredited" *immediately*. 2—To be "accredited" *we must get into Grady*. 3—To get into Grady, *we must* have the favor of the Jewish members of the Board. 4—To have this favor, the president *must not say or do anything that would offend them*. 5—This president had *not pleased them* and so *another president was needed*. 6—*If the change was made, "I have no hesitancy in saying that we can get into a hospital."*

"Does it mean, Judge," I asked, after I had read it carefully, "that a majority of the Executive Committee agree with this paper and that, in their opinion, if I don't resign, the medical students will leave?"

He said, "Yes."

"And that, in their opinion, it is I who should go?"

Again, he said, "yes."

"A majority of the Executive Committee is of that opinion?" I probed again.

"Yes, they are."

"And, you agree with them?"

"Yes, I do."

So there I was, face to face with either a hopeless fight in the Executive Committee and a shameful squabble in the newspapers and untold injury to my life-work, on the one hand, or a bitterly painful resignation, on the other.

A more hopeful thought came to me: Perhaps this is a good chance to make a "double-play" as the baseball boys call it—to resign my work as president and at the same time secure an interested, determined, responsible and efficient Executive Committee and Board of Directors. Only a hot love or a hot fight will make the ordinary man really extend himself. Every committee I have ever had has depended on me to do all of the work. But if I resign under these conditions, *they* will be on the spot. They will be *compelled*, by public opinion and by their own consciences, to give time, money and energy to "back the attack". All my discharged employees and disgruntled alumni and those to whom I have had to say "no" and all of those disaffected by them will rush to the support of such a committee at such a time. The educational labor unions, the hyper-orthodox church members, the "big-time" football alumni—all my non-admirers, opponents and "enemies" will hurry to help the new president.

Perhaps like Samson, I may slay more Philistines in my death than during my life. That was worth thinking about!

Perhaps this was another of those odd "coincidences". Perhaps, paraphrasing an old hymn:

"You fearful Prex, fresh courage take!
The clouds you do so much dread
Are big with mercy and will break
In blessings on your head."

Perhaps, this was my surest and best opportunity to strike my final blow for the secure founding of Oglethorpe. It might be the wisest thing to do, not only, but also the smartest. After all, *what I want is not a job, but a university.*

"Judge", I said, "I shall mail you my resignation immediately, but I suppose you know that means a critical blow to our school. It may mean a death-blow. My resignation will be sent to you on one condition. You must promise me that if Oglethorpe goes to pieces, you will help me pick up the pieces."

"I will," he promised, "if I am still around here."

I have just written and mailed the resignation.

This means the loss of Oglethorpe of many old friends whose hundreds of thousands of dollars have built her, the loss of other thousands of dollars which I am informed are already in legacies, the loss of confidence in the stability of the institution, the loss of harmonious succession in power, the probable loss of most of the faithful, efficient officers of the school, the loss of all hope of ordered government on the campus and the probable loss of the medical school.

I find myself thinking of God in times like this. Isn't that what we have made "God" for and isn't that what He has made us for? This is apparently a vast calamity. No enemy could wish worse for me.

Furthermore, I love God and He knows it. I have spent my life, working for God. He knows that, too. Oglethorpe is my monument to God, yet this humiliation is part of His providence. He really and truly "planned it this way". He *must* have done so if He is God. I wouldn't worship a God whose world was "out of hand," on the loose. I ask myself: "Shall I receive good at the hand of the Lord and shall I not receive evil, also?" A fragment of an old hymn comes to mind:

"I know not where God's islands lift
Their fronded palms in air.

I only know, I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Ferguson, my old classmate at Princeton, who read my lessons to me when my eyes gave out, repeated the stanza to me once. It is still true. And, then, there is Shakespeare's good advice:

"I shall not quarrel with the Will
Of highest dispensation which herein,
Haply, hath ends beyond my power to know."

But Browning put it better than anyone else:

"God smiles as He has always smiled,
E'er suns or moons could wax or wane,
E'er stars were thundergirt or piled
The heavens, God thought on me, his child;
Ordained a life for me, arranged
Its circumstances, every one
To the minutest; aye God said
This hand, this head shall rest upon
Thus, e'er He fashioned stars or sun."

If this is true—and I have built my life upon my faith in its truth—then one needn't expect rewards in the coinage of glory or honor or loyalty or praise or appreciation or favorable publicity, any more than in gold or silver. His reward is, however, very sure. He will not be paid in public, but he shall receive his reward down deep in the closeted chambers of his soul, down where only God goes; where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

December 31, 1943—Of all the strange happenings of my life the strangest is occurring daily. Every afternoon, about two o'clock, Judge Edgar Watkins, president of the Board of Directors, chairman of the Executive Committee and attorney of the University—all at my request and nomination and now president of Oglethorpe University, *pro-tempore*, comes out to the University, and, swinging his cane, walks briskly down the driveway. During recent months, on account of a heart ailment he has asked that meetings of the governing boards should be held on the ground floor of the Administration Building and two of us have always helped him mount the half-dozen easy steps from the Faculty Club Room to the rear door. Now, jauntily he mounts the twenty-five steep steps of Lupton Hall to my office which I am surrendering to him for his use, smokes his cigar with evident enjoyment, jokes with the office help, and then, obviously satisfied with the progress of things, heads happily homeward.

The strangeness of the situation consists chiefly in these things:

The first is that for a quarter of a century, on every commencement occasion, when I have introduced the Judge as my "boss", put him at the head of the banquet tables between the most notable guests, seen to it that his pictures, enrobing the candidates for honorary degrees, were featured by the newspapers and news services, and had him to present most of the distinguished guests for their degrees at the baccalaureate exercises, he has, on every occasion, replied that his principal service to the University was in approving all of my acts and policies. If he had added "and in giving him the legal backing necessary to the enforcement of law and order on the campus" he would have been right.

The second strange element in the situation is my being compelled to watch Oglethorpe disintegrate with my hands bound behind my back. Students are leaving, officers are resigning, confidence is disappearing, servants are quitting. Oglethorpe is like a rudderless, sail-less, captain-less, helpless boat in a storm.

The third strange thing is that for the first time in my life I have had no Christmas tree, no Christmas season of happiness and thanksgiving. I had hardly placed my first gifts of something over \$18,000 on my little Christmas tree—prior to December the tenth—before I had to take them down and turn them over to Judge Watkins. Instead of my usual grateful rejoicing, I have had the shock and turmoil of separating my life from Oglethorpe and tearing my heart out of hers. Nevertheless, I shall not allow myself to become morbid and malicious. I shall never forget that "*The Gods demand thanksgiving sundered from solicitude.*"

There is a fourth, the strangest element of my present circumstances. It is this: I am now surrounded by ill will, hostility and hate on the part of those whom I love! Many of the medical students, for example, look on me as they would on an enemy. Some of them treat me as if I were their foe. They sincerely believe that, now that I am out of the way the road to "accreditation" and Grady will be wide open and their licenses to practice medicine assured. When I tell them that I am more anxious to get them their licenses than they are, they think I am lying. Yet, I am sure that the only way in which they can get them is by sticking to the Watkins-Eskridge-Jacobs plan. But *immediate* accreditation by the AMA and *immediate* entrance into Grady, promised them by others seems to them so easy and so necessary

that I appear to them to be fighting against their interests. Therefore, they hate me. But I like them and I am going out of office with one great regret in my heart: that, in my opinion, they repudiated me, not only, but also their one sure road to victory. Some day they will see and respect me for my determination to help them, even against their own wishes. As I write there comes to my mind a lovely little quatrain which expresses my feelings perfectly:

“They drew a circle that left me out—
Scoundrel, rascal, a thing to flout!
But love and I had the wit to win
We drew a circle that took them in.”

So, also, it is with their faculty. I give these men the same credit for sincerity that I expect them to give me. They were and still are a good faculty of able, highly-educated men. I helped to select them and I was and still am ready to defend and praise them. They were and are just as certain that I am wrong as I was and am certain that they are wrong, and they have just as much right to their opinions. Many of them are hostile to me. But I like them. They are *my* faculty, teachers in *my* college and good ones, at that.

It is the same with my Executive Committee. I have loved and respected them too long to allow one little spat to rob me of all the happy memories of their past cooperation and good-will. I'm just not built that way and friends are too scarce to lose even one in the dark.

And as for Judge Watkins, there is nothing he can do or say that can make me forget the quarter-century of his support and helpfulness.

Nevertheless, I do not regret being left in loneliness. Today, by some happy chance I picked up a clipping from an address by Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. It must have been meant for me:

“I say to you in all sadness of conviction, that to think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone—when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought.”

CHAPTER 29.

THE DIARY—1944.

January 20, 1944—Over here in the Post Office, I miss the accustomed view from my second story windows in Lupton Hall. There is no long distance panorama such as I had from the stadium to Lowry Hall. I miss the coming of students from Peachtree Road down the driveway to their work, Dr. Gaertner, with his cane often among them; Dr. Burrows, studying the ground as he walks thoughtfully from Lupton to the Administration building; Dr. Nicolassen picking his way carefully over Greek and Latin roots on his way to lunch. Also, I miss the weekly chapel exercises each Tuesday morning which I do not dare to attend for fear of being requested to keep out, and my walks over the campus, discontinued for the same reason.

It would be easy for me to get mad and call the parties who have brought this about by various hard names; such as traitors, betrayers, ignoramuses, blunderers, spineless weaklings, etc., etc., etc. That would be a natural, perhaps *the* natural human reaction. But it is not the Divine nor even the most manly reaction. They were my friends; I shall recall that friendship. They were, once, kind to me; I shall remember their kindness. Some of them helped me a little in the past; such help as they gave, I shall not forget. They have not thought me able wisely to continue my work. I shall hope that they will be able to develop it into a far greater and better institution. They accepted, approved and acted upon the estimates and opinions of my detractors and rivals and enemies. I shall continue loyally to defend them against all those who curse and accuse them. They have not treated me as I would have treated a man who had spent a quarter of a century, single-handedly, building for my city a fitting memorial to the founder of my state; I am partly to blame for that, in selecting them and bestowing upon them the powers and authority to do just what they have done. Furthermore, perhaps, I am not so perfect myself. Perhaps I have made grievous mistakes. Perhaps I deserve what I am getting. There

was Shimei who, during Absalom's rebellion, cursed David as he was retreating from his throne. I have always thought well of the reply to Abishai who demanded of the abdicating King: "Why should this dead dog curse my lord, the King. Let me go over, I pray thee, and take off his head!" But David said: "'Let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, curse David. . . . Let him alone. Let him curse. The Lord hath bidden him. . . . It may be that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing, this day.'"

And, as for the university, God sent me to build it, for reasons satisfactory to Himself. I have done so. It is His, as it always has been. He will take care of it if, when and as He desires to do so. No worm should think that a farm cannot be operated without him, no matter how much it hurts when the plow uproots him for the geese to cackle over.

January 21, 1944—Founders' Day. A good day to take a spiritual inventory. It is strange and, I think, not impious, to say that my experience, and that of many others similarly placed, was like that of Jesus in more ways than one. In fact, what happened to Him was exactly what has happened to every other sincere seeker and servant of the truth, from the beginning. I had the same sort of world to contend with, the same kind of Sanhedrin to oppose me, the same kind of politics to deal with and the same kind of disciples. I even had my own little cross and Cavalry. So will all those who are unwilling to follow the advice given me by my Executive Committee, viz. (as they expressed it) to hold up my hands and surrender when met by a highwayman in a dark alley. Men with "logical minds" are supposed to do this. All such men as Socrates, Jesus, Copernicus, Giordano Bruno, John Huss and a million others who valued their principles more than their positions could have gone along with mass opinion if they had chosen to and, thereby, could have won a reputation and high reward for "cooperation". It was and is the glory of Jesus and, just as truly of Socrates, Huss and Bruno and myriads of others, that they died to save us from our sins—of omission as well as commission, one of the worst of which is, having done all, *not to stand*.

February 5, 1944—*The Medical School has been dissolved!* Dr. Philip Weltner, the new president, my successor, has announced to the students that "Oglethorpe University is withdrawing from

the field of medical education. Dr. Phinzy Calhoun was right when he declared as reported in our papers: "There can be no compromise between Emory and Oglethorpe!" Emory slammed the door in their faces. No Grady Hospital! No "accreditation!" Dr. Eskridge has a right to a sardonic grin. "How will you feel," he asked the Executive Committee, when they demanded his resignation because they had been assured that after it was received and accepted, Oglethorpe would be "accredited" and get into Grady Hospital immediately, "when you see what jackasses you have made of yourselves?" An Executive Committeeman tells me that they "were played for suckers by a naive faculty and a gullible student body, and ill-informed parents, and designing medical politicians and skillful Emory officials." "It has happened just as you told us it would," he says. "We repudiated the only feasible plan for the successful founding of the school, to which Judge Watkins, Dr. Eskridge and you pledged your services. We sacrificed our dean, our president, and the reputation of our school, for 'accreditation's' sake. Now, we announce our complete failure—no accreditation, no hospital, no Medical School! Just ignominious failure. It will be decades before Oglethorpe University will be able to live down such desertion of duty. We have scuttled our own ship, unnecessarily. All we had to do was to be loyal to our understanding with our Dean and President and we would have succeeded. Instead, we dropped the pilot and captain and surrendered to enemies." I understand that they are saying that they were "double-crossed by the doctors." That is exactly what Dr. Eskridge told them would happen. Dr. Phinzy Calhoun's declaration, as printed in the local press, must have opened their eyes. He is a prominent leader of the protesting Emory faculty. "*There can be no compromise between Emory and Oglethorpe,*" he is reported to have said. The papers state that 119 Emory sympathizers objected to our entering Grady.

Well, Judge Watkins promised me to "help pick up the pieces". I shall hold him to that promise, some day. For, I am now convinced that other pieces will be flying around soon.

February 12, 1944—While I was in England, I told their newspapers and ours, through the news services that as long as I was alive I would remind the world on Georgia Day of General Oglethorpe's great work and of the discovery of his tomb. Here are

two newspaper notices, both of unusual interest in that connection:*

February 15, 1944—This is my 67th birthday anniversary. Great changes have taken place since my last one. Not only am I no

* **GEORGIA DAY PASSES WITHOUT
ITS USUAL PROCLAMATION**
Dr. Jacobs Cables Rector in England
Asking for Wreath on Oglethorpe's
Grave.

Though official Georgia took no notice of the state's birthday Thursday, the anniversary was observed in far-away England, where a rector placed flowers on the grave of General James Edward Oglethorpe, Georgia's founder.

"In spite of war and tumult and sinking of ships", Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University, announced, he had arranged for the University's customary floral offering for the Oglethorpe grave.

"It wasn't easy this year," he said, "but we arranged it somehow. Early this morning I cabled the rector of the little church where Oglethorpe is buried and asked him to see to the flowers. I'm sure he will."

Dr. Jacobs himself found the resting place of Georgia's founder in 1923, after a month's long search in England. He had hoped to bring the ashes back to Georgia, but abandoned the project in the face of British protest. Since that time, however, the University places flowers on the General's grave on February 12th, each year.

General Oglethorpe is buried beneath the chancel of All Saints Church in the village of Cranham, Upminster, about 16 miles from London. Dr. Jacobs said the church has not been bombed "so far as we know". The Rev. Leslie W. Wright is rector.

General Oglethorpe and a band of 150 Englishmen landed near Savannah on Feb. 12, 1733, and took possession of the land under charter by King George II.

In past years, particularly since 1933, Georgia governors have issued proclamations reminding the citizenry of the state's birthday, but this year the day passed with no official word.

February 9, 1944.

Atlanta Journal
**ENGLAND, NOT GEORGIA
TO HONOR OGLETHORPE.**

Georgia will be 211 years old Saturday, and though there will be little observance of the anniversary here, the day will be marked in England by the placing of a wreath on the tomb of General James Edward Oglethorpe who founded the colony on Feb. 12, 1733.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs who, in 1923 began the custom of sending a floral tribute to the Oglethorpe grave on Georgia Day, said Thursday that his resignation as president of Oglethorpe University, will not interrupt this tradition.

Early in January he dispatched an international money order to the Rev. Leslie W. Wright rector of All Saints Church in the village of Cranham, Upminster, requesting that he arrange for the flowers for General Oglethorpe's tomb and for the grave of the general's wife, Elizabeth.

"I have promised myself and the people of Georgia that so long as I live I will not forget to pay this little personal tribute to our founder in their behalf," Dr. Jacobs explained.

Dr. Jacobs discovered Oglethorpe's grave in 1923, after a long search through England. He and his wife are buried in a vault under the chancel of All Saints Church, about 16 miles from London. Dr. Jacobs

longer president of Oglethorpe but also, as far as it is within their power to make it so, I am a discredited "ex". Through the newspapers and private conversation, the public has gotten the impression that since I was "ousted", contributions have been pouring in to the University coffers, \$57,000 raised and available just as soon as they can get me off the campus, that alienated friends have been returning to help again, that alumni are rejoicing, that new students are applying for admission, that the faculty is delighted and that accreditation for the Liberal Arts School is just around the corner.

So, I am getting off the campus just as quickly as possible. I know what embarrassment means and I won't embarrass them any longer than is necessary. As I am still postmaster, it is necessary for me to perform the duties of that office, which is located in the Administration Building, but I have been requested to resign that job also as their newly found friends won't help as long as anything that appertains unto me is on the campus. It makes me feel like a criminal. I drive in the back way, park my car behind the Administration Building, enter through the back door and never leave the postoffice until it is time to go home.

Dr. Philip Weltner has asked me to write him a letter, approving his policies and telling the world that I am supporting him wholeheartedly. I told him I could not do that, for two reasons: First, I have been invited by the chairman of the Executive Committee to do nothing and to say nothing that might be interpreted as indicating that I considered myself to be connected with or of any importance to Oglethorpe, and second, not knowing what his policies would be, I could not approve them in advance. But I have told him that I am more interested in his success than are all the members of his Executive Committee combined which I believe to be the truth. Sincerely and earnestly I hope that he will succeed.

It is a lonely life that I am leading. Only the negro servants and the students of the Liberal Arts College remain friendly. The Liberal Arts faculty, with one or two exceptions, keep away from me as much and as far as possible. Apparently, they are afraid of losing their jobs. I was the only person on the campus

had hoped to bring the general's ashes back to Georgia, but gave up this idea in the face of British protest.

Governor Arnall's office said there will be no official proclamation of Georgia Day, in accordance with the Governor's wartime ban on such proclamations."

who remembered that this is my birth date of which I am glad. I am getting now just what I want—attack and humiliation for having stood for sincerity and truth and against educational and religious and racial rackets. It makes me feel good all over. I can now say, with Jesus: “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?” And any one who can say anything with Jesus is lucky!

Los Angeles, Calif., March 15, 1944—This is the 102nd anniversary of the birth of my father and this morning, as if to give me another coincidence to reflect upon, I received the following telegram:

“Atlanta, 2:15. Night Letter:

HEREWITH PETITION OF ILL-FATED OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE BEGGING FOR YOUR AID IN OUR TIME OF CRISIS. A PETITION TO DR. THORNWELL JACOBS AND DR. FRANK ESKRIDGE:

Whereas, Oglethorpe University in the summer of 1941 founded a Medical School, planned to be first class and operated according to the Medical Code of the State of Georgia but not to seek accreditation by the American Medical Association until its first class had been graduated and were successfully practicing medicine,

And whereas, this medical school received and accepted our applications for membership in its student body after the usual examination and approval by authorities of the State of Georgia with clear understanding on our part of the plans and conditions of entrance of said medical school as above stated,

And whereas, we were misled by certain members of our faculty into believing that said school could be quickly accredited and entrance into Grady Hospital for the purpose of enjoying its clinical facilities could be easily secured just as soon as the Dean and President of our Medical School were ousted,

And whereas, we ourselves took part in inducing the Executive Committee and Board of Directors to take this and other actions which resulted in student refusal to attend classes and to pay their customary fees until such action was taken and said officers removed,

And whereas, all of this turmoil and strife has finally resulted in the complete destruction of our Medical School,

And whereas, we the undersigned and greater part of the approximately two hundred earnest and well-qualified members of the student body of the Medical School are now left with no hope whatever of continuing our medical education and of entering the profession to the service of which we have already devoted years of preparation and thousands of dollars,

And whereas, we believe that we have the sympathy of the

entire medical profession, citizens of Atlanta and Georgia and the Southeast and of all impartial persons everywhere in our desire and determination to do everything within our power to repair the disaster in which we are involved,

Therefore, we hereby express to President Thornwell Jacobs and Dean Frank Eskridge our sincere regrets and apologies for the way in which we have caused them to be treated and we petition them immediately to organize a standard Medical College of high quality, meeting fully the requirements of the Code of Georgia, which college shall remain non-accredited until such time as in their judgment it may be wise to apply for accreditation by the subsidiaries of the American Medical Association. We promise you that if you will do this we will abide by any and all rules and regulations which you may establish for the government of said Medical School, loyally and fully. We assure you that we will do all within our power to eliminate from our student body any person or persons who engage in college politics, is discourteous to any officer or faculty member or who, by word or act, indicates dissatisfaction with the administration of our Medical school. We understand the conditions, both medical and legal, under which it will be necessary for us to operate.

To all who are interested in the right of young men who desire to become physicians and who are determined to do their part to support the desperate need for physicians, we appeal for sympathy and support."

This telegram was signed by a long list of the medical students! It touches my heart as few things have ever done. The medical careers of nearly two hundred students impaired or ruined by —— well, it is plain enough in their telegram.

Of course, I will do all I can for them, but my medical school is wholly destroyed and its president wholly ousted. If Oglethorpe would allow us to use the equipment even temporarily the successful operation of a new school might be possible. But I doubt if they would allow it. They are now trying to get the Liberal Arts College "accredited". Companying with sinners would jeopardize that. Even renting the apparatus would leave a taint of non-unionism on them. Compared with that, what do the futures of the medical students amount to?

April 15, 1944—Another piece of my college has been broken off and thrown away—the *Westminster Magazine*. I founded the *Westminster* in 1911. It was of great use to me in founding the University. It has gradually become one of the oldest and best known poetry magazines in America. Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other libraries of similar standing subscribe for it. It has

won honors, e. g. it has been included in the listing, *Quality Magazines in the Yearbook and Market Guide* issued by the *Writers Digest*. The *Virginia Quarterly Review* was the only other Southern magazine given this quality rating. One of its most notable patrons is Mrs. George Gould of New York who, through its columns, has for years offered the Ernest Hartsock poetry prizes. Its contributors include some of the most famous poets in the United States. I gave the magazine to Oglethorpe with the intention that it should be permanently the literary mouthpiece of the University. Its income from subscriptions and advertising pays all of its expenses and leaves a little profit for the college. Now, I learn that it is to be discontinued! No reason given.

April 20, 1944—More bad news this morning. Our Extension department is to be abandoned largely, according to what seems to be reliable report. For a score of years we have been building up an adult education department. It represents the life work of Dr. H. J. Gaertner, perhaps the most widely known and loved of all the heads of such departments in Georgia. It has taught thousands of teachers throughout the state. The attendance during recent years has been around five or six hundred. He told me once that two-thirds of the Atlanta school principals and teachers were Oglethorpe alumni. Even Emory and Agnes Scott combined, couldn't destroy it. But Oglethorpe University can and, apparently, has done so. They are to "let the cat die." No more work outside of Atlanta and that only until students now in attendance can complete their studies. To educate thousands of educational leaders isn't in line with being "a superlatively fine small college." Emory, Georgia, Mercer and other schools will fill the vacuum, rendering the services we resign and accepting the \$20,000 per year as remuneration.

A few evenings ago, I read an article by the president of Yale University, emphasizing the thought that after World War II is over, Yale and other conservative "ivy-clads" will have to conduct or greatly enlarge their already founded adult education work. In preparation for the fulfillment of that duty and privilege, we are abandoning ours! It is incredible. It just doesn't make sense.

April 22, 1944—Well, at last the final day has been set, I am to be checked out of my postmastership on April 30th. Immediately thereafter, I shall go down to see Dill at Daytona Beach,

Florida, where he has recently suffered a partial stroke. That will terminate my official connection with Oglethorpe, probably forever.

All my plans to retire gracefully at seventy, to indoctrinate my successor in the traditions, friendships, atmosphere and associations of Oglethorpe and to remain as President *Emeritus*, perhaps teaching a class or two and helping the new president, and, at the end, being buried under the Founders' Tower of Lupton Hall, are literally kicked into the funny paper. "*My Last Request*" has been refused in advance. I shall have to look elsewhere for a final resting place.

April 28, 1944—I am really sorry for Dr. Weltner. It was publicly stated when he accepted the presidency that some \$57,000 had been raised or would immediately be given which would take care of the school for at least a year. But now he tells me that it has not materialized. Fortunately I left him plenty of money with which to pay his current bills. I have an idea that the \$18,500 that I had on hand when I resigned was part of the \$57,000 and that the so-called "Carraway Fund" of \$15,000 was also, and I think that a gift I handed over to them in amount of \$10,000 was counted twice. And, now the Committee has dissolved the Medical School and abandoned the Extension Department! So far as I can see his problem, here is what these changes mean:

About a year ago I had a *balanced operations budget*. My total income from approximately seven hundred students for the coming year was estimated at approximately \$250,000. With the discontinuance of the Medical School and of half of the Extension Department and the falling off in attendance of the Liberal Arts School, I doubt whether the total cash income from all students for the 1944-45 session will amount to twenty thousand dollars. If he is to avoid a complete confession of failure and keep the doors of the "superlatively fine small college" open for the twenty-five or thirty Liberal Arts students who are now in attendance his monthly expenses will run around \$6,000 to \$7,000 or, say a *net deficit* of \$60,000 per year which is doubtless much more than Dr. Weltner bargained for. The simple truth is that there isn't a single person now connected with the administration of Oglethorpe University who has an adequate conception of how the school was kept alive and its growth promoted during the last thirty-three years.

May 2, 1944—Well, I am no longer Postmaster! And so, the end has come; suddenly and in an unexpected manner. My whole life long, I had planned to retire from my work in some quiet moment, amid the plaudits of my friends with the waving of handkerchiefs and hearty goodbyes and at least a little public appreciation from my beloved Atlanta. I had pictured a front porch, overlooking the campus, within hearing of the chimes and not far from the lake, to which I could welcome old friends, faithful alumni, former officers and professors and an occasional "fan" or devoted member of the Woman's Board. There, we would talk about the good, old days, in happy reminiscence. I wanted to take part in the selection of my successor, tell him of my aspirations and hopes and plans for the college, perhaps aid him with my counsel, introduce him to those yet remaining who had made Oglethorpe possible, tell him of our pledges and promises concerning the memorial gifts made to the University in the past and thus preserve the necessary continuity of old and new. I wanted to walk over the dear, old campus at sunset occasionally, and listen to the antiphony of the thrushes in the woods, pluck a rose, for old time's sake, from the bush that came from my father's home in Clinton and, on sleepless April nights, listen to the midnight mummer praise life in many languages from the moonlit tower of Lupton—.

But, instead, I was summoned to the house of the President of the Board of Directors; shown an official memorandum from one of the very best men on that board, declaring that if I were gotten rid of the medical school would certainly be accredited and undoubtedly the students could be gotten into a hospital; listing some persons who could not and would not work with me, and inferring that all the troubles at Oglethorpe would be ended just as soon as I had resigned. I had the grim bitterness of hearing my lifelong friend, the president of the Board, say that he agreed with the writer of that memo, that it looked as if either I must go or the students would go and that, in his opinion, I should be the one to go. I was told that this was the sentiment of a majority of the Executive Committee. I was faced with the necessary disjunctive of either fighting an already lost battle in the form of a public squabble for my position or of quietly withdrawing.

But even that last was not to be permitted me. I was soon

given to understand that I was to get off the campus with all my belongings in a hurry, that brilliant future plans for the school were waiting for me to quit my office completely and that many gifts were waiting for announcement that Oglethorpe had been ridded of my presence. To add to my chagrin all this was printed in the newspapers. My old friend, Dick Gray's *Journal* advised the world: "Money for the payment of current debts of Oglethorpe University and a guarantee of the forthcoming year's expenses—a total of \$57,000 has already been raised but some of it *cannot be used until Dr. Thornwell Jacobs completely severs his connection with the institution,** the school's Board of Directors was told Tuesday. Dr. Jacobs whose resignation as president, was accepted several weeks ago, has not yet vacated his office of his personal effects. . . . Mr. Watkins also advised the Board that many of the former friends of the school who had become wholly out of sympathy with it, have returned to service since the ousting of Dr. Jacobs and are now making financial contributions. 'Others of our friends' he said, 'and new friends will do the same as they become acquainted with the situation.' The accreditation of Oglethorpe will be the first aim of the new faculty, Mr. Watkins said. Accreditation was one of the issues on which the Board and the founder, Dr. Jacobs, disagreed."

All this gave me the feeling of being hunted and hounded from my own campus, much as the fellow described in the negro spiritual must have felt of whom it is sung that

"He was kicked out o'hebben
He was kicked out o'hebben
He was kicked out o'hebben
Kaze he wouldn't jine de band."

During the weeks after my resignation, while it was necessary for me to go to the University on account of my postmastership, I drove in the back, kitchen entrance and was closeted in the post office all day long. Impatient voices, expressing themselves through the President of my Board, kept insisting that even that slim connection with the University should be hurriedly ended. Further, I was warned not to pose as having any association with Oglethorpe whatever, when I tried to save some legacies and gifts for the school which had been cancelled when some of my friends heard of how I was being treated. In short, the new administra-

* Italics mine.

tion was anxious to begin building "a superlatively fine small college" and they couldn't do it while I was around.

I am setting these facts down, not in self-pity, but in self-comfort. When I first undertook to refound Oglethorpe, I told the Good Governor that, if He would only give me success in my venture, I would neither ask nor expect praise nor honor nor glory, that my sole request and prayer was that I should have the privilege of refounding the ancient memorial to the founder of Georgia, the alma mater of Sydney Lanier and the school of my grandfather. "I bargained with life for a penny." I got my penny. I am satisfied.

Furthermore, I am setting this down, I am afraid, in self-praise, also. As I told Judge Watkins: being crucified isn't so bad, after you've become so numbed by the pain that you can't feel the nails. It puts you in an entirely different class from the good, old, harmless college presidents who served their generation as faithfully as a weathervane serves the wind and who go out of office with great *eclat*, hurried into oblivion by receptions and newspaper editorials and feature articles, reciting the praise and plaudits of the multitudes. Not only did I have none of those but no one had ever thought of inaugurating me as president and when I left the presidency, neither Board of Directors nor Executive Committee nor Woman's Board nor Alumni Association nor faculty nor student body nor any other organization of men and/or women, noted my departure by even a single resolution. I am glad of that. It makes my case perfect. I built Oglethorpe for God. From God, alone, comes the satisfaction that makes my soul happy. Also, I like it because it puts me, in one respect, in the same class as my father. In his diary, June 9, 1905, he writes: "It is a shameful thing and one that makes me hang my head. I resigned my presidency of the Board, (of Directors of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina) after all these twenty-five years of service, and received, in return, not one word of kind commendation, not one syllable of regret, not one expression of encouragement, but as pay for all my services, only the throwing open of the sale of the college to the highest bidder."

After all is said and done, one asks himself, often too late, what is life for? Does not a man's life consist in the abundance of things that he possesses? No, for the more things he possesses, the more things possess him. Jesus used to tell a story about a

man who prospered so greatly that he pulled down his barns and built greater, safe in the assurance that he had much goods provided for many years and that he could now eat, drink and be merry. But at once, his wealth of things and idleness caused his very soul to rust. Is life, then, for the service of humanity? No, for the more you do for others, the less they do for themselves. The ill-clad, ill-housed and ill-fed are not a temporary condition. They are a *permanent* class. "The poor Ye have *always* with you." The more you help the masses, the lower they sink. God has made pleasure a reward for pain, strength for effort, character for struggle. Is life, then, for the service of the church or state or society? Obviously, not. They are for the service of life and have no right to exist except as they serve life. Was Nietzsche right, then, in saying that our duty to our remotest descendant is greater than to our nearest neighbor? Does the greatness of man lie principally in the fact that he is a link, joining all the past acquirements of mankind to those which will be won hereafter? Is humanity really going somewhere and is that what Stevenson glimpsed when he declared that to travel hopefully is better than to arrive? Is this divine sense of direction of human progress, what Jesus called the Will of God and what scientists call evolution?

And is life a short period of consciousness between night and night, a brief awakening between sleep and sleep wherein we are permitted to witness a divine cinema, to read one of God's novels, attend one of heaven's banquets? Are we given our place at the table, above or below the salt as may please our Host, and served such food in such manner and amount and for such a while as He has planned? That first question and answer in the Westminster Shorter Catechism keeps reassuring me: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him, forever." Isn't that what life is for, to accept your part in the drama and to play it well and to contemplate and understand the show with intelligent, appreciative delight? As Epictetus used to say: "Try to enjoy the great festival of life with other men." And that holds whether you are going up or down. With Paul, I have now learned how to be exalted and to be abased. Both are good. Also, it is well to remember that when a man thinks he is being exalted, it may be that he is being abased and when he thinks he is being abased, it may be that he is being exalted.

June 30, 1944—Shortly after I resigned as President of Oglethorpe I heard that the Executive Committee proposed to sell the Lake Phoebe tract of some four hundred acres. It was added to our campus by Mr. W. R. Hearst. This gift was made to us as a memorial to Mr. Hearst's mother and was later dedicated with appropriate exercises and a special ceremony attended by thousands on one of our commencement occasions. When I protested against such action as a violation of trust, I was told that some of our Board thought we had too much land! This at a time when every growing college in the United States is trying to enlarge its campus before it is too late, except at exorbitant expense! Even here in Atlanta, Georgia Tech is paying out tens of thousands of dollars because its founders did not have faith in its future growth. So is Agnes Scott. So, even, is Emory. So is Mercer at Macon. All of them in cramped quarters because of lack of foresight! Then I save Oglethorpe from such a calamity, by persuading Mr. Hearst to provide an adequate campus for us now, while it is obtainable at a reasonable price, and within a few weeks after I am ousted, my ousters propose to sell our campus, in blissful disregard of the fact that it was given us as a perpetual memorial to the donor's mother! I told Dr. Weltner that if we had too much land, I had obtained the gift under false representations and the property should be returned to the donor, but that, as a matter of fact, not only was it needed for campus purposes but also it paid, in rentals for lake privileges, wood, timber, etc., a fair interest on the purchase price. Fortunately, he agreed with me and the property is saved, at least temporarily.

The new slogan for Oglethorpe declares that it is to be converted into a "superlatively fine small college". I like the phraseology. That has always been our ideal for our Liberal Arts School. But I don't see how it is possible to build "a superlatively fine small college" on a foundation of violated memorial gifts.

And now comes a blow even closer home. Some twenty years ago, I persuaded my brother, Dillard, to give Oglethorpe a complete printing office outfit: linotype, cylinder press, two small presses, type, etc. It, also, was a memorial gift, to bear his name perpetually. Our family has, for generations, gotten printers' ink on their fingers and once on, it never comes off. There is a legend in the family that one of my ancestors was connected with the Government Printing Office in Washington. My father, when a

very little fellow, made a small printing press, was given some discarded type by Charleston printing offices and printed little books for himself and his small friends. Later, in Clinton, he had a real office, large enough to print a magazine, *Our Monthly*, which helped him to found the Thornwell Orphanage. My brother, Dillard, years later, became foreman of that office and, after he went to Nashville, Tenn., I followed in his footsteps. When I founded Oglethorpe I reminded Dill of all of this and suggested that he give me a printing office, for old time's sake. He spent approximately \$10,000 doing it, and we called it the Dillard Jacobs Print Shop. By means of it a hundred boys have worked their way through Oglethorpe. On its presses the *Westminster Magazine* was printed and the *Petrel* (the student weekly paper) and the college annual and the University catalogues and stationery and advertising literature and books of science, poetry and literature of all kinds. It was profitable for the school in many ways, a great convenience, and a source of fine advertising and service.

I don't know whether to say that I was mortified or chagrined, or horrified, or humiliated the most when I returned from Daytona Beach, Fla., and heard that the equipment of Dill's memorial gift to Oglethorpe had been sold, without either his or my knowledge or consent! He has been very ill and I have been with him for about a month. He is too sick for me to mention the subject to him. I have no power nor even influence in the matter. All I can do is to stand by in silence, like a father, bound and gagged, forced to see his children murdered before his eyes!

September 30, 1944—I hear that Judge Watkins has resigned from all his Oglethorpe offices. One should never say, "I told you so!" Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from setting this amazing contrast down for the sake of the record.

Three years ago, 1941, Chairman Watkins, Dean Eskridge, Vice-president John L. Jacobs and I were welcoming a magnificent class of seventy-five freshmen medical students to our newly organized medical college. The agreement with me was that, before taking up the matter of "accreditation" with other parties, the Executive Committee would, by good work, certainly, and by legal proceedings if necessary, secure accreditation from the State of Georgia. Judge Watkins assured us, and later the students, that we were on safe legal ground, and I understood both the Dean and the vice-president to accede to my plan.

Today, three years later, I contemplate the result of its abandonment. As the school increased in numbers and income, some sincere and determined faculty members seized upon the issue of *immediate* "accreditation" by the American Medical Association through its subsidiary organizations to "standardize" my fine little school. They propagandized the students, their parents and the Executive Committee and stirred up a revolution so sweeping that only a strong, experienced Executive Committee would have been able to withstand it. We had no such Committee. They gave way to the pressure. Following what they considered their responsibilities to the faculty, students, fathers and "advisory doctors' committee" without a word of doubt, they tossed the opposing Dean and President overboard.

The result: Today every member of that faculty has lost his job, every student has lost his college and the University has lost its medical school. Not a single person connected with the institution has been benefited. All have been injured. The Chairman of the Executive Committee, Judge Edgar Watkins, has resigned and he and the Dean and the President and the vice-president are out of office. Two other members of the Executive Committee have resigned, one never attends a meeting and another has recently suffered a stroke. Only four out of ten are left. Strangers to its history, traditions, plans and purposes now operate the University. That's what failure to stick to an agreement and to a President, with whom it was made, can do to a group of friends and to an institution the destinies of which are committed to their care.

November 1, 1944—Upon my return from a visit to see my brother, Dillard, who is still ill at Daytona Beach, I am told of another unhappy occurrence. Laura, wife of my brother, States of Houston, Texas, is the artist of our family. Her brush and her fine ability in the use of it has won for her real distinction and many honors. Recently, she has lost her eyesight and will never paint another picture. Among her paintings is a remarkable series of twelve or fifteen canvases of roses. A dozen or more of these have been engraved and handsomely framed by my brother Dillard and hung on the walls of our cafeteria in the basement of the Administration Building where their bright colors lightened the otherwise dark effect. I am now told, that they have all been taken down and junked! Perhaps they may find their way into

students' or officers rooms, but they were given and framed as a collection to hang where they could be safeguarded from damage and thievery. Well, it hurts but it's just another one of those things that I can do nothing about. At any rate, the job is now completed. My brother, my sister and myself are now safely off the campus. But I can't help but wonder who would do a thing so unkind and so thoughtless. I feel sure that neither Dr. Weltner nor his fine, new Executive Committee had anything to do with it.

I used to wonder how such a pessimistic booklet as Ecclesiastes ever got into the Bible but now I understand. Often there does come, toward the close of a long life devoted to service of one's fellowmen, a sense of futility, if and when one is compelled by disaster, desertion or disease, to surrender the results of a lifetime of loving toil to those "who never knew why, and never could understand". At such times, he feels like exclaiming with Koheleth: "Emptiness of Emptiness, all is Emptiness! As it happens to the fool, so it happens also to me; why was I then more wise? . . . For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool, forever, seeing that which now is in the days to come will be forgotten. . . . The things men do grieve me. . . My labor which I have done . . . I shall leave it to some one who will succeed me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labor wherein I have labored and wherein I have showed myself wise under the sun. This, also, is vanity! For there is a man whose labor is in wisdom and in knowledge and in equity, yet to a man who hath not laboured therein shall he leave it. This, also, is emptiness and a great evil. For all his days are sorrows and his travail, grief. Yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night."

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he who wrote those words had something on the ball!

December 3, 1944—What a wonderful life-providence has been mine! Born in an orphanage, reared among a hundred orphaned brothers and sisters, soaked with old-fashioned Southern Presbyterian orthodoxy—over fifty devotional exercises per week, so many that Dill was scowled at for calling it religious dissipation—then the outside world of Princeton, New York, Boston, Washington, then a pastorate with its admissions to the privacies of human hearts and firesides, then business, literary, educational years, the privilege of raising and spending millions for the re-

founding of the only University in the history of America that ever rose from the dead, reaching tens of millions of people by radio and newspapers and novels and poems and editorials and scientific and religious books, friendships with Presidents, senators, governors, great editors, authors and business men, and then the signal honor of being forced out of my presidency on an issue of wisdom or folly in which events have demonstrated that I was absolutely right!

And now the best thing of all has happened. Years ago, Dr. H. J. Gaertner came to me and asked permission to start a movement to name the first Oglethorpe structure, the Administration Building, in my honor. I forbade him because I have always had and still have, a horror of receiving honors and rewards for re-founding Oglethorpe. Now, I understand, he broached the subject again to some one and urged its approval, a few days ago, and was told that there were too many people who disliked me for such a thing to be done. That pleases me immensely for it assures me that my only reward will be what I wish that it should be; and what it ought to be, only a sense of duty performed, for God and my fellow-men.

December 25, 1944—Christmas again and a rather drab and dreary one so far as the outside and foreign world is concerned. The temperature is in the forties; the sky is cloudy with occasional showers; the Cox-Carlton, for the first time in many years, has cut out all decorations. Homer, my Chesterfieldian waiter, has been hurt by a collision between his bicycle and an automobile. Food everywhere is poor and service slow. There are fewer Christmas cards and almost no Christmas trees. Worst of all, the lists of the dead and wounded and missing and captured are mounting as the Germans drive through the center of our lines in Belgium.

My Christmas, this year, is strictly within, where, after all, the only permanent Christmas spirit may be found. From the hour of my earliest memories, this happy season has meant more to me than all other festivals and holy-days combined. In *SUN, SAV-IOUR AND SANTA CLAUS** I have paid my tribute to its blessed benisons.

One of the loveliest of my Christmas presents this year was a letter from my friend, Peter Marshall, in answer to a Christmas

* See Appendix.

letter which I wrote him. I am preserving them in my diary. From the day that I first heard this young man preach, I knew that he was a prophet of God. He had "taken a crack at" one of the inscriptions on Lupton Hall which I had written, the one reading:

"No man is ever greater than his God.
Up, from the night the self-same path they trod.
One moves not farther than the other can.
No God is ever greater than his man."

Some one told me about it and the following Sunday I went down to the Westminster Church to hear him preach. I liked him very much, wrote an editorial about him for the *Georgian** and invited him out to preach each morning for two weeks to my boys at Oglethorpe. They liked him, also. After that, he con-

* HAVE YOU HEARD PETER MARSHALL?

For several months rumors had been coming to me that there was an exceptionally fine young preacher at the Westminster Presbyterian Church on Ponce de Leon avenue. I was advised to go early if I wanted a seat. The stories always added that the church was full of young people, and especially of pretty girls. Mr. Marshall is an attractive young bachelor.

He is also a poet with a keen sense of rhythm. Most of his sentences could very easily be scanned as blank verse. He is also a musician, leading his own congregation in the singing with a clear tenor voice. The music of his spirit is worked into his sermons, whose paragraphs are like those of all true orators, melodious and tuneful. The timbre of his voice is devoid of all harshness, and his accent is that of the well-bred Scotchman which many visitors to Great Britain claim to be the most euphonious of all British accents.

In addition to this, the man is a dramatist, which appears in the interesting, and at times startling contrasts of his thoughts. Occasionally, he verges toward comedy, for he has a keen sense of humor. In the pulpit he appears to excellent advantage, having that appeal which is associated in common parlance with the word "personality" easily discernible through his black clerical gown. There is both friendship and sympathy in his eyes and the soothing quality of comfort and optimism in his voice.

One thing I like about him also is that he is an old-fashioned fundamentalist, which I am not. He preaches the same gospel, so far as I am able to learn, that Dr. Nicolassen teaches his Bible class at Oglethorpe University. I am told that once he took a "crack" at my pet inscription over the doorway of Lupton Hall:

"No man is ever greater than his God.
Up from the night, the self-same path they trod;
One moves not farther than the other can.
No God is ever greater than his man."

I am glad he did that. It shows that the man is alive. He is evidently conscious of his environment and is doing some thinking in respect of his neighbors. As he gets older he will like that inscription. It is always better to begin life as a conservative.

The church has been crowded—with chairs in the aisles—every time I have gone to hear Peter Marshall. It pleased me to find that about one-third of the deacons who took up the collections were Oglethorpe alumni. I also saw a lot of truants from other Presbyterian churches,

ducted a week's service for us each year until he left Atlanta for the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington.*

* GOODBYE PETER!

Atlanta is losing just about the finest young preacher that has ever occupied a pulpit in this city, so far as I have been able to canvass them. He came to us fresh from manual labor on the streets and highways of the East by way of Trevor Mordecai's church in Birmingham, and Columbia Seminary, where he received his theological education. He has been in Atlanta only two or three years, and in that length of time has become an institution. He was called to an empty Presbyterian church on Ponce de Leon Avenue and shortly thereafter had so overcrowded it with his congregation that it was necessary to build a balcony, which, in turn, was immediately filled to overflowing.

If you would like to see a heartening and amazing sight, go down to the Westminster Church next Sunday and listen to this boy preach. If you go in the morning you had better reach the church by 10:30 to get a seat. In the evening if you arrive at a quarter of eight (the services begin at 8 sharp) you will not be turned away but go early.

You will see a young preacher who differs from other excellent and eloquent ministers in many ways, chiefly in the intense enthusiasm, and joy, and confidence, and certainty with which he speaks. He is like a little boy who has just discovered a bird's nest in the crabapple tree. It seems impossible to the little boy that anything quite so wonderful and important, and amazing should ever have happened as that a bird should have built her nest in his crabapple tree, and so excited is the little boy, and so full of enthusiasm over his discovery, that he will not let anyone in the family, or in the street, or in the neighborhood rest until they have heard all about it and have come and seen it for themselves. That's Peter Marshall. I have heard him preach many sermons, but I have never heard him say in the pulpit any new thing, or give any information, or preach any doctrine that is not common to all Protestant pulpits of the land. Neither have I ever heard him state these doctrines or give that information or present that thing in the same mode and manner as that which other ministers use.

His is a great loss to this city. He has everything: an amazingly fine tenor voice which would have given him a national reputation with reasonable training; a radiant personality which beams upon his congregation like the rosy dawning of the sun; a vivid, poetic, imagination that makes half of his sermons read like blank verse; a keen sense of drama which he uses both spiritually and mechanically to fine effect and an intense conviction that he has just made the most amazing discovery that any human being can make and that every person on earth should be told about it at once.

Go there next Sunday morning and tell Peter goodbye. He has been called to the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, one of the dozen most important churches in the nation. You will not be disappointed.

Goodbye, Peter; Don't forget to study your cosmic history!—*Atlanta Georgian*.

and even Dr. Ellis Fuller and Dr. Louie D. Newton had lost a lamb or two for the occasion.

And make no mistake about it, the girls are certainly there!—*Atlanta Georgian*.

A summary of one of his addresses is the first page article of the current *Readers' Digest*. He is, today, ranked as one of America's half-dozen greatest preachers. Here are the letters:

Dec. 18, 1944.

"Dear Peter:

This has been a difficult year for you and for me, a year of anxiety and sadness and suffering. Fears for the future, worries about the present and regrets concerning the past, dominate the political, social, financial and economic worlds. Though we are optimists, we know that many dangers lie ahead in the uncharted sea through which we are rowing our little boats. In the midst of all the care and woe and trouble of the world, comes Christmas—happy, hopeful, holy Christmas—to remind us that the cloud is not the sky and that the night, also, is God's.

The crackling Yule-log, the tinkling sleigh bells, the mellow carols, the gracious reminders of old friendships, the annual awakening of joy and goodwill—these are *our* angels, praising God and saying: 'Fear not, for behold I bring *you* good tidings of great joy.' We may wonder whereof this joy may consist but that it is to be ours, we are certain.

So, with the same good cheer as of old, I send you Christmas greetings, happy that you are my friend, grateful for your helpful comradeship, thankful that another Yule-tide finds us 'trying to enjoy the great festival of life with other men' and hopeful of many lovely and blessed Christmas seasons yet to come.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs."

December 22, 1944.

"My dear Dr. Jacobs:

Your letter of the 16th was quite the nicest thing I have received this Christmas season. To say that I appreciated it is gross understatement.

It was poetry, it was beauty, but more, it was spirit, friendship, faith and all the things that make me love you. Catherine joins me in this inadequate attempt to thank you for all your letter meant to us.

Yes, 1944 was a difficult and dangerous year. It brought to you the sharpest blades of the ingratitude of men, and the temptation to think that all you had invested of the best years of your life, your vigor and strength, your faith and your very soul, was thrown away. But you know better than that now, and always you must have the satisfaction that you builded not so much into the soil of Georgia, as into the hearts and lives of men and women. You did place some trinkets into a sealed receptacle against the ravages of time and for the piquant curiosity of future wielders of the shovel and the pick. But other

qualities will be found—not locked up or buried—but flowering and blooming forever.

Is there not some way whereby I could imbibe more stimulation and inspiration at your feet? I need you, and speak selfishly, but underneath it all, we both are so fond of you that all we miss of Atlanta seems to be represented by you. May this New Year bring you good health and that deep contentment that is not the gift of men, that is beyond their pilfering.

May God bless you. Our love to you and yours.

Ever sincerely,
Peter Marshall."

January 21, 1945—This is Founders' Day at Oglethorpe but I guess it isn't being celebrated very enthusiastically.

Dr. Weltner is working hard and, I hope, successfully. His friends describe him as a very able man, delighting in overcoming difficulties. More than any other person in the world, I hope he succeeds at Oglethorpe. May God give him faith, strength and wisdom. And his fine, new Executive Committee.

A few days ago he very thoughtfully asked me what my reaction would be to the erection of a special structure, a pyramid, for example, to house a continuous Crypt of Civilization, the opening of our present Crypt and the use of its contents in the pyramid collection. My reply was along the lines set forth in the following letter which I wrote him later:

January 8, 1945.

"Dr. Philip Weltner,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Dr. Weltner:

Since your visit of a few mornings ago, I have been thinking over your suggestion concerning the Crypt of Civilization and the more I consider it the more certain I am that my reaction to it, as expressed at that time, is the same as that of every other person who had anything to do with its creation.

This Crypt was fathered by myself and friends associated with me and all of the publicity emphasized the fact that it would be sealed on such and such a date and not re-opened until 8113 A. D. Many gifts were made, in particular the steel door, in order to emphasize that fact which the inscription on the door does. The public of the world trusted our declarations to that effect.

Any violation or any suggestion of violation of our declared purpose, promises and assurances will be seized upon immediately by scoffers and skeptics as evidence of the untrustworthiness of any further declarations on the part of Oglethorpe University concerning any of its plans for a future Crypt. You

would inevitably alienate persons who in good faith, contributed money and materiel toward it. It would give the lie direct to all the statements of the University in connection with its founding.

On the other hand, your plan to erect a pyramid or other structure which would house continued collections of records covering, first of all, the present gigantic struggle and later the years which will follow, would be itself the fulfillment of an ideal development of a plan which long since should have been adopted and perpetually pursued by some University or other organization.

Heartily yours,
Thornwell Jacobs."

CHAPTER 30.

THE DIARY—1945

January 23, 1945—Before writing my autobiography I asked myself: Is it worth while? Is the sum total of my experiences worth recording? Of what real value to mankind is any one life? Are we not all, at heart, megalomaniacs? To put an even finer point upon it, am I not afflicted with the big-head in assuming that what I have thought, felt, said and done is worthy of a thousand-page book? What real reason have I to offer to prove that in any true sense, my life contributed to the advancement of humanity, the progress of civilization? May I not be among those—despite my opinion of myself—whom old Omar had in mind and described:

“And think not that Existence, closing your
Account and mine, shall know the like no more.
The Eternal Saki from his bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us and will pour.”

In short, would it not be a good thing for me—for all of us—to have the bubble of my imagined self-importance pricked now while I can see what an iridescent emptiness it was?

These reflections have been reenforced by reading the second edition of the *OGLETHORPE BOOK*. It is an attractively printed and carefully prepared statement of the history, ideals, purposes and courses of instruction of the new administration of Oglethorpe. A page is devoted to the history of the University. The story of my life work, in connection with it, is summarized in these four lines:

“Twenty-nine years later the movement to refound the University began. On January 21, 1915, the cornerstone was relaid. Present to witness the occasion were members of the classes of 1860 and 1861.”

Here and now I extend my thanks to whoever wrote this transcript of my thirty-three years of work for Oglethorpe and I do it sincerely without whine or reproach. Rarely has any man been given so fine an opportunity to reflect upon the inevi-

table erasure of individual importance, the certain submergence of individual personality in the vast tide of human history, in short, to be deflated *before* he dies. Also, those four lines put fresh courage into my pen. It was because no one thought of preserving the history and records of the first Oglethorpe that, when I came to Atlanta in 1909, scarcely fifty years later, almost nothing was known about it. It was because no one thought of preserving the detailed manner of life of hundreds of past generations that our Crypt of Civilization was built to reveal ours to future historians. So, perhaps, this autobiography, when many years shall have passed, will have value in preserving for those who may be interested, the life and times, the struggles, victories and defeats, the social, educational and religious environment of one more human being who lived and died, as Harry Hermance would say: "Doing his damndest."

March 9, 1945—Recently, recalling my experiences with the Atlanta Jews, in connection with my editorial correspondence in the *Georgian* and in the matter of Grady Hospital, I have been interested and amused by reading the letters of the public written to the *Atlanta Constitution* about Westbrook Pegler* who is one of the columnists of that paper, urging the discontinuance of his column. Pegler is a brave, well-informed, trenchant writer. He seems to be utterly fearless. As, if, and when he sees it, he attacks any and all forms of unamericanism with unequalled sarcasm, irony and scathe. He blows searing blasts with ceaseless courage against the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, supreme court judges, senators, congressmen, governors, ambassadors; against schools, movies, radios and churches; and even against labor union leaders, whom he does not hesitate to characterize as liars, scoundrels, thieves and criminals. On several notable occasions

* A POPULAR VOTE ON WESTBROOK PEGLER

The *Daily Democrat*, published in Florida's capital city of Tallahassee, received, as does every newspaper which prints Westbrook Pegler's daily column, hundreds of letters demanding that the feature be dropped. Such letters, when printed, inevitably set off a chorus of indignant "noes" from Pegler fans.

Finally, to satisfy his own curiosity as much as anything else, Publisher Henry Wrenn announced a public poll on the matter. Ballots—pro and con—poured in. The lead changed sides almost daily. The final tabulation shows 637 votes in favor of continuing the column, 551 for ousting it.

The column remains, probably just as it would have, had the voting gone the other way. One thing, though, is deeply significant: More people participated in the Pegler poll than voted in Tallahassee's latest city election.—*Atlanta Constitution*, March 9, 1945.

he has scorched Negro newspapers and other Negro leadership. But never once have I read in his column even one paragraph of one article about the Jews!

So, I am tempted to suggest to all those who want Mr. Pegler's column discontinued: Induce him to write an article or two about the Jews. Immediately, he would annoy them no longer.

February 1, 1945—A letter came to me a few days ago that I shall treasure. Its writer was Dr. Rufus W. Oakey, now chaplain in the Navy serving in the Pacific theatre. He is a graduate of Oglethorpe and while there, was an earnest and brilliant member of my class in Cosmic History. This course was a study of the scientific story of the earth and its inhabitants with special reference to evolution and religion. It was often severely criticized by the fundamentalists and, as often, warmly defended by those who made its passing grade.

Mr. Oakey was a student for the ministry, Southern Presbyterian Church. After graduation he became pastor of the First Church, Milledgeville, the former capital city of Georgia. It was at Milledgeville that I opened my campaign for the refounding of Oglethorpe University. Dr. D. W. Brannen, one of my father's boys from the Thornwell Orphanage and Presbyterian College was its then pastor. This is a short sketch of the background of this delightful and interesting letter:

"Many times in recent months my thoughts have turned to you and our pleasant days in Atlanta and at Oglethorpe. One of these occasions was on the day the first Marine Division landed on Peleliu Island in the Palan group. I went ashore with the assault troops amid a barrage of enemy artillery and mortar fire. Our casualties were very heavy and the beaches littered with burning amphibian landing boats, disabled tanks, and the bodies of wounded, dying and charred marines. Night found us with an insecure beachhead established and the Jap lines only a hundred or so yards beyond my foxhole. As I lay in that hole, hastily dug in the coral sand, with my face upturned to the sky, I looked beyond the streak of the tracer bullets, the friendly and enemy flares and the light of the bursting mortars, all of which made a spectacular, though destructive display. There, in the southern sky, on this clear evening I saw Alpha and Beta Centauri still pointing to the Cross, and later there too was Canopus visible in her beauty on the horizon. I thought of you and gave God thanks for you, and thanked Him, too, that His will is never stymied or stalemated but through the tranquil or seemingly turbulent working of his perpetual providence, His will is done and His kingdom shall come.

With settled goodwill and warmest regards, I am
Most Cordially yours,
Rufus W. Oakey."

February 15, 1945—Here at Daytona Beach the spring comes in February. Forsythia, quince, hibiscus, flame vine, bougainvillea, violets, narcissus, daffodils, yellow jasmine, red maples, pears, plums, are all blooming here or on the way down from Atlanta. There are, too, thousands of sea-gulls, terns, and sandpipers but only a few pelicans. Practically all of the cottages are full. Our next door neighbors are the Millses, husband and wife, from Des Moines, Iowa. He was formerly a newspaper man and knew my friend and old Princeton classmate, Frank McKean.

Only Uncle Dill's illness keeps life from being perfect here. Ame is a wonderful "chef", "Lee" a fine cooker and "Dr. Shanks", the nurse, looks after Dill's nursing needs meticulously. Part of yesterday was spent in trying to recall the words and music to two old songs. One of them begins: "I saw a wayworn traveller, in tattered garments clad." The other is:

"When you see them saints arisin'
When you see them saints arisin'
When you see them saints arisin'
From the old church yard
And the bands of music
And the bands of music
And the bands of music
Shall go soundin' through the air.
Then we'll all go home together
Then we'll all go home together
Then we'll all go home together
From the old church yard!"

We could remember no more of this one. I may use this diary entry in my autobiography "Step Down, Dr. Jacobs." If I do so perhaps some reader may be able to supply the remainder of this hymn. We have asked many people about it and searched through many old hymn and song books but have been unable to find it. We have found the words and music, complete, for the other: "I saw a wayworn traveller." Some one should gather up all these old "folk-hymns" and republish them before they are completely lost. "When you see them saints arisin'" is an unusually fine specimen of that sort of thing.

Today is my sixty-eighth birthday anniversary. Not a soul knows anything about it here or remembers it, so I am having

a swell time commiserating myself, by myself. Day after tomorrow is Ferdinand's birthday, the 17th. We are going to celebrate it as fittingly as possible. Several times we have talked about the celebration of Uncle Dill's birthday anniversary last July. Fortunately, no one has thought to ask me about mine.

I wonder if my little flock of cedar birds have returned to celebrate it with their annual feast on the ligustrum berries by my office window at Oglethorpe.

March 15, 1945—My father would have been 103 years old, had he lived until today.

As I write, the radio is broadcasting a spiritual: "I want to be like Jesus in my heart." For two thousand years this has been the constant refrain of hymn, prayer and sermon. For the most part, it is rank hypocrisy. In all my acquaintance, I do not know of any one who really and truly wants to be like Jesus, deep down in his heart, nor do I know of any words that hide more sham than "Christ-like". One of the easiest things in the world is to be like Jesus if one wants to, but who wants to? It is as we used to chant when I was a boy: "You could if you would, but if you wouldn't, how could you?"

Would you like to be like Jesus? Very well, go into a convocation of the College of Cardinals, or to a gathering of Jewish rabbis, or to an assembly of Presbyterian elders and deacons or to a Methodist Conference or to a Baptist Association meeting or, for that matter, simply stand on the street at Times Square or Five Points and cry as Jesus cried: *

"Woe unto you, cardinals, bishops, preachers, from the Pope down; you love to sit at the speaker's table at banquets; you sport around in silken stoles and rainbowed gowns, adorned with golden crosses. You love to be called cardinal, rabbi, bishop, doctor; you prate about the truth, and freedom of religion, yet you neither proclaim the truth yourselves nor let others proclaim it. You extract millions from the poor for home and foreign missions, compassing sea and land to make one proselyte and, when he is made, you make him two-fold more the child of hell than even you, yourselves, are. You coax widows to give you their homes and cover up your pious greed by making long prayers—in public. The longer your prayers, the longer you will sizzle in hell! You blind guides! You visionless fools! You are

* See Matthew XXIII.

like whited sepulchers. You exploit the superstitious with fear of heaven and hell. You monopolize the reverences of religion and the word of God. You prattle about the 'truth of God' and then build tombs for his scientists. You look beautiful in your 'sacred vestments' on the outside, but within you are like whited sepulchers full of rotting flesh. Your congregations think you are righteous but within you are hypocrites and spiritual criminals. You self-righteous liars, you say: 'if we had lived in those days we would never have allowed Socrates to drink his hemlock or Jesus to be crucified, as our fathers did.' You copperheads and cobras, that's just what you are doing now! You have been sent scholars, savants, veritable voices of the Almighty; wise interpreters of the universe of God, and, in one way or another, you manage to kill and crucify them. Some of them you discredit and unfrock. Some of them you persecute from city to city or denounce in your councils or assemblies or churches; How in the name of God do you expect to escape the damnation of hell?"

That was the kind of fellow Jesus was. Anybody can be like him if he's got the guts. But, verily, I say unto you: Unless you like being crucified, you'd better keep your mouth shut.

March 27, 1945—David Lloyd George is dead. When I was in London in 1923 I heard him speak before the American Society. In his address he used a remarkable sentence: "For many years," he said, "I have wanted to visit America, a country geographically so fortunately situated as to be able to work with both hands, free, whereas here and in other European countries we are forced to work with one hand tied behind our backs because half our energies must always be devoted to preparation for war." Often I have recalled that thought and reflected upon our folly in throwing away such a blessing.

Another incident in connection with Lloyd George I recall often, also. While laying my plans for the London trip I wrote Woodrow Wilson, asking him for a note of introduction to the former British Premier, who with himself and Clemenceau, constituted the Big Three of Versailles. He replied, saying that his relationship to Mr. Lloyd-George was so unfriendly that he did not wish to have any communication with him, or words to that effect.

They have all gone now and the evil that they wrought at Versailles has lived after them for another Big Three to bungle

with equal ineptitude. Doubtless, before long they will be writing of each other with equal acerbity. Communistic Russia, imperialistic England and "democratic" America just don't jibe.

April 5, 1945—Of all Easter seasons through which I have passed, this has been the strangest and the saddest. Its strangeness consisted, largely, in the incongruity of identifying the worshipping of the Prince of Peace with our war propaganda, on the one hand, and with the adoration of Eastr, the Spring and Dawn Goddess, on the other. All of this was done by means of Easter songs, flowers, hats, and festivities set to martial music and punctuated with war-prayers, *at sunrise services*. My Easter began when, after working until midnight of March 31st, I turned on the radio and, by chance, heard the exercises described by the Associated Press:

"Jerusalem, April 1—(AP)—Standing reverently in the 'Jesus Tower' overlooking this Holy City and the surrounding barren hills of Judea, American soldiers today observed the Easter morn with their own religious service.

After the sunrise worship, which was relayed by radio to the United States, the soldiers visited the holy sepulcher in the old city."

I woke on Easter morning in time to hear, by radio again, the *sunrise services*, described by Joy Barnett in the *Constitution*:

"A murky sky looked down on the more than 10,000 Atlantans of all creeds who gathered yesterday morning at Grant Field for the fifth annual Easter Sunrise Service.

A blanket of rainbow colors covered the south stands of the stadium, a human blanket composed of bright Easter bonnets, Easter egg-colored dresses, and uniforms. Some wearing brand-new outfits, others making last year's model do, and still others wearing clothes designed especially for them by their favorite uncle, Sam. . . .

Some were a trifle sleepy-eyed, but all joined in singing the stirring hymns, 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name', 'Christ the Lord Is Risen Today,' and 'Onward Christian Soldiers'. Standing side by side were Boy Scouts, American Legionnaires, and Marines of this war, the Easter motif carried out in the multi-colored campaign ribbons over their hearts.

The 45-minute service was concluded with the Twenty-Third Psalm, recited in unison by the 10,000 worshippers. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil' . . . and the sun which had smiled on the Atlantans who had just thanked their God for His mercies went behind the clouds."

This was my saddest Easter because of my three-fold sorrow.

Young Thomas Jacobs, Jr. had been a lieutenant in the Air Forces. He was the grandson of my eldest brother. He had just finished his fiftieth "mission". Many of them had been very dangerous flights. From one of them, in which two hundred bombers participated, only six returned. Of the six his was one. Of the nine men in his plane when he set it down, seven were dead. Upon his return to America he was given the job of flying instructor at Randolph Field. He married a lovely girl and settled down to security and happiness. Just as the pre-Easter season began he was killed in an accident.*

The second tragedy was the death of young Wade Haden, nephew of Mr. Charles J. Haden who was a prominent and influential member of my Executive Committee. When our medical school was dissolved, Wade was drafted, joined the Marines and was sent to Iwo Jima. The news of his death reached me a day or two after Easter. It is inevitable that I should reflect that if my Executive Committee had stood by me, our medical school would be operating today and Wade would be one of its students.**

And then came the sad news of the death of my friend, Mrs. Cora Smith Gould. Four days before Easter she was stricken. She slept quietly while Easter day with its immortal loveliness of flowers and bird-songs and resurrection hopes passed softly over her Florida home at *Land's End*. And then, on the third day after the Spring Goddess had come and her beloved Jesus had risen, she went away to join them on Olympus, or in heaven, or wherever such gentle spirits most do congregate after the Magic Sleep.

Mrs. Gould was my very dear friend. Of all the hundreds of fine people with whom I have come in contact during my fifty

* First Lieutenant Thomas Jacobs, Jr., 24, of Greenville, was killed Monday morning in an airplane accident near Randolph Field, Texas, while he was on a routine training flight, his family was advised.

Lieutenant Jacobs entered the service in 1941 and had finished his allotted missions over Germany and France, after which he had returned to the States. Since January he had been stationed at Randolph field as a flight instructor.

Lt. Jacobs was a graduate of Greenville High School, after which he attended Furman University and Presbyterian College.—*Clinton Chronicle*, 3-14-45.

** Charles J. Haden of 1521 Peachtree Street, has received notice of the death of his nephew, Marine Wade Haden, of Huntsville, Ala., in action on Iwo Jima, March 15.

Sent to the Pacific a year ago, the Marine attended medical school at Oglethorpe University before entering the service. He received his training at Parris Island, S. C.—*Atlanta Constitution* 4-3-45.

years of work for literature, education and religion, only one or two compare with her in personal loyalty, sweet reasonableness, inspiring hopefulness and unfailing generosity. She loved poetry and poets. No wonder the rhythm and harmony and music of life was hers also. In her ninetieth year, her very last poem was written especially for and was published especially in the first issue, the Easter issue, of the resurrected *Westminster Magazine*.* She was stricken before it arrived. If it had only reached her a few days sooner—but by now she knows all about it.

One cannot pass through such experiences without meditating upon that deepest of questions, why does God allow pain and sorrow and death in His happy, beautiful, glorious world. What are the “uses of adversity”?

Calamity and misfortune may be viewed from four different standpoints and have been so viewed from the beginning by the wisest of men. *Omar Khayyam* is an example of the first. Facing the problem of evil he concludes that

*“We are none other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
Round on this sun-illuminated lantern,
Held in midnight by the master of the show.*

* “About a year ago *The Westminster Magazine* (founded in 1911 by Thornwell Jacobs, and given to Oglethorpe University by him, later incorporated with the late Ernest Hartsock’s *Bozart and Contemporary Verse*) was discontinued by the Oglethorpe University Press. Beginning with this current issue, the magazine which is one of the oldest and best known poetry and prose journals in the United States and a publication of high standards and rating, will be continued uninterruptedly. It is now, however, being published quarterly, as heretofore, by the *Westminster, Pubs.*, P. O. Box 142, Station C, Atlanta, Georgia, with its original founder, Thornwell Jacobs, as editor.

This magazine is now controlled and operated solely by the *Westminster, Pubs.*, and it has no connection with Oglethorpe University. Its continuity of publication consists only in its identity of name, policies and editorial control.

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There are some very beautiful poems in this issue of the *Westminster*. You will pick them out for yourself. The Ernest Hartsock prizes will be awarded for the spring number by popular vote of our subscribers and contributors. Select the four or five best and let us know your choice and vote.

Mrs. Cora Smith Gould who offers these prizes is one of the most remarkable women in America today. Now, in her ninetieth year, she is zestful and vigorous and still loves and writes poetry. The place of honor in this issue is given to her latest verse. She is known far and wide for her generous patronage of the fine art of beautiful expression of beautiful thoughts. Her interest in the *Westminster* is a great bulwark of strength for this magazine—*Westminster Magazine*”.

*But helpless pieces of the game he plays
Upon this checkerboard of nights and days;
Hither and thither moves and checks and slays,
And, one by one, back in the closet lays.*

*Into this universe and why, not knowing,
Nor whence, like water, willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it like wind along the waste,
We know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.*

This is like that of the Old Testament writer declaring that "He doeth His will among the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth and no man can stay His hand nor ask of Him, what doest thou." It is all true, but it is not truly all. From such a viewpoint one sees God alone and only. That is not enough.

From the *viewpoint* of Horace one sees man and man only, but man at his noblest. He, also, offers a pattern of behavior in the presence of catastrophe. Let us first recall his reminder that

*Saepius ventis agitur ingens
Pinus et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres feriuntque summos
Fulgura montis.*

But, high or low,

*Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare.*

Therefore:

*Laetus in praesens animus quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.*

All of which, freely translated, means: "It is the tall pinetree that is more often shaken by the winds and the exalted towers that fall with the heaviest crash and the highest mountain peaks attract the lightning. . . . Show courage and strength when things grow desperate. . . . Happy in the present, let your spirit disdain to be anxious about tomorrow and let it temper life's bitterness with soft laughter. Nothing (and no one) is happy in every detail."

That is man at his best, rising nobly above all disappointments, hardships and suffering, depending upon his inner powers and resources to meet whatever comes, superior both to joy and pain.

Jesus offers us the third view-point. He combines the Old Testament God and the world of nature around him into his own doctrine of the fatherhood of God. He is a sort of combination Thoreau and David. "Like as a father pitieth his children", he recalls from the psalter "so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, for he knoweth our frame and he remembereth that we are dust." Then, looking around at hill and valley he says: "You should never be anxious or distraught. Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . . Consider the lilies of the field how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Here is a great thinker *appealing not to the Bible*—which indeed he quoted as often in disapproval as in approval—but to *nature* to illustrate the character of God and His relationship to man. Yet his doctrine must be taken with the customary grain of salt, remembering that today, as in all ages, there are millions of pious servants of God who are suffering the tortures of the damned—in the providence of God. Also, the birds and the lilies and the grass have to work like the Dickens to make a living.

The fourth viewpoint is that presented to us by Epictetus. Confronted with exile and poverty he taught his disciples how to master all adversity, "how to gain advantage" from all experiences and from all evils. Appealing to the mysteries of spiritual chemistry he discovers the divine alchemy of psychic reactions. The sweet uses of adversity are distilled from the bitter weeds of woe. "Is my neighbor bad?" he asks, "Bad to himself but good to me. Is my father bad? Bad to himself but good to me. *This is the rod of Hermes; touch what you will with it, they say, and it becomes gold.* Bring what you will to me and I will transmute it into Good. Bring illness, bring death, bring poverty and reproach, bring trial for life—all these things through the rod of Hermes shall be turned into profit. . . . To a good man there is no evil, either in life or in death, and if God supply not the necessaries of life, has he not as a wise General sounded the signal for retreat and nothing else? I obey, I follow, praising my

General, extolling his acts. For, at his good pleasure I came; I depart when it pleases Him; and while I was still living it was my task to sing praises to God!"

Of these four solutions to the problems, pains and pressures of life, Omar is the pessimist, Horace is the humanist, Jesus is the optimist and Epictetus is the psychologist. Singly they are all true. Combined, they are truly all.

April 12, 1945—Just a few moments ago, at 3:35 p. m., President Roosevelt died at Warm Springs.

April 13, 1945—Friday. All yesterday afternoon and evening and today the networks and newspapers have been filled with the details of the President's death and with eulogies, messages, memorial services, from and in all parts of the world. He is already being glorified as the great martyr-president and compared to Lincoln who was assassinated eighty years ago, tomorrow. The dominant note is one of shock and adoration. Never in the history of the presidency has an incumbent received such adulation, amounting to something approaching worship. Literally thousands of memorial services are being held all over the country. Radio broadcasting stations have cancelled all set programs in order to give their listeners the news of the exercises held in his memory. The newspapers are cancelling advertising. We have had the delightful experience of listening to radio programs without the intrusion of offensive middle-commercials, "transcriptions", and advertising of any kind, whether sung or shouted. The Roosevelt saga is being formulated. His apotheosis has begun.* No effort is being made, as yet, to forecast the effect of his death on the domestic and foreign situation other than to emphasize its importance. One such broadcast was attempted but when the commentator got to the point of predicting that "Harry Hopkins would disappear from the White House," he was cut off, abruptly.

Yet, in the cold, gray light of tomorrow perhaps Roosevelt's chief value to his country will be his demonstration that, in an hour of great emergency, a determined and clever politician, passing as an "indispensable man" can easily transform a "lib-

* From the *Constitution* of a later date:

Editor *Constitution*: "These people praying for the soul of Franklin Delano Roosevelt are all meaning well; but what we all should pray for is for his spirit to intercede with God, for our continued welfare which he gave his life to insure."

erty-loving democracy" into a demagogic tyranny for the sake of ham and eggs. Roosevelt will go down in history as distinguished for many things, good and bad, and as Andy would put it, "mostly bad." The good will be "interred with his bones" and the evil will live after him. Among the last are the substitution of votes of congress (green backs) for hard gold money; the destruction of American character by the Roosevelt doctrine that it is the duty of the Federal Government to support the people on a standard, labor-union wage; the intimidation of the supreme court; the incarnadining of the electorate; his favoritism shown Jews and Negroes; his sinking of America into an abyss of debt (three hundred thousand million dollars); the colossal war into which he led the United States against the will of eighty percent of the people; the Soviet Communism which it fastened upon Eurasia; the totalitarian fascism which it fastened upon this country; the fear and insecurity which he brought to all Americans except tax-gatherers and office holders; his scattering of American wealth, money and natural resources in a lend-lease-lose system all over the world; his initiation of a vicious tax-spend-elect-tax-spend-elect-tax-spend-elect-system, involving the use of the U. S. Treasury for a legalized system of vote-getting, the last stage of degeneration of democracy; his approval of the concentration of monetary and political power in Washington, involving the destruction of local self-government and the terrorization of all independent citizens, the first stage of fascistic tyranny;—these are some of his footprints on the sands of time. He had but one solution for any and all problems: a check on the United States Treasury.* His generosity is proverbial. He would give the shirt off anybody's back to help an indigent voter.

The Great Hypnotist is gone! A paralytic stroke has slapped the Enchanted Columbia into consciousness of the desperate condition at which her affairs have arrived. She has awakened on the morning of the day after the night before. Her bill lies among the empty bottles and dirty dishes and heaping ash trays of her empty table. Her purse is rifled and her guests are calling for more. He died in the thirteenth year of his reign in approxi-

* Eugene Talmadge, former governor of Georgia, recently declared that "If you have a governor who is unscrupulous enough to use the tax money, \$60,000,000.00, politically he can stay in office until he dies." Roosevelt was the first Chief executive to apply this principle to the presidency of the United States.

mately the thirteenth week of his fourth quadrennium and almost on the thirteenth day of that month, in the thirteenth state of the Union, at Warm Springs, Ga., (13 letters) where, just thirteen years ago I found him reading a Russian *Primer of Communism*. He was the 31st person to be President, (13 backwards). Today is Friday, the thirteenth. To many millions he is the thirteenth disciple (God-appointed), St. Paul, the wisest and greatest of them all. Another generation, not ours, will assign him his place in history.

It may be that the historian will say that the part which he played in delivering Europe over to Jewish communism was the act which will decide his final place in the record of world affairs. Three great religions strive for the mastery of the modern world: the voluntary democracy of Jesus Christ, the compulsory communism of Karl Marx and the competitive aristocracy of Charles Darwin. Of these, two are Jewish and Asiatic; one is English and European. Each also represents a distinct form of government. Jewish communism, like all historic Asiatic governments, is monarchial, dictatorial, totalitarian. Christianity early took on the form of the Roman Empire of which the Roman Catholic church is a "fossil," almost to the tiniest details. Darwin and his successors, the scientists, interpreting the universe on the basis of evolution, founded on the broad principle of the individual struggle for life and the survival of the fittest, demand complete and competitive liberty under law, controlled by the competent, the wise, the experienced and the informed. These are the three great religions, struggling for the soul of the modern world. Three great forms of government, three great ideologies. Between them there is no compromise. As I write, Germany, western Europe's last barrier against Asiatic communism, is crashing! Mussolini, after being shot, kicked about, spat upon, exhibited in the show window of a ten cent store, has been hung by his heels like a side of beef in his own Milan's *Plaza Loretta* with as great a show of brutality and illegality as an American lynching bee. Russia moves inexorably westward. England faces the Afrite she let out of the bottle when she uncorked World War II. Three hundred million starving Europeans hang around our necks, crying for the fulfillment of our promise to feed them. We have aided in the making of the world's vastest desolation. We are calling it "Victory"! We are expecting from it "Peace". Who can paint the

Anglo-Saxon and the Russian contending for the mastery of the world. At the end will the voluntary democracy of Jesus or the compulsory communism of Karl Marx or the competitive aristocracy of Charles Darwin triumph?

May 19, 1945—Last night I had a most remarkable dream. An Old Testament prophet would call it a vision. I found myself in a strange and unknown land. My arms were outstretched and I was flying through the air as an airplane flies. Beneath me was a deep canyon. In the distance was a river. I was looking for a landing place and was conscious of the necessity of reaching it soon. The thought occurred to me that there might be a level bank or beach at the river but I could see that some workmen had caused its water to overflow the valley directly in front of me. I turned to land on the border of the left side of the canyon. I glided towards it but could not lift myself high enough to clear the bank. My head and shoulders collided with the rocky wall of the canyon. I felt my hands come in contact with stones. I supported myself and easily clambered up to level ground. I felt no pain. On the contrary I called some children who were playing nearby to witness that I had either made the longest jump in the world or had flown with only my arms as wings. From a house on my right, a woman hurried out and some one said, "You know Mrs. ———. You made an address before her club." A number of people sat or stood on a porch that faced the canyon. They also would be my witnesses. But they were acting as if they didn't see me. While I was enjoying my triumph, I saw, among all these strangers, the kind, lovable face of Mr. Lupton, standing by my side. He greeted me with the same friendly, fatherly smile that used to give me such strength and encouragement, so often. His appearance was intensely real and clearly defined. I saw him as distinctly as I had ever seen him meeting the train in Chattanooga. Then, he took me by the arm, and we moved away from the crowd. No one except myself seemed to see him. Once, in my amazement, I exclaimed "Lup" but he said "sh-sh-sh," and led me around the portico, into a large room where I saw some twenty-five or fifty people. They applauded us as we entered. It seemed to be a large waiting room. Its atmosphere was one of solemnity and quiet and mystery. Walls of glass separated this room from the outside where there were many people, noisy, anxious and busy and totally unaware of us although we could

see them plainly. Among the persons in the room to which Lup had led me, I seemed to recognize his nephew, Fred Lupton. I went forward to shake hands with him. As I did so, I realized that all of the people in the room were persons who had died, that I had evidently not made a safe landing on the side of the canyon but had been killed, that my dearest of friends had been there to meet me, that there was no pain whatever in dying, that life on the other side was just like life on this side, separated by a glass wall only through which the "dead" but not the living could see, and that the clapping of hands which greeted me as I entered the room was the friendly welcome to a new life, given by those who had gathered there to greet their newly arrived friends and loved ones. The strange sense of being "dead" without being conscious of having died, of being surprised at realizing that I was "dead", of being among the "living" without being "alive" was so overwhelming that it brought me back to consciousness.

Now, I can explain every feature of this dream from natural causes. Over Daytona Beach, where I am visiting my brother who is ill here, planes from a nearby airport are flying, day and night, and the pelicans soar constantly along the shore. In front of my cottage there is a beautiful beach but it is flooded twice a day by the tides. The day before my dream there had been a crack-up of one of those planes on the beach. One of my greatest difficulties is the remembering of names of people before whose clubs I make addresses. I had been that day reading proof of "STEP DOWN, DR. JACOBS", telling the story of Mr. Lupton's many kindnesses to me. These villas abound in little children, playing in the yards and street. And yet—

There was something in that dream that was not in any of those things, something mystical, mysterious and intensely real. For example, now that I am "alive" again, I cannot, for the life of me, conjure up Mr. Lupton's face with such exact perfectness nor with such intense realization of his presence. Nor can I begin to convey in words the strange surprise with which I became conscious of what an inconsequential thing death was and is; nothing more lonesome or more terrible than being met by one's best friend.

As we get up into the sixties and seventies we gradually become aware that, as someone recently put it, "most of my friends are out at West View."

“For the shores of life are shifting every year,
 And we are seaward drifting, every year.
 Old faces, changing, fret us,
 The living more forget us,
 There are fewer to regret us,
 Every year.”

So, death ceases to be a faraway event and comes to be tomorrow's problem. The good old friends and loved ones of past days die. “A new generation arises that knows not Joseph”. Life here becomes less real, less attractive and less interesting. Life there becomes more natural and more inviting. Certain evidences of a new kind of future life awaken within us. They appear as little new-born buds. Broken into, they disclose tiny leaves or petals, already prepared and waiting for a new world which they have never seen and of which they know nothing. So it comes to pass that

“Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
 Unnatural and full of contradictions,
 But others, of our most romantic schemes
 Are something more than fictions.”

May 28-June 3, 1945—This is the week of many anniversaries and their memories. On May 28th, 1864, one hundred and one years ago, my father was ordained and installed pastor of the so-called Presbyterian Church of Hell's Half-Acre, with a man freshly killed in its church-yard. May 28th thus became the day for the laying of cornerstones in the Orphanage, College and Church enterprises. The Saturday before the second Sunday in May was the date for the celebration of the anniversary of the Sunday School. In my own life, the last week in May was the commencement season at Oglethorpe. For twenty-five years we brought to Atlanta the most distinguished men of the nation for addresses, banquets and degrees, from Roosevelt on down. Woodrow Wilson was the recipient of the first honorary degree conferred by Oglethorpe. The Oglethorpe commencements became famous all over America. They were front page illustrated stuff for our local dailies. Our honorary guests were banqueted, “shot”, interviewed, feted, lionized, publicized for the nation. Many of their speeches attracted international attention, particularly those of Governor Roosevelt, Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, Secretary Jesse Jones and William Randolph Hearst.

Atlanta learned to look forward to these occasions as the most attractive and important academic events in her life.

Today, as I remember these famous hours I recall the comment of Sophocles:

“For who is there of men
That more of blessing knows
Than just a little while
In a vain show to stand
And, having stood, to fall.”

August 27, 1945—Real belief in the providence of God leads one to odd conclusions sometimes.

A few days ago in reading the *Atlanta Journal* I noticed a story about the “Wishing Well”. It seems that, by accident this little “department” of the paper had been omitted from one number. Scores of complaining telephone calls resulted.

Up to that time I had lived my life blissfully unaware that there was a “Wishing Well” in the *Journal* or anywhere else but, urged on by the same sort of motive that persuades one to peer into a show-window before which a crowd is gathered, I finally found it, subtracted four from the number of letters in my first name and checked out the result, sympathetically smiling all the while at the credulous people who did such things. Imagine my surprise when I read: “*Your life will be happy again.*”

A day or so later I saw in the church notices that my old friend Dick Flinn was to preach in his former pastorate, the North Avenue Presbyterian Church. Forsaking the charms of a cool, summer morning on the Cox Carlton porch, agreeable friends and entertaining Sunday papers I went over to hear him. The fact that the church was full and that he preached the best sermon I had ever heard by him was not, for me, the principal event of the morning. It was the collection. When the silver plate reached me I found that I had only a one dollar bill in my pocket book and it would be Monday before I could visit the bank. But I put it in the plate with memories of the day I had been elected President of Oglethorpe in that same church and Dr. Vance had quoted to me: “Certainly I will be with thee.”

Now here is the coincidence: A young woman and her daughter who had sat by me in the same pew spoke to me after the service and asked me, as we left the building, to enter her name as a subscriber to the *Westminster Magazine*—two dollars per

year. Two for one before I had left the church.

The oddness of these two coincidences lies in the fact that never before had either or any such events happened in my more than sixty years of living. The first and only time that I ever had consulted or probably ever shall consult the oracle of the "Wishing Well": "Your life will be happy again." The first and only time in my life that I ever put my last presently available dollar bill in the collection plate: two dollars for one! Before I could get out of the church.

The point is that these two little events, "coincidences", find their value solely in the belief that He

"Ordained a life for me, arranged
Its circumstances, every one
To the minutest."

As a matter of fact, *every* happening is a coincidence, every tiniest event a syllable in a novel and every minutest incident as perfectly planned and executed as the path of an electron.

September, 1945—The printer warns me that he is going to press with the last chapters of this book.

I should like to conclude this diary with an appeal to the people of Georgia, to protect, save, and develop Oglethorpe University. I beg of you men, women and children of Georgia never to forget that:

Your state was founded by one man, almost single-handed.

His name was James Edward Oglethorpe. He founded Georgia at the cost of his personal comfort, safety and fortune, as a refuge for people like his friend Castell, who, being unable to pay for the publishing of his beautiful and expensive volume on European Villas, was thrown into a debtor's dungeon where he contracted smallpox and died.

It was Oglethorpe who secured from King George II the grant of land which is named Georgia in honor of his sovereign, including the states of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

It was Oglethorpe who had the measures passed through Parliament necessary to the successful prosecution of this great enterprise.

It was Oglethorpe who gathered a group of distinguished Englishmen into an organization to effect his purpose.

It was Oglethorpe who guided his 119 colonists across the Atlantic ocean and landed them safely on Yamacraw Bluff on the

1st day of February, 1733, February 12th by our calendar.

It was Oglethorpe who conducted the negotiations with the Indians, notably his friend, Tomochichi, to such good purpose that never, during his lifetime, did there exist anything but utmost friendship between the English settlers and the Indian natives.

It was Oglethorpe who beat back the invading Spanish from Florida and, both by land and sea, protected his young colony from destruction.

It was Oglethorpe who drew the plan for the city of Savannah, one of the few cities in America that shows intelligent planning and the far vision of faith.

It was Oglethorpe who cleansed the whole wretched prison system in England.

He was the first Governor of Georgia.

He was the first great American general, as shown by his wars with the Spanish.

Before there was an abolitionist in New England, *he forbade the sale of negroes as slaves in Georgia*, nor was there such a thing as human slavery in his state while he was Governor.

Before there was a prohibitionist in America, *he forbade the sale of whisky in his colony.*

Himself an Episcopalian (church of England), he was the *founder of Methodism in Georgia* in bringing the Wesleys to his colony who preached the Gospel to his colonists and to the Indians, and welcomed the Salzburgers, Presbyterians, Jews and all other religionists.

It is a tradition that this greatest of all individual founders of American commonwealths at the time of the Revolutionary War, having been offered command of the royal forces to subdue the colonists, declined the position, saying that *he was not willing to fight against his own people.*

Your ancestors in the early days of the 19th century, having this in mind, founded Oglethorpe University in the capital of Georgia that it might bless the sons of his commonwealth, in his name forever. For fifty years it did its marvelous work, graduating during that period many of the ablest and most distinguished citizens of the state, among them the *incomparable Sidney Lanier*, who, alone, in 200 years of Southern history, has written the name of a southern-born man side by side with the

immortals of American verse, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Whitman, Poe.

Then came the war, and Oglethorpe cadets lost their lives upon a hundred battle fields; the Oglethorpe endowment was invested in Confederate bonds; the Oglethorpe faculty was dispersed; and the Oglethorpe buildings, used for barracks and hospital, were later burned. *Thus Oglethorpe University*, alone among the great institutions of the land, *died for its ideals*—for Georgia.

And now this monument to our Oglethorpe, established upon broader lines and firmer foundations, has been refounded.

It is the pride of Oglethorpe University that it is the only adequate memorial in all the world to the noble founder of the largest American commonwealth east of the Mississippi River and the last of the thirteen original states which united to form the United States.

In rebuilding your ancestral monument to the founder of your state I have spent thirty-five years of my life (1909-1944). I have secured for its construction *from outside of your state* approximately one and a half million dollars. I have caused you to possess as its campus, seven hundred acres of woodland, including an eighty acre lake, in the suburbs of your capital city, guaranteeing your university against the shortage of building space which cramps the growth of many of your other schools. I have caused to be built for you four (or six) of the finest and most beautiful educational structures in the United States, valued, with their equipment and including the campus, at approximately two million dollars. I have caused it to be operated successfully for over a quarter of a century. I have caused it to be the most widely known of small educational institutions throughout the English-speaking world. And now, for reasons explained in detail in this book, your own sons have forced me to stop my work in its behalf. Therefore, I bequeath it to you—upon the following terms and conditions:

1—It is to be continued forever as a memorial to James Edward Oglethorpe, the founder of the State of Georgia.

2—It is to be operated as it was originally founded, as a *University*, the purpose of which is: instruction of the best of the future in the best of the past by the best of the present, as a Liberal Arts College, not only, but also with schools of graduate

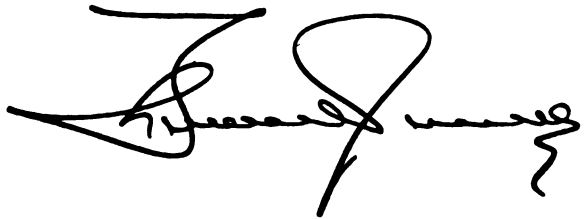
grade, including professional schools, especially medicine.

3—It is not to be absorbed by or amalgamated with any other institution but is to remain an independent monument to Oglethorpe forever.

I beg of you to watch over, encourage and support this, your fine memorial to your great founder. It will need, as it has always deserved, the backing of your knees and of your pocket-books. See that no other rival institution or agency gets hold of it to suppress or to destroy it. *Preserve* your memorial to the father of your state, this time. Do not make it necessary, again, for an outsider to come to Georgia and devote his life to rebuilding it, perhaps only to have it destroyed once more.

As to the immediate present, President Weltner is working hard to preserve and to improve our school. So is his executive committee which now consists of some strong, influential, outstanding new men added to some of the best members of the former group. All of us must help them. In their way, which may be much wiser and better than mine, they are working for us—for you and for me—and for the institution which we love. I am told that my enemies are hastening to help them. My answer is that no person is my enemy who hastens to help Oglethorpe. May God give them wisdom and courage and success.

I have refounded Oglethorpe University under the urge of the Almighty. I commit it to your care. I beg of you to treasure, preserve and develop it for yourselves and for your children, forever.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "James Oglethorpe". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, prominent loop at the end.

POSTFACE

In preparing this autobiography, I became conscious of the fact that it has been concerned so intensely with my personal affairs and so absorbed in the outcome of my individual adventure in faith that I have, perhaps too frequently, failed to describe the stupendous world changes which have been taking place, meanwhile, in the vast cinema of civilization. They have been many and mighty. From them, I may say, in advance of this attempt at their summarization, it is logical to conclude that I am right in saying that civilization goes forward but never in a straight line, always in spirals. Just now, except in respect of science and its applications, it is retrograding. The worlds of religion and education, society and politics, state, nationwide and international have deteriorated. The well-ordered, peaceful, hopeful society of men and nations of 1900 has become the chaotic, cynical, murderous, hypocritical barbarism of 1945.

It is very hard for me to realize that when I was a boy in my little village, we rose by lamplight, lit our churches and homes and streets with kerosene oil, warmed all buildings by means of wood fires in stoves and open fireplaces and had no running water nor bathrooms, nor telephones. In those days, ocean liners still supplemented steam power with sails. Men wore Prince Alberts to business and shaded themselves with umbrellas in hot weather. Women wore long, sweeping dresses, and did up their hair in Psyche style or in bangs and plaits. There were no paved roads and only the well-to-do had buggies. Most of the country people attended church in wagons.

Science has taken that ancient uncomfortable world and made it into a paradise of comfort. My Uncle Jim used to take all day, a wagon, two mules, two negro helpers and a week of dry weather to get a bale of cotton from his farm to the market at Laurens, six miles away. Today, a Ford truck would make it in fifteen minutes, in the rain.

Yet those years—1880-1914, probably were the most danger-

ously happy the world has ever known. The "civilized" part of it, Europe and America, were living under a "Balance of Power" system, whereby Europe was divided into two armed camps of nearly equal strength so that Great Britain could determine the issue of a war by throwing her might on the weaker side. Our policy was one of armed independence whereunder we kept armed only insofar as it was necessary to defend ourselves from the attacks of the minor powers. Our Monroe Doctrine constituted our only Foreign Policy. Under it we kept out of European wars and politics and Europe kept out of American affairs. The other was as important as the one.

Came the war with Spain at the conclusion of which, for \$20,000,000, we purchased the Philippines and a seat on the Exchange of "Great Powers" and thenceforward possessed "interests" in the Orient. Came 1914-18 and, for \$40,000,000,000 we purchased a place in the European Family War Dance held each quarter-century. Came 1939 and for \$300,000,000,000 we are purchasing a seat at the family table of the British Commonwealth or Empire, whichever title is to our taste, as Churchill has well said, thus arriving again at 1607. We are now *THE* great Power, His Majesty's most loyal Colony. With Communistic Russia we divide the world. We are the leader and chief charter member of a new League of Victors and have pledged our army, navy, air force and treasury to bloody the head of any nation that tries to do what we have done. Never again is the world to know any civil or international war without our interference and participation. That is what can happen in a half-century to a "peace-loving democracy" if and when it is led by magolomaniacs and "grey-eyed-greedy-guts."

Internally, the situation, even more decidedly has changed for the worse. When I was a boy the only people who would accept any gift, grant or gratuity from the public were beggars, Yankee civil war pensioners and aged wrecks who were compelled to go "over the hill to the poor house." When ugly-little-civil-war Columbia and Atlanta were burned to the ground, their citizens rebuilt them into far more beautiful and prosperous capitals, hoping to God that the Federal Government would keep just as far away from their communities as geography would permit. The quickest way to commit suicide in the South in those days, would have been to suggest to a Southerner that the Federal Government would help him.

Contemplate America, today! Every person in it from Saint Simon's to San Diego has his hat in hand, begging the Federal Government for "*Backsheesh*." Worst of all possible catastrophes, camouflaged as humanitarianism, the legalized robbery of the common treasury has, at last, been adopted by politicians under a system of spend and spend—tax and tax—elect and elect, amounting to legalized bribery and resulting in the mendicancy of the electorate. All this, I have detailed elsewhere. (See *This Perilous Year* and *Editorials* in Appendix).

At the same time that our nation was changing its leadership of the world from one of morals and manners into one of mass murder and megalomania, our music, painting and literature have descended to the level of surrealist debauchery. Third grade high school distortions win prizes as modern art. Smelly, suggestive songs are radioed as nation-wide hits. Publishers' scouts rush from city to city, muck-raking for novels dirtier than the one a rival house discovered in a forgotten manure pile. Women of wealth and promiscuous sexual habits hold as high positions in society as their grandmothers who were kissed (on the cheek) by a few men, too many. Great universities of "learning" offer every facility afforded by mediaeval monasteries and nunneries except the "orphanage in the valley". The church is an ossified mummy. Education is a nation-wide labor-union, organized for loot. Medicine has degenerated into a predatory bloc of Union-eers who control medical schools, hospitals and even spas and proprietary medicines, limit the output of doctors and nurses and, in the name of high medical standards, hi-jack the ignorant and trusting public. Washington politicians control what's left of life. Thomas Jefferson used to say: "When we look to Washington to tell us when to sow and reap we shall soon lack bread."

The America of Jefferson is dead. The Roosevelt Ruin has arrived!

Although we are still laboring under delusions of grandeur, diseases, arising from democracy in government, density in population and dissipation of a new continent's vast wealth now assure us that it will not be long before we are as poor and predatory as the rest of the world.

"Behold, one woe is here.
Another draweth near."

And yet, in spite of all of these things—and they are all true—

the United States remains as the happiest, freest and safest land on earth, such is the wholly horrible condition of most of the world and the combination of bankruptcy and political robbery and tyranny of the remainder. Poverty, disease, starvation and burning hates constitute the normal life of countless millions. Our own selfish greed, moral rottenness and cynical hypocrisy have not yet had time to take us that far.

The greatest need of the world today is wholly moral: faith, hope and old-fashioned charity. Immediately, we need more great preachers like Fosdick and more great University presidents like Hutchins, who, with reference to Germany, recently had the temerity to remind America of the kind of peace Lincoln wanted to offer the South; more great editors, unprejudiced and unafraid. Our President needs a psychologist and an anthropologist in his cabinet and a Jesus at the head of his army of occupation in Germany. Our pulpits need for their former occupants to come up out of their storm cellars and preach for the remainder of their pastorates on the text: "Ye have heard how it was said by them of old time 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' but I say unto you, Love your enemies . . . do good unto them that despitefully use you." "Such half-baked statesmen as our country produces", to use a phrase of Arthur Brisbane, need effective instruction in the principle: "No work, no eats." Every man, woman and child in the United States should wake up to the fact that for the last twelve years we have been frazzling the ropes of reason and righteousness on which our national safety depends until, today, "Truth is fallen in the street and equity cannot enter", and the honest, patriotic and law-abiding man "maketh himself a prey."

But most of all we need fearless prophets in the pulpits, on the tripod and at the mike who can and who will interpret the Laws of God, recently revealed in the great sciences, from the new astronomy to the new physics; men trained in chemistry, biology, psychosomatics, medicine and all the other books of God's new Bible. For "old things have passed away. Behold all things have become new."

For twenty-five years I have been telling my Cosmic History class that some day scientists would harness the incredible powers of the atom. They have now done so. The mass murder of men, commonly called war, has consequently been brought to a

reductio ad absurdum. Har Megiddo is just around the corner.

The United States of America, once the admired, trusted and longed-for land of liberty, goodwill and human brotherhood is now either feared, hated or envied by every person on earth.

The atomic bomb has made all nations equal in power of total assassination. Great cities like New York, London, Paris, Moscow have been put up as collateral to guarantee the good behavior of their people to Japan, Germany, Italy or any other resentful nation. The country with the largest number of big cities is the most vulnerable. That's the United States.

From now on, and forever "the meek shall inherit the earth". All of "those who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

From now on those who do not love their enemies "will die as none ever died before." They will be turned into gas, exploded, annihilated.

From now on there will be no "declaration" of wars. Swiftly, silently, at midnight, the enemy will strike, dropping *their* atomic bombs simultaneously on every large city, on every industrial and war plant, on every public utility and residence district, beginning and ending their avenging horrors in an hour or so and demonstrating again that they who make the bomb shall perish by the bomb.

From now on we shall participate in the conduct of three vast concentration camps. One of them will be about the size of Georgia and Florida. In it we shall guard some 70,000,000 ill-housed, ill-fed and ill-clothed Germans. In another, with fewer natural resources, we shall reduce 70,000,000 Japanese to a state of hopeless malnutrition and despair. In a third, of the same size, we shall confine 50,000,000 half-starved Italians, for fear that they as well as the Japanese and the Germans will break the windows of our delicatessen shop.

From now on, every person in the United States will live under the constant threat of atomic gassification or we shall have to police every city, country-side and cave on earth. The world will either be completely at our mercy or we shall be completely at theirs.

From now on, the people of the United States will sink again into their former lethargy; the people of Japan and Germany will remember, in their agonies and hates; the people of Russia will continue their permanent astuteness; the Big Three, Big Four, Big Five and Big Fifty will cease to function and every

nationally subsidized laboratory on earth will toil ceaselessly to discover the secret of the atomic bomb until they find it.

From now on all sane and patriotic people, the world over, will try to bridge the vast gap existing between the heart and the habits of mankind and to help religion catch up with science before the hates and greeds and revenges of men shall have destroyed civilization.

Once more we are in Eden, choosing between good and evil with the knowledge that if we choose evil, ordered life will perish from the earth.

We shall have to go back now to the fundamental principles of life. As I see them they are:

1—The fundamental fact of all life and literature is the struggle for survival, resulting inevitably in the survival of the fittest.

2—The struggle for survival leads inevitably to contests for *desiderata*, varying in intensity from simple acquisitiveness through unharnessed greed, to bloody wars.

3—The glorification of the struggle for life in song and story has resulted from and depended on the development of the noble emotions associated with it such as courage, self-sacrifice, patriotism, love of home and family and of the national flag and the national God.

4—Beginning with fist-fights and wrestling-bouts, war has become more mechanized through the centuries until David's sling-shot has become the American atomizer, and courage, self-sacrifice and related emotions have no place left for them in the bosoms of robots, jet propellers, and atomic bombs.

5—Scientific knowledge and its applications to life has increased with unimaginable speed at the same time that the moral character of society has deteriorated, until today "Christian" America finds it possible and desirable to atomize, destroy, wound, and de-house ten million men, women, children and unborn infants to bring "Peace" to the world.

6—As the struggle for life and for all of its blessings has been transferred from the individual to the nation all over the "civilized" world, the citizen has cast his burden of self-support on the politician and has surrendered his liberty and independence for his government hand-out and is entering happily into the security of a vast slave state differing in slightly varying degrees from the Southern plantation "befo' de wah".

7—In order to support its dependents, the governments have first borrowed, then printed money, confiscated properties by taxation, inflated their currencies, and finally gone to war to protect their “interests”, increase their incomes and guarantee their profits.

8—To justify their actions they seize all channels of information—radio, newspaper, cinema—propagandize their citizenry with fear, suspicion and hatred of the neighbor nations which they intend to attack, stigmatize them as “aggressors” and conduct mass-murder and wholesale destruction of millions of innocent bystanders.

9—In this way propagandized “patriots” who are complete strangers to each other except as to trade and mutual literary and scientific helpfulness are flung at one another’s throats in the name of liberty, home and righteousness until one or the other people or peoples have been tortured or terrified into submission, something that no Southern slave holder is recorded to have done.

10—After this has once been accomplished, there always remains a residue of hate, suspicion and fear which inevitably makes a succeeding venture in mass-murder easier.

11—Attended by snubs, “controls”, robberies, suspicions, vindictiveness and studied insults, “peace” treaties are made wherein the sparks of another and more destructive holocaust lie, awaiting the rake of ambitious megalomaniacs to be fanned into another world-wide conflagration.

12—As the result of at least seven milleniums of such misgovernment we now view a chaotic world of universal distrust, insecurity, greed, want, woe, hate, penury and hot-tempered revenges stinking with hypocritical preachments about the “Four Freedoms”, “Solidarity of the Big Five”, “United” Nations and all of the other clever lies whereby gullible and innocent peoples have been betrayed into a permanent psychological state of fear, anger and murder.

13—At that exact moment science makes the most important and revolutionary discovery in all history and delivers over to even the smallest nation or even to a group of truculent, under-world gangsters an instrument whereby they can and may terrorize cities and nations, at will, and we, the inventors, give them the moral and ethical green light by using it for the barbaric

extermination of myriads of innocent human beings with cruelties unequalled by Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Attila or Hitler.

14—In cold fact, therefore, the time has arrived when the world must and will study reconciliation, magnanimity and goodwill, when love of enemies will be far more important than the love of allies and when the golden rule of Confucius and Jesus will be the first axiom of diplomacy.

15—The alternatives are to police every nation, city, countryside and cave all over the world forever, or *troglydism*, underground life in cities, burrowed deep under mountains and in the bowels of the earth and the immediate abandonment of our modern surface cities for fear of the otherwise certain fact that any clever and determined enemy can and will drop a half-dozen atomic bombs, at mid-night on every large city and war plant in the United States which today, is the prime object of jealousy or fear or hatred of every country in the world.

Summary: So far have we gone in our march toward the "moral leadership of the world" since McKinley bought Bataan and Corregidor in 1899 for twenty million dollars.

Q. E. D. Now, Uncle Sam, will you do unto others as you would have them do unto you—or do you prefer hell?

Once we were, of all nations, the kindest-hearted, most generous, best-loved, the beacon light of goodwill and magnanimity. Today, every nation on earth looks on us with fear or jealousy or hate.

Once, as a poor, struggling, weak, little republic we demanded from all the world the right to frame and enjoy our own form of government whether they liked it or not. Now, we attempt to dictate to every weak nation on earth the form of government they must have.

Once, we vituperated our enemies if, as and when an innocent civilian was killed in war. Today, as the inventors of the American Atomizer we preen our feathers when our radios and papers boast that we have vaporized or otherwise slain, wounded or rendered homeless no less than ten million Japanese, topped by the "burning to death of 100,000 in a single super-fortress incendiary attack on Tokyo" (March 10, 1945 U. P. Dispatch of August 26) and by atomizing hundreds of thousands of others at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the most barbarous acts of inhuman brutality in the history of the world.

Having forsaken every principle of brotherhood known to religion and ethics we now face three and three only, alternatives.

a. We must put every valuable thing we have and own and are deep, down underground to win a little safety from our future enemies, or

b. We must police every country, city, farm and cave on earth to be sure that no one is manufacturing any atomic bombs, or

c. We must learn to love our enemies and keep a civil tongue in our heads and our mouths out of other peoples' affairs.

From the point of view of worldly wisdom, the only safe course is to do all three of these things as completely and promptly as possible.

For the moment we are the triumphant, "Christian", imperialist colossus straddling the turbulent oceans, from continent to chaotic continent. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome and the gold that was Spain and the Navy that was Britain and the army that was France and the luftwaffe that was Germany we have now christened with the barbarity that was Babylon and the cruelty that was Nineveh. ". . . drunk with sight of power, we loose strange tongues that have not Thee in awe" We disdain magnanimity, kindness, courtesy, chivalry to our enemies. We demand severity, haughtiness, contempt, hate, and execution of *their* war criminals, while we honor, praise and apotheosize those of France, Britain, Russia and the United States. Thus we lay up for ourselves "wrath against the day of wrath" for "with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged and what measure ye meet, it shall be measured unto you again"—when, as inhumanly, vindictively triumphant as we, *their* atomic bombs and *their* ultra-violet radiations make a hell of America. For, as Aeschylus told us over two thousand years ago:

"Tis the world's way
To set a harder heel on fallen power."

While at Princeton University, I took a course in the philosophy of Lao-tsu under "Jerry" Ormond, later president of Rutgers College. Witter Bynner has recently translated his "*The Way and the Conduct*". Before even Confucius and Buddha and Jesus he wrote:

"Triumph is not beautiful. He who thinks triumph beautiful is one with a will to kill. Even the finest arms are an instrument of evil, a spread of plague. In time of war, men civilized in peace turn from their higher to their lower nature. Arms are no meas-

ure for thoughtful men until there fail all other choice. Triumph is not beautiful. Conduct your triumph as a funeral."

Is there no Lao-tsu, no Confucius, no Jesus, no Buddha alive today, no Marduk to bring order and light to this modern chaos of a world without form, and void of any constructive powers and principles? We are the murderous masters of mighty miseries and wants and woes but we are still the servile slaves of our greeds and hates and fears and revenges. After another world-wide mass-murder, we organize another League of Nations, and, again, we omit from its roster the most important of its should-be members, our enemies. Big, but not yet great, with no sense of international *noblesse oblige*, we heap ignominy and insult on our fallen foes. We are too big and rich and powerful, physically, to be whipped and too little and poor and weak, ethically, to lead the nations into the city of the world, ready to descend from God out of the heavens in which under a new sky and on a new earth there shall be no more war.

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Appendix

FOREWORD

The records of the founding of most of our older universities, as to facts, ideals and spirit, have long since perished. At the time they seemed to be quite unimportant and were destroyed or lost through sheer neglect. It is the hope of the author that the articles collected in this appendix will, with the passing years, increase in value. From the point of view of the antiquarian and historian they seem, even at present, to be too important to be consigned to oblivion. Many of them will be of special interest to special groups of readers. In the course of thirty-five years of work in refounding Oglethorpe University they have played their part in its history. There are so many others like them that it has been difficult to select the most interesting of the group. All of them are vitally related to this autobiography. They are committed to the reader for such attention as they may seem to deserve and to the historian as source material for the reconstruction of the Oglethorpe story.

Obituary

"In one of the churches of England, there is a memorial tablet bearing this striking inscription: 'In the year 1653, when all things sacred were, throughout the nation, either demolished or profaned, Sir Robert Shirley founded this church, whose singular praise it was to have done the best things in the worst times, and to have hoped them in the most calamitous.'"

These articles will be interesting to all who have scanned the preceding pages. They show vividly and clearly how a man is buried who refuses to join the union. Before reading these news articles the reader should turn to page 786 and read the brief of Judge Watkins on "Accreditation" and the discussion of the subject of Accreditation of Schools, Colleges and Universities, Federal, State and Private.

Please note that all italics in these articles are mine.

Thornwell Jacobs.

DR. JACOBS 'OUT' AT OGLETHORPE 'OUTSTANDING EDUCATOR' TO SUCCEED HIM, COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN SAYS

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, who resurrected Oglethorpe University in 1913 and has served as its president since that time, will be relieved of his duties as head of the institution immediately, it was announced Friday following a meeting of the school's executive committee.

His successor, whose identity has not yet been made public, will be announced very soon, Edgar Watkins, committee chairman, said.

"He is one of the outstanding educators in the country," Mr. Watkins added, "and we already have his tentative acceptance of the post." No other changes will be made in the faculties of the arts or medical schools.

"No Comment," Jacobs Says

Dr. Jacobs, dynamic Presbyterian minister whose golden touch is crediting with developing the school from a penniless institution without property to a university with assets of more than a million and a half dollars, would make no comment Friday about his resignation.

"I have no comment at all," he said, when reached by telephone at his university office. "Just say I have no comment."

The dramatic history of Oglethorpe University, which was originally founded in 1837 in Milledgeville, and died in the War

Between the States when all of its students marched away to battle, is one linked with the career of the persuasive Dr. Jacobs.

A soft-spoken and dynamic man of 31, Dr Jacobs came to Atlanta in 1912 with \$1,000 and a great determination to found a college.

Baruch Saved School

Dr. Jacobs' amazing knack of collecting money has held through the years. Through his friendship with J. T. Lupton, wealthy Chattanooga philanthropist, the school received more than \$1,000,000. During the panic of 1929, when the school faced the default of a \$325,000 bond issue, Dr. Jacobs persuaded Bernard Baruch, of national financial fame, to come to its aid. He contributed \$125,000, and the school remained open.

Under the direction of Dr. Jacobs, the school has received a world of publicity. Its progressive trends of education were expounded in 1939 when seven selected students were chosen for comprehensive, streamlined training.

Honorary alumni include President Roosevelt, William Randolph Hearst, James A. Farley, Mrs Ogden Reid, Walter Lippmann, and many other outstanding men and women.

In 1941 Dr. Jacobs supervised the sealing of a famous Crypt of Civilization, preserved for the enlightenment of generations 6,000 years hence, and he recently announced plans for a second crypt to contain a comprehensive history of all that transpires in the war.

Part of the school's tradition is the story of Dr. Jacobs' visit to England, where he found the resting place of General Oglethorpe and his wife in Cranham, and sought to bring them to America. In this effort he was unsuccessful, but his plan aroused international interest.

The school has also had its difficulties. Recently students of its medical branch, established two years ago, were denied the right to study and intern at Grady Hospital, on the grounds that they did not represent an accredited medical institution.

Currently, the school is conducting an investigation among its students to determine the origin of a fire which burned Faith Hall, medical students' dormitory, in early September. Faith Hall, still uncompleted, was another of Dr. Jacobs' financial ventures, "founded on faith and prayer."

Not Behind Fire Probe

"None of this fire investigation was instigated by Dr. Jacobs," Mr. Watkins pointed out. "He had nothing whatever to do with it."

In making the announcement for the executive board, Mr. Watkins said Dr. Jacobs had discussed with him for more than a year his desire to retire from active duties, and that he wished to take his accumulated leave of four years, and not return as president.

"While the doctor is in excellent health and looks much younger than he is, it is but justice, after his long and amazingly successful service, to give him his accumulated leave, which is the course pursued generally by universities and colleges, and as Doctor Jacobs has not yet received this right, it should be accumulatively granted," the announcement read.

"All the directors of the university, as well as the public generally, recognize the great service of Doctor Jacobs and pay full tribute thereto," the statement continued. "In the history of education, the name of Doctor Jacobs will be outstanding."—*Atlanta Journal*.

WATKINS HEADS OGLETHORPE AS JACOBS RESIGNS

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, internationally famous founder of Oglethorpe University, will turn over his duties as president Monday to Edgar Watkins, chairman of the school's executive committee.

Dr. Jacobs' retirement was announced Friday "with regret" by Mr. Watkins following a meeting of the committee. The formal announcement of the committee explained that Dr. Jacobs would take a four-year leave accumulated over 31 years as head of the institution and would not return to the university at the termination of the leave. He is now 66 years old.

Mr. Watkins, an attorney and a graduate of the University of Georgia, will not head the university permanently, he declared. He will serve as temporary president until a successor to Dr. Jacobs can be appointed.

"We have the tentative acceptance of one of the outstanding educators of the country," Mr. Watkins said, "but he can't get away from his present duties until about January 1. We are not at liberty to identify him at this time."—*Atlanta Journal*.

JACOBS' PUBLICITY TOUCH MADE COLLEGE FAMOUS

EDUCATOR STARTED WITH \$1,000 AND BUILT OGLETHORPE
TO \$2,000,000 INSTITUTION

By Pete Craig

Whatever the loss to the world of education, the removal this week of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs from the Oglethorpe University scene will create a definite deficiency in the ranks of colorful figures who have adorned the news pages of the nation for years through the sheer audacity of their mental processes.

For Dr. Jacobs was by far peer of publicists when it came to putting the name of Oglethorpe in printers' ink, and newsmen have often marveled at this Barnum-like propensity for publicity in behalf of the "dream-school" he refounded.

Friends say it was this power of winning a favorable press that played a major role in aiding him to start out with \$1,000 and build a \$2,000,000 institution.

Never financially able to afford the luxury of a regular pub-

licity department, Dr. Jacobs contrived through the years to make himself and Oglethorpe the source of sufficient newspaper copy to dwarf older and much larger institutions of learning.

Front Page Secret

This was his own secret of crashing the front pages:

"If you can think up an idea that is of interest and importance, you'll get all the publicity you want."

Acting on this formula Dr. Jacobs secured international mention of Oglethorpe with such ideas as these:

The Crypt of Civilization, a time-resistant vault wherein is preserved a comprehensive replica of the world of today for the elucidation of the world of 8113—6,000 years anon. Stored in the rock-hewn room beneath Oglethorpe's administration building are nearly a million pages of literature ranging from the Corpus Juris Civilis to the Improved American Joke Book, and working models of planes and automobiles and a bottle of Coca-Cola. Announcement of plans for the crypt focused the attention of the world on Oglethorpe—and Dr. Jacobs will probably be recognized as the champion long-distance publicity director when our amazed descendants turn their eyes again to Oglethorpe in the year 8113.

Oglethorpe's Body

Removal of General Oglethorpe's body from England to Georgia—Oglethorpe University campus, to be explicit. This was Dr. Jacobs' idea that first brought international publicity to himself and his college.

Invading England with the idea of locating the dust of the man who founded Georgia and for whom the school was named, Dr. Jacobs succeeded in finding the general's tomb—but ran into diplomatic and church opposition that made the world Oglethorpe University-conscious for the first time. Exhibiting diplomatic tact after arousing a storm of protest from both sides of the Atlantic, Dr. Jacobs compromised by returning only with an original painting of the general. But his efforts had created more publicity, perhaps, than the opening of Tutankamen's tomb.

The World's First Radio School. This was another of Dr. Jacobs' audacious educational ideas, and the birth of Radio Station WATL. The radio school was founded with a gift of \$40,000 by the late J. Thomas Lupton, soft drink and patent medicine millionaire of Chattanooga. Started in the pioneer days of broadcasting, the idea was for students to listen in on radio lectures, take notes, stand examinations and win degrees. After three years the station was sold by the university, although Dr. Jacobs still believed remote control education would work on more powerful wave lengths than his station boasted. Although short lived, the experiment won its way into the pages of numerous newspapers if not the hearts of old-line educators.

"Mental Supermen"

The World's First Class of Mental Supermen. It was Dr. Jacobs' idea to teach a select class about everything in the books within a period of six years, but marriage and general lassitude dissipated the original student body before the second year was completed. But both the idea and its death made the papers.

A Replica of the Roman Stadium on the Oglethorpe Campus. This early idea of Dr. Jacobs resulted in Hermance Stadium, the granite-front athletic field wherein once the Stormy Petrels ran rough shod, for a few years, at least, over older and larger college teams to endear the name of Oglethorpe to the hearts of sports fans and furnish the sports editors with reams of copy.

A Living, Growing Memorial. For a while it looked as though Dr. Jacobs might have run out of ideas, but only a few weeks ago the press announced his plan for creating, along the shores of Lake Phoebe, a living memorial to the pioneer friends of Oglethorpe. It was to be a grove of seedling giant Sequoias—the mammoth trees named after those faithfuls who backed Dr. Jacobs when the idea for refounding Oglethorpe was being put into effect.

Honorary Degrees

Honorary Degrees for the World's Great. Another Jacobs' idea that paid off permanently in publicity as well as in assistance to his school. Each graduation day, for many years, the award of honorary degrees at Oglethorpe read like pages from Who's Who. Many of the great men journeyed to Oglethorpe to receive the honors—and that made more news. Included in the list of men so honored are such personages as Woodrow Wilson, President Roosevelt, Bernard Baruch, William Randolph Hearst and Gene Talmadge.

Some of Dr. Jacobs' ideas backfired, but most of them were the envy of circus press agents when it came to getting the name of himself and school in the printed pages. For instance, only recently his new medical college was in the news when its students were prevented from interning at Grady Hospital along with those from older established schools.

But ideas that heralded his school to the far corners of the world were not the sole attributes of Dr. Jacobs, for he possesses a soft, resonant voice, an outstanding personality and a golden touch that enabled him to start in 1909 with a dream-like idea, \$1,000 in cash, and build within the interim an institution whose physical assets are valued at two million.

Founded in 1835

Old Oglethorpe was founded in 1835 at Milledgeville and named for General Oglethorpe, who had landed at Savannah with 120 followers and established the British Colony of Georgia. The

old school died during the War Between the States when its student body to a man marched off to war.

Son of a South Carolina Presbyterian preacher who organized Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton, Dr. Jacobs heard stories of old Oglethorpe as a child on the knee of an uncle who had taught there.

Dr. Jacobs came to Atlanta as a young man imbued with the idea of refounding Oglethorpe, "without invitation, save from within, and without authorization, save from above."

His idea was evidently sidetracked, momentarily, when he was employed to aid an Agnes Scott campaign for \$250,000, after one of the college trustees recalled "a fellow named Jacobs who got \$50 from me I never intended giving, for Thornwell Orphanage."

Campaign a Classic

His early campaign to raise \$150,000 from Southern Presbyterian Churches and another \$100,000 from Atlanta businessmen for this purpose was a classic of persuasion, pitfalls, and even threatened lawsuits—but it succeeded.

And once the school was started, his ability to impress men and women of wealth with his ideas for expansion—as well as his ability to get stories of these ideas printed—caused many to marvel.

Yes, sir, nobody knows yet what the loss of Dr. Jacobs may mean in the field of education—but there's not a single doubting Thomas to the fact that his removal from the Oglethorpe scene will mean a dearth of audacious ideas from a publicity standpoint.—*Atlanta Journal*.

WELTNER MAY ACCEPT POST OF DR. JACOBS

OGLETHORPE MUST RAISE FUNDS FIRST, COMMITTEE IS TOLD

Philip Weltner, attorney and one-time chancellor of the University System of Georgia, has agreed to accept the presidency of Oglethorpe University, succeeding Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, if certain conditions are met, it was learned Saturday from members of the university's executive committee.

A member of the committee said the conditions are:

1. Liquidate an indebtedness of \$27,000 now standing against the university.
2. Promise that every effort will be made to raise an endowment fund that will yield \$100,000 a year.

Watkins to Act as President

Edgar Watkins, chairman of the executive committee, will serve as president of the university until a permanent successor is chosen for Dr. Jacobs, who was relieved of his duties by action of the committee several days ago.

It was learned that the executive committee has already started to raise the \$27,000 to meet current debts. Most of the money

is expected to come from donations made by members of the committee, one of their number stated.

"I think all members of the committee are sufficiently interested in having Mr. Weltner as head of the school to see that the money is raised at once," said a spokesman.

It was learned that the committeemen expected to meet again in "a week or 10 days" and that they expect by that time to be able to tell Mr. Weltner the conditions he laid down have been met.

Weltner Comments

Mr. Weltner, one of Atlanta's leading attorneys, told The Journal last night:

"One or two members of the board have discussed the matter with me, but it hasn't gone any further, and I doubt that it will go any further. I doubt that anything further will come of it, and it is unfortunate that this matter was made public."

Several members of the committee spoke highly of the ability and standing of Mr. Weltner and expressed the opinion that he is an ideal choice for presidency of the institution.

Mr. Weltner, a native of New York, has received honors from three universities. He graduated from the University of Georgia with the degree of bachelor of arts in 1907. He received his law degree from Columbia University in 1910 and in 1933 received the degree of doctor of laws from Oglethorpe. He is 56 years old.

Mr. Weltner has practiced law in Atlanta since being admitted to the Georgia bar in 1910. For a time he was receiver for the Georgia, Florida and Alabama Railroad and became a regent at large for the University System of Georgia.—*Atlanta Journal*.

OGLETHORPE'S FUTURE

A brave effort is being made to tide Oglethorpe University over its present difficulties and establish it on a firm foundation. Following the retirement of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, who has been head of the institution for nearly 30 years, Edgar Watkins, distinguished lawyer and chairman of its executive committee, has become acting president. Mr. Watkins states that, in order to secure a permanent president of the proper caliber, the school must have "at least \$27,000 to pay current bills and later some \$50,000 to cover any possible deficit for the year 1944." The \$27,000 must be obtained before January 1. Friends of the institution believe that, if these requirements are met by a generous public response, its future under the leadership of "an outstanding educator" will be assured.

Oglethorpe has an interesting history. Founded in 1836 under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, its original seat was in Baldwin County, Georgia, near Milledgeville. There it flourished until the War Between the States, when most of its student body

joined the Confederate Army. Near the close of the war it suspended entirely. But in 1870 it was removed to Atlanta, where it operated in quarters on Washington Street. The stress and lean-ness of the times were too much for such a venture, and in 1872 the college died. Forty-one years later it was resurrected by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, under whose presidency Oglethorpe grew until its plant and other material assets are said now to exceed one and a half million dollars.

Such a property and such an opportunity for educational service ought not to be lost by Atlanta and the South. Given due guidance and support, *Oglethorpe could attain to the standards set by the Southern Association of Colleges and become a power for progress.* Born above a century ago in a creative era in Georgia's history, it should be preserved and enabled to achieve its potential usefulness to the State.—*Atlanta Journal.*

RIFT OVER OGLETHORPE'S ACCREDITATION DISCLOSED

DR. JACOBS FOUGHT AGAINST RESTRICTIONS; WATKINS ADVOCATED STANDARD UNIVERSITY

Disagreement over the accrediting of Oglethorpe University was the final straw that broke the once-happy relationship between Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, the school's founder, and its executive committee, it was revealed Monday.

Dr. Jacobs, whose resignation as head of Oglethorpe was announced by the committee on December 10, and who has long been known as an individualist in education, opposed the school's becoming accredited on the grounds that accredited restrictions would hamper ideas and development.

The board, headed by Edgar Watkins, local attorney, favored accreditation and was urging steps toward the school's acceptance in the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary schools, when the break came with Dr. Jacobs.

Never Was Accredited

Oglethorpe, which has been operating under its re-established charter for 30 years, has never been accredited in any of its schools. Recently, however, students of its new medical branch were denied the right to study and intern at Grady Hospital on the grounds that they did not represent an accredited medical institution. It was that conflict, informed sources say, that brought into the open the disagreement on the school's policy.

"The medical school is only two years old, of course," *said Mr. Watkins, who is currently acting as president of the university pending the acceptance of an offer made to Dr. Philip Weltner, another Atlanta attorney.* "And we could not be accredited by the American Medical Association until we have had a graduating class. That will be next year. However, *what worried us was that*

Dr. Jacobs was not willing to take the steps to prepare for accreditation."

Accrediting of the Arts and Science schools has never been so important to the students in those branches, Dr. Watkins said, because the big eastern schools, where many go to take their advanced degrees, do not care about accreditation. No advanced school in the South, however, will accept the degrees of students from institutions not acceptable to the Southern Association.

Points for Accrediting

"Accreditation is, of course, some bother," said Mr. Watkins. "Its rules limit the number of students each professor may instruct, and the hours he may teach. It prevents discharging teachers without showing cause, but it has unquestionably good points to be desired by a school that wants to get better as the years go by."

Accreditation also requires that schools have an endowment fund, which Oglethorpe also lacks. This, Mr. Watkins hopes, will be remedied in the near future.

Since it is also one of the conditions on which Dr. Weltner will accept the presidency, directors of Oglethorpe will meet here on December 31 to consider means of accumulating an annual endowment income of \$100,000. More than half of the money needed to meet a current indebtedness of \$27,000 on the school has already been collected by the executive committee.—*Atlanta Journal*.

\$57,000 RAISED TO PAY DEBTS OF OGLETHORPE

Money for the payment of current debts of Oglethorpe University, and a guarantee of the forthcoming year's expenses—a total of \$57,000—has already been raised, but some of it *cannot be used until Dr. Thornwell Jacobs completely severs his connection with the institution, the school's board of directors was told Tuesday*. Dr. Jacobs, whose resignation as president was accepted several weeks ago, has not yet vacated his office of his personal effects.

In a formal report to the board, Edgar Watkins, trustee head, advised that Dr. Philip Weltner, Atlanta attorney, has not yet accepted the presidency of the school, but that he is considering the offer favorably. One of the contingencies of his acceptance is the raising of funds to lift the debt and provide an endowment income of \$100,000 annually. The latter condition has not yet been met.

Mr. Watkins also advised the board that many of the former friends of the school, who had become wholly out of sympathy with it, have returned to service since the ousting of Dr. Jacobs, and are now making financial contributions.

"Others of our friends and new friends," he said, "will do the same as they become acquainted with the situation."

The accreditation of Oglethorpe University will be the first aim

of the new faculty, Mr. Watkins said. Accreditation was one of the issues on which the board and the founder, Dr. Jacobs, disagreed. The quarrel was brought into the open shortly after medical students of Oglethorpe were refused clinical facilities at Grady Hospital.—*Atlanta Journal*.

\$57,000 GIVEN TO OGLETHORPE

Friends of Oglethorpe University have raised \$57,000 for the institution. *But some of the gifts are conditional on the complete severance of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs from the university.*

Edgar J. Watkins, chairman of Oglethorpe's board of trustees, so announced yesterday.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WISE AND SINCERE

Dr. Philip Weltner, new president of Oglethorpe University, announces that it will withdraw from the field of medical education. Referring to its medical students, who will be transferred as soon as possible to other schools of medicine, he says, "I could not bring myself to permit these men to continue at Oglethorpe when the Medical School lacked the means and facilities to assure them of realizing their ambition to practice medicine. Oglethorpe University will undertake only that which it can do superlatively well. This is a matter of honor and public obligation."

There we have promise and proof of the *new era upon which Oglethorpe has entered* and, interestingly enough, *it is a return to the ideals on which the institution was founded more than a hundred years ago*. Now, as then, there is need for the kind and the quality of education that looks primarily to human and social values. Professional and vocational schools have essential parts to play, as do the great universities. But we can never spare the school that aims first of all to make good citizens and well rounded personalities. *In confining itself to this particular field of service* the reorganized and reoriented Oglethorpe will gain, not only the confidence of those who believe in sound standards, but also a more fertile field of usefulness.

President Weltner declares, "Oglethorpe was founded as a small college in which learning and character are of equal importance. This purpose is in process of being abundantly fulfilled." What he has done shows the sincerity and truth of what he says.—*Atlanta Journal*.

APPLAUSE FOR PRESIDENT WELTNER

Philip Weltner, president of Oglethorpe University, has announced that the medical school at Oglethorpe has been discontinued "because it lacked the means and the facilities for medical training."

He further announces that Oglethorpe wishes to do only what it may do "superlatively well."

There will be general applause for President Weltner. It was expected that he would give not merely direction, but character, to Oglethorpe. This latest decision is an excellent illustration of the fact that he is doing what was expected of him.

His statement bears out what the American Medical Association had reported about the Oglethorpe Medical school. It further indicates that the accrediting agencies were correct in refusing to accredit the school.

There is a place for Oglethorpe. Atlanta and Georgia will assist its executives in making it the finest small liberal arts college in the south.—Atlanta Constitution.

PROGRESS AT OGLETHORPE

Friends of *rejuvenated Oglethorpe*—which President Philip Weltner is endeavoring to establish as a superlatively good, if small, college of liberal arts—will rejoice at the news *that following an inspection of the institution, the committee on admissions of the University of Georgia* has recommended that the American Association of Collegiate Registrars place it in Class B as of the first of next month.

Previously, Oglethorpe has been rated in Class K which meant that work done at the school was accepted for half-credit only towards degrees at other institutions of college grade. Its Grade B classification, however, will *now insure that other schools will give full credit* for work done at Oglethorpe and that degrees from Oglethorpe will be accepted for graduate standing.

Oglethorpe is making progress, real progress, and much faster than even the most optimistic had dared hope for.

Let us encourage its continuance in every possible manner.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Judge Watkins' Brief

On the Accreditation of Oglethorpe

By the spring of 1943 the Oglethorpe Medical School accreditation situation had also reached a crisis. Judge Edgar Watkins, our president, chairman and attorney, had collected much information, written a brief, paid a retainer's fee and started an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission of the activities of the Southern Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, the American Medical Association and its subsidiaries, Emory University and its subsidiary, Grady Hospital. This review of the case was completed just before the highly exciting days of the faculty-student strike hereinbefore described. Also, it contains so much material which is important and astounding that I present it herewith. It should be read *verbatim*.

EDGAR WATKINS AND ALLAN WATKINS
Attorneys at Law
Citizens & Southern National Bank Bldg.
Atlanta, Georgia

April 5, 1943.

Mr. Mac Asbill,
Cummings & Stanley,
K Street near 16th,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mac:

I am sending you herewith a statement of the situation relating to Oglethorpe University. As a part thereof, there is also sent you certain appendices of catalogs and letters which support statements therein made.

Of course, I can not know but a small part of the activities that are being used against Oglethorpe. If there is an investigation by legal authorities, correspondence can be required and examined which will prove as complete a conspiracy to monopolize and damage as ever existed.

What character of teaching shall be kept in stock and offered for sale by any institution is to be determined by the seller, and any association may honestly appraise the value of such teaching. However, no combination of sellers of teaching may lawfully injure their competitor by preventing, by a boycott, primary or secondary, such competitor from selling whatever teaching he

offers. To restrain commerce and trade in the business of exchanging to customers among the states teaching is definitely a violation of the anti-trust laws of the United States.

Hoping that you can get such an investigation, I am sending you herewith check for \$500.00 as I promised.

Your friend,

Edgar Watkins.

EW/dh

encl-

The brief prepared by Judge Watkins follows:

Oglethorpe University, as it now exists, was chartered May 8, 1913. It was chartered under the laws of the State of Georgia authorizing educational institutions to have all the functions of a corporation, and the purpose of its incorporation, as stated in its charter, is

“The purpose of this corporation is educational and its principal place of business and corporate home shall be in the County of Fulton and the State of Georgia, but it prays the right and power to extend its operations and hold property in different Counties of this state.”

In paragraph 3 of such charter, it is provided:

“Said corporation shall be granted the power * * to establish and conduct a University for the purpose of promoting education of such kind and character as may be desirable and desired and as may be determined by the appropriate Governing Board as provided in paragraph 4 hereof; to enforce good order, receive donations, make purchases, and effect all alienations of realty and personalty, not for the purpose of trade and profit, but for promoting the general design of such institution, and to look after the general interest of such establishment; to grant diplomas and confer degrees, literary, scientific, professional and clerical, and such other degrees and honors as are usually conferred by universities.”

Under this power, Oglethorpe University was organized and has conducted courses of study, including the usual arts course. Since its organization, there has been contributed, by the friends of Oglethorpe, living in many states, approximately \$2,000,000.00, and this was invested in grounds and buildings. The University now has property of a present reasonable value of \$1,600,000.00, and owes approximately \$115,000.00.

Filed herewith is a bulletin of Oglethorpe University for the year 1941, being Volume 25 No. 1. This is marked Appendix A. The full charter, as it now exists, is shown in said bulletin, beginning at page 160, and the bulletin shows the courses of study that have been pursued.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGES

There exists in the south what is known as the Southern

Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, which was organized in 1895. This association publishes the Southern Association Quarterly, in which, for February, 1942, is presented the Standards of the association. The standards are found at page 223, and the following pages. A copy of the quarterly for February, 1942, marked Appendix B, is filed herewith.

Among the standards fixed in the Constitution of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools are the following:

It is recited in its preamble, that its purposes are "improving the quality of work and the *procedures* to be followed" among its members. It requires that colleges seeking membership shall require "for admission" graduates from "*an approved secondary school*".

In Standard 2, the minimum requirement for a baccalaureate, "shall be 120 semester hours or the equivalent".

Standard 4 requires that colleges, members of the Association, shall generally have as the head of their departments teachers who have "the doctorate in their respective fields or their equivalent"; that there shall be one teacher for "an average of twenty students".

Standard 5 limits the schedule of teachers to not "more than sixteen credit hours a week".

Standard 6 fixes for full professors a minimum salary of \$3,000, for associate professors \$2800, for assistant professors \$1800, and for instructors \$1200, and provides, "tenure shall be regarded for all professional lengths as continuous after tentative period has expired".

Standard 7 requires, before membership can be had in the association, a minimum of endowment of \$500,000.00.

Standard 9 fixes the size of library required, and Standards 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 regulate certain academic activities.

Standard 15 requires members to make reports "and be *approved* by this association".

Standard 16 requires the keeping of records, and Standard 17 fixes the amount that shall be expended on students.

Standard 18, among other things, says "all such professional schools must be recognized by the appropriate national association or standards when such are available, but this association may also check the efficiency of the same".

The method of securing students is stated, and the spirit of cooperation required by Standard 20.

Standards then proceed with other requirements, including standards for secondary schools.

Oglethorpe University is not a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, nor has it applied for membership. Since its organization, it has not been recognized by such association, nor has it been accredited in any way by that association or any other non-governmental association. It has

been accredited by the State of Georgia through the Board of Education of that state.

Graduates of Oglethorpe University have not been permitted to teach in some of the schools belonging to the association. Typical of what has happened to the university is the case of Charles King. In 1941, Charles King applied for the position of coach and teacher at the Quitman, Georgia, High School. King was a graduate of Oglethorpe University, and when his application was received by Allen C. Smith, Superintendent of the Quitman Public Schools, Mr. Smith wrote a letter, filed herewith as Appendix C, in which he said, among other things:

“Upon checking with the Southern Association, we found that Oglethorpe is not approved for teacher training for members of faculties of Southern Association Schools, and for that reason we were unable to offer you the work here. Your application interested us, and we regretted that this standard of the Southern Association prevented our offering you the work.”

The President of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University, on August 27th, wrote Mr. Allen C. Smith a letter, in which it was said:

“In view of this fact, and of the fact that a large number of graduates from Oglethorpe University have been for some years and yet are teaching in Georgia public schools, some as Superintendents, some as Principals and some as teachers, we were surprised to read your letter. Will you not be so kind as to send me any communication you have had from the Southern Association that led you to use the language quoted above? A stamped envelope is enclosed for your reply.”

To this letter, no reply has ever been received.

Another illustration is that of Miss Nancy Wilson, who graduated from Oglethorpe University with a Bachelor and a Master's Degree. She sought a place as teacher in the schools of Iowa, and the Board of Educational Examiners of that state refused to examine her, not because she was not properly educated, but because she was not a graduate from an institution “accredited by the Regional Accrediting Agency of the territory in which it is located”.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, wrote the Board of Educational Examiners of Iowa concerning the matter, and called attention to the fact that Oglethorpe was accredited by the state's Board of Education and the Superintendent of Education of the State of Georgia. To this letter, Dr. Jacobs received a reply, dated February 9, 1942, in which, among other things, the Executive Secretary of the Iowa board said:

“We accept graduates only from those institutions

which are accredited by the Regional Accrediting Agency of the territory in which it is located. *The fact that your State Department of State Universities recognizes your institution does not satisfy our requirement. We depend upon the Regional Accrediting Agency for our information concerning an institution's status.*"

The original of this letter is filed herewith, marked Appendix D.

Another illustration is that of Edwin C. Hester, of Colquit, Georgia, who unsuccessfully sought a position as county superintendent, and who writes:

"Hon. P. Z. Geer, former County School Superintendent, refused to consider me for the superintendency of the high school here because Oglethorpe University is not a member of an accrediting association. He promised last night to give me an affidavit showing these facts, but got cold feet even though his brother graduates from Oglethorpe this year.

"Dr. Stevens, Dean of the Graduate School, and Dr. Brooks, Dean of the School of Commerce, both at the University of Georgia, refused to recognize my two degrees from Oglethorpe University on the grounds that Oglethorpe University is not a member of an accrediting association. Dr. Brooks went much further and stated that none of Oglethorpe's teachers were qualified teachers. They further stated that they would not play ball with Dr. Jacobs because he would not play ball with them.

"Even though my experiences in the educational field have been very bitter because of my connection with Oglethorpe University, and even though I never intend to teach again, I wish that some way might be found whereby graduates of one college or university, whether accredited by State or Private institutions or associations, will be given equal opportunity with the graduates of other colleges or universities.

"We boys of the armed forces are fighting for freedom for all and not for a chosen few with special privileges."

It has been estimated by the faculty of the Oglethorpe University that by denying recognition to duly qualified teachers by members of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, Oglethorpe University, which has students from nearly every state in the union, has lost, in tuition, at least \$200,000.00.

Another element of loss is that graduates of Oglethorpe University can not enter post-graduate courses in other of the smaller colleges. They can go to Harvard, Johns Hopkins and other large eastern colleges, powerful enough not to fear the domination of extra-governmental accrediting associations.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

For ten years or more, The Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University and the Executive Committee, which acts for the Board when the Board is not in session, has considered the establishment of a medical school. It was recognized that, while there are two good medical schools in Georgia, the applicants to attend such schools in this and other sections of the United States were more numerous than the opportunities were to attend.

Because of the fear that lack of accreditation by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools might interfere with the graduates of Oglethorpe's medical school, such medical school was not established. However, in 1941, it developed that there was such a shortage of doctors both in Georgia and in other parts of the United States, that it was the duty of Oglethorpe University to use its facilities to educate and train more doctors, and it was decided to establish a medical school as part of the university system.

Before doing so, the officials of Oglethorpe University consulted with the Board of Medical Examiners of the State of Georgia, and that Board promised that if the medical school should be found acceptable to the Board after there is a graduating class, that such graduates would be "eligible for examination". Acting upon this promise, and in 1941, it was decided to establish a medical school. The Code of the State of Georgia, Section 84-910, provides what shall be taught in a medical school in Georgia. Announcement of the character and extent of such medical school was made in a bulletin of Oglethorpe University, dated April, 1942, at pages 12 and 13 of which occurs a quotation from what the Board of Medical Examiners promised. This bulletin is filed herewith as Appendix E.

The Oglethorpe Medical School made a general announcement of its purposes and character. This is filed herewith as Appendix F.

The laws of Georgia relating to medical schools, in Section 83-913 of the Code of Georgia, require an examination by the Board of Medical Examiners of Georgia on named subjects. All of these subjects are adequately taught in Oglethorpe's medical school. It is necessary, before any one can practice medicine in Georgia, that he be examined and approved by such Board, and obtain therefrom a license to practice. (Code 84-915).

The medical School of Oglethorpe has had two scholastic years, but until the third and fourth years are completed it will have no graduates. However, there has been a statement from the Board of Medical Examiners of Georgia indicating that for some reason it is not as much inclined to examine the graduates when they are ready for examination as it indicated when the matter was first brought to its attention. Oglethorpe University does not know what brought about this change. It believes that

the American Medical Association and its related organizations, including the American Association of Medical Colleges and the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, jointly are responsible for this indicated change in sentiment.

In the past, the State Board of Medical Examiners has refused to examine a graduate of the Chicago Medical School, a non-accredited school in Illinois, although such graduate met all the requirements of the Code of Georgia. Solely because the school at which she graduated was not accredited, an examination of Dr. Jane Lucretia Grezda was refused. By Appendix G, attached hereto, is shown, by a certified copy of the minutes of the State Board of Education, that such examination was declined.

HOSPITALS

As part of a medical education, under the requirements of modern teaching, it is necessary that medical students observe and study in hospitals the method of treating diseases, including attendance on operating rooms and clinics. That Oglethorpe Medical School might have such opportunity to observe and study in this part of their training, application was made to Grady Hospital, of Atlanta, Georgia, an institution supported by public funds, for authority of the students of Oglethorpe Medical School to attend such hospital for such purposes.

On May 30, 1941, request was made for students of Oglethorpe Medical School to attend on Grady Hospital for the purpose of training as hereinbefore stated. A similar opportunity has, for several years, been accorded to Emory University in its medical department.

In reply to this application, Thomas K. Glenn, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, promised to submit the matter to the Board, and closed his letter by saying:

"I understand that you are quite right in saying that there is a shortage of doctors, and some method should be devised to provide for this deficiency. If Oglethorpe University can be the means of providing opportunities for medical students, it should be encouraged in this respect."

The original of this letter is filed herewith, marked Appendix H.

As the time drew near when the three and four year students would need these hospital facilities, application was again made to the Grady Hospital authorities, seeking an arrangement definitely providing for the use of such hospital in a way similar to that now being enjoyed by the Emory Medical School, and for a definite statement of details of such use. To a representative of Oglethorpe University, Frank Wilson, a member of the Board of Trustees of Grady Hospital, stated:

"If you will become accredited, you can come into

Grady any time you want to, just as Emory Medical College does. Until you do, you can not come in."

Filed herewith is a report for 1940 of Grady Hospital, marked Appendix I. Here, at page 9, it is said:

"We thank the medical school for its help and medical work in the school."

No other school could have been referred to than Emory. Oglethorpe can give the same help. At page 34, of said report, attention is called to the fact, by the Dean of Emory University School of Medicine, that that school and Grady Hospital "have been customarily pooling their resources in carrying on the work of the hospital". Oglethorpe is ready to give Grady Hospital all proper and legal cooperation.

Being delayed in getting into Grady Hospital, and the time rapidly approaching when it is necessary that that facility be granted from some hospital, application was made to a hospital at Chattanooga, Tennessee, where, although somewhat inconvenient, students at Oglethorpe Medical School could have attended. An agreement was tentatively reached by which Oglethorpe Medical School students could have the advantages of that hospital. After the tentative agreement was made, and on February 24, 1943, Dr. Charles Robert Thomas wrote Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, as follows:

"We regret to inform you that a very careful investigation was made in regard to the effect on the Hospital in association with a Medical school that was not accredited. This revealed the information that it would be definitely detrimental to our Hospital, and although we were not told directly that it would take us from the approved list, it was intimated.

"In these days and times when house men are so difficult to obtain, the Executive Committee of the Hospital felt that anything which might cause suspicion of the Hospital would react very definitely against obtaining an adequate number of internes.

"We regret that we could not be of assistance."

Seeking for more definite information, Dr. Jacobs wrote Dr. Thomas and asked by what means "it was intimated". To this letter, no reply has been received. It is believed that the reason for the change was that the American Medical Association told the Chattanooga hospital not to permit Oglethorpe students to attend therein.

Application was made to a hospital at Savannah, Georgia, and it was tentatively agreed that Oglethorpe Medical School students could use that hospital. Later, we were informed that we could not get such use. No letter of explanation was given to Oglethorpe officials.

Application was also made to Georgia Baptist Hospital. This was at first considered, but later denied. The Dean of Oglethorpe Medical School wrote for an explanation, and on March 31st received a reply saying the application was denied because "your school is not accredited". (See letter, marked Appendix J.)

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

The activities of the American Medical Association in its relation to hospitals is well illustrated by the report of a speech of Dr. Frank H. Lahey, in the Boston Post of March 11, 1943. Dr. Lahey is an ex-president of the American Medical Association, and his address is given rather fully. Parts thereof are illuminating.

After Dr. Lahey advised that he would do what was necessary "and the American Medical Association go whistle", the article proceeds:

"The announcement by Dr. Lahey came as a surprise to the gathering of medical personnel and it was suggested that many hospitals, faced with the problem of having no internes at all unless they hire so-called class B men, will now do so.

FEARS NO RETALIATION

"When another questioned asked Dr. Lahey about retaliation from the powerful American Medical Association which has the right to take away a hospital's class A standing in the profession, he asked: "Are you afraid of the American Medical Association?"

"When the woman, who did not make herself known, replied that she was not, but was afraid of internes walking out, he reminded the audience that the hospitals "had better get the internes they can and settle with the Medical Association later."

"Dr. Lahey told the doctors, nurses and hospital attaches that the medical profession has got to get out of the deep ruts of peace-time thinking.

"The problem of providing the military services with doctors has become acute, he warned in his discourse before the question period."

Private institutions like Oglethorpe University can not know all of what is going on in the American Medical Association and its associates. It is known that active opposition occurs to all institutions that are not within the associations of medical colleges and their related organizations.

During the times that prosecution of the American Medical Association was pending in the District of Columbia, a campaign was carried on by representatives of that association, seeking to obtain help to induce Congress to relieve the medical profession

from the provisions of the anti-trust law. Filed herewith are Appendices K, L, M and N. These appendices show:

K—What the medical profession thought was necessary that it do;

L—Efforts to get congressional pledges;

M—An outline of the pending court proceedings in the District of Columbia;

N—The form for an application to the Congress:

The Journal of The Medical Association of Georgia, for October 1942, (Appendix O filed herewith), discussed the limitation put on the medical schools. A few pertinent quotations follow:

“Emory University as a whole has progressed favorably, * * * Today that medical school functions, and a few members of its full-time faculty think it thrives on a new philosophy regarding medical education and medical practice despite the fact that in 1940 Georgia had 617 fewer doctors of medicine than she had when this new philosophy was put into practice at Emory.”

“The actual experience figures of all medical schools of the country for the years 1937-1941, as compiled by the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association (Weiskotten, H. G.: Forty-Second Annual Presentation of Educational Data by the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association, 1942) showed that 16.2 per cent fewer students graduated in medicine in 1941 than were enrolled in the medical schools in 1937.”

“This new philosophy about medical education and medical practice was not born in the minds of Emory alumni; it came from elsewhere.”

Paul V. McNutt and John W. Studebaker, in “Bulletin, Office of Federal Security Agency, 1940, No. 3” from the United States Governmental Printing Office, discussed accreditation and advised accrediting by governmental agencies (see plans suggested pp. 208 and following).

This interesting book entitled “College Accreditation by Agencies Within States”, contains a complete discussion of the problem of accrediting, and gives sound reasons for the recommendation that States, rather than private individuals, control this important activity. It is stated, at page 203:

“The issue arising out of this situation is a subtle one. It is related to general social policy quite as much as to education. By controlling standards of professional education, it is obvious that the organization of practitioners may control the number of persons to be admitted to the profession. It is possible to use this power for the advantage of the practitioners rather than for the advantage of the public or the State.”

"The State establishes, let us say, a State board of medical examiners. It also establishes a medical school as a part of the State university. It would be anomalous for the State board of medical examiners to refuse to accept for their examinations the graduates of the State medical school. But that is a possibility under the present plan of relying upon an outside agency for the list of accredited medical schools."

Without the training that is obtainable in a hospital, graduates of Oglethorpe Medical School will not be as skilled as they would be with such training. Unless Oglethorpe Medical School is accredited by the American Medical Association and its congeners, graduates of such school will not be permitted to practice medicine other than in the State of Georgia and in those few states where, like Georgia, accreditation is by the state itself. In Georgia, after being examined by the Medical Board of Examiners, as the statute requires that Board to do, such graduates can practice. It is not certain now whether or not such Board will be coerced by the American Medical Society.

Unless those who demand the right to say who shall practice medicine are restrained, the graduates of the Medical School of Oglethorpe University will be handicapped in their practice or excluded therefrom; some may obtain the right to practice their profession by leaving their own states and going to a state that is free from extra-governmental accreditation. Oglethorpe University will lose students and be compelled to discontinue the medical school to the loss to it in tuition of from \$150,000.00 to \$200,000.00 yearly.

Attached hereto is a statement, prepared by the undersigned, of facts which show a nationwide conspiracy to boycott and damage Oglethorpe University.

The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools is a trade association which regulates the wages and hours of work and other activities of its members. It boycotts all colleges and schools which do not conform to its regulations, and enforces a secondary boycott of those who recognize such institutions which fail so to conform.

The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools is part of a conspiracy to which belongs the American Medical Association and other associations, and which conspiracy practically dominates all activities relating to the training of medical students. As the facts attached show, these two associations, cooperating with and coercing other associations, including hospitals, have prevented Oglethorpe University in its transaction of commerce among the states of the union from utilizing opportunities to teach medical students and from using hospitals coerced by such conspiracy.

Specific facts of proof thereof are given in the attached, but it is apparent that Oglethorpe University can not know all the activities that are being practiced against it. Only by an investigation made by authoritative governmental agencies can the full facts be known. Any further facts that are desired will be furnished by Oglethorpe University.

Respectfully submitted,

EDGAR WATKINS, Chairman,
Board of Trustees Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia.

Credits and Accreditation

The following history of the clash between Oglethorpe and the educational labor unions of the State is taken (with clarifying emendations) from a special edition of the Stormy Petrel, the students weekly publication:

For several years prior to May 31, 1927, Oglethorpe University had been conducting Extension classes in down town Atlanta. Concerning the quality of those courses Mr. H. Reid Hunter, generally understood to be the "Power Behind the Throne" of the City Board, wrote to Dr. H. J. Gaertner, director of the Extension Department on May 31, 1927 as follows:

"I wish to take this occasion to thank you for the great interest you have taken in devising opportunity for quite a number of Atlanta teachers to do work toward their master's degree. I wish to state that all of the teachers taking this work have spoken to me in the very highest terms of the instructors under whom they did this work during the past year. I am sure that the stimulus which has come from these services will be of great value to us in the Atlanta system."

On December 9, 1928 Mr. Hunter wrote to Mr. J. H. Smith, principal of the Bass Junior High School, who had inquired concerning Oglethorpe's credits and their standing with the City Board of Education, as follows:

"Our office has gone into this matter very carefully with Oglethorpe University and the State Department of Education and we have no hesitancy in saying that the Extension work now being carried on in the Atlanta School system by Oglethorpe University will receive credit on the same basis as credits earned in other institutions of like standing. I have been making an investigation of the courses which have been given; the reports are uniformly good."

On September first, 1928, Mr. Hunter, Superintendent in charge of the High Schools of the City of Atlanta wrote to Dr. Jacobs, setting forth the rules which control the actions of the City Board concerning the accrediting of institutions as follows:

"We do not consider ourselves an 'accrediting agency.' Matters of this nature are always referred to the State Department. If the State Department accepts credits we have no hesitancy in awarding credit in the Atlanta system."

For many months following this letter, credits of Oglethorpe University were accepted without question by the City Board of Education. During this time the Extension Department of Oglethorpe University kept growing until, in the year 1931 instead of having a few dozen students it had grown to a great body of 375 of whom the majority were teachers in the Atlanta Public School System. According to their own statements they chose Oglethorpe for two principal reasons, the first of these being that

they were treated as human beings at Oglethorpe, their questions being answered courteously and fully and their difficulties being solved by direct personal attention of the faculty and officials of the college. The second reason was because, in their opinion, the courses offered and the instructors teaching them were the finest in the city. In that connection it is interesting to note that the Librarian of Oglethorpe had recently reported that 3% of the faculty of Georgia Tech were to be found in Who's Who in America, 7% of the Agnes Scott faculty, 8% of the Emory University faculty, 16% of the University of Georgia faculty, 38% of Yale's faculty, 39% of Harvard's faculty, 40% of Princeton's faculty and 45% of Oglethorpe University's faculty!

On June 13, 1931 the Board of Education of the City of Atlanta adopted certain rules among which was the *notorious Rule 8* reading as follows:

"That degrees or credits be recognized from colleges or universities which have a recognized standing by an 'accrediting association'."

The friends of Oglethorpe University were amazed at this rule and saw at once that it was so designed as to destroy their Extension Department which had been built up with such care and expense and that of all the institutions in the city, the only one which it could possibly effect was Oglethorpe University for reasons stated below and that it would mean the transfer annually of some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars from Oglethorpe to the pockets of another institution of Atlanta. It became necessary, therefore, to find out what the motive behind the rule was and to that end the President of the University on Sept. 30, 1931 made of Mr. Reid Hunter the following inquiry:

"Will you, therefore, please advise us somewhat further as to the origin of this rule. What we want to know is who thought it out, designed it for its purpose and submitted it to Dr. Sutton for his approval."

On Oct. 3, 1931 Mr. Hunter replied as follows:

"This rule represents the combined opinions of the administrative staff."

Obviously this made it necessary to find out exactly who the administrative staff were so the President wrote, inquiring as to their connection with Emory University to which he received the following reply on Sept. 20, which listed the eight principal administrative officers whose 'combined opinion' was expressed in Rule 8 and their connection with Emory University as follows: (quoted from letter from Mr. H. Reid Hunter to Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Sept. 19, 1931)

"Supt. Willis A. Sutton, Ph.B. Emory, LL. B. Emory; T. W. Clift, five or six graduate courses in Chemistry at Emory University and one course in Education; Mary W. Postell (since retired); H. Reid Hunter, graduate work Emory University, taught in summer school one summer Emory University; H. H. Bixler, one course at Emory teaching experience, one summer at Emory; M. E. Coleman, A. B. Emory, graduate work equal to M. A. at Emory; E. R. Enlow, M. A. Emory, considerable graduate work over and above M. A. at Emory, taught summer school Emory."

Note that all of the seven administrative officers who framed Rule 8 have been either students at Emory or teachers at Emory or both. With such a situation confronting us our only hope was in our legal rights.

The constitution of the United States, tenth amendment, expressly provides that all powers not delegated to the Federal Government remain in the hands of the states. The constitution of the United States does not in any manner provide that the Federal Government should have any control whatsoever over education. Therefore, full and complete control of education, according to the laws of this country, is left entirely in the hands of the states.

For many years the states neglected the exercise of this authority and there were organized all over America, except in New England, numbers of private fraternal organizations of universities, colleges and high school who took upon themselves the responsibility and authority to set certain standards as conditions of membership. Without discussing the excellence of these standards it may be said that they were all extra-governmental and extra-legal.

A number of the states, notably New York, Illinois, Indiana, California, Texas, and Virginia had taken into their hands the duty and responsibility of setting forth their own standards and enforcing them within their own territory. Under the leadership of Dr. M. L. Duggan, State Superintendent of Education, with the advice and counsel of all the educators of the State of Georgia and of certain expert advisers, the State of Georgia had adopted a set of standards to which all universities, colleges and junior colleges must conform in order to be fully accredited as teacher training institutions within the state.

While these standards had been adopted, the State had not appointed an inspector and they were not enforced when Rule 8 was passed. Oglethorpe University immediately took up with the City Board of Education the question of its credits as above described and, after a discussion lasting from mid-day till midnight, the City Board by a vote of eleven to one, adopted an amendment to Rule 8, making it read as follows:

"That degrees or credits be recognized from colleges or universities which have a recognized standing by an 'accrediting association' and that the State Board of Education shall, when it fixes and enforces standards, be accepted as an 'accrediting association'."

Oglethorpe University immediately appealed to the State Board to appoint an inspector and to 'fix and enforce' the new standards insofar as Oglethorpe was concerned, at once. This appeal was granted and Dr. O. G. Sanford, an impartial expert from outside the State of Georgia made an exhaustive report on Oglethorpe University in respect of the new standards and reported recommending that Oglethorpe should be accredited under them. This report was approved by Supt. Duggan and at the next meeting

of the State Board of Education it was approved by that Board and on January 26, 1932 Dr. M. L. Duggan notified Dr. Willis A. Sutton, Supt. of the City Schools of Atlanta, Georgia, officially as follows:

"I submitted my report and recommendations on the inspection and rating of Oglethorpe University to the State Board of Education at their regular quarterly meeting today and it was adopted by the Board. I am enclosing a copy of my report and recommendations as adopted by the State Board."

Dr. Duggan's report to the State Board which was adopted by them concluded with the following words:

"Based upon Dr. Sanford's report I recommend that Oglethorpe University be placed upon the State's list of approved or accredited teacher training senior colleges, subject to continued and periodical inspections and ratings as may be deemed necessary or important to the State Department of Education."

Oglethorpe University, therefore, is not only fully accredited by the only power within the commonwealth which has the right to accredit any college but it is the first college within the state so to be accredited under the new standards.

As confirming the action of the City Board under which any college accredited by the State Department of Education would be immediately accredited by the City Board of Education, the President of the University was in receipt of a letter from Dr. Willis A. Sutton under date of January 11, 1932:

"Whenever we receive from Dr. Duggan the statement that Oglethorpe has been inspected by the State Department and that standards have been fixed and are being carried out we shall be glad to make a statement to the press of the compliance of the rules of the Board of Education."

Also, from Mr. J. Ira Harrellson, President of the Board of Education of the City of Atlanta, the president of the University received a letter, written on January 6, 1932, the concluding paragraph of which reads as follows:

"You have my assurance that as soon as the State Board shall have accredited your university under the report of Dr. Sanford our Board of Education will give you immediate recognition."

Our legal status was therefore settled but teachers unions do not recognize the law. They had already tried to horn in on the state inspection of our work.

On Nov. 24, 1931 the President of Oglethorpe received a letter from Dean J. C. Rogers, President of the Association of Georgia Colleges, containing the following words:

"The suggestion has been made that it would be advisable for the two inspections to be made jointly, either during the week beginning December 6 or in the early part of January."

On November 25th President Jacobs replied as follows:

"I was not aware that a committee had been appointed by the Association of Georgia Colleges to inspect any of their member colleges including Oglethorpe University or I would have told them at the time

that as the State of Georgia has undertaken the task of standardizing the colleges within its borders, our membership in the Association does not contemplate the exercise of such authority or powers insofar as this institution is concerned. My impression of the Association of Georgia Colleges is that membership in it is solely for the purpose of conference and mutual aid in the academic development of our respective institutions. . . . If we have been mistaken as to the right and authority of the Association of Georgia Colleges in the matter and if membership in that body involves such right and authority as you indicate in your letter, kindly consider this our resignation from membership in the Association and so notify the Committee on Standards and Admissions."

On November 28, President J. C. Rogers replied, saying:

"Your letter will be referred in due time to the proper committee for careful consideration."

On November 27th, President Jacobs had further written President Rogers as follows:

"In considering further your letter of the 23rd of November, may I inquire, first, who made this suggestion? Second, just why did they think that it would be advisable for the inspections to be made 'jointly'? Third, how did you or your committee know that the State Board of Education contemplated making this inspection during the week beginning Dec. 6 or in the early part of January?"

A copy of this letter was sent to the State Superintendent of Education with the following covering note:

"For some weeks we have been advised by friends of the University that certain persons would do all within their power to see that the cards were stacked against us at the Capitol in the matter of inspection shortly to take place."

In reply to Dr. Duggan's answer, President Jacobs wrote him further on Dec. 1st:

"There is . . . in the letter of Dean Rogers a very definite suggestion that the same forces which have been endeavoring to discredit this institution at other times and places are endeavoring to do the same with the State Department of Education by muscling in on the forthcoming inspection and it was my purpose in sending you the correspondence to warn you of that condition of affairs which is no longer suspicion but knowledge on our part."

On November 30, Dean Rogers replied to the inquiry of President Jacobs, saying:

"I have had no correspondence or conferences with the State authorities and I cannot answer your questions categorically. Only one letter from the Chairman of the Committee on Standards and Admissions, Mr. Caldwell, has been received, this requesting that as President I ascertain your wishes as to the time and nature of the Association's inspection. Since you deny the authority of the Association through its committee to inspect Oglethorpe, the inspection will not be attempted. This phase of the matter is closed."

Two weeks later President Jacobs received a letter from Mr. H. H. Caldwell, chairman of the Committee on Standards and Membership of the Association of Georgia Colleges and Registrar of Georgia School of Technology, containing:

"As to the proposed joint inspection it was mentioned casually when I was in Superintendent Duggan's office several weeks ago. . . . Before

writing to the President of the Association I called up Superintendent Duggan . . . assuming that a joint inspection would be agreeable to all concerned."

On November 30, President Jacobs received a letter from Superintendent Duggan containing the following categorical statement:

"I know nothing of any plans for inspections to be made jointly with the State Department of Education at any time."

On January 29 and 30, 1932 The Association of Georgia Colleges of which Dean J. C. Rogers is president, and H. H. Caldwell, Chairman of the Committee on Standards and Membership met at the Piedmont Hotel, Atlanta, Georgia, and President Jacobs, having been advised for months of the attitude of certain members of the group toward Oglethorpe introduced the following resolutions:

"Whereas the Department of Education of the State of Georgia has formulated certain academic and financial standards which are to be met by all universities, colleges and junior colleges of the commonwealth which desire to be accredited as teacher training institutions in this state and

Whereas all the members of this Association of Georgia Colleges were invited to confer with the Department of Education and to aid the superintendent and his assistants in the formulation of these standards and

Whereas the standards adopted by the Board of Education of the State of Georgia therefore represent the combined wisdom of that Board and of this Association and having been adopted by the Board of Education upon the authority of the Legislature of Georgia are now the law of the land and

Whereas the existence of two different and possibly conflicting sets of standards for the universities, colleges and junior colleges of the State would inevitably lead to academic confusion, misunderstanding and controversy, therefore be it resolved:

First, that the Association of Georgia Colleges hereby congratulates our Board of Education and in particular Superintendent M. L. Duggan on the successful completion of this difficult and important task.

Second, that the Association of Georgia Colleges hereby adopts these standards and any modification of them hereafter made by the Board of Education of the State of Georgia without reservation and in their entirety as the sole requisite for membership in this Association and that all rules concerning eligibility and membership in this Association hitherto in effect and conflicting with these resolutions are hereby repealed.

Third, that all present members of this Association shall, if they so desire, remain in good and regular standing as members of this association until the expiration of the three year period set by the standards for examination by the Board of Education for the purpose of accrediting all teacher institutions in Georgia and that such members of this Association as shall have successfully met these standards within the three years allotted and which shall have been accredited by the State Department of Education shall thereafter be and remain members of this Association if they so desire."

Objection was immediately made, coming from the same parties against any action on these resolutions and, fearing that an unpleasant situation might develop as a consequence President

Jacobs presented the resignation of Oglethorpe University from the Association in words to the following effect:

"For years Oglethorpe University has valued and enjoyed its membership in the Association of Georgia Colleges and would appreciate very much the privilege of continuing to enjoy the conferences and comradeship of the group but on account of certain complications which have arisen and others which would be likely to arise from differences of opinion and policy and for the sake of the peace and dignity of the Association, we desire to withdraw from its official membership."

It was quite evident, however, that this did not suit the parties who have been endeavoring to discredit our institution and shortly thereafter the president of a sister institution rose and after saying that in his opinion Oglethorpe should not be allowed to resign, made the motion that its name should be dropped from the list of members. This motion was carried by a vote of eight to three, six colleges declining to vote. On the following Saturday, February 6, the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University adopted the following Resolutions:

"Whereas, for a number of years the authorities of Oglethorpe University have known that the tension of increasing competition between our institution and certain others in the City of Atlanta has been steadily increasing and

Whereas, influences intimately associated with two of these institutions have, in our opinion, been proven to have prompted an attack on the quality of the academic work done at Oglethorpe, and

Whereas, in order fully and definitely to settle the question of the quality of the plant, the equipment, the faculty and the instruction at our institution, the State Board of education appointed an impartial and experienced specialist from outside the State of Georgia, Dr. O. G. Sanford, inspector of the Department of Education of the State of Missouri, to inspect and report on Oglethorpe University in order that the Department of Education of the State of Georgia might base thereon its decision as to the accreditation of Oglethorpe under the new academic standards adopted by the Board with the advice and counsel of every university, college and junior college in Georgia and

Whereas at this time when the Board of Education of the State of Georgia and the Board of Education of the City of Atlanta and Oglethorpe University had agreed that this inspection was to be fair, impartial and free from local influences and jealous rivalries, Dr. Jos. R. McCain, president of Agnes Scott College, Dr. Theodore H. Jack, vice-president of Emory University and Mr. H. H. Caldwell, registrar of Georgia School of Technology at their own instance, visited the offices of the State Superintendent of Education to discuss with him the report of Dr. Sanford on Oglethorpe University and

Whereas, under fire of accusation, based upon admissions in a letter from one of these gentlemen, they have all three failed to deny and, in effect, have admitted this visit, and that their sentiments and attitude then and there expressed were prejudicial to the interests of Oglethorpe University and

Whereas this was done while the report of Dr. Sanford was still under consideration and before the State Superintendent of Education had acted thereon, and

Whereas in spite of the above described activities, the Board of Education of the State of Georgia adopted the report of Dr. Sanford fully

accrediting Oglethorpe University under the new state standards; therefore be it resolved:

First, that the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University calls the attention of the educational world to this gross breach of intercollegiate comity:

Second, that in our opinion the good name of the educational profession in Georgia will be cleared only if and when these three men apologize for and discontinue such activities;

Third, that at the same time we call the attention of the great body of teachers, professors and administrators of education in America to the sharp contrast exhibited in this instance between the fair and impartial action of the State Board of Education which, despite the attitude of these three men, fully accredited Oglethorpe University on the basis of the full, fair and voluminous report of Dr. Sanford, thus making Oglethorpe the first institution in the State to be accredited under the new standards and the machinations of the group of officers of rival institutions to whom various "accrediting associations" have from time to time intrusted the rating of other institutions of learning."

* * * * *

ACCREDITATION, STATE AND PRIVATE*

It was now evident to all that the local members of the academic labor union known as the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools would do everything in its power to obstruct the progress of Oglethorpe University. As so large a part of this autobiography is taken up with the fight that we waged to preserve our liberty under constitutional law as an independent, state-accredited institution it is necessary for the reader who is interested in the concluding pages of this story to have a clear definition of, and a statement concerning "accreditation." Here it is:

There are two systems of accreditation of colleges and universities in common use in the United States. Under one of these the institutions accredit themselves. Under the other they are accredited by the State. The first is fraternal and is done by "accrediting associations." The second is legal and is done by agencies of the commonwealth such as boards of education, acting under legislative enactment.

The fundamental condition, laid down by the laws of the country for the accreditation of schools and colleges is the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States which reads:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the states are reserved to the states respectively and to the people."

No power over education is delegated to the Federal Government by the Constitution, nor is the control of education prohibited by it to the States. The control of education is reserved, therefore, to the individual States.

For many years the states neglected to exercise this power and, as a consequence, there were organized all over America,

* Bulletin, Oglethorpe University.

except in New England, numbers of private fraternal organizations of universities, colleges and high schools which took upon themselves the authority to ordain certain standards as conditions of membership. All such organizations, of course, are extra-legal and extra-constitutional and of no authority whatever in court. Unfortunately, also, they tend to stigmatize institutions which decline to join their organizations and to discriminate against them in many ways. One of these ways is by bringing pressure to bear upon Boards of Education to *employ as teachers or principals only those who have been graduated from institutions which are members of their organizations*. Another is by refusing to recognize the credits for work done at institutions that are not members of their organizations, *declining to give such credit to students who desire to transfer their attendance*. Unhappily also, the matter of accreditation by such organizations is oftentimes handled by handpicked committees of college politicians behind closed doors, in star chamber proceedings. Particularly is this the case where the institution involved has one or more keen rivals represented on the committee.

Clearly, the one rational method of accrediting an institution is by measuring the quality of its products, its alumni-ae, instead of by rating their alma mater as to the purely arbitrary and adventitious and often silly rules established by the "accrediting associations"; which, unfortunately for their reputation, too often concern themselves with securing for the faculty shorter hours, lighter work, better pay and longer vacations and for the institution which they serve, heavier endowments and larger incomes in order that such conditions may be guaranteed.

Clearly, also, the authority to say whether degrees and credits of a college or university are valid belongs solely to the State, by which the privilege of conferring such degrees and credits is bestowed in their charters. The assumption by "accrediting associations" of the right to invalidate such grants by interdict and excommunication of non-member colleges is an outrageous defiance of both law and equity and is a disgrace to labor-unionism.

Nothing could be more absurd on the part of "accrediting associations" than to refuse to recognize accreditation by the state as the full equivalent of their own. This anomalous impudence should be ended.

Oglethorpe University has taken the position that the accrediting of colleges should be done by the power which grants their charters, by the state only and not by private and often rival institutions. It seems to us that if there is anything left in America worth fighting for, it is the preservation of the authority of the state over its own legal processes and institutions. Oglethorpe University has been fully inspected, investigated and accredited by the Department of Education of the State of Georgia. This investigation was made at the request of the University by a special commissioner, employed from outside the State of Georgia

by Dr. M. L. Duggan when he was Superintendent of Education.

Accreditation of American colleges and universities to institutions abroad is necessarily done by the Department of State of the Federal Government. The department of State can legally act, of course, only under the constitution and the laws of the states comprising the union. For example, some months ago certain alumni of Oglethorpe University desired to take graduate work at the University of Madrid. That University referred the matter of the credentials of Oglethorpe to the Department of State at Washington. The office of Education of the Department of the Interior wrote to the State Department of Education in Atlanta as follows:

"You may be acquainted with the problem that is raised by the fact that Oglethorpe University declines to appear on accrediting lists of standardizing associations such as the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and the list of institutions accredited by the State University of Georgia. Oglethorpe University desires to submit only to the accrediting of the State Department of Education . . . What do you suggest as a solution of this problem?"

To this letter Dr. M. D. Collins, State Superintendent of Education replied as follows:

"The State Department of Education has gone into operation, curricula, personnel of the faculty, attitudes, objectives and every other angle of the whole program of Oglethorpe University. We have, as the State Department of Education, placed our approval upon this University. *Oglethorpe University has been fully inspected and is fully accredited by the State Department of Education.* In the main our directory of certification and teacher training inspects and passes upon only the division of teacher training but it is different with Oglethorpe University. Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, the able and forward looking president, does not recognize any "accrediting association" except that of the state. *Therefore, it inspected every division of this school and gave this institution an A-1 rating.*"

To this letter of Superintendent Collins, the acting Commissioner of Education replied as follows:

"Thank you for your letter of May 14th in respect to Oglethorpe University. *On the grounds of your statement I have recommended to the Department of State, Washington, that Oglethorpe be recognized as a standard college.* I am sending a copy of this letter to President Thornwell Jacobs."*

This is the process of legal accreditation which Oglethorpe has followed in its own case, not only but also is promoting

* In that connection the following telegram from Paul Brown, a Georgia congressman, will prove interesting:

EXCERPT FROM TELEGRAM OF PAUL BROWN, MEMBER OF CONGRESS TO T. E. NORVELL.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 18, 1942.

NAVY DEPARTMENT ADVISES THAT OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY IS ON THE LIST OF ACCREDITED COLLEGES. THE NAVY DEPARTMENT RELIES ON THE U. S. OFFICE OF EDUCATION SYSTEM OF ACCREDITATION.

Paul Brown, M. C.

throughout the nation as the *only legal process* for the accreditation of colleges and universities. It is the only possible way in which American institutions can be accredited abroad, that is, by recommendation of our Department of State based upon the legal status of the institution in its own commonwealth. This method of accrediting our institutions will, beyond any doubt, eventually win out in America.

It is patently absurd for an official of some organization which is extra-legal and extra-territorial to Georgia to forbid a citizen to attend a Georgia institution if and when said citizen has complied with all the laws of Georgia and has been graduated by an institution fully accredited under said laws.

In the years during which the states neglected their duty in the matter of accrediting their institutions, the private accrediting associations served a useful purpose. But as the years pass, there will, unquestionably, be a steady growth in the authority of the states over all educational institutions located within their bounds and on the basis of their accreditation, the Federal Government will, beyond any doubt, continue to accredit colleges and universities to institutions abroad.

So far as Oglethorpe University is concerned, Governor Eugene Talmadge recently expressed it well: "*Oglethorpe University is fully accredited by the State of Georgia under the laws of the commonwealth and under the standards set up by the authorities of the State. Upon our recommendation, it is also accredited by the Department of State of our Federal Government. This I take it, is the only legal form of accreditation. Oglethorpe University is named for the founder of Georgia. It has done a magnificent work for the state and Georgia is proud of it.*"

All citizens who wish to be well informed on this subject should read the bulletin on accreditation recently issued by the United States Office of Education.* The first paragraph of the bulletin

* *The United States Office of Education has just published a bulletin entitled "Collegiate Accreditation by Agencies Within States," a careful reading of which should clarify the situation. It is a booklet of more than two hundred pages, issued from the United States Office of Education, John W. Studebaker, Commissioner and the Federal Security Agency, Paul V. McNutt, Administrator. It was prepared by Fred J. Kelly, Chief of the Division of Higher Education, Benjamin W. Frazier, Senior Specialist in Teacher Training, John H. McNeely, Senior Specialist in Higher Education and Ella B. Ratcliffe, Chief Educational Assistant. The following excerpts (italics ours) give the gist of its argument and conclusions:*

"The State agency which accredits colleges and universities most widely is the State Department of Education." (Page 191)

"The National Association of State Universities has viewed with increasing concern the rapid increase in the number and variety of organizations which have undertaken to standardize procedures and policies in one or another branch of higher education . . . It is further of the opinion that the movement toward standardization in higher education in America while it has accomplished great good, is assuming such a

reads: "A fundamental principle of the American government is that *education is a function of the states. The states are responsible for higher education as well as elementary and secondary education. Accordingly, the states have established publicly controlled universities and colleges to provide higher education for the people. In addition, the states have authorized privately controlled institutions to be established within their borders by granting charters to them for the same purpose. A further obligation rests on the states. That obligation is to assure that the higher educational services furnished by the institutions estab-*

character as seriously to limit both local initiative and that freedom of experimentation which is necessary for educational advance." (Page 192)

"*The land-grant colleges (and the same may be said of the State Universities which adopted almost identical recommendations) are considerably aroused and propose to check the indiscriminate development of accrediting agencies.*" (Page 193)

"Some educational pattern will have to be designed into which each college will fit. For most purposes the area for which that pattern can best be made is the State. Accordingly, accreditation on the basis of the effectiveness of each institution in achieving its own particular objectives will tend to be carried on most advantageously in the future by *State agencies, rather than by regional or national agencies.*" (Page 195)

"Two situations are arising which are hastening the demand that the State assume more responsibility for standards than it has customarily done in the past. One of these is the rapid development of the junior college, and the other the grossly misleading advertising by the proprietary school of many types." (Page 197)

"From the above it seems clear that the traditional hands-off policy maintained by States toward colleges and universities is being replaced slowly by a recognition of the *State's ultimate responsibility . . .* Higher education must be of an acceptable standard. Since the State charters the institutions and is the agency with ultimate legal jurisdiction over them, it is *logical that the States should guarantee their quality.*" (Page 200)

"The State establishes, let us say, a State board of medical examiners. It also establishes *a medical school as a part of the State university.* It would be anomalous for the State board of medical examiners to refuse to accept for their examinations the graduates of the State medical school. *But that is a possibility under the present plan of relying upon an outside agency for the list of accredited medical schools.*" (Page 203)

"In the light of this purpose of accreditation *the general assumption has been that unless a college is accredited, students may not transfer from it to an accredited college or university, or at least if such transfer is permitted, certain definite strings are tied to such transfer. But an examination of the actual operation of accrediting reveals a different situation. Admission of transfer students is not limited to those who come from accredited institutions . . .* Thus the colleges and universities whose registrars belong to the Association of Collegiate Registrars by a sort of gentleman's agreement, actually operate largely independently of the regional and national associations, in facilitating the transfer of students from institution to institution and from State to State. In other words, each reporting university has quietly become in effect an accrediting agency for the colleges within its State insofar as the transfer of their students to other colleges and universities is concerned." (Page 204-5)

"The belief is growing among these associations that if accrediting were done satisfactorily by some other agency they would be left free

lished *under the authority of the state* shall be of a satisfactory quality. *The states* have adopted various plans in their yet modest beginning toward fulfilling this obligation. Among the most common is the *accreditation of institutions within the state* . . . *Accreditation* in the general collegiate field *represents one of the chief concerns of the state* because of the predominant number of institutions engaged in providing this type of higher education. *The states*, however, are responsible for examining and licensing practitioners in each of the professions. Involved in this function is the problem of the accreditation of the professional schools which train the candidates applying to take the examinations." (*Italics ours*)

The bulletin points out the steady growth of the conviction, on the part of our educational leaders, that the present standards on which those self-accrediting associations have been doing their work are so adventitious and arbitrary as to hinder, rather than aid, the true cause of education. As its final conclusion after a 200 page discussion of the matter, *the bulletin recommends that these self-accrediting associations should go out of the business of accrediting colleges and should turn the job over to the only legal agency in the United States qualified to do it, namely, the State*. This bulletin was prepared and issued by the United States Office of Education, Fred J. Kelly, Chief of the Division of Higher Education, John W. Studebaker, Commissioner. It sounds the doom of all such extra-legal and extra-territorial, self-appointed fraternities which assume to dominate and direct and, if necessary, to destroy any and every institution that they cannot control.

That is why Oglethorpe University has never applied for membership in the Southern Association or in any other such type of organization. We consider the methods of these associations to be too closely akin to those of the racketeer. A racketeer is usually defined as one who brings pressure upon a person or institution

to carry out even more effectively their primary function of improving the quality of work of the institutions." (Page 207)

After a 200 page discussion of the subject of accreditation, the bulletin, in Chapter IX makes the following concluding proposal:

"In a few states, the State Board or department of Education has, at its center a governing board with the State superintendent or commissioner of education serving as executive officer of the board, has a staff adequate in number and qualifications properly to appraise institutions of higher education, and has widely recognized and comprehensive official relationships with institutions of higher education in the State. *In such States the Department of Education should have large and perhaps complete responsibility for the program of accreditation* . . . In short, States which have developed such a State Board or Department of Education are no doubt, prepared to carry on effective accreditation of institutions of higher education by merely assigning that function to such authority. (Page 208-9) . . . Thus *Georgia, Montana, New York, North Dakota, and Oregon* now have such a unified system of publicly controlled higher education." (Page 200)

to compel them, under threat of disaster of some sort, to do his will.

In 1941 a number of incidents occurred which catapulted "accreditation" into one of the hottest political campaigns known to Georgia history. The scene just before the occurrence was:

Steady pressure all over the nation for the complete and final end of all forms of Jim-crowism whether on the railroads or street cars or buses or colleges or universities or voting booths or residence areas or hotels or hospitals or churches or homes or anywhere else. This pressure was being applied by "yankee" negroes (mulattos, quadroons, octoroons and lighter commonly referred to as "Sepia") through organizations such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and such newspapers as the ably edited Pittsburgh *Courier* and by yankee social reformers and political vote-gatherers, mostly communists or their sympathizers. The spear-head of their attack on Southern traditions was the Rosenwald Fund founded by a nationally known Jew, the funds of which were being administered by Edwin R. Embree for obviously socially revolutionary objectives. This fund, in association with other funds furnished by men other than southerners for the "uplift" and "democratization" of the South had appeared in the form of gifts, subsidies and grants made to educational institutions and to prominent and influential persons whereby they were put under obligation to the funds and taught to depend upon them for support. This included institutions, not only, but also the common school system, professors, editors, newspaper correspondents, and even departments of the State Government.

Eugene Talmadge, the Governor of Georgia, noting all this, was advised that a very able and efficient "yankee", Dr. Cocking, of the University of Georgia was planning, teaching and promoting the co-education of the races, advising the appointment of a Negro or Negress to the State Board of Regents and emitting sentiments and committing acts otherwise in sympathy with Embree and his Brown America. Being satisfied after careful inquiry and formal inquiry before the Board of Regents that Cocking was guilty he took the necessary steps to have Dr. Cocking dismissed. To do this the Governor had to reconstitute the Board of Regents which he considered it his duty to do as he had the authority to do so under the laws of Georgia and as he was elected by all the people of Georgia for such crises, who, assumedly had, though their legislature given him the authority to meet such crises.

But the cry of political interference was raised, immediately, by all of his enemies and by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Public announcement was made, at once, that this organization would drop the whole University System, including Georgia Tech in Atlanta and the Medical School in Augusta from their "accredited list". A tumult and insurrection

immediately arose on all the campuses concerned and was fanned to a white heat by the newspapers opposed to the Governor. He explained to the students that the Southern Association was a labor union composed of professors, teachers and institutional officers and that "accreditation" consisted in purchasing a labor union card by furnishing larger salaries, less work, longer vacations, more assistants, and fewer students to bother with in their classes. The students, however, were completely under the power of their professors, registrars and presidents who told them that their "credits" would not be good in any "standard" college in America. This was reenforced by sympathetic strikers all over the nation. Medical, Engineering and similar labor union organizations dropped those institutions in the University System which were their members from their "accredited" list and each such disaccreditation was deplored loudly and often by all the newspapers opposed to the Governor. Not the faintest effort was made to determine whether the quality of instruction had been injured or aided at the University by Dr. Cocking's dismissal. That was of no importance. No attempt was made to question Governor Talmadge's authority to terminate Dr. Cocking's service by taking the matter to the courts. The sole and only point was, did organized academic labor-unionism have the power to override the action of a State Board legally taken upon the insistence of the Governor of the State. The cry of "political" interference with educational institutions was, of course, a hypocritical sham. Politics is the conduct of the state's business. The state, alone, can and should say how its business, including education, its most important item, is to be conducted. The fight was solely to assert and establish the precedent and principle that no professor in the state university should be dismissed except in accordance with the regulations of organized education.

The campaign was hot enough to satisfy even a Georgian. Before it was over, the state was seething with anger over "Franklin's Jews and Eleanor's niggers."

In it all the conflict between State and self-accreditation was an important part. State accreditation lost temporarily when Talmadge was defeated but all students and professors on all the campuses of Georgia had learned that by strikes, riots and rebellions they wielded an immense power. They could even unseat a Governor! The readers should remember that ominous fact as we proceed, for it was during this same period of 1941-42 that we were busy organizing, registering and instructing the first freshman class of our medical school. They came to a Georgia that had been dunked deep in the doctrine that not the state but outside academic labor-unions must accredit its institutions and their students, that a state might found, own, pay for and support an institution but its teachers and students should and could control it. "Accreditation" was the key, campus disturbance the force that turned it.

Hardly had Dr. Cocking been dropped from the faculty of the University before local leaders of the Academic labor unions began to threaten. On July 30, Dr. Joseph R. McCain, president of Agnes Scott College, delivered an address before the Decatur Rotary Club which immediately was widely publicized. In effect, it put the State of Georgia on notice that its control of its university did not include the right to discharge a member of the union. By this time the whole subject of "accreditation" was involved in the current political campaign. The question of the right of the state, either through its legislature or through a corporation created for that purpose, to own and operate an educational institution without dictation from "accrediting" associations had become an issue in the gubernatorial campaign. I wrote the following reply to Dr. McCain's address and offered it to our Atlanta dailies for publication. Both declined to publish it.

"Dr. J. R. McCain in his address discussed the highly controversial subject of the accreditation of schools and colleges not only but also alluded to Oglethorpe University in a provocative context.

In the paragraph in which he referred to Oglethorpe he stated that 'the Southern Association does not attempt in any sense to police education.' He proves this by the statement of the association itself to that effect. The remainder of his speech he devotes to a complete refutation of that contention. First, he asks why 'dropping the University or Tech from membership should upset anybody?' He answers this most clearly by telling us how the Southern Association successfully disciplined the State of Mississippi by restricting the attendance on its principal institutions. Later on in his speech he also describes the way in which the Southern Association disciplined the State of Louisiana by severely reducing the attendance on its principal institutions. *In both cases the Association wrought its will and proved its power by hindering and handicapping the young citizens of the states concerned and by preventing them from attending institutions outside the state which are members of the Southern Association.*

Having described the humiliation by which they brought two sovereign states to Canossa he concludes "*it is a terrible thing for institutions to be threatened and crippled.*" Dr. McCain is right and that is just what the Southern Association does to any and all institutions whose state authorities dare to thwart its will.

And now we are informed that the Southern Association is about to proceed to discipline Georgia by the same methods as those used in Louisiana and Mississippi. They will refuse to accept the credits of schools in Georgia which are members of the University System. They will do their best to discredit the work of the University System. They will maintain that that system has been disgraced and is no longer properly manned and taught. They will place an interdict upon the state institutions and they will excommunicate their professors and officers and students. If necessary, they will destroy these institutions. They will brag, as Dr. McCain has done, about the tremendous falling off in the attendance of these institutions and about any and all other adverse circumstances that they are able to create. They will act as if they owned and controlled these institutions. They will complain that the University System is now under political control (as if it had ever been under any other kind of control) or as if the Governor and the present Board of Regents and the legislature of the state and the people of the state who elected them were unfit to operate their own University Sys-

tem, and they will defy the laws of Georgia and the Constitution of the United States in doing so.

Dr. McCain gave us a fine picture of the Southern Association at war but he did not describe the Southern Association at peace. It is in the quiet of its star-chamber proceedings that its light burns brightest. *During times when the public is asleep they make rules which more closely bind public institutions to their chariot wheels.* They prescribe for example, what proportion of teachers in the high schools of the state must be graduates of the schools which are members of their group. They even go so far as to make a law that no person shall be elected to the principalship or superintendency of a high school in Georgia unless he is a graduate of a school which is a member of their group. Whether at war or at peace, the Southern Association is a tyrant and one still dreads a tyrant more for what he could do than for what he does. Their abominable interference with education and their dictatorial control of schools which do not dare to defy their edicts and their ability by interdict and excommunication even to make and unmake governors is an outrage upon common law and upon common sense. It should be ended immediately. They have no more right to regulate the standards of Georgia colleges than has the Amalgamated Association of Ladies' Aid Societies.

Readers of the _____ will be interested in knowing just what is the legal status of this self-accrediting fraternity known as the Southern Association. Here are the facts. The Tenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States reads: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the states are reserved to the states respectively and to the people." No power over education is delegated to the Federal Government by the Constitution nor is the control of education prohibited by it to the states. The control of education is reserved, therefore, to the individual states. For many years the states neglected to exercise this power and, as a consequence, there were organized all over America, except in New England, numbers of private fraternal organizations of universities, colleges and high schools which took upon themselves the authority to ordain certain standards as conditions of "recognition". All such organizations, of course, are extra-legal and extra-constitutional and of no authority whatever in court. *They have degenerated into a complete system of academic intimidation.* They stigmatize institutions which decline to join their organizations and discriminate against them in many ways. One of these ways is by bringing pressure to bear upon a Board of Education to employ as teachers or principals only those who have been graduated from institutions which are members of their organizations. Another is by refusing to recognize the credits for work done at institutions that are not members of their organizations, declining to give such credit to students who desire to transfer their attendance. Unhappily also, the matter of accreditation by such organizations is oftentimes handled by handpicked committees of college politicians behind closed doors, in star-chamber proceedings. Particularly is this the case where the institution involved has one or more keen rivals represented on the committee. That is why a third of the members of the Southern Association live in fear of these petty tyrants and pray for some power to break their stranglehold.

Clearly, the authority to say whether degrees and credits of a college or university are valid belongs solely to the state, by whom the privilege of conferring such degrees and credits is bestowed in their charters. The assumption by 'accrediting associations' of the right to invalidate such grants by interdict and excommunication of non-member colleges and by boycott of their graduates is an outrageous defiance of both law and equity. As described by Dr. McCain it is a damnable tyranny.

All citizens who wish to be well informed on this subject should read the bulletin on accreditation recently issued by the United States Office of Education. The first paragraph of the bulletin reads: 'A fundamental

principle of the American government is that *education is a function of the states*. The states are responsible for higher education as well as elementary and secondary education. Accordingly, *the states* have established publicly controlled universities and colleges to provide higher education for the people. In addition, *the states* have authorized privately controlled institutions to be established within their borders by granting charters of incorporation to them for the same purpose. A further obligation rests on the states. That obligation is to assure that the higher educational services furnished by the institutions established *under the authority of the state* shall be of a satisfactory quality. *The states* have adopted various plans in their yet modest beginning toward fulfilling this obligation. Among the most common is the *accreditation of the institutions within the state* . . . *Accreditation* in the general collegiate field *represents one of the chief concerns of the state* because of the predominant number of institutions engaged in providing this type of higher education. *The states*, however, are responsible for examining and licensing practitioners in each of the professions. Involved in this function is the problem of the accreditation of the professional schools which train the candidates applying to take the examinations.' (*Italics ours*).

The bulletin points out the steady growth of the conviction, on the part of the educational leaders, that the present standards on which those self-accrediting associations have been doing their work are so adventitious and arbitrary as to hinder, rather than aid, the true cause of education. As its final conclusion, after a 200 page discussion of the matter, *the bulletin recommends that these self-accrediting associations should go out of the business of accrediting colleges and should turn the job over to the only legal agency in the United States qualified to do it, namely, the State*. This bulletin was prepared and issued by the United States Office of Education, Fred J. Kelly, Chief of the Division of Higher Education, John W. Studebaker, Commissioner. It sounds the doom of all such extra-legal and extra-territorial self-appointed fraternities which assume to dominate and direct and, if necessary, to destroy any and every institution that it cannot control.

The New Deal

BY FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Being the Baccalaureate Address delivered by him before the graduating class of Oglethorpe University, May 22nd, 1932.

Introducing President Roosevelt

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt delivered the Baccalaureate Address at the Commencement exercises of Oglethorpe University in May 1932 and on the same occasion received the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was introduced by the President of the University in the following words:

The spirit of James Edward Oglethorpe permeates the atmosphere of this gathering. Two hundred years ago he founded the colony of Georgia and impressed upon it the ideals of statesmanship for which he toiled during a long life time of eighty-nine years. Two hundred years before England was able to do it, he laid down the principles which today unite the commonwealth of British nations. More than two hundred years before America will be able to do it he solved the problem of prohibition. As founder and father and defender of his colony, his name is held in holy memory throughout Georgia.

One hundred years ago the citizens of his commonwealth in grateful remembrance of his services, founded in his honor and in the capital of the state a great educational institution designed to stand forever as an expression of his purposes and as the crown of his achievements. For a whole generation the brilliant radiance of Oglethorpe University attracted to Midway Hill men who were to set the ideals of the state for a hundred years in education, in science, in theology and in literature. Among them was that great administrator Samuel K. Talmadge who for twenty-five years was the president of the University, and Joseph Le Conte, the famous geologist who afterward became president of the University of California, and James Woodrow, uncle of Woodrow Wilson, whose father also was a member of the Board of Directors of the University, the man who introduced into southern theological circles the idea of creative evolution, and Sidney Lanier who was graduated by Oglethorpe in 1860, one of the immortal poets of all time.

Came the War Between the States and afterward Oglethorpe was no more. For fifty years she slept beneath the gray ashes of fratricidal strife until twenty years ago when, having alone among the great universities of the land died for her country, alone she rose again from the dead and became once more the center of all those fine traditions which hover around the name of Georgia and Oglethorpe and Lanier.

And now in this fine hour, two hundred years after the founding of the colony and one hundred years after the founding of the University there comes to us as the honored guest of this occasion a man who has gathered into his remarkable personality the skillful power of the north, the free spirit of the west and the responsive soul of the south. It is his gracious presence which makes this event one of international consequence. To this, his "other home," he attracts the keen and sympathetic interest of a great nation and in no mean sense of an entire world. Millions who expect him to be the thirty-second president of the United

States will listen eagerly to his words. Millions who are looking to him to restore happiness and comfort and ordered progress to America will read every syllable that he utters with close attention, and we who know him best and love him most, welcome him to our state, our city and our platform with the applause of our hands, not only, but also with the approval of our thoughts and the overflowing affection of our hearts.

Baccalaureate Address

Delivered by Franklin Delano Roosevelt May 22nd, 1932

On May 22nd, 1932, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, at that time a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, delivered the baccalaureate address at the Oglethorpe University commencement exercises held in the Fox Theatre, Atlanta, Ga. The five thousand people who heard Governor Roosevelt deliver this address sensed at the time the importance of his utterances. Since his election to the Presidency, moreover, this speech has come to be regarded as the most important and significant address made by him on public matters up to the present time. Its publication and wide distribution would, therefore, seem to be a matter of national interest.

"President Jacobs, members and friends of Oglethorpe University, and especially you, my fellow members of the class of 1932:

"For me, as for you, this is a day of honorable attainment. For the honor conferred upon me I am deeply grateful, and I felicitate you upon yours, even though I cannot share with you the greater satisfaction which comes from a laurel worked for and won. For many of you, doubtless, this work of distinction which you have received today has meant greater sacrifice by your parents or by yourselves than you anticipated when you matriculated almost four years ago. The year 1928 does not seem far in the past, but since that time, as all of us are aware, the world about us has experienced significant changes.

"Four years ago, if you heard and believed the tidings of the time, you could expect to take your place in a society well supplied with material things and could look forward to the not too long distant time when you would be living in your own homes, each (if you believed the politicians) with a two-car garage; and, without great effort, would be providing yourselves and your families with all the necessities and amenities of life and, perhaps in addition, assure by your savings their security and your own in the future. Indeed, if you were observant, you would have seen that many of your elders had discovered a still easier road to material success—had found that once they had accumulated a few dollars they needed only to put them in the proper place and then sit back and read in comfort the hieroglyphics called stock quotations which proclaimed that their wealth was mounting miraculously without any work or effort on their part. Many who were called and are still pleased to call themselves the leaders of finance celebrated and assured us of an eternal future for this easy chair mode of living. And to the stimulation of belief in this dazzling chimera was added not only the voices of some of our public men in high office, but their influence and the material aid of the very instruments of government which they controlled.

SAVINGS HAVE VANISHED

"How sadly different is the picture which we see around us today! If only the mirage had vanished, we should not complain, for we should all be better off. But with it has vanished, not only the easy gains of speculation, but much of the savings of thrifty and prudent men and women, put by for their old age and for the education of their children. With these savings has gone, among millions of our fellow citizens that

sense of security to which they have rightly felt they are entitled in a land abundantly endowed with natural resources and with productive facilities to convert them into the necessities of life for all of our population. More calamitous still, there has vanished with the expectation of future security the certainty of today's bread and clothing and shelter.

"Some of you—I hope not many—are wondering today how and where you will be able to earn your livings a few weeks or a few months hence. Much has been written about the hope of youth that is often helpful, though of limited value. I prefer to emphasize another quality. I hope that you who have spent four years in an institution whose fundamental purpose, I take it, is to train us to pursue truths relentlessly and to look at them courageously, will face the unfortunate state of the world about you with greater clarity of vision than many of your elders.

As you have viewed this world of which you are about to become a more active part, I have no doubt that you have been impressed by its chaos, its lack of plan. Perhaps some of you have used stronger language—and stronger language is justified. Even had you been graduating, instead of matriculating in those rose-colored days of 1928, you would have perceived, I believe, this condition. For beneath all the happy optimism of those days there existed lack of plan and a great waste.

"This failure to measure true values and to look ahead extended to almost every industry, every profession, every walk of life. Take for example, the vocation of higher education itself.

SURPLUS OF TEACHERS

"If you had been intending to enter the profession of teaching, you would have found that the universities, the colleges, the normal schools of our country were turning out annually far more trained teachers than the schools of the country could possibly use or absorb. You and I know that the number of teachers needed in the nation is a relatively stable figure, little affected by the depression and capable of fairly accurate estimate in advance with due consideration for our increase in population. And yet, we have continued to add teaching courses, to accept every young man or young woman in those courses without any thought or regard for the law of supply and demand. In the state of New York alone, for example, there are at least 7,000 qualified teachers who are out of work—unable to earn a livelihood in their chosen profession just because nobody had the wit or the forethought to tell them in their younger days that the profession of teaching was gravely over-supplied.

"Take again, the profession of the law. Our common sense tells us that we have too many lawyers and that thousands of them, thoroughly trained, are either eking out a bare existence or being compelled to work with their hands, or are turning to some other business in order to keep themselves from becoming objects of charity. The universities, the bar, the courts themselves have done little to bring this situation to the knowledge of young men who are considering entering any one of our multitude of law schools. Here again foresight and planning have been notable for their complete absence.

"In the same way we cannot review carefully the history of our industrial advance without being struck with its haphazardness, with the gigantic waste with which it has been accomplished—with the superfluous duplication of productive facilities, the continual scrapping of still useful equipment, the tremendous mortality in industrial and commercial undertakings, the thousands of dead-end trails into which enterprise has been lured, the profligate waste of natural resources. Much of this waste is the inevitable by-product of progress in a society which values individual endeavor and which is susceptible to the changing tastes and customs of the people of which it is composed. But much of it, I believe, could have been prevented by greater foresight and by larger measure of social planning.

CONTROL OF "SPECIAL INTERESTS"

"Such controlling and directive forces as have been developed in recent years reside to a dangerous degree in groups having special interests in our economic order, interests which do not coincide with the interests of the nation as a whole. I believe that the recent course of our history has demonstrated that while we may utilize their expert knowledge of certain problems and the special facilities with which they are familiar, we cannot allow our economic life to be controlled by that small group of men whose chief outlook upon the social welfare is tinted by the fact that they can make huge profits from the lending of money and the marketing of securities—an outlook which deserves the adjectives 'selfish and opportunist.'

"You have been struck, I know, by the tragic irony of our economic situation today. We have not been brought to our present state by any natural calamity—by droughts or floods or earthquakes—or by the destruction of our productive machines or our man power. Indeed, we have a super-abundance of raw materials, a more than ample supply of equipment for manufacturing these materials into the goods which we need and transportation and commercial facilities for making them available to all who need them. But raw materials stand unused, factories stand idle, railroad traffic continues to dwindle, millions of able-bodied men and women, in dire need, are clamoring for the opportunity to work. This is the awful paradox with which we are confronted, a stinging rebuke that challenges our power to operate the economic machine which we have created.

"We are presented with a multitude of views as to how we may again set in motion that economic machine. Some hold to the theory that the periodic slowing down of our economic machine is one of its inherent peculiarities—a peculiarity which we must grin, if we can, and bear because if we attempt to tamper with it we shall cause even worse ailments. According to this theory, as I see it, if we grin and bear long enough, the economic machine will eventually begin to pick up speed and in the course of an indefinite number of years will attain that maximum number of revolutions which signifies what we have been wont to miscall prosperity, but which, alas, is but a last ostentatious twirl of the economic machine before it again succumbs to that mysterious impulse to slow down again.

INVITATION TO DO NOTHING

"This attitude toward our economic machine requires not only greater stoicism, but greater faith in immutable economic law and less faith in the ability of man to control what he has created than I, for one, have. Whatever elements of truth lie in it, it is an invitation to sit back and do nothing; and all of us are suffering today, I believe, because this comfortable theory was too thoroughly implanted in the minds of some of our leaders, both in finance and in public affairs.

"Other students of economics trace our present difficulties to the ravages of the World War and its bequest of unsolved political and economic and financial problems. Still others trace our difficulties to defects in the world's monetary system. Whether it be an original cause, or an effect, the drastic change in the value of our monetary unit in terms of the commodities is a problem which we must meet straightforwardly. It is self-evident that we must either restore commodities to a level approximating their dollar value of several years ago or else that we must continue the destructive process of reducing, through defaults or through deliberate writing down obligations assumed at a higher price level.

"Possibly because of the urgency and complexity of this phase of our problem, our economic thinkers have been occupied with it to the exclusion of other phases of as great importance.

CONTROL OF DISTRIBUTION

"Of these other phases, that which seems most important to me in the long run is the problem of controlling by adequate planning the creation and distribution of those products which our vast economic machine is capable of yielding. It is true that capital, whether public or private, is needed in the creation of new enterprise and that such capital gives employment.

"But think carefully of the vast sums of capital or credit which in the past decade have been devoted to unjustified enterprises—to the development of unessentials and to the multiplying of many products far beyond the capacity of the nation to absorb. It is the same story as the thoughtless turning-out of too many school teachers and too many lawyers.

"Here again, in the field of industry and business many of those whose primary solicitude is confined to the welfare of what they call capital have failed to read the lessons of the past few years and have been moved less by calm analysis of the needs of the nation as a whole than by a blind determination to preserve their own special stakes in the economic order. I do not mean to intimate that we have come to the end of this period of expansion. We shall continue to need capital for the production of newly invented devices, for the replacement of equipment worn out or rendered obsolete by our technical progress; we need better housing in many of our cities and we still need in many parts of the country more good roads, canals, parks, and other improvements.

SAME EXPANSION NOT EXPECTED

"But it seems to me probable that our physical economic plant will not expand in the future at the same rate at which it has expanded in the past. We may build more factories, but the fact remains that we have enough now to supply all of our domestic needs, and more, if they are used. With these factories we can now make more shoes, more textiles, more steel, more radios, more automobiles, more of almost everything than we can use.

"No, our basic trouble was not an insufficiency of capital. It was an insufficient distribution of buying power coupled with an oversufficient speculation in production. While wages rose in many of our industries, they did not as a whole, rise proportionately to the reward to capital, and at the same time the purchasing power of other great groups of our population was permitted to shrink. We accumulated such a superabundance of capital that our great bankers were vying with each other, some of them employing questionable methods, in their efforts to lend this capital at home and abroad.

"I believe that we are at the threshold of a fundamental change in our popular economic thought, that in the future we are going to think less about the producer and more about the consumer. Do what we may have to do to inject life into our ailing economic order, we cannot make it endure for long unless we can bring about a wiser, more equitable distribution of the national income.

GREATER SECURITY SOUGHT

"It is well within the inventive capacity of man, who has built up this great social and economic machine capable of satisfying the wants of all, to insure that all who are willing and able to work receive from it at least the necessities of life. In such a system, the reward for a day's work will have to be greater, on the average, than it has been, and the reward to capital especially capital which is speculative will have to be less. But I believe that after the experience of the last three years, the average citizen would rather receive a small return upon his savings in return for greater security for the principal, than experience for a moment the thrill or the prospect of being a millionaire only

to find the next moment that his fortune, actual or expected, has withered in his hand because the economic machine has again broken down.

"It is toward that objective that we must move if we are to profit by our recent experience. Probably few will disagree that the goal is desirable. Yet many, of faint heart, fearful of change, sitting tightly on the roof-tops in the flood, will sternly resist striking out for it, lest they fail to attain it. Even among those who are ready to attempt the journey there will be violent difference of opinion as to how it should be done. So complex, so widely distributed over our whole society are the problems which confront us that men and women of common aid do not agree upon the method of attacking them. Such disagreement leads to doing nothing, to drifting. Agreement may come too late.

"Let us not confuse purpose with method. Too many so-called leaders of the nation fail to see the forest because of the trees. Too many of them fail to recognize the vital necessity of planning for definite objectives. True leadership calls for the setting forth of the objectives and the rallying of public opinion in support of these objectives.

"Do not confuse objectives with methods. When the nation becomes substantially united in favor of planning the broad objectives of civilization, then true leadership must unite thought behind definite methods.

"The country needs and, unless I mistake its temper, the country demands bold, persistent experimentation. It is common sense to take a method and try it; if it fails, admit it frankly and try another. But, above all, try something. The millions who are in want will not stand by silently forever while the things to satisfy their needs are within easy reach.

"We need enthusiasm, imagination and the ability to face facts, even unpleasant ones, bravely. We need to prevent by drastic means if necessary the faults in our economic system from which we now suffer. We need the courage of the young. Yours is not the task of making your way in the world, but the task of remaking the world which you will find before you."

The Discovery of General Oglethorpe's Tomb

BY DR. THORNWELL JACOBS

I am indeed happy in the belief, so kindly expressed by others that this trip revived the memories and loyalties which cluster around the name of James Edward Oglethorpe, founder of the commonwealth of Georgia. The greatest gift that is ever made to any people is the gift of a great man. The greatest gift that is ever made to any man is the gift of a high resolve. Happy is the state that is born of a high resolve in the heart of a great man. In such case stands Georgia.

In the early days of the 18th century, a young Englishman named Robert Castell, an architect and artist, desiring to do a beautiful thing for the world, published a volume entitled, "The Villas of the Ancients." It was a very expensive book, and the sale being slow it involved the author in heavy debt. His importunate creditors, empowered to do so by the English law of the day, thrust him into the old Fleet prison which was conducted by that notorious scoundrel, Thomas Bambridge. In the endeavor to extract money from his friends through his sufferings. Castell was finally thrown into a ward in which small-pox was raging and there he was found by his friend, James Edward Oglethorpe, in a dying condition. Fired by his death which followed, Oglethorpe resolved that, in so far as it lay within his power, men who tried to serve their generation by making the world more beautiful—as did his friend, Castell—should never again suffer such an ignominious end. He went to his King George II, and secured a grant of all that tract of land lying between the Savannah and the Altamaha rivers East of the Mississippi and West of the Atlantic, a territory which embraces the states of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

Having organized and chartered his company, having carefully examined every applicant whom he selected, Oglethorpe set sail from Gravesend with 119 colonists and landed at Charleston on January 13th of the year following, 1733. A month later he had reached Savannah.

The story of the ten years that he spent in Georgia is too well known to rehearse even in outline, but it is well here and now to emphasize the thing that made this colonization different from that of any other in America and the things that distinguished the founder of Georgia from all other founders of American colonies.

The first of these was that true democracy of personal friendship which is exhibited from the inception of his plan. Georgia was born in the kind heart of a good man who, although he was descended from the best blood and one of the oldest families of England, nevertheless, made himself one of his colonists and became a personal friend of every person whom he led into the wilderness of America. He was called "Father" by those who went with him in the "Anne" and by those who followed in their footsteps. If one of them was ill, Oglethorpe was quickly by his bedside. If one of them was in trouble, it was Oglethorpe who brought help. He was their defender against every enemy. He was their ambassador, making and preserving an unbroken peace with the surrounding natives. He was their law-giver, pointing out to them all the fundamental principles of a happy, industrious community. He was

their architect and landscape-artist, drawing with his own hand the plan of Savannah, with its public gardens and parks, which is today one of the few properly planned cities in this country. He was their Governor, exercising by their consent a power among them far more autocratic than a King. He was their General, leading them to repeated victories. He taught them how to farm, how to fight, how to pray. He brought with him John and Charles Wesley and George Whitfield that they might convert the Indians, not only but develop and preserve the Christian graces among the settlers. Himself an Episcopalian, he, nevertheless, declined to refuse admission to the Salzburgers and the Jews and the non-conformist. In short, he loved all men and was a friend of every person, and wished to found in Georgia a place where any man who wished to do a beautiful thing for the world might have his opportunity to do it. Sometimes we call this quality humanitarianism, sometimes we call it magnanimity, sometimes we call it generosity. It is the ultimate civilization, the only enduring democracy. We speak of a man possessing it as being big-hearted, great-souled. We know that it is a thing most needed in 1733 and most needed in 1923. Oglethorpe had it. He possessed a heart that loved mankind, and for love of all mankind he founded his Georgia.

If this had been the only quality of his greatness he would have been great enough for immortality, but to his philanthropy he added this second principle—that the citizenship of his Georgia should possess self-control and moderation in all things. At a time when white men, for the sake of a little profit, were selling whiskey to the Indians, thereby dooming the red-skins to disaster and thousands of the whites to destruction, Oglethorpe wiser than those who preceded him and more far-seeing than any who followed, forbade absolutely the sale of whiskey within his colony. Now, James Edward Oglethorpe was an English gentleman, coming of a long line of ancestors, one of whom was sheriff of York, at the time of the Norman Conquest, a man to whom a whiskey and soda was as natural a beverage as is water to a prohibitionist, yet he is perhaps the only statesman of his day who perceived that drunkenness, whether white or Indian, was inefficiency. He knew that "fire-water" in the hands of an Indian was dynamite and on the lips of a colonist poverty. He did not forbid the sale of beer or light wines but rum and whiskey from the beginning were prohibited in Georgia. It took this country nearly two hundred years to attain to that measure of statesmanship which was with him a fundamental of his task. Also, against fanaticism on the one hand and indifference on the other, he chose the wise, statesman-like course of protecting the bodies, the minds, and the souls of his colonists and of the Indians upon whose sanity and good will they were largely dependent for their safety. One of the most astonishing facts of his career was his devotion to the Indian tribes with whom he made friends and who learned that the trust they reposed in his promises would never be betrayed. The name of Tomochichi, Mico of the Yamacraws is immortal for the simple reason that this great Indian trusted this great white man and was never betrayed. As a consequence, during the entire time that Oglethorpe was Governor of Georgia, he not only had no trouble with the Indians but they consistently supported him against the invasions of the Spaniards in Florida and their Indian allies. It was this rare combination of common and moral sense that made the success of his colony possible.

And to these two qualities of greatness, Oglethorpe added yet a third, for Georgia was founded, as was no other state in the Union, upon the principle of human liberty, the rights of every man to a place in the sun. His was the first and only anti slavery state before the Revolution, and this was due entirely to the iron will and the far vision of one single man, the founder of Georgia. No man knew better than he the tremendous forces of selfishness against which he would have to contend. From Canada to Cape Horn slaves were common and by universal belief con-

sidered necessary in the Southern colonies, but Oglethorpe founded his Georgia upon the principle of individual industry and labor and efficiency. It was not only against slavery as a principle but against slavery as an inefficient economic system that he fought. He wanted a state of happy villages and pretty country-side where every man owned his own land and was blessed in the labor of his own hands upon it. As long as Oglethorpe was Governor of Georgia not a slave was permitted to be sold within her bounds. For this stand he was roughly criticized in the Parliament of his native land where time and time again, as a member from Haslemere, he was called upon to defend his action. Against his position also every neighboring state was arrayed and every British and New England ship bearing slaves from Africa endeavored to break through the barrier that he had erected. That was in 1733 to 1743. In but a little more than one century America was drenched in blood because her statesmen were not as wise as the man who founded Georgia. We now know how much better it would have been for all America—and for the whole world—if the English Parliament and New England slave merchants and a false Southern economic system had not been able to overcome the wise plan of the greatest among the founders of American commonwealths. Nor is it any little thing that Georgia is thus able to claim as one of her finest traditions the principle of human liberty, and it adds emphasis to her protests of the sixties. For had not slavery been forced upon her by her neighbors in America and her fathers in England? And then was she not robbed of her property without compensation?

Now, surely it would have been enough to make a man immortal among the immortals to have thus looked forward two centuries beyond his time and upon such beliefs to have founded a commonwealth, but these were not all. No less fine among his qualities of statesmanship was his conviction and his action based upon it, that men had a right to rule themselves at home and that the dealings of nation with nation should be founded upon justice. It is a familiar story, dear to all Georgians, that when the Revolution came and the colonies were at war with their Mother country, Oglethorpe was the Senior General in the British army. It is known that he was offered a commission and it is said that this commission was that of Commander-in-Chief of the British army to subdue the colonies. One report has it that he refused, saying that he 'could not fight against his fellow-countrymen'; another, that he signified his willingness to accept provided that his hand should be left free to deal justly with the men of America. Neither such men could serve the purpose of the then mood of English policy. So Oglethorpe did not take part in the Revolution. He was an Englishman and could not take up arms against his country. He was a Georgian and could not take up arms against his fellow-Georgians. He stands forth as the first great Anglo-American, not only, but as the first Englishman whose position in international politics as to the colonies was that they had a right to determine their own destiny and to rule their own souls. For this he will be loved forever by Georgians and Americans, not only, but by all the citizens of all the colonies of England.

These I consider to be the four great fundamental principles upon which our state was founded. They are essentially American principles. They were not acceptable to England of his day but they are dear to Georgians of all days.

The next chapter in my story has to do with the memory of this great man upon two continents. In England the story is very simple. At the age of fifty-five he was married to Miss Elizabeth Wright who lived in Cranham Hall in Essex, sixteen miles out of London. There he lived in retirement until his death at the age of eighty-nine. He was buried in a vault constructed by his wife in the center of the Chancel in the little church that bears the name of All Saints. Years lengthened into decades and decades into centuries. By the thoughtful pre-vision of his wife,

there was erected on the wall of the church a tablet reciting his many deeds of philanthropy and statesmanship and closing with words concerning her own self, the last sentence reading "and she is buried with her husband in the vault in the center of the Chancel".

Now, all this seems plain enough, and there would have been no question as to where James Edward Oglethorpe was buried had not the hand of time gradually undermined the little church until it became necessary that it should be rebuilt. A faculty was obtained from the ecclesiastical authorities to that end and a new building was constructed. That was one-half a century ago and the men who labored upon it were either buried themselves or dispersed over the face of the earth. The plans were mislaid, nor could the most careful search bring them to light. No one living in the community could tell whether the church had been rebuilt from the old foundation or upon a new site. Certain witnesses indeed stated that in their opinion the old foundation had not been used but the location of the church had been changed. It was known definitely from comparative photographs that the new church was not exactly the shape of the old. A lady who lived near by stated positively that the site was quite different. So that when application was made for the privilege of excavation in the center of the Chancel it was declined upon the ground that the location of the grave of General Oglethorpe was no longer known. Thus, in 138 years, the very site of his tomb had been forgotten.

Last summer I had the privilege of a conference with the President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in which institution Oglethorpe had been a gentleman commoner and of which he was a Master of Arts graduate. I asked the President whether there was any monument to Oglethorpe in the college or in any other college of Oxford and his reply was in the negative. Thus, even his Alma Mater had allowed his name to sink into oblivion.

Upon my arrival in England last summer, I asked carefully as to whether there existed in England or the British Isles, or indeed in the entire British Empire, any monument to the founder of Georgia. The reply was uniformly in the negative. Thus the memory of General James Edward Oglethorpe had sunk into utter oblivion in England, into forgetfulness so complete that there was not a human being in the whole wide world who knew the exact site of his tomb, that there was not a monument to his memory in the whole British empire and not even a portrait of him in his Alma Mater.

In Georgia the story was quite different but even here the brightness of his memory had been tarnished by time. Georgians had erected a monument in Savannah, one of our 165 counties had been named for him, a little village in south Georgia bears his name, and a Fort near the Tennessee line. Numerous streets and avenues, and here and there a hotel and apartment house had been named for him. His picture appears in our school histories, and there is in the hearts of all Georgians a certain indefinite sort of gratitude for and appreciation of his life. Remembered by students of history, by educators and by hero worshipers, he had, nevertheless, been largely forgotten even in the state that he founded.

My personal judgment is that the finest and most perfect attempt to perpetuate his memory in the way that he himself would have wished, was made by our forefathers who, in the year 1835, laid the corner stone of Oglethorpe University on the old midway Hill, a suburb of Milledgeville, the then capital of the state. After all is said and done, this truth remains, that a man who is deserving of immortality should never die, and that man is already dead, regardless of how many monuments of marble or stone have been erected upon plaza and avenues bearing his name, the principles of whose life have been forgotten. And that man lives when and where the things for which he strove are remembered,

when and where things that he taught are still taught, when and where the aspirations of his soul abide as ideals for other men to follow.

Had old Oglethorpe University not loved the South so well in the days of the sixties when all of her students went into the Confederate army and all her money into Confederate bonds, when her buildings were used for barracks and later largely burned, the story of the memory of Oglethorpe might have been different. The new Oglethorpe University was founded largely to revive and perpetuate the principles of his life, that they might again become the ideals of Georgia, and that James Edward Oglethorpe might once more become the dominant personality of his commonwealth. It was in the belief that where a man lives there he should be that I undertook my mission to England. The trip itself had been preceded by the necessary investigation as to the proper steps to be taken in the matter. By English law, the custody of the remains of any person buried in the Chancel of an English church reposes in the will of the Rector of that church, subject to the approval of his Parochial Church Council and of the Chancellor of the Diocese. Nearly two years ago I took this matter up with Congressman of our district, Mr. W. D. Upshaw, who, in turn, approached our Department of State with the request that they should approach the proper parties in Great Britain, asking the permission of all parties concerned to the removal of the remains of General James Edward Oglethorpe from their resting place in England to Atlanta, the capital of the state of Georgia, and to the campus of Oglethorpe University, his memorial university. A full statement concerning the University, its history, its assets, its prospects was made at the time and transmitted to England by our State Department. The matter was taken up in England by Mr. R. P. Skinner, our Consul General. I also had the pleasure of a visit to England about that time when I spoke directly to the then Rector of the Church whose approval was immediately given. Further negotiations were conducted by Mr. Skinner. Shortly after my return to America a change took place in the Rectory and Rev. Leslie Wright succeeded Rev. W. C. Cluff as Rector. He also approved our plan. A petition in the usual form, according to English ecclesiastical law, was then presented to the Chancellor of the Diocese, asking for permission to excavate the center of the Chancel of the Church with the object of locating, if possible, the resting place of our founder. This permission was later absolutely refused. On the 14th of August, Mr. Wright wrote me as follows: "You will, no doubt, have heard by now from your Consul General the issue of the Oglethorpe matter. A petition was duly put forward by me to the Chancellor for an exploratory faculty, but it has been absolutely refused. The most careful enquiries failed to bring any information as to the exact resting place of the remains, and no ground plan of the old church is in existence. An exploratory faculty is but rarely granted as it implies extensive disturbance of the floor of the building. Unfortunately, the Press stirred up no little ill feeling about it, and many people seemed suddenly to discover rights and interests in our affairs who never darken Cranham Church. Am afraid you will be very disappointed about it, but I have done all that is in my power to further your wishes."

After conference with the Chairman of our Executive Committee, the President of our Board of Trustees, I went to England to see whether, by personal investigation, I could not secure enough evidence definitely to locate General Oglethorpe's grave. I found upon arrival there that the situation was as I have outlined above. No one knew where he rested. I found also that a number of protests had been printed in the papers around Cranham and in the London press in which the writers resented indiscriminate exploration such as they claimed had been made in the effort to recover the bones of Princess Pocahontas. I explained that unless we could find the exact spot where the General rested we would not attempt any excavation. For week after week old records were searched, archeological reports were investigated, architectural

drawings studied and even hear say evidence sifted. A careful examination was made of the foundation of the present church and a study of the adjacent tomb-stones, and indeed of every tomb-stone of the entire church-yard. At last the argument was complete and was submitted in detail to the Chancellor, and after very careful review by him he, according to English custom, held a court in the little church and read the following decision:

"THE CHANCELLOR, in giving Judgment said: In this case a petition has been made to me as Chancellor of this Diocese, by the Rector of the Parish, asking that by a faculty authority may be given to make excavations in the Chancel of the Church for the purpose of ascertaining and finding if possible, the remains of one—General James Oglethorpe. There has been no appearance entered to the citation and in the ordinary way, having given due and careful consideration to the circumstances of the petition I should have been included without further procedure, to have directed that a faculty should be issued as prayed. In this case, however, a good deal of misunderstanding has apparently arisen as to the propriety of such examination of the floor of the portion of the Church for the purpose mentioned in the petition, and I am very anxious that those who are interested in the Church should understand—and clearly understand—the care that the Chancellor takes when a petition of this nature is made to him, before he grants a faculty to enable the petitioners to carry out that which they prayed for in the petition. The petition which is the subject of my judgment today is not the first Petition. A Petition was originally presented to me which indicated on the face of it that search was to be made for the remains of General Oglethorpe for certain stated reasons, but indicated no particular spot where it was believed the remains rested. I considered that matter, and it appeared to me that a Faculty granted for a Petition of that kind would give a roving commission to dig up here and to dig up there. I think, therefore, in the interests of all concerned in this matter that I should read my judgment in that Petition so that you can see that Faculties are not granted haphazard and without careful and anxious consideration. In endorsing the original Petition I wrote that no indication was given to me as to the position in the Chancel where the expected remains might be found. It was doubtful, indeed, whether the examination would result in the discovery of remains definitely assignable as the remains of General James Oglethorpe. I therefore absolutely refused, by virtue of my office, to authorize exploratory excavations in the vault of the Chancel in the hope of finding the remains referred to. I said I understood the remains of many others would be disturbed and, in the uncertainty of excavations, would, in my judgment, be wrongly disturbed. In the Petition upon which I am giving Judgment there is new evidence as to the exact spot where General Oglethorpe and his wife are buried and I thought it my duty to consider the new application in the light of the fresh evidence so adduced before me. Originally my great doubt was whether the Church, which was built in 1873, was rebuilt on exactly the same foundations and in the same position as the ancient one, which was destroyed by fire. I am satisfied from the evidence which has been brought before me that the present Church was raised upon the old foundations so that the dimensions of the Church are the same as before. I do not think having regard to the fact that no appearance has been entered to the citation that it is necessary for me to go into the details of the evidence which has been brought before me to convince my mind. The evidence is outside the Church for all to see if they will use their eyes. There are on the north side and there is on the east side of the Church tombs antecedent to the rebuilding of the Church and yet so close to the walls of the Church—and so far as appearance go they have not been disturbed—to make it clear that the present Church rests on the same foundations as the old. If I am satisfied of that I have to look at the tablet which is upon the wall of the

Chancel and which sets forth the many graces which General James Oglethorpe possessed, and which states that he and his wife are buried in a vault in the centre of the Chancel. So, then, so far as one can humanly speak, beyond peradventure, in the centre of the Chancel, and beneath the centre of the Chancel, there is a vault, and in that vault are the remains of General James Oglethorpe. When this Church was rebuilt an undertaking was given that the tablet should be placed as nearly as possible in the old spot on the wall where it was before the wall supporting it was burnt down. I have little doubt that so far as evidence of that sort can convince one's mind that the limited exploration asked for can be properly made and the excavations, in the circumstances, piously made, therefore, in directing that a Faculty should issue I shall, by that Faculty, limit the amount of disturbance to the spot indicated by the tablet. The Application is exceptional in this way. It is desired that if the remains are found a Petition shall be made that they may pass from here beyond the seas into the custody of our brothers and sisters in the State of Georgia in America. How comes it that a transference of that sort is desired or desirable? The reason is this. Long years ago, to be accurate, on the last day of this month in 1732, General James Oglethorpe, in the largeness of his heart and desiring to benefit those whose lives in this country were sad and who had no work, embarked on the Anne Galley at Deptford with 119 English people, designing to take them out and found a Colony named after George the Second—Georgia. He founded that Colony. It was his life's work and he left a mark in America as deeply and clearly as any Englishman has ever left his mark in any country. Those 119 Englishmen whom he took over with him were the foundation and the very core of the great State of Georgia with the millions of people that it now possesses. It is therefore not unnatural—indeed it is a pious and honorable wish on the part of the inhabitants of that State which he, with his energy, humanity, and uprightness, founded—that they should ask that the body should rest in that State. It has been misapprehended by some, and misunderstood by others, because some people have thought it was some sort of private enterprise. I have had communications, under the State Seal, from the Governor of the State of Georgia, from the City of Atlanta, its Capital, and from great American citizens. It is a matter which does honour to those who desire to have the remains of their founder in their midst. So it comes about that on the second Petition, having considered the matter deeply, and, I hope, religiously and sympathetically, I have felt it my duty to grant the Faculty to search. There will be guarded, as the Rector would desire it should be guarded, the Divine Worship carried on within the walls of this Church, from disturbance. If, as the result of the excavations the remains of General James Oglethorpe are found a further Petition will be made for the remains to be allowed to pass across the seas into the bosom of Georgia, where they will rest—honoured and loved—a link between that great country and our own. So let the Faculty issue."

I shall never forget as long as I live the scene in the little Church on that afternoon of the 10th of October when the vault of General Oglethorpe was discovered. To appreciate the situation it is necessary to remember that our argument whereby we proved that the new Church had been built upon the foundation of the old, or thereabouts, was not convincing to the people of the neighborhood. While we, ourselves, were convinced, we were nevertheless not certain. Excavations were begun at eleven o'clock on the morning of October 9th. The tiling of the Chancel floor was removed over a space three by six feet which was less than one half of the space permitted us by the Chancellor for excavation—his decree being a space eight by eight. Underneath the tiling we found concrete, perhaps seven inches in thickness, and the afternoon of the 9th was spent in making an opening through it. Just before the workmen left that afternoon a probe showed that some three feet under the

concrete there was something solid, which we thought would probably prove to be the brick of the vault. A few hours work the following morning, October 10th, proved our guess correct. We found the vault was arched by two layers of brick above. The workmen reverently drew one and then another of these brick from their position. I noticed that they seemed to be as fresh and new as if they had been laid yesterday. After a small opening was made a candle was lowered into the vault and the glimmer of the light was reflected on what seemed to be gold and silver lace-work on two long dark objects that lay side by side at the bottom of the vault. The opening was then enlarged so that one of the workmen could be lowered and he was asked to see whether there were any inscriptions on the coffins. He quickly replied that the name of Oglethorpe was on both. The Superintendent of the work then asked me to descend into the vault in order that the identification might be more complete. I shall never forget the sense of reverence and affection that swept over my soul as I read the name of General Oglethorpe on the plate of his coffin and that of his wife, Elizabeth, on the one that rested by his side. For 136 years he had lain where no man had cared until all the world had forgotten the spot of his resting place, and now the whole English-speaking world, within a few moments, would know that he had risen from the dead and had become once more Governor of Georgia. After the identification had been completed by the descent of the Rector and of a friend who was with us, and after the vault had been closed, we walked reverently down the aisle of the little church, out through the church-yard—so quiet that a hundred yards away could be heard the song of a little English Robin red-breast upon the rose bush, and in the dull gray of an English autumn, made more dreary by a drizzling rain we realized that a thing had been done that would ever be remembered—Georgia had discovered again her founder and as long as Oglethorpe University lasted he would never be forgotten!

In the meantime, I had taken the opportunity to speak with a number of distinguished Englishmen concerning the entire matter, particularly the editors of three outstanding newspapers and of four neighborhood newspapers. Out of the seven approached, six definitely committed themselves as being in accord with our purpose. In these papers, and indeed in the entire English press, a brief statement of our plans and purposes was printed as follows:

"Fundamental in the making of the United States were the ideals brought direct from England: ideals that affected the whole problem of living together in the new land, in honour, happiness and prosperity. That heritage is the priceless thing today in the United States, a fact which, more and more, my countrymen are coming to realize. Especially in Georgia was the very flower of all that was best in life in England planted in the new colony. And this was done through the courage of a single man—James Edward Oglethorpe. He made Georgia. The record of his life today is the light of Georgia, and my mission to England now is to win the consent of the parties concerned to transfer his mortal remains to the commonwealth that he founded. Oglethorpe's chief work was the making of Georgia. Let me repeat, his life was the light of Georgia, and will continue to be more surely the light of Georgia if his remains are fittingly enshrined, as proposed, in the capital city of his State, on the campus of the university which bears his name.

"Upon my arrival in England I was amazed to learn that the request of the people of Georgia and America, and their plan concerning the shrine of General Oglethorpe had, in some essential points, been misunderstood. Articles appearing in the English Press suggested that the local public considered the proposal in the light of other incidents, to which it really offers no parallel. The proposal is neither a private enterprise nor is it one involving an indiscriminate disinterment of remains of others, but is a dignified request of one great people of another with

the most solemn and reverent purpose. The matter was initiated through the representative of the State of Georgia in the Congress of the United States, and officially endorsed under the Great Seal of the Commonwealth by the Governor of Georgia, and has received the approbation of the Department of State of the Government of the United States at Washington.

"To understand this request it is only necessary to recall the part played by General Oglethorpe in the founding of Georgia. The story of how his friend Castell, who, having published an expensive volume on European villas, and being unable to pay the cost of it, had been thrown into the smallpox ward of the old Fleet prison, where Oglethorpe found him in a dying condition, and of how the General received from King George II a charter for the colony of Georgia, is familiar to most English folk but perhaps the other reasons why Oglethorpe is loved so in Georgia are not so well known. Chief among these was his quality of generous far-seeing statesmanship, his executive wisdom, his English justice. While he was Governor of Georgia no slave was allowed in the State, nor any whiskey sold to the Indians. But most important for the present occasion, he was the first great Anglo-American. When, as senior general of the British Army, he was offered a commission, by some reported to have been that of General-in-Chief to subdue the Colonies in 1776, he is said to have declined the offer, explaining that he could not fight against his fellow-countrymen. To him the Englishman living in Essex and the Englishman living in Georgia were both fellow-citizens in that great Anglo-Saxon world for whose upbuilding he spent his life.

"And now the people of Georgia and America ask of the people of Essex and England permission to remove his remains to the Capital of Georgia and to the campus of the University bearing his name. Recent researches have definitely located the exact spot of his resting place. No other grave would be touched in the dis-interment. They propose to make the occasion of his re-interment in Georgia perhaps the greatest Anglo-Saxon hour the world has yet known. A commission of distinguished Englishmen will be invited to represent the British people and the highest officials in America to represent Canada and the United States, not only to pay honour to this first great Anglo-American but to re-emphasize the essential unity of traditions, law, literature, religion, blood and interests of the two branches of the English-speaking world. From this it will be readily seen that while Oglethorpe is only one of a hundred thousand greatest Englishmen, he is the one greatest Georgian, having planned, founded and nourished his infant colony single-hearted and single-handed, and to us of Georgia he represents more than any other man who ever lived that highest ideal of Anglo-Saxon solidarity based upon justice, generosity, and wisdom. Having served this great cause so well while alive, who is willing to deny him, dead, the privilege of perpetuating that service forever?

"We, therefore, the English in America, some fifty million pure-blooded sons of the old Motherland, ask of you, our brothers across the sea to be generous to us, as we in the Western lands love to think that England always is to her children; to grant to us from your own great treasures of mighty men the mortal remains of this one great man who to us is father, teacher, and hero. We do not believe for one moment that we shall ask in vain.

"This gift to us would be a seal of blood and kinship and affection, which might mean in the future more than we of this generation can very well tell."

Now the plan that lay in my mind was this, that both the name and the mortal remains of this great and good man should be rescued from the oblivion into which they had sunk in his native land and that a thing should be done for him which he deserved to have done, believing him to be the greatest of all founders of American commonwealths; be-

lieving that he laid the substructure of Georgia with greater stones than those of any of its sister states. I believed that once the people of Georgia had the matter presented to them properly they would be willing to build him a monument that would render him utterly immortal. Already his memorial university had been established upon broad and generous lines. In its students, in its Woman's Board, in its Board of Trustees-Founders, the whole spirit of his Georgia had been gathered. Episcopalians were there to represent his own church, and Methodists to add the fervor of his own John Wesley. Presbyterians and Baptists and Salzburgers and men of all faiths were upon its campus and guiding its councils. It was being built along the most artistic lines, of the most enduring material. Its ideals were his ideals, and its purposes his purposes. It was located in the capital of his state and it was planned that there should be erected on its campus a tower worthy to be compared with the Cleveland tower at Princeton, surmounting a university Chapel. It was planned to reproduce the Chancel of the little church in which he had for two centuries rested, with its memorial tablet, its beautiful altar, its historic pulpit and its holy memories. It was planned in this church on stated occasions to hold memorial exercises in honor of this great and good man in order that he should no longer be the forgotten founder of Georgia, but that he might live again in throbbing hearts, inspired thoughts, and consecrated lives.

For myself, I believe that it would be a good thing for Georgia to obtain that new emphasis upon the principles on which she was founded, that new devotion to the ideals of her hero's life, that new vision of his greatness and that new consciousness of his presence which would have been here had the remains of her Oglethorpe been enshrined on her soil, and I believe that Georgia, had this request been graciously granted, would have seen new value in her English traditions and have gathered new power from her English inspiration.

And I believe that it would have been a still better thing for England to have shown that magnanimity of spirit and that appreciation of the sentiment of other people which so frequently she has shown in the past.

I believe that had she so acted, the eager gratitude of the Georgia people would have expressed itself in undying devotion to the mother country which on some later occasion she may look for and lack.

After the Chancellor's decision had been rendered, only one step remained to be taken before the plan would be successful. It was necessary that the Chancellor should give permission for the exhumation and the re-interment of the remains of the General and Lady Oglethorpe in consecrated ground in America. This he had already intimated in his previous faculty that he would do. The usual notice was posted on the church door at Cranham where it must needs stay eight days, and the Chancellor had set the date of his court to render his final decision on the Saturday following the expiration of that period.

It was at this time that the first protests from Savannah were received. I do not think it fair to criticize the motives of the senders of these protests and in what I have to say I only shall attempt impartially to state simple facts. It would not be exactly true to say that the Savannah protests were the whole cause of the failure of our plan. They were the match that set fire to the tinder.

Before going further, also, I wish to make plain the fact that I hold in highest respect the quality of character of the British people and for many of them whom I have the privilege of calling my friends I hold the most affectionate regard. In what I say, therefore, no syllable is to be construed as criticism of them. I learned to love them for their courtesies, their hospitality and their culture. Of course, they are in England, as here in America, many rude and coarse persons, and there is a certain element of their press that is as yellow as the fifth ribbon of the rainbow. One of the dangers that I had quickly learned to watch

lay in the fact that the English people are more averse to exhumations than are we in America. For example, America brought home her boys from France. England did not. Yet exhumations are common in England. Whole graveyards are some times moved in the public interest and this is done frequently with great carelessness as compared with the reverent and dignified way in which we approached our task. Also, the English brought back one of their boys from Flanders to bury him in Westminster Abbey as the Unknown Soldier. It was not a difficult matter to handle that particular danger, therefore. There was another that was greater. The English people are for the present abnormally sensitive about America. For centuries Britain has dominated the ocean, for centuries she has commanded the trade of the world, for centuries she has financed the economic life of the earth, and now a newer and younger people, with a franker and quite independent policy, has attained to a power so great and a wealth so enormous that England looks upon it with a feeling in which anxiety is mingled with alarm. Unfortunately, also, there is a certain proportion of American tourists, belonging especially to the nouveau riche who lack the courtesy that is common to all upperclass Englishmen and Americans and who have distinguished themselves by their coarse and flamboyant conduct to the detriment of our reputation in England. And to this should be added the fact that American wealth has substituted itself for British wealth in exchanging gold for the precious artistic possessions of Europe until now they feel that no master-piece is safe from the long arm of American prosperity. There is, therefore, a definite fear of the American souvenir hunter in England and anything that savors of that sort of thing is fated to fail.

Now up to the time to which we have come in our story, the entire plan had been kept upon the highest possible plane. It was a request that was dignified and reverent and had been conducted in a way that would command the respect of two great nations.

But, when the Savannah protests began to pour in, one from the Society of Colonial Wars, one from the Mayor and Alderman of the City of Savannah, and one from the "Bishop of Georgia" who is a citizen of Savannah, the English people were first astonished, then puzzled, and then angry. It was not possible, even had I been willing to be so discourteous, to explain to the English people the civic relations existing between Atlanta and Savannah but, indeed, it was not necessary. The matter had by that time reached the stage where the English-speaking world was grasping for every item of information concerning the enterprise, and there began to appear from various correspondents, quotations of editorials from the Savannah papers. One of them read, "Savannah should interpose her serious objection to the taking of General Oglethorpe's bones to Atlanta. If they are to be brought to this country, let them rest here—Savannah should do what is needful to have the plans to bring them to America so changed that the place of his burial will be here." Another said, "we ask any student of history whether Savannah is not the proper place for General Oglethorpe to rest." Over night the whole plan degenerated from a dignified and reverent request of a University, endorsed by the Mayor of the capital city, and under the seal of the State by the Governor of the commonwealth, and transmitted through the state Department of the Government of the United States to the parties concerned in England and became a scramble over dead bones between two American cities. Indignant protests filled many English papers. The cablegram of the Bishop of Georgia was particularly effective. The English people could think of the Bishop of Georgia as meaning only what it would mean in England where he would rank with the Archbishop of Canterbury and represent the entire religious life of the commonwealth. The situation, therefore, became one where, for the sake of Savannah as well as Atlanta, for the sake of England as well as Georgia, I decided that the courteous and proper

thing to do was to withdraw our request which I did in the following words:

"In deference to the wishes of many Englishmen, I have decided to withdraw our request that the remains of General Oglethorpe should be transferred to the proposed shrine on the campus of his memorial university in Atlanta, Georgia.

"The purpose of the request was two-fold; first, that the grave of our Founder, the exact spot of which had actually been forgotten in England, might be made the center of instruction in the great principles upon which he founded our commonwealth; and a holy sanctuary of Georgian patriotism.

"The second purpose was our desire to make him and his sacred memory an eternal tie of good-will between England and America.

"It is this last purpose that seems at present impossible of realization.

"As to the first, it is already partly accomplished. We know where he is buried, exactly, and, by the gracious courtesies of the English people, Oglethorpe University will endeavor to see that it is forever remembered. Also, if the little church at Cranham will permit us to do so, we shall endeavor in the future to show it and its rector what the love of millions of Georgians means. For their kindly sentiment toward the enterprise and their unanimous approval of it they will never be forgotten in Georgia.

"I take this opportunity of thanking the many English friends of our plan—including many members of his family—and of assuring them that an enterprise endorsed for the Capital city of our state by its Mayor, for the state itself by its Governor, and transmitted through the National Government, could have had only one actuating motive, that of deepest love and affection for the forgotten Founder of Georgia to whom after the lapse of two centuries England has raised no monument."

THORNWELL JACOBS.

The Rector of Cranham Church replied to the protests from Savannah in plain and unmistakable language, as follows:

"I see by the papers that Savannah is on the warpath. But Savannah is wrong. There would be no point in our sending these relics to her, for she cannot propagate the principles which this man's life enshrined. We desire to give them to Oglethorpe University alone—for it, founded in Oglethorpe's honour—can train the youth of Georgia to grow up in his moral image.

"And, if it is to the point, you may tell them that I said so."

LESLIE WRIGHT.

Thus was the purpose of my mission to England relinquished. We had hoped to bring back the forgotten founder on an American battleship that would follow the track taken by the "Anne" 191 years ago—from Gravesend to Savannah. Great preparations had been made in Georgia to that end. Special escorts, notably that of the Infantry School at Camp Benning, had been offered. The erection of his memorial tower was assured when, for the sake of Savannah as well as Atlanta, for the sake of England as well as America, it was thought best to withdraw our petition. Perhaps the tower will yet be built, enshrining a replica of the little chancel at Cranham with its altar, its memorial windows, and its pulpit. Perhaps a good part of this beautiful dream may yet come true. All that is upon the knees of the Gods.

But of one thing we may be sure, the name of James Edward Oglethorpe will never again be forgotten in England nor will his burial spot sink again into oblivion. The people of Georgia, and especially his memorial University, will see to it that the location of his grave is remembered. It is planned that each year on the day that he founded Georgia, two wreaths of laurel shall be placed, one above his coffin and the other

above that of Lady Oglethorpe. We know now where they should lie and we shall never again forget, and we must see to it also that the fine purpose of his heart, the high ideals of his soul and the great traditions of his life are never again forgotten, for to that purpose his memorial University has already set her will and in the execution of it we invite all who love to see a beautiful thing well done to help us.

As I stood in the vault in which he rests, on that wonderful afternoon of October 10th, there came to me the thought that I was nearer to James Edward Oglethorpe than any living Georgian had ever been, but that soon all Georgians who pleased to do so could be just as near to him as I. Shall we not make this come true—at least in a deeper, spiritual sense? He is no longer a little group of revered bones or a heap of human ashes. He is risen from the dead and has become again the dominant figure in the state he founded. We have been entrusted—at least in part—with the guardianship of the Oglethorpe tradition and we shall see to it, as far as we may, that his spiritual power shall forever abide to bless and guide the millions who inhabit the state he founded.

"WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH TO DISTURB MY REST?"

[At the Opening of the Vault, October 10th, 1923, 4:30 P. M.]

Oglethorpe, awake, it is we!
 From Georgia, thy Georgia, dost recall?
 Castell—the Anne—old Charleston—then the bluff
 Of densely wooded Yamacraw—
 Savannah, drawn by thine own hand—
 Old Ebenezer—Frederica—Spanish guns—
 And that red day at Bloody Marsh?
 Awake, we come for Thee!
 Numbered no longer by an hundred and a score,
 But million-voiced, we call!
 Come, see the travail of thy soul:—
 Glynn's marshes, to sweet music their Lanier
 Hath taught, wave rhythmed welcome.
 Tomochichi beckons, though his Creeks
 Have followed fair Ioskeha to the West.
 Cities by hundreds hum their grateful notes
 Within the land thou gavest them,
 Whereof great commonwealths have sprung:—
 Rich Birmingham is thine; Augusta fair;
 Electric, thine, Columbus, where the Chattahoochee roars.
 While at thy Georgia's farthest Western bounds,
 By mighty Mississippi, Vicksburg waits.
 And lo, thy capital upon her watchful ridge,
 Atlanta, toils and sings and dreams of thee!
 O Founder—Father, Oglethorpe, awake!
 Thou art no longer precious dust
 Nor group of sacred bones.
 But living once again thou hast become
 Monarch of millions! Dominant, again, thy will prevails.
 Hear this thy praise that rings throughout the land;
 Thine is this adulation, this vast love;
 Thine this memorial University;
 Wherein thou canst unhand thy mighty soul
 And teach us, as of yore, thy fairest dreams:
 Of Friendship, militant for sad humanity;
 Of conduct mailed in wise sobriety;
 Of human liberty, uncowed by slaves;
 Of Anglo-Saxon oneness; O Thou first
 American and Englishman in one.
 Thou honored Chief of England's swords,

Who wouldst not fight against thy flesh and blood.
 Didst see, afar that Vaster Essex,
 That sisterhood of nations, Saxon wombed,
 To whose warm heart and steady will
 A world hegemony would come?
 Great Oglethorpe, awake from visioned sleep!
 All thou hast dreamed is true!
 At last, thy morning dawns
 And thou dost rise, a King!

GEORGIA WELCOMES A RETURNING VICTOR

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT, State Historian of Georgia

Three cheers for Thornwell Jacobs, the man of vision! If he has failed in the lesser objects of his quest, he has succeeded in the greater. He has re-discovered and re-dedicated a lost Anglo-Saxon shrine. We of the South know something of the victory which belongs to the vanquished. We have long been familiar with the glory of defeat. Apparent failures are oft times wrought of starry stuff; and when I think of what Dr. Jacobs has accomplished in England, I can recall no forgotten victor on the Appian Way, with whom he could afford to make an exchange of laurels.

Oglethorpe's bones may remain in England; but Dr. Jacobs has brought back to Georgia something better still—Oglethorpe's soul! He has kindled for us anew—aye, even in Savannah—an appreciation of the state's great founder. He has introduced us once more to the man who gave to our state a local habitation and a name, and who impressed upon our history both his genius and his character. We were in danger of forgetting Oglethorpe—here, on the field of his glory, and among the very torch-memorials of his fame. But thanks to Dr. Jacobs that peril has passed.

Oglethorpe was the knightliest Englishman to cross the seas, from 1607 to 1776—from Jamestown to Independence—covering the whole period of English colonization in America. The province which he founded, between the Altamaha and the Savannah Rivers, was the only one of the provinces of England to spring from an impulse of benevolence—all the others were mercenary enterprises. Friend of the honest but unfortunate debtor, this prince of humanitarians was also the first soldier of his age, trained under Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the Duke of Marlborough.

All who read the pages of Boswell's "Johnson", will recall the scenes in which he moved, the friends with whom he met and mingled around the social boards of London. These included Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick and Reynolds—the greatest of eighteenth century Englishmen. It was reserved for Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint his portrait, a priceless treasure of art, lost in the disastrous fire which destroyed the original Cranham Hall. On more than one occasion, Samuel Johnson himself announced it his deliberate purpose to write Oglethorpe's biography—a task to which he looked forward; but out of which he was cheated, first by the grave. All who have read "Little Dorrit", that charming story in which Dickens has portrayed the life of the Marshalsea, can form a splendid idea, not only of the circumstances under which the colony of Georgia was launched, but equally of the choice spirits which were often found in the debtor prisons of England.

Two shining virtues—like binary stars—illuminate the character of Oglethorpe: His benevolence of soul and his prestige of arms. It was the former which called forth the poetic raptures of Alexander Pope; but to both of these virtues equally is Georgia indebted. Oglethorpe was not only her founder but her protector and to direct the fortunes of his little colony, in the wilds of America he relinquished "a palace

and a parliament. Two great achievements, connected with his life in Georgia, stand out like twin peaks on the horizon. First, the battle of Bloody Marsh, fought on St. Simon's Island, in 1742, an engagement in which against overwhelming odds he stemmed the tide of Spanish invasion and confirmed the continent to Anglo-Saxons. Second, the treaty of Coweta town, negotiated in 1729 with the Confederacy of Creek Indians, a clever piece of diplomacy, the effect of which was felt in the final overthrow of the French power in North America on the heights of Abraham.

Such a man was Oglethorpe. That Georgia is proud of her illustrious founder does not need to be affirmed. That she would have gladly enshrined his ashes in a tomb, the like of which England will never build for him, is equally a fact which all must admit. Dr. Jacobs has returned home without the ashes of Oglethorpe. But let us accord to him nevertheless a victor's welcome—let us vote him a Roman triumph. He has brought back *Oglethorpe's spirit*, to enrich the halls of a noble institution of learning, and he has brought back *Oglethorpe's memory*, to shine like a beacon in the towers of Oglethorpe University. So what he lacks of those relics, which belong to a dead past, he supplies in those vital things, which make for a greater present, and for a greater Oglethorpe in the years to come.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GRAVE OF GENERAL OGLETHORPE

By J. A. MILLS, Associated Press Correspondent

CRANHAM, England, October 10th.—In a little grey church embosomed in the rural loveliness of England, not far from the River Thames, were found today the mortal ashes of General James Oglethorpe, who gave birth as a political unity to no less than three of the Southern states, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. For 138 years the body of this Englishman, who gave America its first ideas of anti-slavery and temperance, and who refused to take up arms against his fellow-Georgians, has rested in his native soil until Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, voicing the sentiment of the people of the state of Georgia, asked that it be enshrined in the land upon which the venerated Briton and 119 of his venturesome Colonists set foot 191 years ago.

Perhaps no American ever came to Europe with a more romantic or solemn mission than the popular head of Oglethorpe University. For two years he set his heart and mind on retrieving the body of General Oglethorpe so that it might form a part of the very firmament at Atlanta which the famous English pioneer had consecrated with his life and fortune and where in future years it is intended to be a living presence on the campus of university he named in General Oglethorpe's honor.

Today Dr. Jacobs' mission was fulfilled in circumstances that must have stirred the pride and patriotism of every American interested in the early history of his country. He found the body of the General and that of his wife in an amazingly perfect state of preservation underneath the concrete floor of All Saints Church here. But his discovery was not accomplished without incurring determined opposition from several official and private sources and the criticism of a number of newspapers, who at first did not realize the international importance of the enterprise or the reverent and patriotic manner in which the search for the body was being conducted. Old England treasures and reverences her children even in death, but Dr. Jacobs succeeded finally in convincing the British authorities of the high motives which animated his activities.

The mantle of darkness was falling on the sequestered hamlet of Cranham. High up in the verdant fields the tall-spired church, symbol of England's immutable piety and power, stood like a sentinel over the graves of the community's honored dead. Cranham's 450 souls were

scattered in the farmsteads and roads at their wonted tasks. The solemn stillness of the place was broken only by the twitter of birds or the occasional bark of a dog. The staccato echoes of the hammers and chisels of the excavators who were seeking to penetrate the mortal tenement of General Oglethorpe within the church seemed like the knocking of unreal spirits at the gates of eternity. The rain fell intermittently and cast a pall over the already sombre picture.

Within the church was a striking scene. The uncertain evening light filtered feebly through the stained-glass windows, casting wierd shadows on the pale, tense faces of Dr. Jacobs and the Rector of the Church, whose minds and hearts seemed to be concentrated in the grave.

Around the yawning hole in the floor of the church, which led to General Oglethorpe's resting place, were a number of candles, their fitful light barely sufficing to guide the picks and shovels of the excavators as they endeavored to remove the earth and stone which now stood between the Founder of Georgia and the outer world. A crucifix of the Founder of Christianity rested over the altar, giving a deeply religious dignity and delicacy to the setting.

Suddenly one of the excavators, after many hours of labor, removed a brick from the roof of the vault and, peeping through the opening cried, "There it is!" It was the coffin of General Oglethorpe.

"Can you read the name plate?" asked Dr. Jacobs in hushed tones.

"Yes it says, 'The Honorable General Oglethorpe: Died first July, 1786.'"

Dr. Jacobs' eyes moistened. His face was eloquently expressive of gratitude, emotion and pride. But he was too moved to speak. He stood transfigured as if in another realm. He expected no such dramatic revelation of the earth's secrets in so short a time.

"You have made history," remarked the kindly Rector of church, the Rev. Leslie Wright, without whose assistance, sympathy and encouragement the American's mission would have failed.

Dr. Jacobs was the first to enter the Georgian hero's sanctuary, being requested to do so for purposes of further identification. He was lowered through the opening by means of a ladder. When he emerged he informed the anxious little group bending over the death chamber that the body of Lady Elizabeth Oglethorpe also rested within the vault, side by side with her revered husband.

"James Edward Oglethorpe is no longer a bit of dust or a group of relics," said Dr. Jacobs. "He is about to become the most dominant personality in the State of Georgia. For I am confident that within a fortnight his body will be speeding across the Atlantic to the port where he landed as a British colonist nearly fifty years before the Declaration of Independence."

NEWSPAPER COMMENT AND CRITICISM

Readers of this volume will, doubtless, be interested in perusing typical examples of newspaper comments appearing both in England and America on the subject of this international quest. The excerpts printed are only a drop from an enormous bucketfull. The story of Oglethorpe—his life, his ideals, his university and the discovery of his resting place was printed all over the world. Probably every newspaper printed in the English language throughout the inhabited globe carried some part of the story.

In interpreting the comments of the English Press, it should be remembered that it is divided into three periods. The first covers a few notices mostly adverse, describing the Chancellor's refusal to issue an exploratory faculty on account of universal ignorance as to the exact spot of the General's resting place. The next period, following upon the definite location of the grave, is most favorable. The third period, following the Savannah protests, is overwhelmingly unfavorable.

It should also be remembered in reading these latter: First, that Oglethorpe had been so utterly forgotten in England that no one knew the exact spot of his grave. Second, that exhumations are so common in England that whole grave-yards are frequently moved in the public interest. Third, that Oglethorpe was buried in a village which he probably never saw until he was fifty-five years old, his ancestral home and family associations being elsewhere. Fourth, that he left no descendants, his nearest relatives claiming to be only his great, great, grand-nephews or nieces. Fifth, that all of the family with whom the President came in contact expressed themselves as being quite favorable to the enterprise.

From the Daily Mail, August 10:

A petition for a faculty for an exhumation at Cranham Churchyard, Essex, where the remains of General James Oglethorpe, founder of Georgia, United States, are supposed to have been buried in the 18th century, has been refused by the Chancellor of the Diocese, Mr. E. B. Charles, K. C., because there is no certainty that the remains are there.

From Loyd's Sunday News, August 12th:

About a year ago the President of Oglethorpe University approached the Rector of Cranham with regard to the disinterment of the General's remains in order that these might be removed to Oglethorpe and there placed under a shrine.

It is only now known that the Chancellor of the Diocese has refused his permission to the proposal submitted in due form by the rector.

The reason given is that owing to structural alterations the remains could not be located exactly in the absence of definite information.

The Chancellor's decision, however, is not unlikely to have influenced by fear of local feelings. The removal to America of the remains of an English hero would doubtless raise severe criticism, while disinterments generally do not meet with popular favor.

From The Recorder, September 7th:

From what Dr. Jacobs said yesterday, it is clear that the American point of view has not been made sufficiently known to be appreciated in this country. The Americans are, like their close kinsmen, ourselves, a sentimental people, and there is a deep, underlying feeling of reverence and gratitude that prompts the desire to enshrine the remains of the founder of their State within the walls of the university which bears his distinguished name. To us, as Dr. Jacobs pointed out, General Oglethorpe is only one of perhaps a hundred thousand great Englishmen. To the people of Georgia he is the one great outstanding figure because "he alone represents all that is best in Georgia's founding, history, and traditions."

From The Recorder, September 6th:

It will be recalled that a short while ago the news gained currency that application had been made to the rector and churchwardens and the Parochial Church Council of Cranham, for permission to obtain a faculty to make the search and see if the body could be located. It was also learned that permission had been given and a faculty applied for. Considerable local opposition was aroused at the time, and this expressed itself in vigorous protests in the Press. The reasons were, of course, sentimental; but apparently this had nothing to do with the decision of the Chancellor of the Diocese, who declined to grant the faculty on the ground that as, so far as was known, the present church of Cranham is not built on the same ground plan as the former one, it was not possible to say exactly where any particular remains now lie. In

other words, the Chancellor was guided by the uncertainty of the result. He did not express any opinion on the advisability of the scheme.

"The public," nevertheless, said the rector, the Rev. Leslie Wright, to our representative at the time, "might have been quite satisfied that, had the petition been granted and the remains found the whole proceedings would have been carried out with the greatest reverence, and that the Americans had only one desire—to confer their highest mark of esteem upon a noble Englishman whom they justly look upon as the founder of their state."

From "Brentwood Gazette and Mid-Essex Recorder," September 22nd:

Some weeks ago Mr. Horne-Payne, of Brentwood, summarized the real American, usually of British origin, as being one of the nicest men on earth." We happened this week to run across one of these real Americans, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of a Georgian University, U. S. A., and we can confirm the opinion of Mr. Horne-Payne. It would be difficult indeed to find a pleasanter human being than the gentleman referred to, though possibly he made a particular appeal to our sympathies by being so keen in his appreciation of the value of the British contribution to U. S. A. To prevent any misunderstanding I might add that I did not altogether agree with the mission on which he was engaged—the removal of the body of General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, from its resting place at Cranham to a shrine in Georgia. When, however, an appeal is made to us to cement the bonds between the mother country and one of the younger but vigorous countries which value the connection, it is difficult to put any obstacle in the way.

From "The Recorder," September 21st:

Three councilors and four pressmen sat around a small square table in Cranham Schoolroom on Tuesday night and talked, in the dim light of an oil lamp, on matters portentous to the parish.

By special request the Knights of the Quill were present, for each had received a message bearing the mystic words: "The favour of your attendance is requested," underlined thrice. Preliminary business having been concluded, the Council trio turned their attention to the proposed exhumation of the remains of General Oglethorpe at Cranham.

"It appeared to me," pronounced Mr. J. Hollowbread, "that they were not going to proceed, but there now seems a possibility of a search for the body. I move that the Parish protest against this!"

"I take it he was a native of Cranham, otherwise he would not be buried here," put in the clerk, Mr. A. J. Briebach, "but we are setting ourselves against a great power. America says she has a right to this body in preference to a Parish Council, and I think it is a question of who is the stronger. We have something like 400 parishioners—opposed to a population which cannot be less than 60 million!"

"There do not appear to be any relatives of his here," he proceeded. "His great work seems to have been done in America; but still, there is no reason for allowing his remains to be removed."

"One of the greatest objections is that there is a doubt as to the exact spot," observed the chairman (Mr. J. Anderson). "People will naturally object to having the church turned upside down in a search. That's happened already not many miles from here, but we don't want it in Cranham!"

"The whole thing is against the teaching of the Church of England!" declared Mr. Hollowbread, hotly. "Here is a man who has lain at rest with his wife for a century or more, and they want permission to dig for the body! If they get it you can take for granted that they can pull the church practically to pieces!"

No one took the opportunity of disputing this assertion, and the discussion was like to die from exhaustion. Things, however, took on a

new turn, when one of the pressmen, after a whispered conversation with the clerk, presented the Council with some facts which his colleagues hoped would yield something of import to the newspaper reading public.

A citation was affixed to the parish church door, he informed them, dealing with the grounds of application for the faculty. "Everyone who has, or pretends to have, an interest in the matter, appear before the Chancellor's Court and state his objection," said the journalist. "The original petition, dated July 16th, has been amended into a request to carry out excavations in a space 8 feet square westward of the communicants' rail, and between two rows of choir stalls."

The information was received with gratitude, someone enquiring why the notice had not been exhibited in a public place on the Council's notice board, for instance? Would it not be practicable to visit the church and see for themselves the tablet to General Oglethorpe which had already been described in the Press?

"This puts another complexion on the matter," remarked Mr. J. Hollowbread.

"But I shouldn't mind if they pulled the church to pieces," said the chairman.

"Neither would I," rejoined Mr. Hollowbread. "Send a letter to the Home Office saying we protest," he added.

"That will not fall within the requirements of the law," replied the clerk. "A letter sent to the home Secretary will be ignored because it does not fulfill the conditions for appealing."

The Chairman: "It is a matter of L. s. d. It won't matter whether we're right or wrong!"

Mr. Hollowbread proposed that a letter be sent to the Home Secretary. Mr. A. Wood seconded.

To this the Council agreed.

"If we could find out who founded Cranham we might demand his body to be handed over for burial here, and so that kind of a thing might go on indefinitely," the clerk said.

The Chairman: "I wish they'd look after the living rather than the dead. There is an old man who has worked on one farm for 50 years, and he's now going to be turned out of this cottage. . . ."

The knights of the quill rose, solemnly as they had entered, and in the light of an oil lamp, passed a small square table around which sat the Council of three, and so into the night, carrying with them thanks for facts upon which to discourse.

From "The Daily Chronicle," September 10th:

No more romantic errand has been undertaken by an American visitor to England than that of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia, U. S. A.

Dr. Jacobs, who is now in London, hopes to take back with him, or to arrange for its future transference to America, the coffin which holds the remains of General Oglethorpe, founder of the State of Georgia, and one of the fathers of the American Commonwealth.

From Grays and Tilbury Gazette, September 26th:

With reference to the American petition to remove the remains of General Oglethorpe to Georgia, which state he founded, and to place them in the campus of his memorial university in Atlanta, the capital city, Reuter's agency learns that, should the Chancellor grant the necessary facilities, request will be made by the representatives of the United States Government in London for a warship of the American Navy to come to London to transport the remains in America. Identical requests will also be made by representatives of the state of Georgia, and in American circles in London it is confidently believed that the requests will be granted.

Such an outcome, it is pointed out, would bring the matter to a romantic climax, for Oglethorpe sailed from London (Gravesend) just 191 years ago in the "Anne" with his own 119 Colonists, and landed at Savannah just sixty days later. The warship would follow the same route. It is planned to hold impressive religious services at the time of embarkation, in which high American and British officials would take part.

No objections in accordance with the legal procedure required appear to have yet been lodged against the application to make excavations in Cranham Parish Church for the purpose of searching for the remains of General Oglethorpe. The period for which the citation, which calls upon objectors to appear at the Chancellor's Court, and has to be exhibited on the Church door, expired on Monday, and the document has been returned. It is quite possible that there may be no necessity for the Chancellor's Court to be convened.

From the Romford Recorder, October 12th:

It was an expectant little party that gathered in Cranham Church early on Monday afternoon. The Chancellor's judgment on the second petition for the exhumation of Georgia's founder, General Oglethorpe, was to be delivered.

The first application was refused mainly on account of uncertainty as to the exact location of the remains, if any, but further evidence being forthcoming, the whole question was reconsidered, with the result, as already stated, that the decision was reversed.

The party was small, not more than a dozen or so, in number, and mostly pressmen, but they represented a public eager for the result.

Inside the small building, dim from the light of an autumn day which shone dull through the stained glass windows, the stone mural tablet stood out prominently—the clue upon which the whole project hinged, telling its simple message of a life well spent in the service of his fellow men. In the chancel, it was hoped, was the tomb, immediately beneath the tablet, and between the two rows of choir stalls. Had it not been for the fact that the church was destroyed by fire in 1873 there would not have been the same element of uncertainty.

The vice-consul of the United States Consulate in London, Mr. Howard Donovan, was one of those seated in the pews.

Punctually at 2 o'clock the Chancellor, Mr. Bruce Charles, K.C., C.B.E., came and took his seat at a table placed near the chancel step and delivered his judgment in clear level tones.

From a Savannah paper:

"If permission to remove the remains of Oglethorpe for the purpose of reinterment in Georgia soil has actually been granted I can understand no other spot than Savannah being chosen."

Another:

"If, however, Georgia is to hold as its final resting place the body of its founder there can be no other place so appropriate as Savannah."

From the London Daily Chronicle, 10-10-23:

The search for the coffin of General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, who is believed to have been buried in the chancel of Cranham Church, Essex, in 1785, was begun yesterday.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, who is conducting negotiations in England on behalf of Georgia, and the rector, the Rev. Leslie Wright, were present when the work was reverently commenced.

Having regard to the outcry when search for the remains of the

Indian princess, Pocahontas, was made at Gravesend, there is a strong desire to discharge the present duty with delicacy and dignity.

The faculty granted on Monday to the Chancellor for the Diocese of Chelmsford only permits a search within a certain space in the chancel. Here it is believed will be found the family vault of the Oglethorpes and within it the coffins of the general and his wife.

Should this surmise prove correct a second faculty for the removal of the general's remains will have to be sought from the Chancellor.

If Dr. Thornwell Jacobs' mission has the result he is hoping for, a beautiful and solemn service will be held in the little village church. This looks today much as it did on the day when the founder of the great Southern state was buried there. To this service will be invited people representing the official life of England and America.

If America is to receive the coffin of the Great Anglo-American, it is likely that a United States battleship will be sent to convey it from England to Savannah, the port of Georgia which General Oglethorpe himself used.

When a "Daily Chronicle" representative visited Cranham yesterday it was easy to understand why it has become a favorite place of pilgrimage to Americans visiting this country.

Rose bushes in bloom line the path to the doorway of the little gray church with its pointed steeple. Just over the wall of the churchyard stands Cranham Hall, a low, white house of gracious design, which General Oglethorpe inherited from Sir Nathan Wright, his wife's father. But many visiting Americans, pleasant as they find the scattered village, the tree-embowered church and the old house, miss something which would interest them greatly.

Hidden from public view, in the old-world garden of the hall, which is now rented as a farm, stand two venerable Pecan trees. Their foliage is unfamiliar to English eyes—they are believed to be the only two specimens in England.

These two trees were planted as saplings by General Oglethorpe in the garden of his English home, shortly after he had left America for good.

Tradition says that General Oglethorpe reached the age of 102 but this cannot be confirmed. Possibly he was 96, however, when Ireland made his pen-and-ink sketch of the general browsing among the books of his great friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

From the London Morning Post, 10-10-23:

The proceedings were carried out amid the strictest privacy, so far as the general public were concerned, and the utmost solemnity was observed.

From the London Times:

There seems to be every prospect that the desire of the people of Georgia to obtain possession of the body of General James Edward Oglethorpe, the founder of their State, who was buried at Cranham Church, will be realized. By the decision of the Chancellor of the Diocese of Chelmsford (Mr. Ernest Bruce Charles) the first part of the mission of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of the Oglethorpe University of Georgia, has been accomplished today. Permission has been granted to excavate in the chancel, within a clearly defined space. If the operations result in the finding of the vault and the bodies of General Oglethorpe and his wife, a further petition will have to be presented, but the tenor of the Chancellor's judgment suggested that no difficulties would be placed in the way.

There has been a certain amount of opposition on the part of local authorities, but this was based on the misapprehension that an indiscriminate search would be made, and it was not carried to the point of

raising legal objections. Not only was the decision of the Chancellor conveyed in a reasoned judgment, but it was framed with a felicity of phrase which will contribute to the cause of Anglo-American friendship.

Dr. Jacobs, in fact, was much moved by the references to Georgia, and discussing the judgment afterwards with me, said: "The decision of the Chancellor is so wise and just that it leaves nothing more to be said. It opens the way for the execution of this really wonderful plan. James Edward Oglethorpe, who left no children, is the father of ten million people living in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and of their many emigrated relatives all over the United States. More than any other man who ever lived he represents to them the principle of Anglo-Saxon solidarity. Although the First Citizen of Georgia in 1776, he would not fight against his Motherland, and although a general of the King's Army at the time, he would not fight against Georgia. He was the first great Anglo-American, and his shrine in Atlanta will naturally become the centre of that wider patriotism in America which will cherish in imperishable memory the common ties, traditions, and interests of the two great families of the Anglo-Saxon nations. The decision will give the greatest possible satisfaction to all Americans."

From Savannah, Georgia, Wednesday:

A protest against the removal from England of the remains of General Oglethorpe has been forwarded to the State Department by the Georgia officials of The Society of Colonial Wars. The resolution urges that the grave of the general and his wife should not be disturbed.—*Reuter.*

*From Evening Standard (London):
Digging Up the Dead.*

A few months ago a quiet Kentish churchyard was dredged for the bones of the Princess Pocahontas, which the Americans wanted to bury again in Virginian soil.

Now permission is granted to rake in an Essex village church for the remains of General Oglethorpe, the remarkable man who founded the State of Georgia.

Where is this sort of thing to end?

*From the London Daily Mail:
(To the Editor).*

Sir: We cannot prevent America from buying our rare books, manuscripts, and works of art, but do not let us part with our honoured dead.

E. E. NEWTON,
Member Essex Archaeological Society
Hampstead, Upminster, Essex.

(To the Editor).

Sir: Concerning the American appeal for the return from this country of the remains of General Oglethorpe, the question arises whether the American nation are anxious to bestow as a free gift to this country the skeleton of General Braddock, which it is understood now reposes under a glass case in the Pittsburgh Museum.

ELIZABETH BRADDOCK.

*From the Associated Press:
(The Rector of Cranham said).*

"We Englishmen cannot forget the fact that a few years since, when we were in the throes of the Great War, there came a dreadful time when the old mother Country, with the glint of exhaustion in her eyes, looked longingly across the Western waters to her sons in Western lands. The

sense of her need overrode all the differences to which a century of national life might have given birth, and one thought only was uppermost: that to us Anglo-Saxons England is the Mother of us all.

"This man was an Englishman. He carried to America all those ideals of liberty, justice, and ordered freedom which lie at the very base of English character. He laid the foundations of his work so truly that English ideals seem still to be the inspiration by which the people of America live. What answer was England to make to this request? To me, from the very beginning of the whole matter, that answer could be but one, and that was this: 'If we could ask the venerable sire who spent his life and fortune, his intellect and his energy, in making you what you are, what General Oglethorpe would wish in this matter, we have no doubt he himself, in death, would give his earthly frame to seal the great work to which he gave his life.'

"More than that, it seems to me it would be very unlike the motherly instinct of this ancient land to refuse to give, from the vast treasures of her mighty dead, the sacred dust of this one great son, who carried across the seas and planted so firmly in far-off Georgia the ideals and principles for which England herself stands today. And so, in fact, it has come to pass.

"Speaking through the ecclesiastical judge of the diocese, the Church of England, whose reverence for her own children in death no one who knows her can doubt, has decided, freely and generously, to answer the appeal of America and make the gift. Perhaps I may be forgiven if I ask that every true American as he reads these lines, shall try to realize that, in spite of the changes of time and lands, England desires still to be, and to be thought of as such the true mother of all English-speaking peoples, and that she acts thus because she knows instinctively that she is entrusting this treasure to a body of people, that is, Oglethorpe University, at Atlanta, Georgia, which exists to propagate and to perpetuate the ideals which England herself infused into the heart of General Oglethorpe, and which as her son he carried far into the West.

From the Methodist Recorder:

Charles Wesley was the General's secretary at first. But the poet was an utter failure as a secretary. His business-like brother developed an aptitude for the task that was useful to the Governor of Georgia. John Wesley served him loyally, without remuneration, and was ever a true friend to him in those difficult days of the young colony. So it is interesting to Methodists to see that the Oglethorpe University of Georgia, U. S. A. has sent over its President, Dr. Jacobs, to secure the removal of General Oglethorpe's remains to Georgia. Dr. Jacobs has been saying that the General was the first great Anglo-American. He declined to take any part, even that of Commander-in-Chief, in subduing the Colonies in 1776. His reason was that he could not fight against his fellow-countrymen. And now the people of Georgia ask that his remains may rest in their capital, in the campus of the University bearing his name. Apparently the Rector of Cranham, the burial-place of Oglethorpe, has referred the matter to the Chancellor of the Diocese. A notice has been posted on the Church doors asking for objects, if any, to the removal of the body. Methodists, of course, will not object to the honouring of the friend and protector of the young Wesleys. But it does seem rather a reproach to Englishmen, does it not, that we leave the greatness of this man to be discovered by the American people. All honour to Dr. Jacobs and to Georgia for their desire in this solemn act to set such a seal of kinship and affection on the solidarity of the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

From the London Times, October 11th:

Sir: I address myself to you in the hope of enlisting your powerful help. We have for some time become accustomed (if not reconciled)

to Americans buying up all our ancestral art treasures and conveying these across the Atlantic, but I think our dead forbears themselves should be safe in their graves. I believe that Princess Pocahontas has already been dug up and carried off to the United States, and now apparently poor General Oglethorpe is to share the same fate. What has he done to deserve this? We may well ask. If he did found Georgia he did not know it was going to become one of the United States; he thought it would remain a British Colony. If he had known it would rebel and rebel successfully against the Mother Country, he would never have founded it. Surely the punishment of removing him from his chosen resting-place to a university quadrangle in the United States is excessive for a mere act of inadvertence!

Can we wonder that foreigners think us a nation of hypocrites? We hold up our hands to holy horror at the desecration of the grave of an Egyptian and allow the corpse of a distinguished and patriotic Englishman to be violated—a course highly offensive at all times to our sentiment.

“But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.”

Your obedient servant,

C. A. P.

Savannah, Ga.

The mayor and aldermen have cabled a formal protest to the rector of Cranham (Essex) against the disinterment of the remains of General Oglethorpe, and requesting that he shall consider their protest as official and give it due publicity.

From The Sunday Times (London):

Sir: As an Englishman who has traveled in the State of Georgia and spent some years in neighbouring States, may I say that I think some of the critics misjudge the motives of the petitioners.

So far from wishing to desecrate a tomb, they approach it in a spirit of reverent and loving admiration for England for a great Englishman. It is good to know that there are sections of the United States where they take pride in their heritage of British blood and institutions. There are too many there who bear us no such kindly feeling, and would be only too delighted were we to rebuff our friends.

Of course, his wife must go with him. There can be no question of their own feeling in the matter.

A patriot, who was willing to spend so many of the best years of his life abroad in the service of his country would gladly see his ashes devoted to the same service, and would feel it was their greatest honour to serve as a link between the two countries to which he gave his work and his affection.

E. ELLERSHAW.

From Pall Mall Gazette, October 13th:

Following upon a conference with State Department officials, Mr. Upshaw, member for Georgia in the House of Representatives, stated (says Reuter's Washington correspondent) that the protests against the removal of General Oglethorpe's ashes to Atlanta were too late to warrant the Government taking action.

He added that the State Department suggested that a suitable memorial table be placed in the porch where the body was found, and that this would be done.

Arrangements would now be complete to bring the ashes to America.

From Daily Express (London):

It is an outrage to drag his honoured bones from Essex to Atlanta in order to decorate an obscure college quadrangle. The American peo-

ple do not want them. The whole affair is an Atlanta College stunt. I hope that Chancellor Charles will be forced by public indignation to refuse the second faculty. If not, the Home Secretary ought to veto the sacrilege. The action of the vicar and the chancellor is unpardonable. They have been feeble and foolish in their surrender to the turgid tropes of the American bodysnatchers. We may not be able to prevent American millionaires from buying our first folios and our old masters, but at least we can stop the export of our dead worthies.

If we allow Georgia to acquire the bones of Oglethorpe, no old grave is safe and no ancient tomb is secure. Italy has prohibited the export of her artistic treasures. Surely we ought, at least, to prohibit the export of our ancestors. The scandal reveals the decay of reverence for death and for the sanctity of the dead. We may be poor, but at least let us preserve our pride. If we permit the bones of this great soldier and reformer to be converted into a blatant advertisement for an insignificant American college campus, the Americans will despise us, and rightly. "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of gravery in the infamy of his nature." If the English people tolerate the desecration of Cranham Church they are not worthy of their fathers who begat them.

From a London Daily:

"Blest be the man who spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

We dug up Tutankhamen, and his curse is coming home to roost. The Americans are starting to dig up our famous dead.

*From Daily Express, 10-16-23:
Savannah, Ga.*

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lambeth Palace, London. "As a citizen of Georgia and Bishop of Georgia, I respectfully protest against moving the remains of General Oglethorpe.

(Sgd.) **FREDERICK F. REESE.**

From the Evening Standard, October 15th:

Application has been made, presumably through the Governor of Georgia, U. S. A. to the Vicar of Cranham Church, in Essex, to remove the bodies of General Oglethorpe and his wife to America where they are to be laid under a Cenotaph.

This is a piece of unaccountable effrontery even from the Americans.

From Pall Mall:

General Oglethorpe's bodysnatchers have received a shrewd blow from the Bishop of Georgia. This human and understanding ecclesiastic has sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury a firm and dignified protest against the removal of the General's bones from Cranham to Atlanta. It is thus made manifest that the indecent scurry to disturb an honoured grave in order to boost a small university in a Southern State of America is not less repugnant to American than to British public opinion. We may now hope that little more will be heard of the ghoulish exhumation at Cranham. We may hope that the Archbishop of Canterbury will use his influence and authority to retrieve the gross blunders of local church authorities. It is true that General Oglethorpe has had a shadowy fame in the parish in which he died and in the country which he served well; it is true that he did great things for Georgia and that he left there an inspiration which is the best monument to human endeavour. Is this, then, a reason for breaking open his tomb, for disturbing that rest which is sacred to the most flippant minds, and for carrying his bones across the sea as a well advertised trophy of modern publicity? It is not.

We send our gold to America, we pay tribute in the material things of life. We will not export our spiritual values or permit a traffic in our honoured dead.

From the Evening Standard, October 15th:

Thus the Americans, a century ago, allowed Paine's bones to be transported from America to England. Today the Americans are asking us to allow the bones of General Oglethorpe to be transported from England to America, without giving any decent reason in support of their demand. Verily, when you sup with the Americans you need to have a long spoon.

From Daily News—Headed "A Happy Ending":

All's well that ends well, and the statement of Dr. Jacobs, the President of Oglethorpe University, ends very well indeed the controversy over General Oglethorpe's bones. Dr. Jacobs speaks like a courteous gentleman, and his observations will be heard, let us hope, by all parties to the dispute with the respect which they certainly deserve. The dispute itself was almost worth while, if it was really necessary in order to extract Dr. Jacobs' remarks. We do not ignore, in saying that, the sting in his conclusion. Dr. Jacobs and Georgia are fairly entitled to claim that they have remembered where we have forgotten, and are by so much the better patriots. Englishmen could only plead in extenuation that if they erected monuments to all their illustrious dead the living in this small island would be quite seriously incommoded in the pursuit of their lawful occasions.

From the Recorder, October 19th:

The news on Wednesday that the Cranham Exhumation proposals have been abandoned was entirely unexpected.

Contrary to almost general belief, eleventh-hour protests—principally those from America—have succeeded in completely undermining the whole scheme, and Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, after consultation with the Rector of Cranham, voluntarily withdrew his requests.

(From the same paper):

"Savannah, Georgia—Society Colonial Wars submit that graves of Oglethorpe and wife should not be disturbed. They protest against removal of remains as desecration—Plesant T. Stovall, President, Georgia Society of Colonial Wars."

From The Romford Recorder, October 12th:

That one of England's sons should be so revered by that nation across the seas is, were it but realized, the greatest honour America can confer upon Britain. Until a few months ago, the name of Oglethorpe was lost in oblivion. No public monument exists to the memory of the great general over here. His fame is forgotten. He is dead. His life-work was in America. There is no doubt that the fulfilment of the cherished desire will forge one of the strongest links between the two Empires. America will not forget England's sacrifice. Oglethorpe will serve as a continual reminder.

Associated Press Dispatch, October 20th:

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, of Atlanta, Georgia, bade farewell to England today. Members of the Oglethorpe family saw him off at Waterloo station and thanked him for retrieving the almost forgotten name of General Oglethorpe. They arranged to send him portraits of the founder of Georgia and copies of documents relating to his career in England and America. Dr. Jacobs said he hoped

to return to London within a year, and a relative of General Oglethorpe offered to place his house at his disposal throughout his stay in England.

Before boarding the "Mauretania" which will take him to New York, Dr. Jacobs said to Reuter's representative:

"I leave England with only the kindest feelings. I have been the recipient of much kindness and hospitality. I feel especially indebted to Mr. Ernest Bruce Charles, the Chancellor of Chelmsford, and the Rev. Leslie Wright, Rector of Cranham Church, for their sympathetic support of our plan to enshrine General Oglethorpe's body in a great national memorial on the soil which he consecrated with so many valiant deeds. I am also deeply appreciative of the encouragement given me by several members of the Oglethorpe family, who comprehended better than anyone else perhaps the great national honour we were anxious to show their revered ancestors.

"I feel that my mission to England has not been in vain. We have at least established definitely the exact resting place of General Oglethorpe, which a fortnight ago no one in England knew. We have made the Founder of Georgia a world figure, not merely the First Citizen of the Southland of the United States. We have, if I may be permitted to say so, reminded England of his greatness which time and events had obscured. We have caused millions of Britons and Americans to look to their histories to learn something of his life and achievements.

"If we have not material possession of the ashes of one of the most romantic and brave figures in early American history, we at least have spiritual possession of them. General Oglethorpe's vault in the little church at Cranham has been closed forever, but the people of Georgia, with the kindly sympathy of the people of England, will keep his memory alive with devotion and affection. Every year hereafter, on the first of July, students from Oglethorpe University will adorn his grave with laurel wreaths from the campus of the college named in his honour."

EXTRACTS FROM TYPICAL AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

From Atlanta Constitution, August 8th:

London, August 7th—(By the Associated Press)—The University of Georgia has been refused permission to search for the remains of its founder, General James E. Oglethorpe, at Cranham, Essex, where he was probably buried and where there is a monument in a church commemorating him, says The Daily Mail.

"The University's desire to have the remains and enshrine them in Georgia is appreciated," says The Mail, "but, mindful doubtless of the indignation caused by the circumstances of the search for the remains of Pocahontas, the chancellor of the diocese of Chelmsford, in which Cranham is embraced, has refused, thus far to grant the faculty permission for a search."

The Mail in an editorial remarks that "the public here will learn of the refusal with great satisfaction."

From Atlanta Georgian, September 25th:

Clean-cut intelligence is not to be dismayed; a man with an ideal and the courage of his convictions achieves.

All Atlanta, Georgia and the South will congratulate Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, in Atlanta, that he has secured permission of the British authorities concerned to remove the body of General James Oglethorpe from the little churchyard where it was buried in England, to the campus of Oglethorpe University in Georgia.

Dr. Jacobs was "warned" that "permission was not to be procured;" that his expedition was more or less a "wild goose chase," however, "well intentioned."

But he proceeded upon his mission, nevertheless. Without any flare of trumpets or spectacular publicity, he approached the matter calmly, serenely, intelligently.

The achievement was noteworthy.

Atlanta and Georgia will receive the body of this distinguished man—this founder of the Colony of Georgia—with all honors due the same, at the proper time!

From The Constitution, September 9th:

Through the perseverance of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, the ashes of General James Edward Oglethorpe, the "father of Georgia," will be removed from the little church cemetery in England, brought to the state he founded and served as governor, and enshrined in the campus of the growing university that will stand through time as an enduring monument to his memory and works.

It is well, for Georgia—aside from the little monument in the streets of Savannah—has never paid the proper tribute to the great Anglo-American who, with a little band of pioneers, fell to their knees on the banks of the Yamacraw and invoked God's blessings upon the new colony of Georgia, over which he became the first executive, and the militant advocate of reforms that have since become fundamental in American life.

His opposition to the whisky traffic, his advocacy of home rule—all are outstanding bedrocks of the American government of today, and distinguish General Oglethorpe as one of the greatest figures of the early civilization of the western hemisphere.

Other states of the American union, founded and first governed by sons of the parent country, have immortalized their founders, and have cherished their memories and works to a far greater degree than has Georgia.

The persistency of Dr. Jacobs in brooking no obstructions in the seemingly impossible task of getting governmental consent for the removal of the bones of General Oglethorpe to Georgia will be deeply appreciated by Georgians, and ought to quicken the efforts of the people of this state in seeing that at the feet of its immortal founder shall be erected one of the greatest educational institutions in America.

From Atlanta Constitution, October 1st:

It is notable that papers all over the country are discussing the proposed removal of the ashes of General Oglethorpe from the little cemetery in England to the campus of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta.

Most of the papers highly commend the project, particularly in view of the fact that General Oglethorpe's sympathy with the colonists, at the outbreak of the revolution, prevented him from accepting the proffered leadership of the British forces in America.

That alluring position and its prompt declination so stamped and emphasized the patriotism of the founder of the colony of Georgia that it is fitting, observes the press generally, that his remains, and those of his good wife, shall rest for all time in the republic of America and in the commonwealth of his own creation.

From the heart of the old puritan New England comes this from the editorial columns of The Springfield (Mass.) Republican:

"There would undoubtedly be a certain appropriateness in the proposed location of Oglethorpe's body in a suitable structure on the campus of a university named in his honor in the state which he founded.

"Oglethorpe is one of the most admirable figures among English administrators in American colonial history. His founding of Georgia was incidental to his philanthropic interest in worthy poor debtors, who were released from English prisons to make up a large part of the first emigration to the new colony. To them were added persecuted Protestants

from the continent of Europe, Scotch Highlanders and others. Oglethorpe himself acted as Governor and his administration was notably successful. He conciliated the Indians, defended the colony against Spanish aggression and prohibited the slave and rum trade. At the outbreak of the revolution his sympathy with the colonies is said to have prevented his acceptance of an offer of the command of the British forces in America. In retirement he devoted himself to philanthropy and the promotion of learning."

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs did not realize, perhaps, that he was playing for the pictures, and commandeering the head-lines when he quietly slipped over to England to conquer where others had failed, but he succeeded in putting Oglethorpe University on the map.

From The Atlanta Georgian, October 1st:

"Why doesn't Columbus, Georgia, get busy and start a movement to have the remains of the discoverer of America brought back and used for an advertisement of that thriving American city?" says The Savannah News.

Oh, come now, esteemed contemporary! Isn't that a bit peevish?

The success attending the efforts of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs to have removed the bodies of James Oglethorpe and his wife from England to the campus of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta, is far more than a "mere advertisement" for Oglethorpe.

Dr. Jacobs' enterprise was highly creditable to him—carried through as it was in the face of obstacles and discouragements innumerable, cited to him by those of weaker knees and less courage. Surely he is entitled to the ungrudging congratulations and felicitations of Georgians generally!

The mere fact that President Jacobs, of Oglethorpe University—so dear to his heart and so worthy the support of all citizens—somewhat "beat Savannah to it" in this matter ought to arouse no envy or jealousy in the hearts of Savannahians. They are good sports, aren't they—among other excellent things?

From The Constitution, October 2nd:

Columbus, Georgia, will have a part in honoring Sir James Edward Oglethorpe and Lady Oglethorpe as their remains pass from Savannah to Atlanta, to be reinterred on Oglethorpe University campus, if a request made by the Oglethorpe chapter, D. A. R., of that city to have the bodies stop over there for a few hours is granted by the University management.

Fort Benning, it is said, will be invited to send a military escort to meet the bier in Macon and accompany it to Columbus, if the plan is approved.

From The Atlanta Journal, October 12th:

Washington, Oct. 12th—Former Senator Hoke Smith called on the secretary of state this morning to give a warm indorsement of the plans of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs for removing the remains of General Oglethorpe to the state which he founded and interring them on the grounds of the university which bears his name.

The state department and Secretary Hughes said they are in full sympathy with the efforts of Dr. Jacobs, and said they can be relied upon to give it their support.

From The Atlanta Constitution, October 12th:

Savannah, Ga., Oct. 11th (Special)—The state department at Washington will not hand to British officials protest made by Savannah organizations in the matter of the removal of the Oglethorpe bodies, according to news received here tonight, Noble Jones, an attorney, for-

merly of Savannah, presented the resolutions of the Sons of Colonial Wars protesting disturbance of the Oglethorpe graves and was informed that the protest would not be forwarded because Governor Walker had indicated to the state department that the people of Georgia desire that General Oglethorpe's body be removed to Georgia if permission can be obtained. The city council of Savannah had also protested.

From Charlotte (N. C.) Observer, October 12, 1923:

When the proposition was first broached, there was a disposition on part of the stiff-minded old English people to rebel against the proposed "sacrilege," but the better view obtained when the matter was more fully considered. The British ecclesiastics have become reconciled to transportation of the body across the seas, that "the father and founder of the colonies" might rest amidst the scenes of his early activities. The vault in which Oglethorpe's body has rested all these years, along with that of his wife, has been definitely located. By time the Georgia ceremonies are concluded the word will know more about Oglethorpe than the paper could tell in a whole page.

Atlanta Constitution, October 13th:

Immediately following announcement from Cranham, England, that the bodies of General James E. and Lady Oglethorpe had been exhumed and would be brought to the campus of Oglethorpe University for reinterment, scores of letters from all parts of the country were received by the school officials, congratulating the University, and especially Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, its President, upon the splendid achievement.

"I consider the accomplishment of Dr. Jacobs the greatest thing that has been done for the state of Georgia since it has been a commonwealth," said Lucian Lamar Knight, state historian, in a letter received Thursday by Edgar Watkins, President of the Board of Trustee-Founders of the University. "I do not hesitate to say that Oglethorpe was the most illustrious Englishman to cross the sea during the colonization period," he said, "He was greater than Penn, Raleigh, or Lord Baltimore."

In his letter, replete with historical data concerning the founding of the state, Dr. Knight pointed out the fact that only three states in America have been founded by individuals—Pennsylvania by William Penn, Maryland by Lord Baltimore, and Georgia by Oglethorpe—and that although both Pennsylvania and Maryland abound in memorials and monuments to their founders, the people of Georgia have never established a real monument to Oglethorpe's memory.

"With the reinterment of this great Anglo-American in the capitol of the state and on the campus of the school established as a monument to his memory," said Dr. Knight, "Georgia will be the first state in the nation's history to have its founder enshrined within its borders."

"The splendid achievement of Dr. Jacobs, Oglethorpe's able President, will establish Atlanta as a point of historical interest in the South," said Dr. Clarence J. Owens, of Washington, D. C., President of the Southern Commercial Congress, on Thursday. Dr. Owens, a former Georgian, is also the chairman for the southern states of the Jefferson Memorial Foundation and his visit to Atlanta at this time was in its behalf.

From The Atlanta Journal, October 16th:

Dr. Jacobs cables this morning that he has withdrawn the request of Oglethorpe University to be permitted to remove the bodies of General Oglethorpe and his wife to the university campus.

This action was made necessary by the fact that an unseemly controversy had arisen and Dr. Jacobs' reverence for the memory of the great founder of our state is such that he preferred to withdraw the application rather than be the occasion of such controversy.

A great purpose would have been served could the body of Oglethorpe

have been placed on Georgia soil and on the campus of a university bearing his name. Closer sympathy between America and England would have been promoted, and a shrine at which patriotic Georgians would have reverently paid tribute would have been established.

The great idea was conceived by Dr. Jacobs more than a year ago, and he has quietly and reverently pursued it. That he has withdrawn the application but proves his greatness and his reverence for the great dead. All honor to Dr. Jacobs for the magnificent vision and also for foregoing it rather than to be the innocent occasion of a controversy for which he is not responsible.

Although the bodies of General James E. Oglethorpe and his wife will remain for all time sealed in the vault in the little churchyard near London where they have rested for the past many generations, the work of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, of Atlanta, in locating them, and in dedicating anew the reverence of Americans for the great colonist who founded the state of Georgia and proclaimed some of the fundamental principles of American civilization, will go down in history as an outstanding achievement.

Dr. Jacobs, in foregoing his plan to have the bodies removed to Oglethorpe University, there to become the shrine of the lovers of the great tenets of governmental morals for which he pioneered, only shows the bigness of the man, for he deferred to the opposition to such a removal rather than to precipitate a controversy over so sacred a matter.

But the incident has served a valuable purpose in making the resting place of the great founder of Georgia a sanctuary that will not again be forgotten by the English speaking peoples of either hemisphere.

From the New York Herald, October 28th:

The London papers have accused certain of our citizens of committing sacrilege "to make a students' holiday," of being "boyd snatchers" and "well meaning ghouls." All this because Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, of Oglethorpe University, in Atlanta, Georgia, wanted to remove from its obscure resting place in an Essex village church the body of General James Edward Oglethorpe, "the founder of Georgia," who died in 1785, and to enshrine it in an appropriate mausoleum in the grounds of the university which bears his name.

From the same paper:

Concerning all such questions touching on exhumation there are likely to be as many opinions, as thinkers. Regarding the Oglethorpe case in particular, at least one New York clergyman feels that the English public was mistaken in opposing the transfer of his body and in looking on the search for it as a profanation of sacred things. This is the Rev. C. Everett Wagner, assistant minister in the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church.

"The proposed removal of General Oglethorpe's body, in my opinion," Mr. Wagner said, "would not have been sacrilege but an honor and reverence to him. The church does not believe that his spirit inhabits his dead body, and there is no religious reason why the removal should not have taken place.

"The claim of Georgia to his ashes seems to me one of a priority of esteem and respect for his pioneer work. It is like a wife's prior right to fix the place of her husband's burial instead of leaving the decision to his father or mother.

"Furthermore, by the removal America's debt to England would have been increased. The bringing of our 'Unknown Soldier' to the National Cemetery at Arlington caused the whole nation to honor and revere him and what he symbolized as nothing else could have done. For the same reason this 'Known Soldier' of the State of Georgia would be honored, praised, revered and remembered more surely if the transfer had been

made. His tomb would have become a historic shrine for the State. His body would have helped greatly in a concrete way to foster reverence for his pioneer spirit and for his deliverances of his people from economic and religious bondage."

That statement sets forth what is unquestionably the prevailing attitude of mankind toward its dead. We take pains to treat them with respect and honor, and if they have been in any way distinguished during their lives we seek, and often make, an opportunity to reverence their final resting places.

Columbus, Ga., Enquirer-Sun:

By the way, just where is John Wesley buried? We don't mean to officiously make any suggestions to Savannah, but simply ask the question.

Savannah, Ga., Press:

Granted that the remains of Georgia's founder may be identified, by some stroke of scientific phenomenon, why should they be ripped from his native soil where he has peacefully slumbered for more than 150 years?

From the same paper:

Oglethorpe University was not opened until fifty-three years after the death of Oglethorpe. Although any place in the state of Georgia would grasp the opportunity to be the shrine of its founder, no claim, either sentimental or traditional, can be stronger than Savannah's.

Chattanooga, Tennessee, October 18th:

The purposes of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs of Oglethorpe University, to secure the removal of the remains of Georgia's founder to Atlanta were laudable in a way, and have resulted in an increase of the fame of Oglethorpe. But there is not much regret over his failure. There was an element of the humorous in the incident, because Savannah, finding that the remains wouldn't rest there, where the colony was established, but would be used to bring pilgrims to Atlanta, protested. So, finally, did the British, although they had forgotten Oglethorpe and had paid no tribute to his memory.

Athens Banner-Herald:

Now that Dr. Thornwell Jacobs has succeeded, after months of toil and expense, in getting the consent of the people of England to remove the remains of General Oglethorpe from that country to this and plant them on the campus of Oglethorpe University, opposition is arising from the people of Savannah. Ordinarily, we would agree with the people of Savannah in their desire to have the remains of the founder of Savannah rest under Oglethorpe's monument which has made that city known throughout the country as the most historical community in the state. However, since the people of the city by the sea have slept over their rights for centuries, we do not agree with them in their efforts to take from Dr. Jacobs that which he has earned and deserves and replant in Savannah the remains of the man who is responsible for the founding of Georgia and creation of that city.

Oglethorpe University is a great institution and while young in years it is growing rapidly, and it will ere long be ranked with leading and representative universities of the country. Dr. Jacobs originated the idea and through him the expedition was planned and through him the consent of the people of England was gained to remove Oglethorpe's remains to this country. Let honor lie where it belongs and not take from him who has accomplished that which was thought to be the impossible, by opposing the removal of the remains of Oglethorpe University. Let

us be fair and just and treat with our neighbor as we would have him treat with us.

Pearson, Ga., Tribune, October 5th:

The dust of Sir and Madam James E. Oglethorpe, highly prized as a memory, is really not worth the controversy between Savannah and Atlanta and, unless it is called off by the time the dust arrives, the Tribune moves that they be seized and returned to England. There are memorials in Georgia sufficient to keep the name and deeds of Oglethorpe fresh in the memory of Georgians until the end of time.

Dalton, Ga., Citizen, October 18th:

The Citizen desires to commend the splendid spirit shown by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, head of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta, in his decision not to disinter the bones of General Oglethorpe and bring them to this country.

Savannah, Ga., November 15th:

The Tribune agrees with The Savannah Press that the bones of the late Oglethorpes, if brought to America, should be entombed at Fredericka, St. Simon Island, for the good and sufficient reason that the only home they had on American soil was in that village, but it has passed away. The sentiment is growing rapidly in Georgia that it is next to sacrilegious to bury those bones in the city of Atlanta or elsewhere than at Fredericka.—From Pearson (Ga.) Tribune.

From New York City Journal, October 19th:

The natural resting place for Oglethorpe would be in Georgia soil. But, after all, the BONES of a good man don't amount to much. It's the SPIRIT that counts. Oglethorpe's spirit, if it ever comes back to earth, is undoubtedly in Georgia and quite content with the monument that it has in such a city as Atlanta and in the great progress of the whole State.

From The Register, Mobile, Ala., October 17th:

Discussing the project to remove General Oglethorpe's remains to Georgia, a London newspaper wonders why Oglethorpe University "should require the British people to connive at sacrilege to make a students' holiday." Another says "Americans have a craze for bones as well meaning ghouls," and a third warns "these body snatchers" that they "will have to stay their sacrilegious hands." These are harsh words and show the extent to which at least a part of the English public is wrought up about a personage dead some 138 years, who had been completely forgotten by his fellow countrymen until President Jacobs of Oglethorpe University revived his fame.

From Charleston, S. C., Post, October 17th:

President Thornwell Jacobs of Oglethorpe University at Atlanta has shown a decent respect for the sentiment aroused by his undertaking to remove the body of General Oglethorpe from the obscure tomb in England in which it has rested for nearly a century and a half and has announced his abandonment of the plan.

From the same paper:

That is admirable and Dr. Jacobs has not only yielded gracefully to the pious sentiment of the Britons who were outraged at the thought of Oglethorpe's tomb being disturbed but he has, at the same time, emphasized most effectively the neglect in which the general's memory has been left by his countrymen. The incident has had an exceedingly satisfactory issue.

From The Herald, Spartanburg, S. C., October 22nd:

That was a splendid, ambitious aim of Dr. Jacobs', to discover in the obscurity of time the grave of General James Oglethorpe in a little English village and attempt to bring the body over the Atlantic Ocean to the colony and the university founded by Oglethorpe. It looked for a season as if this would be accomplished. But a reaction set in. The English people let the idea permeate their sense of tradition and custom strong as life itself with them, then disapproval became general.

From Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser:

It is fitting and appropriate that the body of the great man should be disinterred and removed to the colony which he founded and of which he was the first Governor.

From the Chattanooga, Tenn., Times, October 19th:

This country will note with regret the failure of President Thornwell Jacobs, of Oglethorpe University, to secure permission to bring to this country the coffin of Gen. James E. Oglethorpe for burial on the campus of the University named for this colonizer of much southern territory.

From Memphis, Tenn., October 18th:

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, furnishes to two continents an example of real southern courtesy and tact in abandoning his efforts to secure the removal to the United States of the bones of General James Oglethorpe, the British military commander, who was the founder of what is now the state of Georgia.

From Cochran, Ga., Journal, October 18th:

No noble effort will ever be in vain, and while Savannah slept and England had forgotten, Atlanta has found the exact spot where the sacred remains of General Oglethorpe lies, and this spot will not soon be forgotten.

From Tifton, Ga., Gazette, September 26th:

Controversy waging over the bones of General Oglethorpe and the proper place for their interment recalled the fact to many Savannahians that the bones of General Elbert, one time Governor of Georgia and distinguished officer of the American Revolution, which were disinterred some years ago, still lack honorable burial.

General Elbert's remains, found in the burial mound of his former home on the Savannah river, are in the custody of General Robert J. Travis, awaiting such time as the city of Savannah or its patriotic societies shall accord them fitting burial.

From Anderson, S. C., Tribune, October 16th:

The City of Savannah is certain to come out at the small end of the horn as the result of its small-spirited opposition to the transfer of the remains of General Oglethorpe from England to a final resting place in a shrine on the campus of Oglethorpe University, in the environs of Atlanta.

From Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser, October 28th:

Dr. Jacobs defers gracefully to the force of this sentiment.

From same paper:

It is disappointing to him and to thousands of Georgians and other Americans, but particularly disappointing to Dr. Jacobs.

From same paper:

But, as the Constitution suggests, Dr. Jacobs' efforts have not been in vain. He has drawn the attention of the world to the object of his quest and design. He has aroused public opinion in England, and hereafter neither the grave nor the memory of General Oglethorpe should be neglected.

Goshen, Ind., News-Times, October 25th:

The body of General Oglethorpe, first governor of Georgia, is not going to be brought to Georgia and reburied, with ceremonious pride, on the campus of Oglethorpe University. So the patriotic citizens and scholars who went to England and explored a country churchyard until they found the remains they sought are disappointed. They have had to give up the attempt because of the hostility of the British public and press. The antagonism first aroused by the American quest for the remains of Pocahontas, has been fanned to a flame by resentment by the new adventure. London newspapers speak of "well meaning ghouls," "Americans who have a craze for bones" and "sacrilegious body-snatchers." Aside from the sacrileges, they evidently fear that England is in danger of losing the remains of many of her great men, along with her most treasured works of art. Far be it from America to rob any other country of the honored bones of her historic sons, even those bones might be still more highly treasured in this new world. "Body-snatching" is a hard word, and there is no use in stirring up bitterness by a controversy based on mutual pride. Americans and Englishmen can still honor and revere their common heroes, wherever their bones may lie. Having granted this much, let us hope that our British friends will have similar regard for the feelings of the Egyptians about old King Tutankhamen, whose tomb is now being reopened. King Tut, we venture to remark, was never governor of England. In fact, it isn't likely that he ever heard of England. If he had his choice, he would rather rest where he is than in the British museum.

From Mobile, Ala., Register, October 15th:

The sentiment which prompts the desire of the people of Georgia to remove the remains of James E. Oglethorpe from England to the scene of his colonial labors will meet with sympathetic approval.

From Columbia, S. C., Record, October 19th:

It was a gracious and graceful thing that Dr. Thornwell Jacobs did in abandoning his cherished desire to bring the bones of General Oglethorpe to the soil of the State the latter founded. In bowing to the protect of English opinion, the head of Oglethorpe University showed a fine sense of delicacy and consideration that ought to impress our English cousins favorably.

Atlanta Georgian, October 18th:

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, of Oglethorpe University, does well to abandon his efforts in the matter of the proposed removal of the bories of General Oglethorpe and his wife to the campus of Oglethorpe University, where it was intended they be reinterred and made a shrine of the veneration and affection of our people.

As high and worthy as were the motives of Dr. Jacobs—as inspiring as his dreams of the past have been in respect of this splendid thing—it is not a matter about which unseemly and bitter controversy should rage. Dr. Jacobs' efforts, nobly conceived and, for his part, worthily executed, have served a good purpose; but so fine is the character of the man and so sincere and honest are his mental processes, that he would rather abandon the thing than have it resolve itself into a squabble. And he's right.

It is a singular thing, however, that some people who suffered not the least of anguish of mind or distress of soul because of the removal of the body of John Paul Jones from Paris to Annapolis, or the removal of a former Governor of Georgia, Elijah Clark, to a spot on Georgia soil, nor yet the removal of the body of General Nathaniel Greene from one location to another in Savannah, that he might rest beneath a beautiful monument to his memory there, should suddenly find themselves shocked and pained to an extraordinary degree by the proposed removal of General Oglethorpe from England to Georgia!

Be that as it may, Atlanta feels that Dr. Jacobs is deserving of commendation for pursuing the wonderful vision he conceived; but that he is to be commended even more, perhaps, for the splendid and courageous quality of manhood which prompted him to quit his pursuit, rather than see the matter degenerate into an unseemly row.

From the Atlanta Georgian, October 30, 1923:

Operated under special orders from division headquarters the Southern Birmingham Special stopped at Oglethorpe Station Tuesday morning and Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, accompanied by his wife, arrived from his extended trip to England, where he went to procure the plans of the chapel of Corpus Christi College, of Oxford University, and to bring back the remains of General James E. Oglethorpe, founder of Georgia, to the Oglethorpe campus.

The train was met by a large assemblage made up of members of the faculty, the student body, college band, members of the board of trustee founders, the Woman's Board of Oglethorpe and relatives. He was greeted with prolonged cheering which rang above the music of the band.

*From The Judge, November 10th:
Egyptian Papers Please Copy:*

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, has had to abandon his project to remove to this country the remains of General James Edward Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. The storm of protest from Englishmen has effectually smothered it. "What!" they cry, "Are Americans not content, then, to be stripping the mother country of her old masters that they should now seek to rob her even of her illustrious dead!"

Merely in passing, if our experience with Rembrandts is any criterion, there should be as many old masters in England today as when the first American millionaire started collecting them. But please note this, that until Dr. Jacobs instituted his search for the general's bones their location was a matter of great uncertainty, so completely had England lost interest in her "illustrious dead." Furthermore, his object in disturbing them was prompted neither by greed nor achaeological fervor. He simply wished to rescue them from oblivion, to honor them, and with them Georgia and his university.

The nature of his quest and its outcome are not such as to exercise any of us unduly amid the crash of empires. But we do hope that the spirit of Tut-ankh-Amen, pursuing with his fatal curse the desecrators of his tomb, will pause long enough to comprehend the full significance of this episode in the country of Lord Carnavon.

Atlanta Constitution, November 10th:

In addressing more than 250 people who crowded into the banquet hall of the Capital City Club Friday night to attend the Oglethorpe Memorial dinner, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, related for the first time since his return from England the story of the discovery of the tomb of General James Edward Oglethorpe, and

his reasons for abandoning the plan of removing the bodies of General and Lady Oglethorpe to the campus of that school for reinterment.

Dr. Jacobs told of the six weeks' struggle to locate the grave of that "greatest of Anglo-Saxons" who had been forgotten by his native country and the people of the colony which he founded, and of how in a single night he saw a plan, reverent and dignified, of honoring Georgia's founder, turned into what appeared to the English people to be a scramble over dead bones between two American cities. His address was frequently punctuated with the applause of his hearers and an ovation was given the speaker when he declared that by definitely locating the tomb, General Oglethorpe had risen from the dead and was once again the Father of Georgia.

The Georgian, November 9th:

Another dinner is scheduled for Friday evening at the Capital City Club in honor of Dr. Thornwell Jacobs. It, too, will be a memorable occasion.

While Dr. Jacobs' recent mission to England failed of its main purpose, nevertheless, Atlanta applauds the pluck and patriotic enterprise that prompted it. Atlanta understands the sincere motives prompting the efforts of the distinguished president of Oglethorpe University, and Atlanta wishes to make evident its understanding and appreciation.

Oglethorpe Portrait Presentation to Corpus Christi College

In 1933, the State of Georgia celebrated its bicentennial by many important memorial occasions. There were speeches and pageants, histories, publications for and by school, city, county and state. A bicentennial stamp was issued. It used the newly-discovered portrait of General Oglethorpe. At the close of the celebration and as a fitting climax to it a copy of the portrait, made by the celebrated artist Charles F Naegele, was presented to Oglethorpe's Alma Mater, Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

Under the entry of December 26th, 1934, of my diary, I described the trip to Oxford made for the purpose of presenting this portrait. This was a unique experience to me. There was a table on a raised platform at which President Livingstone and his honor guests sat. Below were the students. After a many coursed dinner I presented the portrait in these words:

*"To stand from fear set free; to breathe and wait;
To lift a hand in blessing over hate;
Shall not such loveliness be loved forever?"*

"Your chief interest in this occasion is quite sure to consist in the revelation of the utter imperishability of a life that is spent wisely and nobly in the service of one's fellowmen.

"It will thus be to you an assurance that when you shall have put into practice the principles which you are learning here, perhaps with the same sacrifices and under the same inspiration as those of him whose ideals I shall now describe, you, also, will not have labored in vain, but will continue to grow in the gratitude, the admiration and the reverence of those who shall follow you.

ENTERS SCHOOL

"It has been more than two centuries now since a young Englishman of Yorkshire ancestry and Jacobite sympathies signed the name of James Edward Oglethorpe to the articles of subscription of Oxford University, matriculated at the age of seventeen as a "gentleman commoner" in Corpus Christi College.

"Two hundred and twenty years of progress have passed over the heads of succeeding generations since that day, yet the world has not progressed beyond his ideals and actions.

"For the principles upon which Oglethorpe founded his life do not change with time. Yorkshire and Georgia, England and America alike are youths compared with them.

"For this founder of the last of the 13 colonies which constituted the original United States of America gave himself to his task in a sense quite significant and unique.

OGLETHORPE WENT

"Others sent; Oglethorpe went;

"He was their leader, not only, but also their father, their defender,

their friend. With his own hands he drew the plans for Savannah, laid the foundations of Fort Frederika, and signed the treaties with the Indians.

"With his own hands also he drew draughts on his personal exchequer so heavily and so often that although when he began the founding of Georgia he was of ample means, when he ended his labors his funds were exhausted.

"On the one hand he furnished his colonists food and farming utensils; on the other, he supplied schools and religion. In short, he was himself a colonist; the first governor, the first general, the first admiral not only, but also the first farmer, the first householder, the first citizen.

ETERNAL LESSON

"Thus he taught the troubled world of today the eternal lesson, the forgetting of which has fathered the turmoil and chaos of the hour: that leader and led are one; that the personal character of the "submerged classes" is the foundation of the nation; that the only safe government is one whereunder the king and the serf are brothers in that which lies without as well as in that which lies within the skin.

"James Edward Oglethorpe was wise enough to know that good government defined him who was servant of all as the real king of men. It is for lack of this vision that the people now perish.

SLAVERY OUTLAWED

"It is not generally known that Georgia was under the administration of General Oglethorpe, the first and only Anglo-Saxon commonwealth in which human slavery was outlawed both as to sale and service.

"Against the opposition of the British Parliament, of the New England slave-traders and of all of his Southern neighbors, he founded and maintained a land of freemen. While he was Governor of Georgia no slave was sold within her borders.

"On account of the absence of his foresight, the American people afterwards spent four years in bloody strife and have yet brooding over them, utterly unsolved, the darkest social problem in the history of the English-speaking world.

"It was no ordinary statesman who foresaw and strove to prevent what may ultimately prove to be the undoing of the Aryan race on the North American continent.

FIRST PROPHET

"But to the men of his native England and to the men of Corpus, no act of his life shines more resplendently than that whereby he was revealed as the first prophet of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

"When the American Revolution began he advocated conciliation. He was, at the time, the senior general in the British army.

"Legend tells of an offer made him to take command of the forces sent to subdue the colonists and of his reply to the effect that he could not fight against his own people.

"Because he refused to take part in the contest, he lost favor on both sides of the Atlantic. But today we see him as the man who would and perhaps could have saved America to Britain as Canada was saved.

WORLD UNDERSTANDS

"He is thus revealed as the first outstanding Anglo-American; the earliest protagonist for the British Commonwealth of peoples. Again it is as I said in the beginning: the passage of two hundred years has been necessary in order that the world might understand his thoughts.

"So we unveil his portrait tonight, assured that it is worthy to hang upon the walls of any college and that the life of its subject is worthy of the emulation of any student, anywhere.

"I have come nearly five thousand miles from his beloved Georgia principally to ask you to look up often to this portrait which we now unveil; to consider the kindly vision of those far-seeing eyes, and to reflect upon the imperishable foundations on which he built his life. Surely we may say of him:

*"Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The inspiration, the divine
Insanity of noble minds
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits
Till all that it foresees it finds,
And what it cannot find, creates."*

The acceptance address of the Oglethorpe portrait, by Sir Richard W. Livingstone, president Corpus Christi College, Oxford, England, was then delivered, as follows:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen:

"It is difficult and indeed unnecessary to add anything to the just and feeling tribute paid by President Jacobs to General Oglethorpe.

"But I would like to welcome him here today, to say how glad we are to have with us both the president of the university which bears Oglethorpe's name, and a collateral descendant of the general, Mr. Lewis Oglethorpe, and his historian, Dr. Ettinger.

"And also I should like warmly to thank him and his university and the State of Georgia not only for the copy of a portrait of General Oglethorpe, but also for the kind thought which prompted the gift.

"As one looks at the portraits on the walls of a college, one is often surprised by the past members of it who have not found a place there, and also sometimes, I must confess, by those who have.

PORTRAITS MISSING

"It is odd, for instance, that we have here no portrait of one of the great doctors of the English Church and one of the great masters of the English language—Richard Hooker; it is odd that we have no portrait of a man who perhaps had more influence on English life in the second half of the nineteenth century than any other—Thomas Arnold.

"And it is odd that we have no portrait of James Oglethorpe. You, Mr. President, have today filled that gap.

"I cannot pretend that, by modern standards, Oglethorpe was an exemplary member of the college, for he left it without taking a degree; and this omission is not entirely repaired by the fact that he held a commission in the forces of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Anne at the age of 14.

EVENTFUL CAREER

"But what an eventful and indeed extraordinary career he had!

"He was an active Jacobite; he was the first of prison reformers; he colonized and named one of the original thirteen states of the American Union; he led an army against a Spanish province; he commanded troops in the '45; he was the intimate friend of Johnson and Goldsmith and Burke.

"He had a hard life; between the hostile Spaniards on the south and his indifferent fellow countrymen on the north; between Whitfield objecting equally to the playing of cards and the playing of the fiddle, his own colonists clamoring for slaves and their enterprising neighbors selling them rum.

HARD LIFE—

"A hard life, but one worth living. If any present undergraduate of Corpus has such a rich exciting, romantic existence, he will be fortunate.

"And it was sometimes more than rich, exciting and romantic. I am no expert in the history of General Oglethorpe, but what struck me most in reading his biography is that, even if he never took a degree, his standards and conduct remained those of the educated man. He

SHOWED FAIRNESS

"He had to deal with natives, with hostile Spaniards; with his own colonists who were not of unimpeachable origin or impeccable behavior, but so far as I read, though he was resolute and trenchant, there was no trace of the mailed fist or the iron hand, much less of the merciless and brutal conduct which has often marked the dealings of whites with colored men and for which at times he might have found excuse.

"Throughout he showed a reasonableness, a disinterestedness, a dislike of violence which one would like to think were among the traits which a university training fosters.

CHANGED GEORGIA

"And now you have brought him home to his own college—from a changed Georgia to a changed Oxford. A changed Georgia. Gone are the Indians, whom he treated with humanity and tact and in their place have come the negroes.

If there are Spaniards still in St. Augustine, instead of waging war on Georgia and threatening the Carolinas I presume they wave flags and discharge fireworks on Independence Day like any other good American.

"No, if that picture had opened its eyes and taken a tour of Georgia before it crossed the Atlantic, it would have seen little the same as in the days of its subject—little except the natural features of the scenery and—perhaps I must add—the rum-runners; and even they may have vanished now.

CHANGED OXFORD

"He comes back from a changed Georgia to a changed Oxford; changed for the worse in traffic and noise, but in other respects one hopes for the better.

"At any rate, in thirty years' connection with the college I can recall no one like John Smith, who in 1726 was deprived of battles for a fortnight and sentenced to deliver a declaration in Hall for attempted homicide, and who subsequently became a scholar of Magdalen.

"We have no homicides today, and if we had one we should do something more than deprive him of battles and require him to declaim in Hall.

"So, Mr. President, I think that you can safely leave Oglethorpe here in his old college, to adorn our walls and recall to us your good-will to the place and your pious remembrance of that Corpus undergraduate who went out from England and, hardly knowing what he did, became the founder of your state."

Here is the story of the trip as printed in the *Atlanta Constitution*:

LONDON, July 2.—(U. P.)—Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University at Atlanta, Ga., has just completed a pilgrimage to England to present a copy of the only known portrait of General James Edward Oglethorpe to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the General's Alma Mater.

Accompanied by Lewis Oglethorpe and Charles O. Oglethorpe, of London, both collateral descendants of the general, and Dr. Amos Ettinger, of Allentown, Pa., who has completed a biography of General Oglethorpe, Dr. Jacobs has also visited some of the places in this country most intimately connected with the founder of Georgia.



**CHARLES F. NAEGELE SUPPORTS THE COPY OF OGLETHORPE'S PORTRAIT—
Which he has just finished and which was later presented to Corpus
Christi College, Oxford.**

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The presentation of the portrait, which was copied from the original by Charles F. Naegele, of New York, was made at a dinner at Corpus Christi College on June 12. During his two-day stay in Oxford Dr. Jacobs was the guest of Sir Richard Livingstone, president of Corpus Christi College.

The original of this portrait of General Oglethorpe, from which the Oglethorpe commemorative stamp of 1933 was taken, was discovered in a tiny cottage in Scotland. Previously the only authenticated likeness of the general were a mezzotint of him as a very young man and a small head of him in the middle of a crowded group portrait.

How this unique portrait of the settler of Georgia found its way into a remote cottage in Scotland is a romantic story. Dr. Jacobs has established the fact that it was given by Oglethorpe himself to a young Scotch girl with whom he was in love and that it passed down through her family from generation to generation still hanging on the same wall until it was found by Dr. Jacobs in 1932. It shows the general as he was in middle life.

After presenting the portrait to Corpus Christi College, Dr. Jacobs went to Tadcaster, in Yorkshire, to visit the school founded in 1557 by Bishop Owen Oglethorpe, the man who crowned Queen Elizabeth. He also visited the ancestral home of the Oglethorpe family, Oglethorpe Hall, not far from Tadcaster.

The last of the Oglethorpe shrines visited by Dr. Jacobs was Westbrook manor, at Godalming, 30 miles south of London. This was the home of Theophilus Oglethorpe, father of the general, who was brought up as a boy in this house. The church where General Oglethorpe was buried in 1785 is at Cranham, in Essex. Dr. Jacobs himself located the tomb in 1923.

The *Oxford* (England) *Mail* described the presentation as follows:

As the crowning event of the bicentennial celebration of the founding of the State of Georgia by Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe, a portrait of the General was presented to his alma mater, Corpus Christi Oxford, by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, acting on behalf of that institution and of the State of Georgia, by special appointment.

The presentation was made at dinner given in celebration of the "home-coming" of the celebrated Georgia, presided over by Sir Richard Livingstone, President of Corpus, and attended by all of the undergraduates. As special guests Mr. E. Lewis Oglethorpe, collateral relative of the General, and Dr. A. A. Ettinger, his biographer, completed, with President Jacobs, the official committee of presentation.

At the high table were Sir E. K. Chambers, Prof. Frankfurter,* Prof. McElroy, Mr. Douglas Veale, Prof. Goodhart (nephew of Governor Lehman of New York State), Canon Sawyer, Mr. Blakeway, Prof. Mowat, Vice-president Pritchard, Mr. Hardie, Dr. Lowe, Prof. Fraenkel, Mr. Geory, Mr. Brogan, Prof. Elton and the Bursar.

* Now Mr. Justice Frankfurter.

Age, Name and Portraits of General Oglethorpe

INFORMATION BELOW (Except Last Column on the Right) FURNISHED BY NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON, ENGLAND

List of all known portraits of James Edward Oglethorpe except the one recently discovered and described elsewhere.

OGLETHORPE—General James Edward—1696-1785

ARTIST	MEDIUM & SIZE	HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION	LOCATION
W. Hogarth		1729. In group of Fleet Prison Committee.	N. P. G. Copy by Dyer in Oglethorpe University Library, Lupton Hall.
?	T. Q. L.	c.1743-5. Mezzo., by T. Burford. In armour.	? Original drawing lost. Copies in Oglethorpe University Library, Lupton Hall.
W. Verelst	W. L.	1734. In group of Georgia Council. Copy of H. & S. of Oglethorpe in N. P. G. (No. 2153A.)	EARL OF SHAFTESBURY Copy of head and shoulders greatly enlarged by Dyer, in Oglethorpe University Library, Lupton Hall.
Sir. J. Reynolds	?	1780. Not engraved. Burnt in the fire at Belvoir.	—
S. Ireland	W. L.	1785. Drawn at sale of Dr. Johnson's books. Etched by Samuel Ireland, 1785.	
?	T. Q. L.	Referred to in Manning and Bray's <i>Surrey Published</i> as being in the possession of "the family of the late Mrs. Dickinson of Tottenham." "A $\frac{3}{4}$ portrait of the General (Oglethorpe) and another of his lady are in the family of the late Mrs. Dickinson of Tottenham who was executrix of the latter." Mrs. Oglethorpe died October 26, 1787. (C. K. A. 30.6.32.)	Both the portraits here referred to are believed to be in the Library of Oglethorpe University, Lupton Hall.

During the early part of June 1932, I received a letter from a friend in England, advising me that there had appeared on the market in London a portrait, which in his opinion, was a genuine contemporary portrait of General James Edward Oglethorpe; that he had it in his possession; that its history confirmed his judgment of its authenticity; that it could be bought for one thousand pounds and that if I was interested in it, it would be well for me to let him know at once.

This seemed to me to be a matter of such importance that I immediately went over to London to investigate it. Persons conversant with the subject know that up to date, so far as the best art critics are informed, there are and have been *just six drawings and portraits of General Oglethorpe*. The *first of these* comprises the well known group of the *Fleet Prison Committee*, done by Hogarth in 1729, now in the National Portrait Gallery, London and a copy by Dyer in the Oglethorpe University library. The *second* is the well known *mezzotint* by T. Burford, showing the General in armour. This is the picture which appears usually in the histories and encyclopedias and up to the present time has been the clearest delineation of the features of the General that the world has possessed. The *third* is the *group of the Georgia Council* in which he appears, done by Verelst in 1734. It is in the possession of the Earl of Shaftsbury and a copy by Dyer hangs in the Rhodes Memorial, Atlanta, Ga. Both of these groups show his face without any distinctive lines and he is hardly distinguishable from the other members of the Committee. The *fourth* was a *portrait* by Sir Joshua Reynolds done in 1780. It was not engraved and was burned in the fire at Belvoir. The *fifth* is the well known *pen and ink sketch* by S. Ireland done in 1785, the last year of the General's life, showing him seated in a chair, reading a book which he had just purchased at the sale of Dr. Johnson's library. The *sixth* is a portrait said to have been in the possession of his family, the same being a three-quarter portrait of General Oglethorpe and another of his Lady. It is believed that these two portraits are in the possession of Oglethorpe University. The portrait of Madame Oglethorpe is a very beautiful and perfect one but that of the General, like so many portraits of the time, is lacking in lines and atmosphere, and shows him as quite a youth and probably at about the time that he was fighting under Prince Eugene, if, indeed they are really their portraits.

Having all of this information in my mind and in particular having made a careful study of the mezzotint by Burford and his face as it appeared in the groups, I proceeded immediately to the office of my friend in London to inspect the newly discovered portrait. A casual glance showed that it was so like the Burford mezzotint in every detail that there could be no doubt of an exceedingly close resemblance. I then asked my friend to tell me the story of the acquisition of the portrait. He said that one day a gentleman had come into his office with a portrait which he said he would like to have cleaned and varnished. The moment my friend saw it, he noted its resemblance to the Burford mezzotint and inspection showed that it evidently belonged to the period. He asked his guest whether the portrait was for sale and the reply was that he had not intended to sell it, that it was an heirloom in the family, that it had been left him by the death of a maiden aunt, that she, in turn, inherited it from her grandmother, that it had been presented to a member of his family who, as a young girl, was the sweetheart of the General whose portrait it was. My friend then asked him if he would mind telling him who the gentleman was and he replied that it was a rather distinguished officer of the British army who had founded a colony in America. At this my friend assured him that the portrait could be sold for a rather large sum which more or less surprised his guest who consented to leave it in his possession for sale at one thousand pounds.

Before going further into the matter of purchasing the portrait, I was careful to take a photograph of it to both the British Museum and the National Portrait Gallery whose experts assured me that in their opinions

it was a genuine portrait of General Oglethorpe. I also had the portrait inspected by Mr. Dyer, referred to above, who assured me that it was not only a portrait of General Oglethorpe but also an unusually fine painting and in addition thereto the portrait was inspected by Mr. A. Roth, expert on old prints and engravings for Messrs. Colnaghi, the world celebrated fine art dealers of Bond Street and by Mr. Lauser, late proprietor of the firm of print sellers of that name, formerly of Garrick Street, both of whom wrote on the back of the photograph of the portrait that to the best of their knowledge and belief they would say without hesitation that the picture is a portrait of General James Edward Oglethorpe.

Having thus satisfied my mind fully that the portrait was genuine and authentic, I immediately took up with its owner the matter of the price. Much to my delight I found that he was willing to reduce it materially in consideration of the fact that it was going to become the property of a University in the General's state bearing his name. The portrait was then purchased.

But this is not all of the story. While I was in the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. Adams who had made a critical examination of the portrait for me, advised me that it was possible to purchase at that time *one of the few portraits of the first Earl of Egmont, Sir John Percival, President of the Board of Trustees to establish the colony of Georgia and the only portrait of him made during the time that he was President of the Colony.* I found also that this portrait could be purchased at a quite reasonable price and immediately bought it for the University. It is by Hysing and is referred to in the Diary of the Earl numerous times. "Sir John Percival was the fifth Baronet and first Earl of Egmont, 1683-1748 and was the first President of Georgia, the youngest of the thirteen British Colonies in America. George II granted in 1732 a Charter for a Colony bearing his own name and placed it in the hands of Trustees for 21 years (1732-1752) to organize and manage. This charter was granted to Sir John Percival, first Earl of Egmont and to General Oglethorpe, which gentleman approached Walpole in the matter. The Charter granted them certain lands in South Carolina, with privileges under the Crown. The Trustees made grants of land on certain conditions to poor gentry sent out from England. The early history of Georgia is peculiar and unlike that of any of the many British Colonies in America, as it was Governed by its private Council and Trustees. Hence the Ministry and Board of Trade had very little to do with the Colony. Sir Robert Walpole seems to have been always fettering the Colony on his annual budgets, to be able to hand it over to Spain at the Peace, in order to acquire something more to his own liking by way of a bargain. The Trustees of Georgia were well aware of this and they knew the Board of Trade 'who knew as little about this as they did about trade,' were their enemies. The Trustees therefore managed to keep their own Council, own records, own correspondence and to struggle through their 21 years, purely for the sake of the enterprise, for there were no emoluments attached to their Trust. The Council of the Colony of Georgia was appointed by John Percival, Earl of Egmont and met weekly or oftener at their Chambers at Conduit Street, London. John Percival, Earl of Egmont was chosen as the First President of the Council and Governor in London of the newly formed Colony. He sent Oglethorpe out to Georgia as the local Governor of the Colony. The Earl of Egmont had a grand pride in his Trust, the records of which, mostly in his own hand are a monument to his honesty, intelligence and nobility."

The above is taken mainly from the descriptive text, relative to Lot 239 (2 vols. MSS., relating to Georgia Trust) Sale Books and M.S.S., by Sotheby on June 11, 1881. Full particulars of the association of the first Earl of Egmont with Georgia can be obtained from the Egmont papers, three volumes Historical MSS., published by Order of H. M. Record

Officer Chancery Lane. The Oil Painting by Hans Hysing, which was engraved by Faber, is the only known portrait of the first Earl of Egmont painted after he became Governor.*

It is quite clear after reading the Diary that without the Earl of Egmont, there would have been no colony of Georgia. Mr. Roberts who edited the Percival Diary says in his preface: "The Earl of Egmont and Trustees were badgered on all sides and denounced. Such is the reward in public opinion of disinterested, unpaid and long continued efforts for the good of one's country."

The Painting of the first Earl of Egmont by Hans Hysing, which was engraved from by Faber was until recently in the Collection of the Earls of Egmont at Avon Castle. The size is 50-40, carved contemporary frame, in excellent condition.

This portrait is said to be the finest of the very few portraits made of Georgia's first President. It was unveiled on the morning of February 14, in the Chapel of Oglethorpe University.

But this is not all of the story. Some months previous to my trip I had written to another friend in England who is widely conversant with various Oglethorpiana, asking him to make all possible investigations to find the original copper plate drawn by S. Ireland. It will be realized that this original copper plate which was drawn by hand and which was contemporaneous with the last year of the General's life is a priceless possession. While I was still in London there was forwarded me from my office a letter from this friend saying that his investigation had been successful and that he had found the original copper plate engraved by S. Ireland after his own drawing impressions from which were first published by J. Cary in 1785. There is an original impression taken from the plate which is in the British Museum and is referred to in the catalogue of engraved British portraits, page 368, No. 3 "Oglethorpe, James Edward." This engraving is a whole length portrait in profile from a sketch taken at Dr. Johnson's book sale on the 18th of February, 1785. It is still in splendid condition and we have just had 250 impressions of it made in England.

It goes without saying that I immediately purchased this engraving, personally, planning to give it to the University and it was unveiled on the morning of the 14th. With it there was also unveiled a portrait of King George II, friend of Sir John Percival and of James Edward Oglethorpe. This is a large framed engraving to complete the trio who founded Georgia; Oglethorpe whose idea and achievement it was; Sir John Percival, the first President of the Colony, his friend and associate and King George II who granted the charter and for whom the colony was named.**

WHAT WAS THE REAL NAME OF GENERAL OGLETHORPE AND WHEN WAS HE BORN?

BY THORNWELL JACOBS

Was it James Oglethorpe or James Edward Oglethorpe?

Was he born in 1689 or was he born in 1696?

Was he christened at St. Martin's in the Fields, Trafalgar Square, or was he christened at St. James, Piccadilly?

* Extracts from Official Records — See Percival's Diary. 16, February, 1733. Sat for my picture at Hysing's.

8, June, 1733, Sat for my picture at Mr. Hysing's.

19, September, 1743. Died this day Mr. Michael Dahl, a Swede. The most eminent face-painter in England.

Mr. Hysing, a Swede, is his only disciple, at least, he is the best painter he ever made, whose drapery and hands are beautiful.

** A table listing all known likenesses of Oglethorpe with their sizes, artists, &c will be found elsewhere in the Appendix.

These are questions which long puzzled his biographers.

In St. James Church, Piccadilly, there is the following record in the baptismal book under the date of June 2nd, 1689: "James Oglethorpe of Sir Theophilus and his Lady Eleanor B. I."

This means, as interpreted by the verger, that James Oglethorpe, the son of Sir Theophilus and his Lady Eleanor was baptized at St. James on June 2nd, 1689 and that he was born on June 1st, 1689. As he died in 1785, this would give him a life period of 96 years.

But Mr. Austin Dobson states that "an indefatigable amateur of the Parish register, the late Colonel J. L. Chester, pointed out in Notes and Queries that the date of the General's birth was plainly recorded in the baptismal book of St. Martin's in the Fields as December 22nd, 1696 (baptized December 23, 1696) a date which "as regards day and month is practically confirmed by the fact that in the Colony of Georgia which he founded, the 21st of December was long accepted as his birthday." What is the solution of this puzzle over which biographers have worried for many years? It is a commonly accepted statement, found in encyclopedias and biographies that there were two children in the family of Sir Theophilus and Elinor (Eleanor) both of whom bore the name of James and that one of them died in infancy. But if so, which one? I recently discovered a most interesting bit of information on this point. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1785 there is a contribution by "S" concerning Oglethorpe who had died the last day of the preceding month, in which the family of his father, Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe is carefully listed as follows:

1-Lewis, 2-Theophilus, 3-James Edward, 4-Henrietta Maria, 5-Eleanor, 6-Mary, 7-Frances Charlotte. and the statement is made immediately thereafter that "the five eldest of these were born in St. James House."

In the issue of the same magazine of August of the same year, "H. G." corrects the above information as follows:

"His children were: 1-Lewis, 2-Theophilus, 3-Sutton who died an infant, Nov. 1693, 4-James Edward, the General, 5-Anne, 6-Eleanor, 7-Frances Charlotte, 8-Mary."

The interesting and important fact is that neither of the lists, both of which were contemporary, makes any mention of a James Oglethorpe who died in infancy.

As proving that the founder of Georgia was christened at St. Martin's in the Fields as James Edward Oglethorpe is the fact that he is referred to in many biographical articles, in various encyclopedias and on the memorial tablet in Cranham Church as James *Edward* Oglethorpe. This would seem to be conclusive, but it wasn't for it left as inexplicable the following facts:

Horace Walpole (Walpole's Letters, Cunningham, Vol. 8, page 337) on the 18th of February, 1783 wrote the Countess of Ossory to the effect that though he was a Mathusalem from the scenes he had witnessed, he had just made an acquaintanceship with one who was a little his senior; they were to be very intimate a long time for his *new friend* was but 94. This information must have come from Oglethorpe whom he had not seen for twenty years. Now for a man to be 94 years of age in 1783, he would have to be born in 1689, the exact date as stated in the baptismal book of St. James, Piccadilly. In 1784 Hannah Moore became acquainted with Oglethorpe and writes her sister "I have got a new admirer and we flirt together prodigiously; it is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He was foster brother to the Pretender and is much above 90 years old." Now no man who was much above 90 years of age in the year 1784 could have been born in the year 1696. This still further corroborates the records at St. James, Piccadilly. Also Dr. Lettsom in the *Gentleman's Magazine* writes: "I spent an evening which agreeably continued till two o'clock in the morning with the late General Oglethorpe when this gentleman was in

the 96th year of his age who told me that he planted Georgia chiefly from prisons."

Again, Walpole on the 8th of April, 1785 informs Sir Horace Mann that General Oglethorpe who sometimes visited him at Berkeley Square and who "was then 95" had the activity of youth when compared with himself. This further corroborates the baptismal record of St. James, Piccadilly.

There is this further perplexing circumstance. In Manning and Bray's History of Surrey, Volume 1, page 610, it is stated that Oglethorpe's subscription to the Articles appears in the University Register (Corpus Christi) and in the matriculation book and the following entry, July 9, 1714, "Jacobus Oglethorpe, aetat 16, Theophilus sancti Jacobi Londonensis equitis aurati, filius natu minor." If Oglethorpe was registered at Corpus Christi in 1714 and was then 16 years of age, it is quite evident that he was born in 1698. Furthermore the *European Magazine* states that Oglethorpe entered the English Army in 1710 but "in the short account of him appended to the published sketch made in 1785, it said that he was an ensign in 1706 and Colonel Ponsomby of the Grenadier Guards assured Mr. Robert Wright, his biographer, that in an old manuscript list of the Regiments of 1710, the name of James Oglethorpe appears with others, junior to him as if he might have been in the corps for two or three years. Boswell tells a story of his service under Prince Eugene of Savoy, when a very young man, "I think" says Boswell "only fifteen," which further confirms this date. Still further the memorial tablet in Cranham Church states: "Who served under Prince Eugene and in 1714 was Captain-Lieutenant in the First Troop of the Colonel's Guards." If Oglethorpe had been for two or three years on the manuscript list of the Regiment before 1710 he could not possibly have been born in 1696 nor could he have possibly been born in 1698, the year pointed to by the Corpus Christi records. And now listen to this letter from the Duke of Marlborough to Lady Oglethorpe, written on September 17th, 1705: "Madam, there being now an opportunity, the first that has happened since I left England of providing for your son in the Guards, if you please send me the young gentleman's christian name, his commission shall be dispatched immediately. I am, with truth, Madam, etc. "M."

As there were only two Oglethorpe boys alive in 1705 and as Theophilus, the older brother, was 24 years of age, and had served as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Ormond, and had attained rank of Adjutant General previous to 1714 he must have begun his military career some years earlier than 1705 or 1706. This points to James Oglethorpe as having obtained his first commission in 1705 or 1706 and therefore to his having been born according to the records at St. James, Piccadilly. It also checks with Boswell's expression "I think, only fifteen."

Add to all of the above conflicting disparities the following: That in no official record which may, beyond question, be associated with the founder of Georgia, either over *his own signature* or that of any person equally authoritative, is there any record of *the date of his birth*. The memorial slab at Cranham Church which contains a complete history of his activities and the exact date of his death, had nothing to say of the date of his birth. I, myself, stood by the side of his coffin and caused a rubbing to be made of the inscription thereon which is now in the possession of Oglethorpe University. It has the exact date of his death but is absolutely silent as to the date of his birth. This silence is the more significant in that his wife's coffin lying by the side of his own gives her age at death. They read: Mrs. Elizabeth Oglethorpe died 26, October, 1787 aged 78 years. Hon. General Oglethorpe died first of July, 1785.

And now to add to all of the above confusion the *London Gazette*, first announcing General Oglethorpe's death, stated his age to be 104 and the *Westminster Magazine* of July 1785 says 102 and this is the age carefully engraved by Samuel Ireland on the original copper engraving now

in the possession of Oglethorpe University the subscription to which reads: "General James Oglethorpe died the 30th of June, 1785, aged 102, said to be the oldest general in Europe, sketched from life at the sale of Dr. Johnson's library, February 18th, 1785 when the General was reading a book he had purchased, without spectacles. *In 1706 he had an ensign's commission in the Guards and remembered to have shot snipes in Conduit Meade where Conduit street now stands.*" Samuel Rogers, the poet, was present as a young man twenty-two years of age at the sale of Dr. Johnson's library in February, 1785, the year of the death of General Oglethorpe and is responsible for the statement that the General was very reticent concerning his age and that he was popularly supposed to be what he appeared to be, at least one hundred years old. This would point to 1689 as being the year of his birth rather than 1696.

Now what would you say with all of these facts before you? Was Georgia founded by James Oglethorpe born in 1689 and christened at St. James, Piccadilly or was it founded by James Edward Oglethorpe, born in 1696, christened at St. Martin's in the Fields? Was General Oglethorpe born in 1696, christened at St. Martin's in the Fields as James Edward and did he drop the Edward in later life, using the name of a little brother who died in infancy or would you say that the General was born in 1689, christened at St. James, Piccadilly and that his little brother was named James Edward, christened at St. Martin's in the Fields and died in infancy?

Well, so far as I am concerned, the matter has been finally settled.* In February, 1933, I wrote to the verger of St. James Church, Westminster, suggesting that a thorough search be made of the record of infant deaths and acquainting him with the problem we desired to solve.

I am in receipt of the reply from Mr. E. Redman, clerk of St. James, Westminster, written in response to these inquiries and settling conclusively the whole controversy. Mr. Redman enclosed the baptismal certificate of James Oglethorpe (of Sir Theophilus and his lady Elinor) and also enclosed a burial certificate of James Oglethorpe, showing that he died as an infant and was buried on the 15th of June, 1690. In explanation of the matter, Mr. Redman writes, "In our register there is no "e" at the end of the name and the name is given as Elinor, not "Eleanor." As to the burial, we have the burial of James Oglethorpe as 1690. Unfortunately in those days they gave no particulars as to the name of the parents nor the age. In the burial certificate the "c" stands for child . . . I expect you know that we have in our church a tablet about the Oglethorpes, Theophilus and Ludovicus. Perhaps you have a copy. Some one came here some months ago and copied the inscription."

It was I myself who copied this inscription concerning Sir Theophilus and Ludovicus, his brother and at the same time consulted the records in the book of baptisms. This would seem to settle, beyond a peradventure, the whole problem of the age and name and birth date of the founder of the state. It is quite clear now that little James Oglethorpe was born on June 1st 1689, christened the following day and that he died

* BAPTISMS: In the Parish of St. James, Westminster, before the year 1813, June, 1689, James Oglethorpe of Sir Theophilus and his Lady Elinor, born first, baptized second of June.

I certify that the above is a true extract from the Register Book of Baptisms, belonging to the Parish of St. James, Westminster. Witness my hand this 14th day of February, 1933.

A. LINZEE GILES, M.A., (CURATE.)

BURIALS: In the Parish of St. James, Westminster, June 1690, James Oglethorpe, 15th.

I certify that the above is a true extract from the Register Book of Burials belonging to the Parish of St. James, Westminster. Witness my hand this 14th day of February, 1933.

A. LINZEE GILES, M.A., (CURATE.)

the following year and was buried at St. James on June 15th, 1690 and that his parents, desiring to perpetuate the name of James which meant so much to their family history, called their next son by the same name, adding an "Edward" to it and that this son used the name James, perhaps in similar sentiment, during his life time, signing his own name "James Edward" to his will. It would also seem that the General from whom undoubtedly the impression must have been gathered by Walpole and Hannah Moore that he was of the age which they stated, either from a natural diffidence or from uncertainty of information, could not or did not correct the impression of his great age which grew by leaps and bounds as he passed the fourscore years commonly allotted and that by the time he died in 1785 at the age of 89, tradition had already acclaimed him to be a centenarian.

THE INSCRIPTIONS OF THE OGLETHORPE MEMORIAL TABLETS ST. JAMES, WESTMINSTER, ENGLAND

(Theophilus was the General's father and Ludovicus was his brother).

Following are the Latin inscriptions with their English equivalents.

Hic jacet
Theophilus Oglethorpe, Eques
Auratus:
Ab Atavo Vicecomite ducens
Originem
Cujus armis ad pontem
Bothwelliensem
succubuit Scotus; Nec non
Sedgemoriensi plaude fusi Re-
belles;
Qui per varios casus et Rerum
discrimina
Magnanimam erga Principem et
Patriam—
fidem, sed nec temere, sustinuit,
Obiit Londini Anno 1701
Aetatis 50

Hujus claudit latus
Ludovicus Oglethorpe, tam
paterna (is)
Virtutis quam Fortunae Haeres
Qui Prelio Schellenbergensi
(Victoriae Hochstetensis prae-
ludio)
Tempestivum Suis inclinantibus
ferens auxilium,
Vulnera honestissima accepit
Et praeclarae spe indolis frustrata.
(Obiit vicesimo secundo Aetatis
Anno Hagae Domini (1704)
Clarissimo Utriusque Cineri
Marmor hoc amantissima Conjux
Et mater posuit Domina
Eleanora Oglethorpe.

Here lies
Theophilus Oglethorpe, Golden
Knight;
Tracing his ancestry
from Viscount York, his great-
great-great-grandfather
under the Norman Conqueror.
To whose arms the Scot yielded
At Bothwell Bridge; also
at Sedgemoor Marsh the rebels
were routed;
Who through varied fortunes and
critical adventures
Maintained great fidelity without
rashness
Toward his King and country.
Died at London in the year 1701
Aged 50

By his side lies
Lewis Oglethorpe, heir both of
his father's
Courage and fortune,
Who in the battle of Schellenberg
(prelude to the victory at Hoch-
stet)
Bringing timely aid to his
wavering men,
Received honorable wounds
and missed the promise of his
splendid genius.
Died in the twenty-second year
of his age
at The Hague, 1704
To the glorious remains of both
This monument is erected by
the loving wife and mother
Lady Eleanor Oglethorpe.

An Exceptional Educational Experiment at Oglethorpe University

(ORIGINAL ANNOUNCEMENT)

An experiment which may revolutionize college education in America will be inaugurated by Oglethorpe University effective with the opening of the school in the autumn of 1939. On that date *seven young men from the seven principal regions of the United States* will enter the University with all their expenses paid for them. There will be no charge for board, nor room rent, nor tuition, nor college fees; no library fee, no athletic fee, no charge of any kind. They will enjoy the free use of all the facilities of the institution.

The *terms and conditions* under which these seven youths will be admitted, provide that they shall be recommended by the school authorities of their district as outstanding men in scholarship, leadership and character and that they shall maintain such leadership at the University during their entire stay. They will, of course, be subject to the rules and regulations of the faculty as set forth in the catalogue while members of the student body. *The principal difference between them and other students of high standing and ability* is that they will pursue a special course of study over a period of four years or as many more as may be necessary, which course of study shall be prepared for and required of them by the President of the University. It will exceed the ordinary college course in quantity and breadth by at least 100% and in quality it will be carefully selected by the President for a definite purpose and will lead to a specific end.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University has long believed that *the ordinary college course is no longer sufficient or efficient for its purpose*. In the old days, a person who had enjoyed four years of study at a first class college was so much better informed than other citizens of the community that, automatically, he became their leader in public matters. Men so prepared were in position to integrate the limited knowledges of their neighbors. They only were equipped, so to speak, with intellectual telescopes and microscopes. They could see both

farther and deeper than their fellowmen. Inevitably they became the leaders of their community because only they saw life whole.

The ordinary college education, according to Dr. Jacobs, is no longer able to do this for those who pursue it. Most students who go to college now-a-days have in mind a purely utilitarian preparation for life. They want to earn a living and they feel that four years of preparation for earning that living will give them enough of the broadening and cultural side of life.

In the meantime, *the old liberal arts education has stayed put*. It is no broader now than it was one hundred years ago and compared with the intensive development of special courses leading to special degrees for special purposes, it has fallen behind. The graduate of the School of Liberal Arts today, after his four years of preparation to rule the world finds himself very little more cultured and with scarcely a broader vision than his friend who took the course in engineering or in accounting. The result is that although everybody is going to college, nobody's getting a college education.

In the opinion of President Jacobs, unless something is done to remedy this situation *the American college will be split in two*. Half of it will go to the Junior college and the other half to the professional school. This will mean that the educated citizenry of the country will all be specialists, each in his own limited field, and there will be no educated men in the United States, in a well rounded sense, *except those who have been wise enough to educate themselves, without going to college, or after leaving it*. The country will, therefore, lack the thing that it needs most, namely, well-trained men who know everything about something, not only, but also, something about everything.

It is the purpose of Dr. Jacobs to remedy all this, or at least to see if there is not a way in which it can be remedied. He has prepared a course of study, encyclopedic in character, which includes and enlarges upon all of the old liberal arts subjects, and to them he has added all other fundamentally important subjects. *It will embrace an introduction to the whole world of human knowledge*. As an illustration of his intention, Dr. Jacobs cites the treatment of modern languages in our present day college work. The average boy studies one or two modern languages for a couple of years each and shortly thereafter forgets both of them to such an extent that he cannot speak either fluently, and a little later, cannot read either well. It is a part of the program outlined by President Jacobs that each of these seven men, when he leaves Oglethorpe, will be able to speak all of the principal modern languages with perfect fluency, to all intents and purposes as well as he speaks English. Among the sciences included in the course are: Physics, chemistry, biology, astronomy, geology, botany, anthropology, bacteriology, archaeology, physiology and anatomy. Special emphasis will be laid on government, economics and politics, and on all of the expressive arts. This is

an illustration of the type of education that he has prepared to give to the seven youths who will enter Oglethorpe next autumn—if they can be found!

It is planned that *each of these seven young men shall come from different sections of America*: one from New England, one from the North Atlantic States, one from the South, one from the Middle West, one from the Central West, one from the Pacific Coast and one from the country at large. They will all be registered in the Lupton School of Liberal Arts. The University is now contacting superintendents of education at various points in these territories, requesting them to recommend students for this vastly important educational experiment. No applicant will be accepted unless his standing is such that he may be spoken of as "the outstanding student in the community for the last decade." The course will be a rigid one and will require a high degree of mental ability and of determined application.

The most interesting part of this story will come after these young men have left college. A record will be kept of their careers and of the careers of their successors in the experiment to see whether such an education, at least 100% broader and deeper than that ordinarily obtained by college graduates, has the effect of putting them in the position once enjoyed by college graduates only and of giving them the ability by virtue of their greater knowledge and wider information and better training to become proportionately greater leaders in all branches of human activity. This check-up will cover their success in their chosen professions or avocations not only, but also their qualities of leadership, their position in the community in respect of matters other than their profession or trade and their standing in those qualities which include not so much the making of a living as the making of a life. President Jacobs feels that the time has come when it is absolutely necessary that some men shall be trained to look over the heads of the myopic specialists and of the common herd; to see farther and more clearly than they do; to integrate all of their knowledges and to combine, as far as it is humanly possible, all of the wisdoms of the past and of the present. He believes that the presence in any community of one such man is of more importance than of a thousand half educated mass-products. He believes that the finest contribution a college can give to the world today is in devoting less of its time to the education of country-club loafers and embryonic crooks and more to the education of men of character, who have the will and ability to learn. *The experiment is in essence the giving of an exceptionally broad education to the exceptionally able student with the expectation of producing an exceptionally capable leader.*

If this pragmatic experiment in education succeeds, that is to say, if it is clearly demonstrated that men of exceptional intelligence and character when given an education exceptionally broad and intensive are enabled thereby to become exceptionally im-

portant leaders in the social, religious, economic and political life of the nation, it is believed by Dr. Jacobs that it will not only be continued at Oglethorpe but other colleges and universities all over the United States will have found a way whereby the American college may be restored to its former position of importance and dignity.

EARLY NEWSPAPER RELEASE

Determined to make education as interesting as football, twelve of America's most brilliant young high school graduates will meet on the campus of Oglethorpe University September 19th at twelve thirty o'clock for their first luncheon with President Thornwell Jacobs under whose personal direction they will prosecute their studies for a period of approximately sixty-six months.

It is their purpose and that of President Jacobs for the first time in the history of American education, to see how near selected American youths, working under the best conditions can come to Francis Bacon's famous declaration that he had determined to make all knowledge his province. To do this it will be necessary for these lads and their faculty to smash to little bits the adventitious and artificial rules laid down by private accrediting associations and to adopt the quality of the product manufactured as the single basis of procedure. Their education will differ not only in quantity but also in kind from that of any other students in the United States. They will carry an hour-load of between twenty-five and thirty hours per week. Before they have left Oglethorpe they will have studied every subject taught on the campus from shorthand and swimming to Greek and Philosophy. They will continue at school eleven months of the year, attending the summer session as well as the regular academic year, September to June. They will comply with a special regimen as to hours, exercise, supervised study, diet and social life.

The contents of their education will be chronological in nature. They will begin at the beginning with the story of the birth of the earth and of the solar system as contained in Astronomy. This will be paralleled by the life story of the earth as contained in geology; and of life on earth as contained in paleontology; and of the life of man on earth as contained in anthropology. At the same time they will be studying the origins of civilization, including the history of the Tiro-Euphrates Valley; of the Nile Valley, the earliest civilizations in China and Mexico, the Mycenaean age, and the Etruscan and Cretan civilizations. Their first year will also embrace the language, history and literature of Greece and of Rome and of Judea—the entire Mediterranean civilization. With it will go some of the oldest sciences such as mathematics and one of the most practical and useful as a tool, stenography. During the succeeding years these

students will cover the whole range of human knowledge as taught on the campus at Oglethorpe.

The goal of the education of these boys will be the endowing of them with all of the knowledge possessed by all of the members of the faculty of the University combined, not only, but also inspiration and love of the Great Tradition of truth, wisdom and virtue. Their final examination will consist of their record of having taught successfully and ably every class of the University curriculum. They will demonstrate their knowledge of foreign languages by extempore addresses and debates in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Latin and Greek before the student body.

The purpose of the Exceptional Educational Experiment now being conducted on the campus of Oglethorpe University is to test the validity of certain regulations imposed by Standardizing Agencies and faculties which limit the amount of work permitted to students. The President of Oglethorpe University believes that such limitations also operate to limit the interest of the student in his work and the intensity with which he does it. It is not unlike limiting the amount of energy that a half back must use in carrying the ball.

A second purpose of the Experiment is to see what effect upon the quality of the work done by students could be produced under a well planned regimen. The young men who are taking part in this Experiment are under the direct control of the President of the University who confers with them frequently. Their lives are ordered along the same general lines as those required by a competent coach of a football team. The purpose of this, of course, is that no distractions should prevent them from doing their best work. It is also a necessary part of the Experiment that those who partake in it should not be classified as "book worms", "freaks", "guinea pigs" or by any other disparaging terms. It is important that they should be normal Americans in the upper quartile of high school graduates. They are chosen on two bases. The first, is their academic record made in high school and the second is their record of leadership or of some form of constructive endeavor during their high school days. Each of the young men taking part in the Experiment at Oglethorpe has been so chosen.

We consider it also to be an important point in this Experiment that the usual distractions of Country Club life which are the greatest hindrance to study in all American colleges and universities today should be obviated. The additional time and intensity of effort thus saved or developed would, according to our calculation, make it as easy for the average student at college, of reasonably high intelligence and will to learn, to carry double the usual academic load as it is for the ordinary student handicapped by Country Club distractions to carry the ordinary load.

It is also a necessary part of this Experiment that the cur-

riculum of the students should be re-arranged chronologically so that their studies will begin where history begins, where civilization begins and where the earth itself began. It was, of course, likewise necessary for us to watch over the physical well-being of the men taking part in the Experiment as we believe and intend that their physical condition should improve while they are taking part in the Experiment.

The facts in the case as so far developed, justify fully our faith. We did not expect that all of those taking part in the Experiment would either be willing or able to continue it to the end. We do not feel it to be within the range of propriety that we should attempt to explain the reason why he or we might consider it best that any student should no longer take part in the Experiment. We do expect that a proportion of the men who are engaged in it will continue it to the end. We recognize the fact that the kind of education that they are receiving, both as to quality and quantity, is different from the kind of education that the average boy at American colleges would want. We make the point that whereas 99 out of 100 who attend American universities are enjoying opportunities for very excellent training, it is only the 100th man who is receiving an education. It is that 100th man for whom this Experiment has been devised. He is not necessarily the brainiest or the most brilliant but he is the man who understands the difference between an education and special training.

The results of the Experiment so far have confirmed our faith in its value. The average of the nine young men who form the group is approximately 93 which would win a coat-of-arms sweater for the group. While this is a very fine record, it is not a bit better than 25% of the students at Oglethorpe or at any other first class American college could do if they wanted to and if they were not deterred from doing by the numerous Country Club distractions of modern collegiate life. The lowest average is 90. The highest is 96 5/9. The conduct of the group has been exemplary; their attendance at classes without fault; their work in the library, their physical exercise, their study hour period and their attendance on church services on Sunday have been practically perfect.

The Experiment has commanded the interested attention of the entire American academic world and reports are being rendered regularly to the Superintendents of Education in every American state.

Judging from the results above, the Experiment will continue and next year another group of young men of the same quality and with the same purpose will be added.

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY'S EXCEPTIONAL EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT

Newspaper Release, prepared by publicity department

For years, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, scholarly and far-sighted president of Oglethorpe University, located in the suburbs of Atlanta, Ga., has contended that present day college students are wasting their time and doing just about *one-half* of the work that they could do during their four years at institutions of higher learning, due mostly to country club distractions and that if a boy was graduated in the upper half of his class at high school, was subjected to a special regimen at college which he followed to the letter, he should, by the end of two years and two summers have completed all of the work necessary for the Bachelor of Arts degree.

To this end, President Jacobs set about to prove his contention to the educational world. If this experiment succeeded, it would, in Dr. Jacobs' opinion, revolutionize education. In the early part of 1939 Dr. Jacobs wrote to the Superintendents of Education of each of the forty-eight states, setting forth the plan which he had in mind, of an Exceptional Educational Experiment which he hoped to begin in the autumn of 1939 and asked the cooperation of all State Superintendents in aiding Oglethorpe University to select from applications which would be submitted, those twelve young men who stood out above all others not only scholastically but insofar as character, background, activities, etc., were concerned. They must be all-round American boys. The State Superintendents, in turn, were to communicate with City Superintendents throughout their state who would submit to the State Department eligible candidates together with personal recommendations and the student's record during high school days. All applications were then reviewed by the State Superintendents who chose the most outstanding ones and submitted them to Dr. Jacobs to be passed on by himself and a special committee which he appointed. It was a difficult job to pick from such a splendid group of young men, the twelve who, in the opinion of the Committee, were best suited to carry on the Experiment. The group selected consisted of a lad from Maryland, one from Mississippi, two from Texas, one from Vermont, another from Ohio, one from New Mexico, one from Louisiana, one from Florida, one from New York and one from Idaho and Pennsylvania.

In early September of 1939 the boys arrived at the college and met with President Jacobs for their first conference at which they received complete instructions concerning their courses, hours for leisure, hours for study, hours for classes, diet, etc. They were informed that theirs would be a *chronological education*. They would begin at the beginning with the story of the

birth of the earth and of the solar system as contained in Astronomy. This would be paralleled by the life story of the earth as contained in geology; and of life on earth as contained in paleontology; and of the life of man on earth as contained in anthropology. At the same time they would be studying the origins of civilization, including the history of the Tigro-Euphrates Valley; of the Nile Valley, the earliest civilizations in China and Mexico, the Mycenaean age, and the Etruscan and Cretan civilizations. During their first year they would take courses in the language, history and literature of Greece and of Rome and of Judea—the entire Mediterranean civilization. With it would go some of the oldest sciences such as mathematics.

Before beginning their work, Dr. Jacobs had each boy given a complete physical examination. After this was done their eyes were examined and their teeth X-rayed and checked. All except one proved to be excellent physical specimens.

At the end of the first year at Oglethorpe the boys had actually gained in weight and their general average was 93. The courses taken included Astronomy, Latin, Greek, Geology, Mathematics, Ancient History, History and Appreciation of Music, Old Testament, Mythology and Etymology and Cosmic History, the latter usually taken by seniors at the University.

The Triple Es are directed under the guidance of President Jacobs. They must keep all of the books that they use at the college. They must attend some church in a group every Sunday. They must not leave the campus for social engagements during the week-days but are free from Saturday noon until Sunday evening. Their morals and characters must be of the highest. They must take regular exercise, have regular hours for meals, study in the library and study in their rooms.

The group has narrowed down to six and now, at the end of their second year, they have completed all of the work necessary for the degree of *Bachelor of Arts* which is usually done by the average college student in four years. This experiment, so far, has proved satisfactorily Dr. Jacobs' point that college boys and girls in the upper 10% of high school graduating classes are wasting valuable time at college and that if outside distractions were removed, they could handle twice the load they usually carry without injury to their health. This has been seen by the fact that all of the Triple Es are in as good, if not better physical condition than when they embarked upon this experiment two years ago.

By the end of the Experiment which is to continue for four more years, Dr. Jacobs plans for the boys to have taken every course given on the Oglethorpe campus and to have mastered each sufficiently well to be able to teach it.

The experiment has attracted and is attracting nation-wide interest and educators throughout the country are watching its further progress with keen anticipation.

The Crypt of Civilization

BY T. K. PETERS

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Some years ago while engaged in research in connection with one of his books, *The New Science and the Old Religion*, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, was struck by the fact that there was such a meager amount of information available regarding the intimate details of the life of the peoples of the past. Practically our entire knowledge of ancient life rests upon two very incomplete sources, the first being deposits obtained from tombs of the long forgotten Pharaohs of Egypt and the kings of ancient Sumeria and Babylonia, and the second from rock inscriptions, and clay tablets excavated in ancient Assyria. These portray many phases of life in all levels of society, but the lacunae are almost as numerous as the records themselves.

The ancient Egyptians have proven to be the greatest source of information in respect to the life of common people, due to their belief in a future renaissance on earth when they would reinhabit the mummies which had been preserved for this eventuality. By a system of magic, also, the little "ushabti" figures, which were miniature models of the slaves of great men doing all of their customary duties such as making bread, butchering meat, brewing beer, etc., would be reanimated and become actual slaves to wait upon their masters and mistresses who had come back to enjoy life in the world again. For this reason

these "ushabti" figures represented accurately the entire life of working and serving people and present a complete picture of many of the phases of life within the home of a great man in Egypt. On the walls of temples are inscribed in stone, pictures representing the blowing of glass, the smelting of metals, and the husbandman planting his crops and tilling his fields. Out of the papyri, some of which are almost six thousand years old, have come down to us through the long lapse of centuries, glimpses of the pharmacy, magic, and medical arts of generations of people who lived on the earth tens of centuries ago.

Through the laws of Hammurabi, we get a glimpse of the lives of the people of Assyria, both great and humble, for out of thousands of clay tablets contained in the libraries of this ancient land which have been excavated, we find documents dealing with all of the problems of life then existing. A man pawns a female slave for twenty-five shekels of silver with definite conditions of interest and return when the debt has been paid; another man settles an endowment upon a temple; a third buys a piece of property; a fourth divides his estate between his children; a thief is caught pilfering in a granary; the king orders the treatment of certain prisoners taken on a punitive expedition, etc. Through these records we get a dim glimpse into the lives of the people, *but at no period in history do we have complete and active information on any single generation of mankind.*

For this reason the work being undertaken at Oglethorpe University is all the more remarkable, inasmuch as a very successful attempt is being made to preserve a complete cross sectional picture of the entire life of our world today for the people of the future.

In 1935, at the college commencement in May, Dr. Jacobs was discussing this idea with Orson Munn, editor of the *Scientific American*, who was enthusiastic over the idea and pledged the cooperation of the *Scientific American* in making public the project. Dr. Jacobs began to write to people all over the country asking for suggestions as to how this work could be accomplished. In September, 1936, there appeared in the *Scientific American* the first brief announcement of the launching of the project. This was followed in October by an article which appeared in the *Literary Digest* as shown on the following page. This in turn was followed by a third story which appeared in the *Scientific American* in November, 1936, which is also shown in the following pages.

The only two preceding thoughts along the line of preservation of material of this kind were the depositing of a safe filled with some material, the contents of which are unknown as yet, with the Custodian of the Capitol, Washington, D. C., in 1876, and the pyramid at Monte Ne, Arkansas, started by William Harvey and unfinished at the time of his death in 1936. Neither of these projects made any attempt at preserving anything other than a

few newspapers, coins, magazines, and similar articles such as are customarily deposited in cornerstones. We can therefore unhesitatingly say that to Dr. Thornwell Jacobs goes the credit for the conception of the greatest historical project in all history.

FOR 8113 A. D. OGLETHORPE BUILDS A CRYPT TO PRESERVE CULTURE OF 1936

BY EDWARD PENDRAY*

In the year 4241 B. C., on a morning in July when the bright star Sirius rose with the sun, Egyptian priests began their calendar, pointing off the earliest recorded date. All written history has occurred since then.

A month ago, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, Oglethorpe University, Georgia, began speculating about the time-misted peoples of 4241 B. C., wondering how much of life in 1936 would be intelligible 6,177 years from now. Resolving to do something about preserving a portion of it for archeologists of the future, he came to New York, conferred with editors, scientists, engineers.

CRYPT—Last week, he announced in *The Scientific American*, a plan to seal away a slice of 1936. Under the cathedral-like limestone building that houses Oglethorpe's library and executive offices, Doctor Jacobs is constructing a crypt as big as a swimming pool hollowed from the granite bedrock of the Appalachian Mountains.

It will be lined with slate, roofed and capped with stone, and sealed with a tablet of stainless steel requesting future generations to leave it unopened until the year 8113 A. D. It will be deeded to the Government of the United States, its heirs and assigns, to be held in trust.

In this time-defying chamber, Doctor Jacobs plans to cram a cross-section of modern life, that the unimaginable peoples of 6,177 years hence need be in no doubt as to how people lived in 1936.

CONTENTS—Phonograph records and sound film will preserve the voices of such contemporary figures as President Roosevelt, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, possibly those of Bing Crosby, the Marx Brothers, Iowa's champion hog-caller, "Popeye the Sailor." Newsreels will immortalize 1936 ship launchings, baby contests, football games, Spain's civil war, campaign oratory.

Amateur suggesters already have begun flooding Oglethorpe with suggestions: a pair of garters, a can-opener, a dry Martini complete with olive, a sunflower button, an autogiro, a calculating-machine, a head of Cornell University's odorless cabbage, a "rubber" dollar.

* This is the second story which appeared in *Literary Digest*, October 31, 1936.

Despairing of finding space for all the gadgets of present-day civilization, Doctor Jacobs expects to depend heavily on encyclopedias, dictionaries, textbooks, models, drawings and photographs.

PRESERVATION—He will call upon publishers to prepare special time-proof editions of newspapers, books, magazines. Manufacturers will be requested to supply working-models. Scientists will be asked to state how these relics can be preserved sixty-one centuries from the ravages of corrosion, chemical action, drying, dampness, dust. From educators, historians, archeologists and readers of newspapers and magazines, he hopes to get thousands of suggestions. A board of judges will do the selecting.

Amid all these plans, the youthful-looking Oglethorpe President was stricken with appendicitis; last week was recovering from an emergency operation. At fifty-nine, he has been head of Oglethorpe University since 1915, when he founded it.

Formerly a Presbyterian minister, he conducts a liberal religious course at Oglethorpe based on his book, *The New Science and the Old Religion*. A football fan, he kept his attack of appendicitis secret until after Oglethorpe's first home game two weeks ago, because he feared the boys might worry over his condition, not play their best. They won.

EGYPT'S PYRAMIDS—As old as football is the idea of crypts for the future. With the mistaken idea that they would some day wake up to make use of them, Egypt's Kings built their pyramids, filled them with household furniture, and unintentionally preserved for modern archeologists a rich picture of their times. Some person unknown at the time of the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876, deposited a locked iron safe in one of the labyrinthine corridors beneath the Capitol at Washington. With the Curator of the Capitol's Art he left instructions not to open it for 100 years.

HARVEY'S PYRAMID—The most ambitious modern effort so far completed is the pyramid built by William Hope ("Coin") Harvey, at Monte Ne, Arkansas, backer of William Jennings Bryan and chief proponent of the famous "sixteen-to-one" plan for the coinage of silver, Harvey retired to a hermitage in the Ozarks in 1900, when the Democratic Party abandoned his money plank.

Convinced that this civilization was doomed, he conceived his plan to build a pyramid with a crypt near-by to house the "ruins" of American Culture.

Its base is a block of granite and limestone forty feet square, ten feet thick. The unfinished pyramid is 130 feet high, made of steel and concrete. Among other things, the crypt, 500 yards away, contains a copy of *The Literary Digest*.

Note—This project was never finished as Mr. Harvey passed away February 11, 1936.

TODAY—TOMORROW

Archeology In A. D. 8113 . . . An Opportunity For This Generation . . . Preserving Records For Posterity . . . Co-operation Needed

By DR. THORNWELL JACOBS
President, Oglethorpe University

The suggestions of Dr. Jacobs for the preservation of a record of our present generation for the assistance of future historians are heartily endorsed by Scientific American. If it is possible to secure the cooperation of industrialists and philanthropists, this project can undoubtedly be carried to a successful conclusion. All those who are willing to assist in this monumental work are urged to communicate directly with The Editor, Scientific American, 24 West 40th Street, New York City.

The time is A. D. 8113. The air channels of the radio-newspaper and world television broadcasting system have been cleared for an important announcement. Suddenly all is activity again. The radio-newspaper headlines blaze forth a story of international importance and significance. The television sight-and-sound receivers in every home throughout the world carry the thread of the story. In the Appalachian Mountains near the eastern coast of the North American continent is a crypt that has been sealed since the year A. D. 1936. Carefully its contents have been guarded since that date, and today is the day of the opening. Prominent men from all over the world assemble at the site to witness the breaking of the seal that will disclose to a waiting world the civilization of an ancient and almost forgotten people. When the crypt is opened, there is revealed a mine of information regarding the science and civilization of A. D. 1936, conveyed by means of what those ancient people called phonographs and motion picture machines, models and books and photographs showing how far their civilization had progressed.

Thus projected into the future is a glimpse of what can be—what probably will be—if we of this generation seize the opportunity to preserve for the future a complete record of how we live, and to give to the generations of thousands of years hence a carefully thought out record of what we have accomplished up to the year 1936.

With the thought in mind that this is the appropriate time to preserve such records for future generations, on a scale never before conceived, Oglethorpe University, in co-operation with Scientific American proposes to make available to some civilization now unthought of, and still far in the future, the running story of the life, manners, and customs of the present civilization. We propose to collect a complete set of materials which describe and represent our lives and labors, to bury these materials in a secure spot, and to preserve them under the guidance of advice of our greatest scientists. We believe that in this way generations as remote from us in the future as ours is from ancient Menes

and the pyramid builders will be able to visualize what manner of men we were and what manner of life we lived in 1936 A. D.

It may be difficult for most of us to realize that our present civilization and all of its technical advances occupy only a few seconds, as it were, in the vast spread of geological time. We are living in a geological epoch just as truly as did the brontosaurus and the pterodactyl. Time will last just as long in the future as it has lasted in the past; our present-day civilization will eventually fall; our tall buildings and huge dams of which we are so proud will be reduced to ruins. This may not be a pretty picture to contemplate but it is one that will be just as true as the story of the downfall of the mighty empire of ancient Nineveh.

We may be able to appreciate this more fully when we consider the rapidity with which the records of any particular generation disintegrate and lose themselves as the years go by. Even knowledge of the life of the Middle Ages is already dimmed by time. Its reconstruction by present-day students is largely guesswork. Had it not been for such a natural catastrophe as the eruption of Vesuvius, the glories of Pompeii and Herculaneum would never have been revealed to our sight. Again, if it had not been for the happy circumstance that the world's oldest civilization was developed in Egypt, where excessive dryness made it possible for the structures to be preserved by nature, we would know very little of those times. We, however, are the first generation equipped to perform our archeological duty to the future without the help of natural phenomena.

In order to make more positive that any "treasure" which we may bury would be held safe from vandalism and pillaging, it is desirable that a date be fixed for the opening of the crypt. What could be more fitting than that the time be governed by the first fixed date in history? This is probably the year 4241 B. C., which marks the establishment of the Egyptian calendar. Since that first date 6177 years have passed. Adding this figure to 1936 brings us to A. D. 8113. The probability is that by that year the record of the present generation of citizens of the United States of America—except for that sealed in our crypt—will have been as completely destroyed as the record of the contemporaries of Menes.

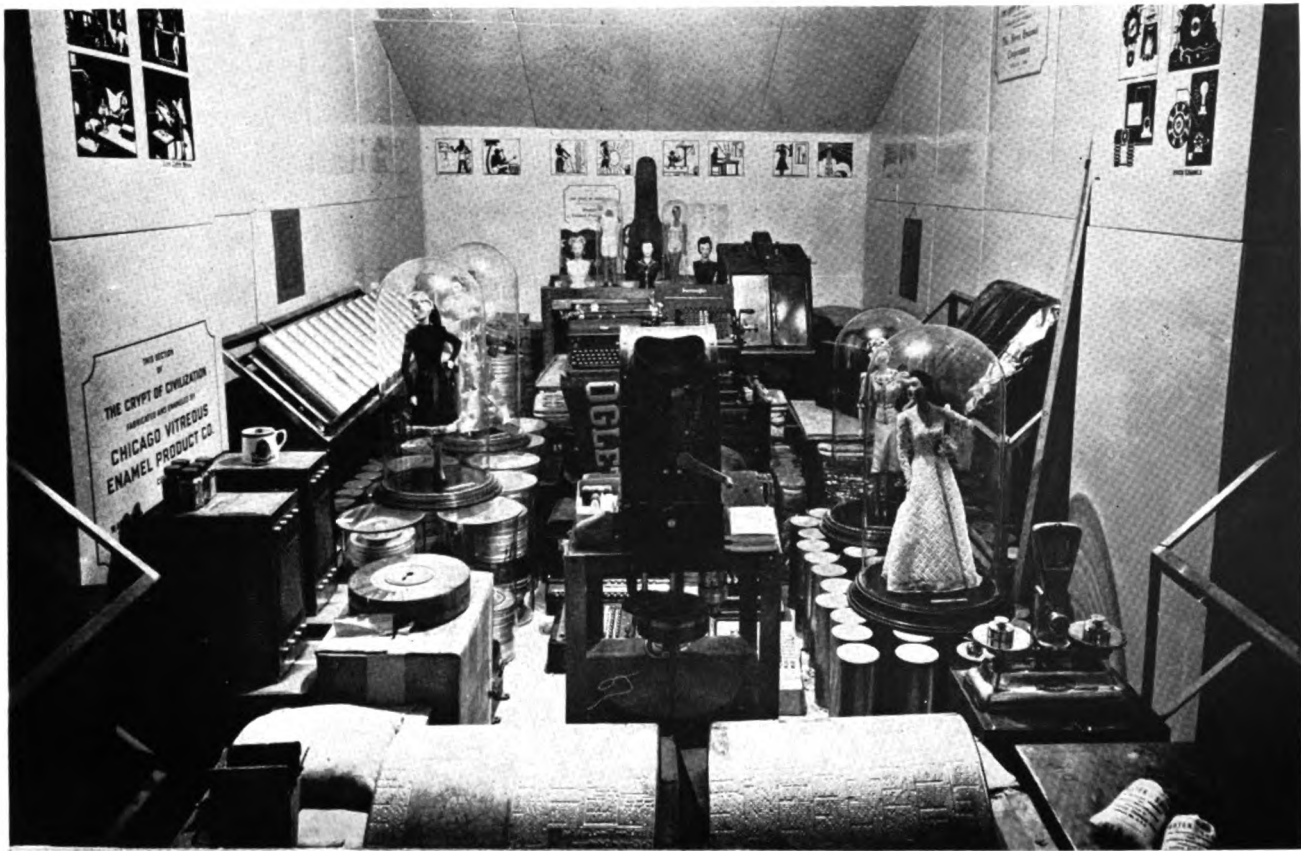
What we propose to do, then, is to provide for future historians an epitome of the life of an old generation—a generation in which we lived. Thus, for the first time in the history of a civilized land, future historians will have available a thorough and accurate record preserved for them. Such an epitome should include certain books—for example, encyclopedias—stored in the sealed crypt. Motion picture films would, of course, be included, picturing the world of today, and especially the physical features of our cities and countrysides, our industries and our social activities. There should be a phonograph or film record carrying a salutation from the President of the United States to the rulers,

whoever and whatever they may be, of the year 8113 A. D. By means of the phonograph and the talking motion picture film, this future generation will be able to hear the voices of our President and King Edward VIII, of Mussolini, Stalin, and Hitler, of the Emperor of Japan and the President of China, as well as those of our greatest living scientists, archeologists, and historians.

The subject of this proposal has been completely discussed with the editors of Scientific American, and they have indicated their willingness to co-operate in its fulfillment. Our conversations have covered the entire range of human activity. We must, of course, include such homely every-day things as the foods we eat, our drinks, even our chewing gum. We must describe and illustrate our sports and recreations, our buildings and their furniture, our engines, printing presses, automobiles, airplanes, typewriters, and so on. Models made of stainless steel or Monel metal, when preserved in a vault lined with similar materials, will no doubt last for at least 6000 years. Of course an illustrated encyclopedia, if it could be printed with an ink that did not carry self-destruction in its formula, and on a paper of the most permanent possible quality, and preserved in a vacuum or in inert gases, would be one of the most perfect ways to preserve permanently a description of the thought and content of our present civilization.

Perhaps one of our great metropolitan dailies would be willing to print a special issue with an ink and paper of the type mentioned above, showing the treatment of our "news" and possibly containing a message addressed to those living in 8113 A. D. Thus we can convey an idea of our news disseminating system and of our methods of advertising. Such a newspaper might be encased in a stainless steel receptacle filled with inert gases. On the other hand, several different newspaper editions might be photographed in miniature on motion picture film and included in the crypt, together with a projection machine and instructions for its operation.

It is firmly believed that industrialists of this country can plainly see the tremendous cultural value of this proposal and that they will co-operate to the fullest possible extent. Doubtless one or more of our great automobile concerns would be willing to make miniature models of its finest products. Motion picture organizations could probably be induced to make a study of the very best possible way in which to preserve films for a period of 6000 years. Hundreds of our manufacturers would likewise cooperate in their own particular branches of industry. There should be included a complete model of the capitol of the United States, which, within a half-dozen centuries, will probably have disappeared completely. It gives one something of a shock to reflect that by the year 8113 A. D. every building of every kind as yet constructed in the world may no longer exist. Such a



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CRYPT OF CIVILIZATION—
Taken just before it was closed, not to be opened until A. D. 8112

reflection, however, emphasizes strongly the desirability of a project such as the one under discussion.

The principal difficulty, from a practical standpoint, in effecting this plan would not be the scientific one of preserving the objects selected for that purpose. It would be the danger that comes to all civilization sooner or later: vandalism, which involves the destruction of its monuments and the robbery of its vaults. Doubtless the safest place and the one which has the greatest promise of permanency would be a college campus, for universities have a way of living and surviving such things as changes in forms of government and dynasties. Oglethorpe University has selected an ideal spot for this purpose in the basement of a beautiful building which now houses its library and executive offices. The basement has already been rendered waterproof and, when lined with stainless steel, would preserve objects committed to its care over the period of time desired. The size of the crypt is quite sufficient for the purpose. It is contained in a building constructed of granite and covered with slates, with foundations resting on the granite bedrock of the Appalachian Mountains. This location is ideal for such a project, the bed rock being of very ancient geological formation which beyond doubt will withstand the ravages of time with little change. Further, as far as science can determine, there is little likelihood of earthquakes that might destroy the building or the crypt. Such a building should itself endure for the period of time desired, if properly repaired. There should, of course, be a tablet of stainless steel, requesting all future generations to leave its contents unopened until A. D. 8113. The vault and its contents should be deeded in trust to the Federal government, its heirs, assigns, and successors, and a penalty fixed by law for any tampering. A special feature of the plan would be the preservation of the names of all those persons who took part in the task. The expense of such a project would be considerable but surely there are enough philanthropists in America to make it possible. Nothing has ever been proposed which combines so much romance and usefulness and real service to future students of civilization as this.

The problem of preserving the various materials used in this project will require careful study and the complete cooperation of all of those interested. A carefully selected Board of Judges will be charged with the responsibility of drawing up a list of those things which should be preserved, and of deciding which can best be preserved by written description and photographs and which should be in model form. It will then be up to those who are far-sighted enough to see the implications of this project to begin the preparation of materials to be included and to start work on the crypt and its surroundings.

There is little definite data available upon which to base this interesting task. Similar suggestions have been made in the past,

but none of them as broad in scope as the present. We may take a hint from the work of the Japanese who, shortly after the tragic earthquake of 1923, determined to preserve for 10,000 years the names of all those who perished in the disaster. After a vast amount of investigation they decided to write in Chinese ink upon the highest quality of Japanese paper the names of those who were lost. Some 548 sheets of paper were used. These were put away in four jars of fused quartz crystal, each five inches in diameter and twelve inches long. The bottles were then wrapped in asbestos and placed in a lead container which, in turn, was put into a fireproof cylinder of Carborundum. A Buddhist temple was finally chosen as the proper repository for the precious bottles.

Scientific American has consented to act as a clearing house for suggestions and offers of co-operation in our project. With the tentative plan outlined above as a starting point, we solicit suggestions and advice from scientists, publicists, and philanthropists. As the project proceeds, the plans will undoubtedly be modified in accordance with changing ideas.

During the last one hundred years, scientists, backed by philanthropists, have spent millions of dollars, digging here and there in the earth, endeavoring to find some old piece of pottery, some ancient trinket, some sun-baked brick, from which they might deduce the every-day manner of living of people whose names are forgotten, and of kingdoms long since perished. The record of each generation is full of interest and wisdom. Let us be the first generation to preserve, for the intellectual hunger of those who come after us, a complete record of our daily life.

—*Scientific American*.

THE TIME CAPSULE

BY T. K. PETERS

In 1937 Mr. Pendray, who had been thinking over Dr. Jacobs' idea ever since, as editor of the *Literary Digest*, he had published one of the first stories of the Crypt of Civilization, decided to interest the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company in a similar project. This he called the "Time Capsule". The Westinghouse Company, realizing the publicity value of this in connection with the World's Fair, authorized the building of this capsule, which is buried 50 feet beneath the Westinghouse Building at the World's Fair. The "Time Capsule" itself is a cigar-shaped tube of cupralloy, approximately five feet in length and about six inches in diameter. Into this capsule, as it was called, were placed reproductions of magazine articles, scientific data, pictures, and other interesting facts about our life today, reduced to microfilm. There are about one thousand pictures according to their statement, which would represent about one hundred

feet of film if made in the same size as the pages microfilmed at Oglethorpe.

In Comparison with this the books in the Oglethorpe Crypt will consist of some four hundred thousand pages of material. The capsule also contains a woman's hat, some books, a telephone receiver, and as many other articles as can be placed in a cylinder of this limited size. On a limited scale by means of pictures and words, as far as space permits, was reproduced the Oglethorpe Archivist's plan for a language integrator to teach English if it has died out in the meantime. This miniature edition of the Oglethorpe Crypt, was sunk fifty feet below the surface of the earth beneath the Westinghouse Building at the Fair, but a cut-away replica can be seen in the building above, and has served to stimulate the interest of people all over the United States in the greater project still being carried on at Oglethorpe University.

The Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company at the request of Mr. Pendray has given a large number of motion pictures and other material to the Crypt for preservation. The history of the transformer and the radio are so definitely associated with this company that its contributions are of special value.

Probably many laudable copies of the Crypt idea will be brought forward to the satisfaction of Dr. Jacobs, the first man to conceive this idea. The continued preservation of history is his aim and object and each of these will no doubt bring into being original modifications which will serve to strengthen his concept.

THE PRESERVATION OF THIS DYNAMIC EPOCH

BY T. K. PETERS

Few people stop to consider this present age. We are living in the most tremendous age of adventure the world has ever seen; an age when the womb of time is pregnant with the *greatest events man has ever known. In the immediate past twenty years more important discoveries have been made than in all the six thousand years that have gone before.*

In the last twenty-five years we have seen the gradual evolution of this dawn of freedom. It has come about through the conquest of many of man's hereditary limitations which prevented the free interplay of his thought with that of his fellow men. The barriers of time, space and distance have been thrust back by the aeroplane, the automobile, radio, television and the motion picture. We who have seen this evolution and are the inheritors of the accumulated wisdom of the ages know what we want and how to set about getting it. We are forging a new life for ourselves and posterity. We are creating a new world to replace the old: new substances, new forms, such as our plastics that never existed before, new thoughts and ideals. *But in all this chaos of*

birth we must not discard the culture of the past, for from the accumulated experience acquired by the slow process of trial and error which has been built up during the centuries, lies the promise of a speedier solution of the problems of the future. Neither must we neglect to guard preciously the wisdom we have so laboriously striven for, and it is in this connection that the work we are undertaking here in history will be remembered long after we have passed away. I refer to the crypt. This concept, the daring, splendid and practical vision of our President, Dr. Jacobs, is so close to us that many of us do not evaluate it as posterity will. I probably realize its value more than the average person would, no matter what their educational background might be, for the reason that in my travels in many countries I have seen the dead fragments of former civilizations perished and scattered over the land, sport of the winds and wild beasts. I have stood in the palaces and temples of forgotten kings and priests, and wondered what they knew, and what their lives were. I have seen the pillars of Asoka, that great and wise king, who, to preserve to mankind the wisdom of the great teacher, Buddha, set up the rules of the Eightfold Path on columns of stone in every part of his great kingdom. They are practically all we know of this great king. I once stood in Anuradhrapura at twilight and mused on the scene of desolation spread before me, trying to people it with the life and glamour it once held when it was a city of a million people.

Similarly I have seen *Ankor Wat*, the great capital of the Khmer Kings about whom we know so little; only their names. On the walls are beautiful sculptures showing how the kings and their harems and dancing girls lived, but nothing more. *Fatehpur Sikri, Golconda, Petra, Karnak, Chichen Itza all are names and stones, dead and forgotten.* Each had its day of pomp and glory, its rise to splendor, then its light flickered and waned and died. Each is adorned with sculptures telling of its priests and kings, its power and its conquests, sometimes decipherable, sometimes not. Each had the opportunity offered it which we have, the opportunity to record for posterity all it knew of the world of which it thought it was so commanding a part, and each passed the opportunity by, toying with its own greatness and the pomp and circumstances of its puny kings, *and neglected the one thing that would have made it truly great, the passing on to posterity of its history, the history of the world in which it lived and the daily life of its people, their arts, sciences and literature.*

Occasionally some king, as Asoka did, with Buddha's precepts, or as the emperor of China did, when after the destruction of the classics by Chinshih Kwang Ti, and their discovery, he caused them to be engraved on marble and set up where they remain to this day.

In general however, the carvings extol the greatness of some king whose very name is no longer known. It is for this reason

that Oglethorpe University will be regarded in the future as the greatest treasure house of all time, *for within its crypt will be placed a treasure such as no man ever deposited before*, a treasure of accumulated knowledge *that may free the world some day*, should our present civilization perish. On the other hand if our civilization has progressed to such a point that our present day culture seems childish and archaic, the deposit will still be a *treasure house of material of surpassing interest* to the savants who open it. No doubt they will be as pleasantly surprised to find we have many things they will regard as their own inventions, as we are, when we learn of the slot machines used by the ancient Egyptians, or the "Modern" plumbing which can be seen in any Pompeiian villa. In the field of philology and ancient languages probably many of the slang words over which controversy had raged for centuries will be cleared up, and anachronisms and obsolete terms made plain. So, too, in the field of sociology, anthropology, ethnology, and comparative religions, the deposit will be of the greatest value; but, of course, of surpassing importance will be the historical data, photos, and motion pictures housed in the crypt. In order to make clear the scope of the work, I shall now describe part by part, the collection and all its different phases so that a thorough understanding may be obtained of this eventful epoch of history in the making, that we are now living through right here in Oglethorpe.

ORIGIN AND COMMENCEMENT

To begin with, probably *at no time in the history of the world up to now, has it been possible for as complete a deposit to be made as at the present day*. This is due to several factors. First, the ancients, even if their desire to perpetuate all that they knew had been carried out, could never have made as complete a deposit for the reason that their knowledge was limited and their horizons constricted. Secondly, this present time is peculiarly ripe owing to the recent discoveries which have made possible the actual physical work of recording material without excessive labor, and the scientific discoveries which have made it possible for us to be sure that the material so deposited will remain intact as far as physical decay is concerned, for thousands of years.

On Tuesday, April 17, 1937, I came across the following article in the *New York Times*:

FOR THE YEAR 8113 A. D.

The New York Times (rag paper edition) of April 16 should be included in the memorabilia to be placed in the crypt of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta, Ga., if the plans of the president, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, are realized. On the front page there was an account of the opening of an Egyptian tomb which was closed six thousand years

ago, while on the front page of the second section there was a report of the planned aspiration of modern archaeology to project itself more than six thousand years into the future. It would be an interesting diversion to make lists of what should be put in civilization's steel box for such preservation.

One objects to the assumption that Oglethorpe, in the delightful city which gives it a local habitation, will itself be by that time as the ruins of St. Paul's which Macaulay's New Zealander in the midst of a vast solitude would be sketching from a broken arch of London Bridge long ere the year 8113 A. D. But it is worth while to have our imagination definitely set to thinking of cherishing here on earth a place where neither moth nor rust can corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

The first message for that far-away listening audience was spoken yesterday by radio and recorded by phonograph. It was ended with the Lord's Prayer, the immediate audience repeating it with the speaker, which suggests that the Bible would still be in current use six thousand years hence. And among other books to be most prized would be encyclopedias and dictionaries of our day and especially the monumental work that has just been completed, the Dictionary of American Biography."

I wrote Dr. Jacobs asking about the crypt project, and offered some suggestions for carrying out the work.

Dr. Jacobs invited me to come to Oglethorpe for a discussion of my suggestions, which I accepted with the result that I joined the faculty here as professor of Audio-Visual Education. My major work is, however, the collection and preservation of material for the Crypt. From past archaeological experiences I knew fairly well what substances had come down to us from the tombs of ancient Egypt and Assyria, and hence, in general what would be likely to survive the march of centuries in the future. As the inventor of the first micro-film camera using 35 mm. motion picture film I was aware of the proper method of preserving the records we proposed to deposit.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE MATERIAL

Paper, as we know, is comparatively unstable, especially in these days of sulphite or wood pulp paper. However under the most favorable conditions such as the dry climate of Egypt, paper or papyrus, which is practically the same thing, has survived almost 4000 years, some of the Egyptian papyri of the 13th Dynasty having been found almost intact. Rag paper as we know it has survived since the 9th century. One of the oldest examples of paper is an Arabian MSS of that period. It is probable that in China, mulberry paper of the 6th century may still be in

existence. So, given the most exacting conditions of temperature control, moisture content and immersion in an inert gas, it is reasonable to predict that records on rag paper will exist for at least 6000 years.

The same is true of *cellulose acetate film*. This being less porous, if treated properly may be permanent for at least 6000 years. As a secondary measure of precaution, however, *a more stable substance must also be found*, and short of using tablets of quartz, or pottery, we must use metal, a metal that will not rust or corrode. Given the proper conditions of temperature, lack of moisture and a freedom from chemical fumes or effects, metal records will last indefinitely.

Hence we have resolved upon a base of nickel. A photographic negative is prepared and this is first printed upon the metal in the same manner that is used in photo-engraving. The image is then etched into the metal, and in the raw clean metal of the image, new metal is deposited so that it becomes a part of the original metal; an inlay so to speak, that consists of all of the fine lines and grains of the original photograph. The metal is then cleaned and made neutral, when the image appears in black on the original color of the metal. As it is not a coated image, but part of the metal itself, it will remain as long as the metal lasts. And as we have examples of metals which have existed six thousand years under unfavorable conditions, *we know that, given the right chemical conditions, our picture and micro book records will survive.*

The metal strips are read easily by means of a special opaque type projector. In this the light is focused upon the strip and after being reflected from the bright surface is caught by an objective lens and projected upon the screen in the same manner as an ordinary picture. Both the image and the sound of the voice are reproduced in this manner.

LOCATION OF THE CRYPT

WHAT IT WILL CONTAIN

Beneath the Administration Building at Oglethorpe there is a vault 20 x 10 x 10 feet, closed with a *stainless steel door*, the gift of the American Rolling Mill of Middletown, Ohio. *The walls and ceiling* will be lined with vitreous porcelain enamel; and *metal shelves* will hold the receptacles to contain the deposits of various kinds. *These metal receptacles*, a joint labor of the American Can Co. and the American Rolling Mill, will be seamless and will house first, a transit or asbestos lining especially made by The Johns Manville Co., then one of glass, containing the actual material deposited. This will be filled with an inert gas and sealed off before being placed in the stainless steel receptacle. It will then be ready for deposit in the crypt.

Glass bell jars will hold the figures of little men and women

dressed in appropriate costumes of today especially made by the Talon Co. Motion pictures and other material such as transcriptions will be housed in special receptacles.

Books

Hundreds of the most essential books of the world containing all of the accumulated knowledge of mankind are being photographed down to miniature size, each finished page being 1 x 1½ inches. The images are on a special long life form of cellulose acetate which, it is estimated from tests made, will last 6000 years.

In the crypt will be placed a selection of the world's greatest books of fiction and the world's greatest books on History, Drama, Art, Philosophy, Theology, Logic, Mathematics, Astronomy, Geography, Botany, Chemistry, Biology, etc. All the sciences will be represented. Practical instruction books in Mechanics, Engineering and all of the arts and manufactures. Reference works such as the Encyclopedia Britannica, Compton's Encyclopedia, The Encyclopedia Americana. The World Book Encyclopedia and others. A complete law library consisting of the Corpus Juris and Corpus Juris Secundum, specific encyclopedias on Art, Literature, Automobile Mechanics, Perfumery, Drugs, Radio, etc. and every subject known to man are included and also dictionaries in every modern language.

CONTENTS, AND HOW PREPARED

HOW THE RECORDS ARE MADE

The microbook records are made as follows: A selected volume to be recorded is placed in the machine and held fast. In the Top of the machine a camera containing motion picture film is fastened. The lens of this camera is focused to take the exact size of the page on a "frame" of the film, 1 x 1½ inches. Powerful lights illuminate the page of the book, and with every turn of the crank, a page is taken. The camera is loaded with 35 mm. film and as each page is taken, a new one is brought forward at the rate of one per second, thus sixty pages may be recorded in a minute, or 360 per hour. The film obtained in this manner contains 8 pages per foot of film.

The page image as before stated is 1 x 1½ inches. A roll of this film (100 feet long) with a 7/8 inch core will hold 800 pages and the diameter will be 2¾ inches. Five of these placed side by side with spacers of glass between them will slip into a glass cylinder 2½ inches inside diameter and 8 inches long. When the negative film has been made and developed, a positive copy is printed on special film and this constitutes the final film record. The separate words are almost invisible to the naked eye but can readily be read with a seven power magnifier, or, if placed in an Argus-Micro Reader, the page can be projected to

any size, even up to 4 x 6 feet, if desired, and easily read. The machine feeds the film forward automatically in time with the ability of the person to read the page. Thus page after page is projected up, and may be scanned by the reader while reclining in an easy chair with nothing to hold and nothing to detract his attention from the pleasure of reading.

TREASURE TROVE FOR 8113 A. D.

OTHER MATERIAL DEPOSITED

In addition to the photographs and microbook records, *motion pictures and sound films will be preserved* so that people of the year 8113 will be able to hear our President address them, and hear, also, our great men speaking by means of the metal band films. These will be as well preserved as when deposited. A special machine will permit their being shown and heard. *Music in America* during the last hundred years will be represented on Records. Complete scores of our greatest compositions will be included in the Crypt along with sound recordings on metal of all popular and folk songs of the United States since 1800. *Art will be represented* in a full collection of reproductions of famous paintings, some in color and some in black and white. *In architecture* a complete collection of photographs of important buildings will be made, together with homes and office buildings. *Sculpture* will be shown in the form of stereoscopic photos of all the world's masterpieces.

In Poetry—The world's greatest poetical masterpieces will be placed together in the Crypt so that none will be lost.

PHYSICAL MATERIAL TO BE PLACED IN THE CRYPT

1. Hand viewing machines for the micro book film. By means of these the micro book records may be read in ordinary light, the pages being fed forward by hand.
2. Automatic micro book machine for reading the books. In these the film is carried forward at intervals governed by a device set prior to reading.
3. A Mutoscope machine containing metal leaves. When the crank is turned a picture in motion is seen and the sound of the voice is heard. This will serve as the Rossetta stone to the English language if it is no longer extant.
4. A regular motion picture machine (35 mm.) with sound head operated by electricity with metal film threaded in.
5. A late 16 mm. sound projector with film threaded in ready for use.
6. An opaque projector to project the large metal photographs.
7. A generator especially made of permalloy and operated by a wind mill which will develop sufficient energy to drive the motion picture machine and other apparatus using electricity.
8. A complete set of modern scientific instruments, aviation

instruments such as an altimeter, barometer, barograph, sextant, speed meters, banking indicator, etc. Instruments in daily use in every industry: telephones, telegraph instruments, reading machines for the blind, radio, television machine, Theremin, phonograph, television iconoscopes, iconoscope tubes, radio tubes.

9. Models of every kind of essential modern machine.
 10. Models of people in costume, miniature men and women in every walk of life and in various trades and occupations.
 11. Dioramas of important historical events, such as signing of the Declaration of Independence, etc.
 12. Models to scale of the great works of man such as, Mt. Rushmore, Stone Mountain, The Sphinx, The Pyramids, The Great Wall of China, The Eiffel Tower, The Empire Building, etc.
 13. Models to scale of the great engineering feats: The Panama Canal, Boulder Dam, The filling of the Zuyder Zee, etc.
 14. Tools and appliances for work. Disston saws especially made, Philips screws, hand tools, etc.
 15. A complete set of costumes for men and women, preserved in helium.
 16. Samples of representative textiles.
 17. Paper books, Sunday magazine sections, etc., which may or may not survive.
 18. Artificial aids or replacements to man's anatomy, such as a set of artificial teeth, a contact lens for the eye, artificial arm and leg, spectacles, hearing aids, an artificial skull and pictures showing their use. Braille book.
 19. Articles of personal adornment.
 20. Toilet articles, cosmetics, razors, etc.
 21. Habits: chewing gum, tobacco, pipes, cigarettes, snuff, opium, hashish, liquor and illustrations of their use.
 22. Illumination from its earliest form to the sodium lamp.
 23. Fire and cooking appliances from the cave man to the latest high frequency cooker.
 24. Electronics, radio tubes, power tubes, thyrotron tubes, grid glow tubes, cathode tubes, neon and rare gas tubes.
 25. Chemistry and metallurgy, plastics, artificial textiles, alloys, etc., in small samples.
 26. Food products in every day use.
 27. Musical instruments.
 28. Play and recreation implements, golf sticks, baseball and football, gloves, balls, masks, etc. All sports will be represented with pictures showing their use.
 29. Household utensils, tableware glass and china.
 30. Reproductions in miniature of the greatest sculptures.
 31. An orthoepic sound dictionary of the English Language.
 32. Word for word translations in every major modern language in use in America, Europe and Asia including Ido and Esperanto of a composition of 3000 words.
- Also the same in the ancient tongues. Hieroglyphics, Coptic.

Hebrew, Phoenician, Assyrian, Persian, Acadian, Greek, Latin, Aztec, Sanscrit, Chinese.

33. Copies of historical motion pictures from the inauguration of McKinley down to the end of 1937.

34. Biographical sound records either on film or on records, of all of the great men of our day.

35. Science: sound records of great scientists, each giving his major achievements.

36. Customs of America illustrated in motion pictures.

NEWSPAPER APPRECIATION

Newspapers all over the United States and all over the world have told the story of the Crypt. Some of these have run special features, such as that run by the *Minneapolis Star*, which presented a copy of the paper with each page interleaved with cellulose acetate and then published on a full page of its morning edition that "PEOPLE SIX THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW WILL STILL BE READING THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR". The *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and the *Chicago News* have been consistent reporters of Crypt progress.

MAJOR PROBLEMS SOLVED

PROBLEM OF LOCATION

In order to insure that the crypt will be found in the year 8113, a systematic arrangement of plaques in all the most important modern languages has been made. The legend on the plaque is first printed on an especially prepared 100 per cent rag paper. This is then sent to the Bastian Brother's plant in Rochester, New York, where it is enclosed between two sheets of cellulose acetate and subjected simultaneously to heat and pressure of 28,000 pounds to the square inch. This treatment moulds the whole unit into one solid sheet of cellulose acetate with the inscription hermetically sealed inside. When these are received back at Oglethorpe, they will be sent to all parts of the world to institutions of learning and to libraries in the western world, and to similar places in the Orient where in addition, some will be sent to strange monasteries hidden up in the shadows of Himalayan snows in Sikkim, to the Potala in Lhasa in Thibet, to temples in China and Japan, Siam and Java. A copy of the English plaque is being deposited by request in the Temple of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite of Freemasons in Washington, D. C.

The exact location is determined by a triangulation from Stone Mountain and from Kennesaw Mountain which has been prepared by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

PROBLEM OF LANGUAGE

Suppose the records do survive, and no one speaks English at that far distant day? We have made provision for this also in the following manner. A mutoscope with a phonograph attachment has been designed in which the leaves containing successive phases of motion on them are flipped over on turning a crank, the phonograph speaking at the same time. The leaves in this machine are of metal, hence indestructible. Upon turning the crank a motion picture of a man will appear who will hold up an object such as an apple, pronouncing the name, and the name will appear beneath, in printed letters. The machine will hold records containing three thousand common English words, their pronunciation and their spelling. The machine will also serve to give instructions as to the setting up and operation of the various mechanisms deposited, such as the wind generator, etc.

By this machine complete information on the working of the various mechanisms may be had without the beholder knowing our language at all, and it will reconstruct the entire English language if it is no longer spoken at that time. The important fact about this machine is, that it relies upon *no mechanical or electrical force to accomplish its object other than the turning of the crank.*

This machine will be placed first as you enter the vault and will hold a symbol of a key and the number 1 inscribed above it with a hand pointing down to the machine. This will naturally lead to its being examined first and by so doing the person entering the vault will be instructed step by step in the stages of acquiring the knowledge contained in the deposit. The Mutoscope and the record were especially prepared by the International Mutoscope and Reel Co., of New York City.

STAINLESS STEEL IN THE CRYPT

THE DOOR

One of man's greatest problems throughout the ages has been to combat the influence of oxygen on iron or steel. Millions of tons of iron and steel are destroyed every year, but at last, by man's ingenuity this waste has been conquered.

Stainless steel, known only since 1910 is coming into its own, and its production is increasing by leaps and bounds. It is composed of steel, chromium and nickel and is practically imperishable.

The great crypt door, designed by Craig Bollman; and fabricated by the American Rolling Mill of Middletown, Ohio, and the E. Van Range Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is fifty inches wide and one hundred and fourteen inches high. It will be welded into a stainless steel angle frame set permanently into the stone of the crypt when this is sealed in 1940.

SCIENTIFIC PREPARATION

As an evidence of the thorough planning and care for the preservation of the micro-filmed records going into the Crypt, the careful housing of the records is an example of the scientific method of work being undertaken at Oglethorpe. The specially processed film, made perfectly neutral chemically, is rolled into 100 foot rolls, and these are placed into glass cylinders especially prepared by the Coming Glass Works. Between each roll is a strip of nickle foil to prevent the rolls of film from touching each other. The cylinder when filled is sealed off, only a small tubulation being allowed to project. Through this, all the air is drawn off by a special Eisler High Vacuum pump, developed by Charles Eisler of Newark, New Jersey, and by means of a glass manifold, helium, is allowed to enter at nearly atmospheric pressure until the cylinder is filled. The tubulation is then fused off close, and the end sealed up to prevent damage to the tip. The glass cylinder is then enclosed in a transite (asbestos) tube made for the Crypt by the Johns Manville Company, and sealed with asbestos cement, glass wool being used for packing between the glass cylinder and the asbestos. The asbestos cylinder is then slipped into a stainless steel cylinder especially fabricated from stainless steel furnished by the American Rolling Mill to the American Can Company who undertook the task of making the steel receptacles. These beautiful objects will be engraved on the outside with the inscription *Crypt of Civilization* and a list of the books contained therein. The receptacles being closed, the cover will be soldered all around. In this manner assurance that the contents will be protected against heat, fire, moisture, insects or any other harmful force will be certain.

Care has been taken to assure the preservation of every type of plastic now known, as these man-made creations only developed in the last twenty-five years constitute one of science's greatest contributions to abundant living. Through the assistance of Dr. Lea Hendrik Baekeland and Don Masson of the Bakelite Corporation and E. F. Lougee of Modern Plastics the entire plastic industry was organized behind the Crypt idea with the result that hundreds of objects and samples of plastics have been contributed to the Crypt.

Bakelite, Catalinite, Vinylite, Tenite, Plexiglas, Beetle, Micarta, Gemloid, Prestwood and others are represented.

PORCELAIN ENAMEL LINING

Typical of the Crypt's use of the world's oldest and newest ideas is the use of vitreous porcelain enamel for lining the entire interior. This ancient material was known to the Egyptians three thousand years ago and seems also to have been known to much of the ancient world, as examples of enamel come from as widely divergent places as China and ancient English and Irish tumuli and barrows. Beautiful Egyptian examples which have not seen

the light of day prior to their discovery in this century having been shut away for scores of centuries, are as fresh looking and colorful as though they had been made yesterday. In choosing enamel for the lining nothing more fitting could be found which would combine both stability and ornateness.

Enameling firms were approached and responded enthusiastically, with the result that the management and engineering staffs of the Porcelain Metals Incorporated, the Chicago Vitreous Enamel Products Company, the Davidson Enamel Products Company, Inc., the Ferro Enamel Corporation, the Day Brite Lighting Company, the Baltimore Enamel and Novelty Company, the General Porcelain Enameling and Manufacturing Company joined together to produce a lining that will be everlasting and unique, and a credit to the enameling industry. Their enthusiastic support and help in suggesting ways and means to accomplish this result shows the fine altruistic spirit that pervades industry today.

On the surface of the lining will be told in fused-in color the story of man's rise from primitive pre-historic times to the complexity of modern civilization. The walls of the Crypt will be of a soft ivory color, and upon this in easily identified pictographs by a number of America's foremost artists, will be silhouetted the following subjects: The development of man's culture from the cave man to the present day, religion, power, communications, transportation, enameling, industrial revolution, work and leisure, and inscriptions in all modern languages, giving a brief history of man and the story of the Crypt and its purpose—all told in imperishable, glittering, vitreous enamel, destined to conquer the march of centuries until that day in A. D. 8113 when the Crypt will be unsealed.

THE ARTS

ART

Reproductions are being made on Kodachrome of the most important of the world's masterpieces in art, while black and white reproductions of the entire parade of artists from the decorator of the tomb of Hatshetsup to the most modern of Surrealists are being microfilmed. Sculpture, architecture, metal work, and the applied arts each are being carefully put into a form that will resist the march of time.

Poetry, the drama, and fiction both classical and popular is being collected to delight the people of America sixty centuries from now. Musical scores, the history of music, and descriptions and pictures of musical instruments will open up a new world to the lovers of music, while the actual sounds themselves, on hundreds of records supplied by RCA Victor, Columbia, Decca, General Records Company, Gennett Record Division of Starr Piano Company, Gamut Company, and the Acompo Company will cause to live again the music of today.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY

It would be a serious oversight if the history of medicine during the last century were not included in the material deposited in the Crypt. What a contrast is presented between the material being laid away for future ages by the physicians and surgeons of the United States and the doctor who wrote Harris papyrus, our earliest medical treatise! Through the whole-hearted cooperation of the medical profession a most splendid picture of surgical technique has been acquired in the form of motion picture records to go into the Crypt.

Dr. Joseph B. DeLee, of the Lying-In Hospital in Chicago, was one of our earliest contributors with a splendid series of films on Episiotomy and Forceps Delivery. This was followed by the American Committee on Maternal Welfare with a film on normal delivery. Dr. Elmer Belt presented us with Urogenital films. A splendid film on the O'Shaughnessey operation for Transplanting the Pectoralis Major muscle on to the Heart for Coronary Thrombosis, and also an operation for Adhesive Pericarditis was presented by Dr. Harold Brunn. Fine example of Ophthalmological Surgery have been presented by Dr. Daniel B. Kirby and by Dr. Ray K. Daily. There is a film on human Intestinal Protozoa, given by Dr. John V. Barrow, and an interesting film on the reconstruction of a new lower lid by Dr. Wendell L. Hughes. We have a splendid film on Intestinal Anasmosis by Dr. Harry Hyland Kerr. The American College of Surgeons presented a copy of Dr. George Crile's film on the Thyroid Gland. A novel picture on the Resection of Cancer of the Stomach was given by Dr. Lon Grove. A fine Urogenital film has been presented by Dr. Isadore C. Rubin. A film on the Protologic Clinic is being donated by Dr. William H. Daniel, and an operation on the eye by Dr. Frederick A. Davis. A film on Tuberculosis has been presented by the Hennepin County Tuberculosis Association, and there are other medical films by the Peralta Hospital, the Duke Endowment, the Mayo Clinic, Mead Johnson & Company, Eli Lilly & Company, the Petrologar Laboratories, Dr. J. H. Crumm. The Vitex Corporation, The Holland-Rantos Company, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, The Mallinkrodt Company, The American Dental Association, Dr. David Bennett Hill, Dr. Kellogg Speed, and many others which have not yet been received but which are on their way.

Other medical materials have been contributed by the Clay-Adams Company, Denoyer-Geppert Company, Davis & Geck, The American Medical Association, and Dr. Louis Perman. These, together with medical encyclopedias, dictionaries, reference books, and books on specific medical subjects constitute an exhibit that will show a fairly complete picture of the medical and surgical arts today.

SOCIAL ARTS

Modern trends in governmental work and the increasing influence of governmental activities on American life and the problem of defense of our democratic mode of living are evidenced by films from every department of the United States government. As background for these, pictures illustrating the formation of our government and the ideals of the founders, such as **THE SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE**, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, **YANKEE DOODLE GOES TO TOWN**, **A PERFECT TRIBUTE**, and others upholding and expounding the theory of democracy have been presented.

The Building of the Boulder Dam, the Grand Coulee project, and other important factors of the Reclamation Department give a splendid idea of the resources placed at the disposal of our citizenry by the government. The work of the T. V. A. and Rural Electrification Departments, the Inland Waterways, Coast Guard Service, the Labor Department, the Commerce Department, the Social Security Bureau, the Department of Justice, the Works Progress Administration, the Federal Housing Administration, the Public Roads Administration, the Bureau of Mines, the Farm Security Administration, and the Public Health Service have each contributed a film reflecting some salient factor of government work today. The Department of Agriculture, through its splendid Motion Picture Department, has made imperishable the work of this section of the government. It is interesting to speculate on the reaction of the people of the future to the history of the United States during the last eight years as set forth in these films, and especially in view of the struggle now going on to determine whether democracies or dictatorships shall survive. In any event, the history of these governmental projects will go down through the ages as an evidence of increased social responsibility.

MODELS

Model railroad locomotives and cars that would make anyone want to own them, they are so beautiful and so accurate, have been presented to the Crypt by the Lionel Corporation. These represent on a one-fiftieth scale an entire railroad train, consisting of locomotive, tender, gondola, box cars, flat cars, tank cars, caboose and passenger cars, each little part as small as the parts of a watch, yet working accurately and smoothly. They will be mounted on a table with appropriate scenery in proper proportion. A skyscraper, houses, tunnels, and an airplane field with hangar containing the latest type airplanes, as well as tanks, tractors, automobiles, and other familiar objects in miniature all made to scale will be included, so that if these no longer exist they may be reconstructed from these miniature examples.

RE-CREATION OF VOICES FOR 8113 A. D.

That the sound of the voices of our great men shall not perish from the memory of men, sound transcriptions of their voices are being included in the Crypt. Already received are talks of President Roosevelt, totaling eleven hours, Thomas A. Edison addressing the Electrical Congress in 1906, the voice of Wm. Jennings Bryan in his famous "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech, King Edward the VIII's Abdication speech, a speech by His Majesty Gustave V of Sweden and records on the Czechoslovakian crisis and on Munich as well as the present World War. Imagine the voice of Alexander the Great telling the story of his conquests or Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg address, and an appreciation of the importance of this section of the Crypt is at once apparent. Each of these transcriptions is on cellulose acetate, which will last for thousands of years if properly sealed. A Victor record player mechanism will be included so that these transcriptions can be played. Voca-films in which the voice is accompanied by a projected still picture have been presented by the Santa Fe R. R., The National Cash Register Company, Loose Wiles Biscuit Company, the Willard Battery Company, the National Association of Food Chains, the Perfect Circle Company, the Bird Company, Bordens, and others.

MUSIC AND SONG

The voices of the great singers and actors of the past and the songs of America from the time of the Revolution to the present day, on records, have been deposited by all the recording companies for that day in the future when they will give forth their voices and music again.

All modern music from jazz to the most classical selections in the form of records are finding a place in the Crypt. "Jazz," "swing," and "sweet swing," conductors such as Humber and Shaw, the more classical work of Kostelanetz, and the purely classical work of Toscaninni will enable the people of the future to follow the trend in musical taste in 1939. Singers, radio stars and complete records of programs, such as the Lucky Strike hour, will give a cross section of what radio fans listen to.

FLORA IN 8113

What will the gardens of the world of tomorrow be like? It is an interesting speculation. Will the world become one great garden space except for some small spaces intensively cultivated for food or will gardens be a thing of the past? Will rocket ships bring us new flora from Venus or some other planet? One thing we do know and that is that many of our present day flowers and trees will have vanished and many will have been hybridized to such an extent as no longer to be familiar.

In order that the people of the future may have an opportunity

to obtain a correct picture of our flowers, shrubs, plants, cereals and vegetables, there is being deposited in the Crypt of Civilization a complete assortment of seeds and bulbs of our present day flora. Nurserymen and seedmen all over the world have cooperated in carrying out this plan. The seeds will be enclosed in glass ampules filled with nitrogen and hermetically sealed. The ampules will be enclosed in asbestos and stainless steel containers and deposited in the Crypt of Civilization when it is sealed up in May 1940. Each ampule will have fastened to it a label giving the common name of the plant, the Latin name and a numerical classification which will refer to a picture and description in the books on trees, plants and flowers which are being micro-filmed for inclusion in the Crypt. Every attempt will be made to keep the seeds alive. It was recently reported that a strange blue pea seed taken from Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb had been successfully germinated and that some of the plants had been sent to this country. If this is true there is no reason to doubt the survival of our plants today from seed placed in the Crypt.

INVALUABLE RECORDS MOTION PICTURES

Of the store of treasures in the form of motion pictures presented to the people of the future by companies and individuals all over the United States an interesting book might be written. It would tell of our life in America today and yesterday, of our manifold industries, of our cities, and towns and customs and habits and of what we wear and what we eat, for all of these phases of life are represented in the more than two hundred films already in the Crypt, and more are arriving every day. The Social Sciences alone as represented in these films would show the trend of thought to be decidedly socialistic and from this could be predicted the gradual evolution to a better and more ordered civilization.

History, too, will not suffer in the telling, as every major event in our lives since the inception of motion pictures is told in silent and sound films from collections of Paramount, March of Time, Castle, Pathe, and T. K. Peters. The beginnings of the aeroplane, the automobile, the skyscraper, the telephone, and the telegraph will be relived for the people of the future in undying metal images, each of which, records some tragic or interesting event in years that are gone. Great names of other days live again; Caruso, Lillian Russell, Carnegie, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Coolidge, McKinley, Admiral Dewey, and countless others now passed into the great beyond still reenact some event in their lives.

TEXTILES

Textiles of all kinds and colors are being prepared for preservation. These consist of metal fabrics, velvet, plush, silk, cotton, wool, rayon, acetate, linen, ramie and other textile fabrics.

Small figures twenty-two inches high, each dressed in an appropriate costume and containing tiny specially made TALON fasteners and enclosed under bell jars will show how our costumes looked. The Butterick Pattern Company has presented a complete set of contemporary patterns and the Blossom Products Company has given a complete set of women's clothing of today to be sealed up in the Crypt. Costume jewelry and other articles of clothing and adornment were supplied by the F. W. Woolworth Company.

RADIO AND TELEVISION

A complete set of radio tubes representing all of the stages of development from the most primitive valve, and a set of television oscilloscopes were prepared by the Du Mont Laboratories to go into the Crypt. With these, the engineering staff included complete descriptive matter as to their development and use.

A Television set has been presented with one of the Du Mont tubes set in place. In this manner the people of the future will be able to see the primitive methods of television we used in 1939.

A FIVE AND TEN "CANNED"

In order to perpetuate the popular department store of our day, where due to mass production the most interesting gadgets can be purchased for a pittance, it has been decided to place a complete set of samples of everything that the well-dressed five and ten store contains, in this year, 1939, in the Crypt.

Conforming to this idea, the F. W. Woolworth Company has presented a cross sectional selection of articles from every department. In order that the purchasing power of the prices listed on the articles may be converted into the monetary system, if any, then in vogue, a scale is given, showing for instance how many eggs can be purchased for five cents and the price of several other common commodities that will be likely to be still in use.

LAW

The laws of Hammurabi which we have recovered from the ruins of ancient Nineveh are not nearly as complete as the material on law which we are handing down to posterity, thanks to the interest of the *American Law Book Company*, who have arranged to have the entire *Corpus Juris* and the *Corpus Juris Secundum*, consisting of 86 volumes and approximately 200,000 pages, microfilmed for deposit in the Crypt. This splendid collection will occupy the entire time of one man from now until May, 1940, in photographing it page by page. One can imagine the astonishment and pleasure of the jurists of 8113 A. D. when they find this treasure trove of codices, containing all our laws of today, ready for their perusal.

No greater gift could be made than this, for out of the dry, dusty body of the law as recorded, and out of the decisions of

our learned judges, will live again a thousand and one incidents of our life today, each with its own story of love, hate, lust, or greed.

The laws of Hammurabi as translated will also be included for a comparison.

LIGHTING

A brief history of lighting is given in actual models. This includes an ancient Roman lamp presented by the Archivist, a coal oil lamp, a candlestick and shade presented by F. W. Woolworth Company, a model of Edison's first lamp and the latest type Mazda together with a series of models showing how the Mazda lamp is made was presented by the General Electric Company, along with a film showing the generation of electricity and how it is carried to the home, presented by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, and fluorescent and neon tubes. Thus, a complete continuity on illumination from ancient times to the present day will be available.

GREETINGS TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE WORLD IN THE YEAR A. D. 8113 RECORDED AND PLACED IN THE CRYPT.

BY THORNWELL JACOBS

INVOCATION

Some twenty-eight years ago I wrote this strangely phophetic poem:

Grant to me, Thou, that I may stay
 In my obscurity
 A thought, which in the coming day
 Of far futurity
 May live, and never die nor rest,
 But may a witness be
 That I was host unto a guest
 Who came from Thee;
 Who brought from Thee, O lovely guest,
 My immortality.

And in a century to be,
 A year which Thou wilt set;
 Upon a day I shall not see,
 An hour nameless yet,
 A kindred soul may feel the thing
 That thrilled forgotten me,
 Which to a kindred eye may bring
 A tear in memory;
 A tear from one who begs Thee bring
 Him immortality.

May 16, 1940.

As I begin writing this greeting to the inhabitants of the world of the good year 8113 anno Domini it is ten o'clock on Thursday morning, May 16th, 1940. I am in my office on the second floor of Lupton Hall, directly below the clock and chimes. The sun is shining brightly. It is a cool spring day. The temperature in my office is seventy-five Fahrenheit. I am dictating this letter to Miss Margaret Stovall, Secretary. Pictures of the surroundings of the office have been microfilmed and may be found elsewhere in the Crypt. Just outside, some five young ladies are busy at work, writing letters, mailing bulletins and invitations to attend the exercises incident to the closing of the Crypt, capping and gowning the seniors for the commencement exercises and answering telephone calls. The vitreous enamel lining of the Crypt has just about been finished. The materials have all been collected. In my office there is a big copper box into which various magazines, bulletins, books, etc., are being placed.

The campus is brilliant with flowers and vocal with the song of birds. Beneath my window a pair of robins have just finished rearing a brood. It has been a cold, wet, sunspotty winter.

The world is in the midst of another great conflagration, the Second World War. This morning's paper brought us news of the piercing of a line of defense known as the Maginot by the Germans. Another of the hundreds of struggles for supremacy in Europe is on. The Germans contend that they wish to unify and thereby pacify permanently the European continent. The British think that if the continent of Europe ever becomes unified, the British Empire and the domination of European politics by the British Isles, is at an end. Our own country, having once meddled in European affairs finds itself now in danger of being on the losing side of this second contest. All together, the outlook is very dark. The sealing of our Crypt of Civilization at a time when the old civilization seems to be perishing is particularly opportune. It is as if it had been timed by providence. No matter which side wins in this great conflict, the old things, the old ideals and many of the old principles will have passed away.

One feels his infinite littleness at a time like this, contemplating the changes that will take place in our world during the next six thousand years. Before the hour arrives when this Crypt of Civilization will be opened, hundreds of stages of progress and decay of civilization will take place. On the whole, the human race will advance in spirals, retreating often but eventually arriving at a higher point of achievement.

Of the long future, we have no fear. Of the immediate future, the outlook is dark. How I wish I could be with you when this Crypt is opened to see what manner of folks you are who open it and to see what you say about us who placed it here. We are strong and happy today but when you shall have come to inspect the contents of this vault we shall long since have turned to dust. I wonder whether you will have the same hope of immortality

that I have! It has always seemed to me that the consciousness of my body was something like a periscope, sent up by a submarine to spy on the world outside, something that could and would be submerged again when the proper time came, but that I, myself, am down in the submarine. Thus this life, including all of its thoughts and feelings and deeds would be an experience to be taken advantage of by the "person" who was on the inside and who had built the periscope and who was using it for far distant purposes. I think of my body and my mind and my life as the flower of a plant which perishes but which may be reproduced in another spring by something that is down inside the body of the plant. I have often told my class in Cosmic History that the real worth of existence is in what we call nothing. That is, in that part of existence which is not audible nor tangible nor visible. I tell them that we know no more about the real universe than a protozoon, living at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, knows about the skyline of New York. I am hopeful that the kind power who, without my asking, gave me such a wonderful little life to live, will continue in all of what we call the future, the same kindly treatment of my tiny welfare. This philosophy and faith I have tried to express in the building of Oglethorpe University, in the books which I have written and which are enclosed in this Crypt, particularly *The New Science and Old Religion*, *Red Lanterns on St. Michael's*, my father's *Biography and Not Knowing Whither He Went* which I am now rewriting under the title of *Listen Deep*.^{*} This faith came to me from my father, the wonderful story of whose life is microfilmed for the Crypt as a biography and as a diary. He was a man of constant prayer and of multitudes of answering coincidences. I make no claim to such goodness and piety as was his but to you of six thousand years hence I write this testimony that my God has built for humanity, through me, this university and has given me the idea of this Crypt of Civilization as a means of testifying to his kindness to all generations.

The most fascinating idea about this plan from my point of view is that so far as we know this is the first time that any human being or beings have deliberately planned to preserve the whole world of activity and knowledge of one generation as an expression of their sense of archaeological duty for the benefit of those who follow them on earth. We have just attained to a point of scientific knowledge where we are able to do this with some degree of certainty that it will succeed. In many points we may have failed but in many we hope to have succeeded.

I desire to bear testimony in this letter of greeting to those who have made this event possible. They are outstanding in my memory. James R. Gray, Sr., editor and owner of the Atlanta

^{*} Published in 1941 by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, under the title of *Drums of Doomsday*.

Journal, was the Atlanta citizen who above all others aided me in the founding of Oglethorpe University. He conducted a splendid campaign which raised about \$150,000 which, when it was added to \$250,000 which I had already raised, gave us enough money to get started. Samuel M. Inman, commonly known as the first citizen of Atlanta, gave me \$35,000 and Captain James W. English, President of the Fourth National Bank, gave me \$10,000. John K. Ottley, Sr., first Cashier, then Vice-President and then President and now Chairman of the Board of Directors of the First National Bank, together with his wife, gave me \$10,000. My brother, Dr. John Dillard Jacobs, of Atlanta, has given me about \$10,000. Harry Hermance of the F. W. Woolworth Company and his wife gave me about \$50,000 which was used to construct Hermance Stadium. Colonel and Mrs. Robert J. Lowry, interested in the University through its effect on some of their relatives, gave me \$200,000 which built Lowry Hall. William Randolph Hearst, owner and publisher of some thirty newspapers, twenty magazines and of many other properties, gave me a total of \$250,000, cash and subscription. Edgar Watkins has given me many thousands of dollars in services as attorney of the University, President of the Board of Directors and Chairman of the Executive Committee. J. Cheston King, former Secretary of the Committee, gave us a number of small subscriptions and also purchased for us the famous Vietor Library of volumes dealing with English literature. Bernard M. Baruch of New York and South Carolina gave me approximately \$75,000 at a time when conditions were desperate during the days of 1930-34. William J. Bailey of Clinton, S. C., gave me \$11,000. Mrs. Cora Smith Gould of New York has been a constant donor in large sums. Above all, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Lupton and Mr. and Mrs. Cartter Lupton of Chattanooga, Tennessee, have, by their encouragement and cash made the University possible. Their total gifts amount to approximately one and a quarter million dollars. When I count over all of these blessings which are so many gifts from God, I begin to realize how kind He has been to me. I have tried to express my gratitude in my heart, not only, and also in my prayers but to emblazon it on the face of this institution so that whoever comes after me will know that I loved and trusted Him with all my heart. So long as this building shall stand, the inscription that I wrote on it and on Lowry Hall, the Administration Building and Hermance Stadium will testify to that fine old sentence from the Psalms:

"The Lord is good.
His mercy is everlasting.
His truth endureth to all generations."

The world in which we are living today is a strange conglomerate of hundreds of races and languages and religions. Discord dominates the scene. Out of the two thousand million human

beings living on earth today not one percent are free from superstition. Our churches, in varying degrees, are still dominated by priest craft, claiming to control "salvation" by a monopoly on the "Truth" of God. The business and educational worlds are dominated by greedy blocs organized for loot. Our own country is steadily sinking into the condition of the Roman Republic under Augustus and his successors. Since 1914 our way has led downward. Yet, bad as are the state and church and school, I love them. They are our three greatest institutions.

But I have no fear for the future. Soon the spiral will point forward. Eventually we shall learn to recognize the real revelation of God in his holiest deeds, the so-called laws of nature some of which the learned men of their day wrote down in such "holy" books as the Bible but the great mass of which are only to be found in a reverent interpretation of astronomy, geology, palaeontology, biology, history, psychology and the other sciences. Religion today is largely a Santa Claus story, because the human race is still a lot of children. I have tried my best to enlighten my little corner and to reveal my God, for doing which I have been religiously ostracized by many. It seems that the dominant characteristic of our moment is a combination of ignorance, greed and lust. The colleges and universities are for the most part country clubs. Hordes of uneducable people constitute their student body and infiltrate their faculties. The state is a grab-bag. The lower 51 percent is at present legally robbing our treasury led by a combination of Alcibiades and the Gracchi. It is almost a sure bet that, if nothing is done about it, the United States will, in a few centuries, become a nation of quadroons ruled by an upper class of Jewish blood. At present we are a conglomerate of whites from northern Europe, brownwhites from Southern Europe, yellows from Asia, indigenous reds, blacks from Africa, with our movies, radios and newspapers either owned or operated by Jews. With the single exception of science which is progressing magnificently, all the balance of our civilization—morals, politics, literature, painting, sculpture—seem to be retrograding and, as I prophesied twenty years ago, we are face to face with another world War.

These variations of tempo will doubtless seem microscopic to you, and you will wonder how we could be so foolish as not to understand and practice the laws of evolution and even worse that we should seek God in the past to the exclusion of the present. That is one of the reasons why I caused the Crypt to be constructed. In the far off years it may comfort and encourage you to uncover an age that was fighting its hazy way forward through its own particular kind of night.

Please accept this imperfect attempt to preserve the record of our days for your eyes. Pardon its deficiencies. Forgive its errors and its limitations. We hope a good part of it will come

through safely, enough to give you a fair idea of our times. It would be wonderful if Oglethorpe University should last that long. As you will see from the records it is only a quarter of a century old. Its buildings are of granite, fresh and new and beautiful. At a foot of decay in ten thousand years their walls will doubtless have to be replaced before the opening of the Crypt even if wars and earthquakes and storms do not destroy them. What a wonderful thing it would be to watch them mellow and age year by year as generation after generation of boys and girls use and love them!

I hope you will like RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S and THE NEW SCIENCE AND OLD RELIGION and ISLANDS OF THE BLEST and the BIOGRAPHY OF MY FATHER and, for that matter, my other attempts to better the world by my pen. As you will see, they are not great books compared with the hundreds of others contained in the Crypt but my love of what I tried to say in them was great. Doubtless, they will seem very crude to you as will everything else in the Crypt but I am hoping that we shall have preserved at least one thing for your day that will be immensely important to you, and interesting.

Finally, of all the things that I should like to say to you this is chief: we envy you most because you can laugh at us as you doubtless will, because our ancient civilization seems so ridiculous to you, so infantile and ignorant and inconsequential. Yet you must remember that our generation was one of the steps upon which you rose to glory. It was because we struggled so hard in our superstitions and selfishness and "sin" that you see so clearly. Most of all I envy you the clarity with which you will understand the way the world is put together, will see the goal of human effort, will hear the voice of God everywhere. By just so much as we would not want to live in the days of the Neanderthal man would we love to live in your day.

How I wish I could be with you when you open this vault! Perhaps I may! Sixty-one hundred and seventy-seven years seems such an eternity! Yet it is less than one hundred years for each year of my life. If I were to wake from my sleep in 8113 it would seem as short as a good night's rest for it will be very deep. If there is no such thing as time except in the human mind, then you will be just next door.

Six thousand, one hundred and seventy-seven years! May each of them add to the happiness and wisdom of the world and to the knowledge and love of God.

**ADDRESS
AT THE CLOSING OF THE CRYPT OF CIVILIZATION
BY PRESIDENT THORNWELL JACOBS**

To the inhabitants of the earth in the year of our Lord, 8113—

Greetings!

We, who are about to die, salute you, who are yet to be born!

The person speaking is named Thornwell Jacobs. He is the President of Oglethorpe University, located in the suburbs of Atlanta, Georgia, in the United States of America. He is one of two thousand million human beings inhabiting this planet in the first half of the twentieth century of the Christian era.

So, we the dead, out of an ancient and forgotten past, salute you, the living in the sunny hours of the future. If the laws of God permit, may there be some of us present with you when you hear these words.

Approximately two hundred generations of human beings have lived out their appointed days on earth and successively passed into oblivion since history began. Of not a single one of them is there an adequate record. Only by the greatest patience and toil aided by vivid imagination have we been able to reconstruct their civilizations. Most of them are entirely forgotten and today are as if they had never been. We purpose that ours shall be the first generation of which this cannot be said.

So, Oglethorpe University, desiring to perform her archaeological duty to the remote future and to those who follow thereafter has constructed a crypt in which we shall preserve for posterity the full record of the civilization of today. With Nietzsche, we believe that "Love unto the most remote man is higher than love unto your neighbor . . . What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal. What should be loved in man is that he is a transition."

In this crypt we have placed various objects, records, models, books and similar materials, from which, if our methods of preservation and protection have proven effective, men of six thousand years hence will be able to form a comprehensive conception of our generation, of our manner of life, of our progress in the arts and sciences, of our ideals, our morals, our religion, our methods of government; in short, of the point to which civilization had advanced in the first half of the twentieth century.

We were led to undertake this enterprise by our observation of the rapidity with which all things perish from the face of the earth. We chose the year 8113 as the date on which the Crypt is to be opened because it and the first fixed date in history, the establishment of the Egyptian Calendar, 4241 years before the birth of Christ, are equidistant from our day. Realizing that we are living in a geological epoch as surely as did the pierodactyl and the brontosaurus, and that within a few milleniums, all of our great structures, and works of utility and of art will have crumbled into dust, we have planned to preserve for those who come after us six thousand years hence a complete picture of how human beings lived and thought during the days of our generation.

We have done this the more eagerly because, for over a century, we have been endeavoring to reconstruct the civilization of our own remote past. Where we have been able to do this at all, it was only by the expenditure of a vast amount of time and trouble. Even then, our picks and shovels have restored only a sentence here and there from the pages of time, and we have had to depend upon chance and guesswork to furnish us with such meager facts and conclusions as we have arrived at. For our remote descendants we plan what we would so gladly have received from our remote ancestors, a full and complete storehouse of materials from which they will be able to visualize what manner of men we were and what manner of life we led in that long past and forgotten era, the first half of the twentieth century.

We know, of course, how strange and barbaric our civilization will seem to them. We wonder whether any of our most sacred institutions will remain to those who will open this door. Our churches, our nationalities, our races, our great cities—how long will they have been able to continue the march toward the happier and more blessed day? New York and London and Paris and Atlanta; Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans, Buddhists; Anglo-Saxons, Frenchmen, Japanese, Jews, Negroes; the United States of America, the British Empire, the French Republic—will a vestige of any of them survive the dusty tread of time and the disintegration of its mossy fingers? How very wonderful, then, it will be if, in the sixth millenium to come, in a country nameless yet, upon a day we shall not see, in a language which only the savants of that hour will understand, in behalf of a generation long since turned into dust, we shall have the privilege of greeting the finer and wiser peoples who will occupy the earth in our stead. Perhaps these ancient relics of a forgotten generation may be even more precious to them than our most priceless archaeological finds have been to us.

What sort of men and women they will be, and what manner of lives they will lead, we can only dimly forecast. Certainly they will have surmounted our greatest difficulties and dispelled our most oppressive fears. The dread diseases which affect us, cancer, pneumonia, tuberculosis and their kind, they will long since have conquered. Our wildest dreams will be their commonplaces; our brightest hopes, their realities. What language will they speak? What will be the social classifications, the religions, the way of living of their day; with what numbers will they have peopled the face of the earth? How near will they have been able to come to the discovery of unseen worlds, here and hereafter? Most fascinating of all, will they have learned how to communicate directly with the departed, and with God—these are the thoughts with which our minds are filled as we dedicate this crypt, today. With it we, the dead, out of an ancient and forgotten past, salute them, the living, in the sunny

hours of the future. If the laws of God permit, may there be some of us present with them when they open the door to our Crypt.

Therefore, O Door of Stainless Steel, against will of wind and weather, against thief and brigand and vandal, against bombing plane above the quaking earth beneath, against all the devastations of earth and air and fire and water, I dedicate and charge thee to shield and protect the contents of the value of which we hereby appoint thee guardian. Keep them safe from the rusting stealth of time and from the angers and greeds of mankind and deliver them safely for us, on that good morrow, to those who shall be alive to read and hear and interpret them in the year of our Lord 8113. And so, as time adds year to misty year, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee, the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace. Amen.

ONE AND A HALF MINUTE BROADCAST OVER STATION WSB.

In suggesting the idea of this Crypt and in directing its execution, my principal desire was that Oglethorpe University should cause our generation to be the first in history consciously to perform its archaeological duty to posterity by leaving to future ages a properly protected record of the civilization of our day. With the approval and backing of our Board of Directors of whom Judge Edgar Watkins is Chairman, our plans were laid, and published in the Scientific American, and the collection of material begun. From friends of the University I was able to secure funds wherewith to pay the expenses incident to this enterprise and to employ Mr. Thomas Kimmwood Peters as archivist and technical expert. The Bureau of Standards of the Federal Government has very kindly inspected and through one of its agents, approved the methods by means of which the contents of this Crypt are to be preserved. The auditors of the University have checked each item. The architects of the University have been in charge of its structural durability. We are now about to close its doors for a period of 6177 years which is the length of time that lies between us and the first date in the Egyptian calendar.

In behalf of all those who have done the work of collecting and preparing the contents of this Crypt, including members of our own faculty and student body, and in behalf of all those who have made contributions to this vault from all over the world, and in behalf of the two thousand million human beings at present living on the planet Earth, and in behalf of all lovers of mankind everywhere and always, we dedicate to you of 8113 this Crypt of Civilization, finished and sealed on this, the twenty-fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1940.

TWENTY-FIVE WORD GREETING TO THE PEOPLE OF THE
YEAR 8113.

For the last hundred and fifty years the world has enjoyed a civilization which contained more of liberty and of independence and of individual private happiness than ever before in the history of the human race. We are now engaged in burying that civilization, all over the world, everywhere, forever, and here in this Crypt, today for you.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD BE LIKE IN 8113?

When the Crypt at Oglethorpe University is Opened

BY DR. THORNWELL JACOBS

When the Oglethorpe Crypt of Civilization is opened in the year 8113 A. D. will there be an Atlanta to witness the ceremony? If so, what kind of lives will her citizens be living and under what circumstances of society, religion and government? The Crypt contains a complete picture of civilization and of history from its beginning in paleolithic times to the year 1940, when it was closed. In addition to records, objets d'art and especially prepared manuscripts there are millions of pages of carefully selected books, such as the entire Encyclopedia Britannica, which were microfilmed and put away in specially prepared receptacles under the direction of the Bureau of Standards in Washington. So, as far as the past is concerned, it is all there, in many cinemas and a complete microfilmed library, including law and medicine and religion and history and all the sciences. The problem is to try to imagine what sort of a future Atlanta will witness its opening. Perhaps we can get some ideas which will be useful in answering this question by looking back into the past and seeing what has happened to other cities during the passage of 6,177 years.

The date of the opening of the Crypt, 8113 A. D., is just 6,177 years from 1936 A. D., when the Crypt was initiated, and 1936 A. D. is just 6,177 years from 4241 years B. C., the first fixed date in history. The date of opening, therefore, lies as far in the future as the opening date of time lies in the past. This date comes to us from Egypt because the oldest civilizations of mankind and therefore the oldest cities are those which were built in the river valleys and the best and most accurately known of these are the cities of the Nile and the Tigo-Euphrates Valleys. A little farther east in the valley of the Indus there existed, in Mohenjo-daro, a civilization of similar age and quality. Most of these cities were built of sun-baked brick and remain to us only as great mounds. The foundation outlines of their palaces and temples still may be traced. In the case of Mohenjo-daro the city seems to have been a relatively large one. Perhaps 50,000 people comprised the population. Today there is nothing left of it except broken pottery and stone implements.

The same may be said of the scores of cities which constituted

Chaldea and which, like Mohenjo-daro, were flourishing communities earlier than 6,000 years ago. All of the cities, such as Kish and Ur of the Chaldees and Nippur and Larsam, cities which preceded Babylon by many centuries, now remain to us only as names and weather-beaten mounds.

In Egypt the same thing happened. Perhaps the oldest of all the great cities of Egypt was Memphis, which lay at the base of the line of Pyramids, 60 miles long, on the west bank of the Nile. It was the royal capital of Egypt and flourished about 6,000 years ago. Nothing remains of the ancient metropolis. Perhaps the story of Atlanta during the next 6,177 years may resemble that of Ilium, Troy, more closely than those of the cities of the river valleys. This ancient metropolis made famous by Homer, lasted over a period of many centuries. There were no less than nine Troys built one above the other during its career. Invasions, fires, natural catastrophes destroyed one after another of them. All of the nine cities are gone. Only their history remains.

We think of Rome and Athens and even of London and Paris as ancient cities but London is barely 2,000 years old and Paris probably no older. Rome could date her history back nearly 3,000 years and so could Athens. Perhaps the story of Atlanta may be more like these two latter cities. The population of America will probably continue to increase and 6177 years from now there will, no doubt, be some sort of community living on or near the site of the present Atlanta. But the story of our day will seem twice as ancient to the inhabitants of this district at that time as the stories of Achilles and Odysseus seem to modern inhabitants of Athens.

So, whether there is or is not an Atlanta or a city of another name existing at or near her present site, our Atlanta will have been as completely rubbed out as ancient Ur or Troy or Mohenjo-daro. There will not be in all the world a single human being who will know that there once existed here a cyclorama or a Healey Building or a Georgia State Capitol or a Fulton County or a State of Georgia or a United States of America or even a Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

One can get an idea of the slowness of the changes which will transform our present Atlanta into a forgotten ruin by considering the length of time involved and the manner in which the lapse of years is transforming our sister communities. Let us suppose that each of these 6,000 years is a minute. Sixty of them will make an hour and 6,000 of them would cover 100 hours or approximately four days. Of this four-day period, the present Atlanta would be a little more than one and a half hours old. In another hour and a half or two hours all of her principal down-town buildings would have disappeared by natural processes of decay and destruction and would have been replaced by "modern" buildings. Within a few more hours every building on the North American continent would have been torn down and recon-

structed except a few which would have been replaced on account of their historic interest. To see how true this prophecy is one has only to ask himself how many pre-Revolutionary buildings exist in America today, yet the Revolution was not much more than a century and a half (two and a half hours) ago. The only structures on earth which are certainly as many as 5,000 years old are the oldest Pyramids of Egypt. They could hardly be classed as component parts of a city although they were in the environs of ancient Memphis. They are more of the general order of an artificial Stone Mountain.

It is to be assumed that the forces of time will operate in the future as in the past. We may, therefore, confidently say that when the Crypt is opened in 8113 nothing hitherto constructed by man will remain on the North American continent or anywhere else in the world even remotely as it is today unless, as I said before, it is rebuilt and replaced because of its historic interest.

But what of the "Atlanta spirit" and of the whole psychological atmosphere of the State of Georgia and of America and of the world itself? What social, religious and political changes will take place during the period?

If we are to judge the future by the past, it is a practical certainty that the changes in the spiritual world will be just as great as those in the physical. Consider Atlanta, Georgia and the United States today and compare them with what they were 6,177 years ago. They did not exist at all. Consider Great Britain and France and Italy and Germany and Russia and Japan and compare them with what they were 4,241 years B. C. None of the ideas and ideals of the spiritual atmosphere in which their citizens live existed at that time. One is startled when he realizes that there was then no Christianity nor public school nor democracy nor newspaper nor university nor republic nor radio nor telegraph nor street cars nor trains nor trolley lines nor automobiles nor any of the fundamental elements of modern civilization, except fire and the wheel. There was no Bible nor Jew, nor Mohammedan. One worshiped Re or Shamash if he worshiped at all. The only method of transportation was the cart or the camel or the horse. One wrote by drawing pictures. There were in no true sense any books or libraries nor had any worthwhile advances been made in science except a few crude astronomical observations and a little medical guess work. The future will witness just as many changes as has the past and our vaunted "modern" civilization will seem just as crude and barbaric to the man of 8113 A. D. as does the civilization of 4241 B. C. seem to us.

Doubtless, in 8113 all of the circumstances of "up-to-date" civilization mentioned above such as newspapers and radios and telegraphs and street cars and trains will have disappeared. Something else will have taken their place. It is tragic to contemplate

the slow but certain destruction of the homes and buildings and furniture and jewelry and portraits and all the other things which are precious in the eyes of men and women of today but by the time the Crypt is opened not an article of furniture in the whole world of today will be in existence then. There will not be a home on the earth of today standing then. There will not be a building in the whole world of today remaining then. There will not be a nation or a government or a language on earth at present, in existence then. Everything will be changed. All that will remain of our generation except its record in the Oglethorpe Crypt of Civilization will be the outline of old foundations of the more permanently constructed buildings, collections of shards and bric-a-brac and a few bits of household equipment in the nature of pottery and glassware which have escaped universal destruction.

The daily life of the people in the year 8113 is a legitimate subject of conjecture. The best way to approximate it is to single out those more permanent elements in our life which are least likely to change. For example, we know that the inhabitants of Chaldea were drinking beer 6,000 years ago. We also know human nature and we may be perfectly certain that beer will be drunk 6,000 years from now as it was 6,000 years ago. Let us hope that it will be of as much better quality as ours of today is in comparison with the brew of Uruk that helped to civilize Eabani. We know that men were drinking alcoholic beverages when history first lifts her veil. We may, therefore, count on drunks and disorderlies in 8113. The same applies to gluttons and rouses. Between now and then we shall have many New Deals but none of them will relieve the world of the ill-clad, ill-housed and ill-fed who will be just as numerous then as they are today unless they are eliminated by a world-wide adoption of the principles of eugenics.

Men will still be chasing their favorite phantoms. Among them many Utopias will glisten, attempts to lift the body politic by its own boot straps. It is possible that the rulers of the nation in that day may understand the principles of biological evolution and avoid the destruction of character and demagogic pampering of the lazy and inefficient. It is possible that government will be administered by experts as are medicine and dentistry and law. It is possible that the science of dietetics combined with hygiene and medicine may have made sickness before the age of 150 a disgrace and a rarity. It is a practical certainty that medicine will be concerned more with the health of the aged and with increasing the efficiency of those who are under one hundred or a hundred and twenty-five. It is entirely possible that we shall be receiving dispatches from living beings, if there are such, on other heavenly bodies.

We shall doubtless be getting our power from the infinite treasures of the atom and producing new species of living things at

will by means of Xray and radio-activity. In short, restless mankind will continue to explore the secrets of nature and to convert them to his own uses of comfort and destruction. These prophecies are all based on the supposition that the progress of mankind will not be interrupted too frequently nor the best of mankind destroyed too often by such catastrophies as that which are now destroying the treasures of civilization.

Finally, as to the people who will inhabit Atlanta at that time and the language which they will speak, we may be sure that the language will not be English as it is today. All languages are in process of evolution, constantly. The difference between the language of Shakespeare and that of today is already marked. A little further back we get to Chaucer and only college men and women can read the Canterbury Tales understandingly. A little further back we get to Anglo-Saxon which only scholars can interpret. It is as difficult to read as a foreign language. Yet, all these changes have happened to our own language in less than two thousand years. In other words, the languages spoken two thousand years ago are all dead languages today. Modern Greeks do not speak ancient Greek nor do modern Italians speak ancient Latin. By going back a few thousand years further we come to languages that no one can interpret. They are lost in the darkness of the past. That is why, in the Oglethorpe Crypt, we were careful to place methods of rediscovery of our tongue.

Men and women are acutely conscious of changes which take place rapidly and noticeably, whether they are important or not, but they are generally oblivious of vaster and more important changes which take place very slowly. For every statesman there are ten thousand politicians. For every prophet there are a million preachers. No one can put his finger on the exact second when the run rises or sets or when winter comes or goes. It is the same with races and nations.—*Atlanta Journal Magazine.*

SECRETS OF 1938 "UNEARTHED", MOST IMPORTANT FIND OF 8113!

In these days when evidences of civilizations existent thousands of years ago are being uncovered by archaeologists from prehistoric dump heaps and ruins, one wonders how future generations of history-diggers would welcome a repository of objects especially prepared for them and representing the best accomplishments of art, engineering and research of the present day. Such a project is actually under way at Oglethorpe University and The Christian Science Monitor's Natural Science Writer, recently returned from following archaeological expeditions in Mexico and Yucatan, has written the following account of the reception such a find might well have, 6000 years from now.

Atlanta, Ga., June 9, 8113 A. D.—After burial for more than 6,000 years archaeologists today uncovered evidence disclosing for the first time, how the ancients lived and thought in 1938.

According to records and devices hidden thousands of years in a vault beneath the mounds at Oglethorpe University, the peculiar race which built great temples of steel and concrete, employing ingenious machines to do much of their physical work for them, were members of a great nation said to have been called the "United States."

The Oglethorpe site was the lonely ruin found a year ago by Col. Karlz Blinburg, Chief Pilot of the Earth-Venus Interplanetary Rocketways. Colonel Blinburg is now assisting Dr. Hugo N. Flyndem, archaeologist who 10 years ago headed the expedition uncovering ruins at "New York," one-time super-capital city of the nation.

KEEPING THE RECORD

Apparently these people knew that in spite of the wonderful civilization they built up, events beyond their control might so change the course of history that their population would be scattered and their cities fall to ruin with nothing to guide future generations to a proper appreciation of the way in which they lived—unless a proper "Index to the Culture of 1938" was hermetically sealed and hidden in a vault to remain closed until the present day.

More than 1,000 years of the history and achievements of these "Americans," greatest of all known aboriginal peoples, will soon be unraveled according to the excavators. Greatest care is being exercised in opening the mysterious packages and containers wherein are records and models each with a separate story to tell.

NO JEWELS FOUND

Translators have already managed to decipher hieroglyphs engraved on a stainless steel plaque bearing signatures of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States; Eugene Talmadge, Governor of Georgia, and Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe; doubtless the leading "Wise Men" of that period. It reads as follows:

"This crypt contains memorials of the civilization which existed in the United States and in the world at large during the first half of the twentieth century. In receptacles of stainless steel, in which the air has been replaced by inert gases, are encyclopedias, histories, scientific works, special editions of newspapers, travelogues, travel talks, cinema reels, models, phonograph records and similar materials from which an adequate idea of the state and nature of the civilization of 1900 to 1950 can be ascertained. No jewels or previous metals are included.

"We depend upon the laws of the County of DeKalb, the State of Georgia and the Government of the United States, and of their heirs, assigns and successors, and upon the sense of sportsmanship of posterity for the continued preservation of this vault until the year 8113 at which time we direct that it shall be opened by authorities representing the above governmental agencies and the administration of Oglethorpe University. Until that time, we beg of all persons that this sealed door, and the contents of the crypt may remain inviolate."

OTHER FINDINGS

The former home of these Americans apparently extended from their known vacation playgrounds in Florida to the site labeled by Archaeologists "Montreal", the principal cities being distributed from 100 to 200 miles east of the Appalachian Mountains with supporting farmlands stretching westward throughout the length and breadth of what is now the Mississippi Sea. Archaeologists say, too, there may have been some connection with the peoples known to have inhabited the Rocky Mountain area.

Just inside the crypt was found an ingenious machine operated by a crank, which promises to allow scholars to learn the alphabet of the ancients and reconstruct their dead language. The machine projects sound moving pictures of natives holding various objects doubtless held in great esteem in those days, meanwhile pronouncing their names audibly. Underneath each picture was the name of the object in written characters.

Very little is known about these people of America. Apparently they gave every manifestation of a considerable intelligence, building a complex social system, erecting great cities around pyramids and canyons of stone and steel, flinging skyward great cathedrals of commerce and temples to industry. Thousands of people dwelt in their shadows, making daily pilgrimages to numerous private sanctuaries within. These they reached in the taller structures by means of small moving cages raised and lowered to each floor by a primitive electrical device of considerable power.

ELECTRICITY USED

Apparently they had not yet solved the problem of harnessing either solar or atomic energy. Nevertheless their use of electricity was surprisingly successful. Countless motors, generators and electrical devices of all descriptions unearthed at New York, Montreal, Washington and other sites bear mute testimony of a very considerable period of advancement in the natural sciences.

Soon to be placed on exhibit is the collection of glass bottles, china plates (exceptionally wonderfully preserved), steel and silver utensils, stoneware, and other objects found in buildings near the Oglethorpe crypt. One of the most valued items so far

uncovered is an "umbrella," similar to the collection of steel rods covered with black cloth shown in the moving film to have been held over the head to keep off the rain. A most ingenious invention.

The film also explained the mystery of rusted, four-wheeled vehicles whose remains are associated with every city. These were called "automobiles" and furnished the natives with transportation. It would seem even in those days everyone had to "keep up with the Joneses" for new cars were marketed each year.

Though scholars have long disagreed on the exact dating of such ruins, there can no longer be any doubt but what the early part of the 20th Century saw a tremendous spurt in physical and mechanical achievements. Engineers laid the foundation of the so-called Golden Age at that time, building enormous dams, spanning rivers and harbors with mighty bridges, and digging tunnels beneath cities and rivers to provide quick means of transportation between homes and public buildings.—From the *Christian Science Monitor*.

This Perilous Year

A REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNION

The contents of this pamphlet comprise an address made by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, before the Committee of One Hundred at Miami Beach, Florida, January 28, 1936.

Some three and a half centuries before the birth of Christ there lived a very wise man in the city of Athens, the then intellectual center of the world. His name was Diogenes, he of the lantern, peering into the faces of passersby, looking for an honest man. On one such occasion, meeting a friend he said, abruptly, "Bury me on my face when I am dead!" And when his friend inquired as to the reason for so strange a command, he replied, "Because in a little while everything will be turned upside down." For the purposes of this discussion, Diogenes might well have died in the United States during the first decade of the twentieth century.

AMERICA ABROAD

In this overturned world of today there are seven Great Powers, by that meaning that *there are seven organizations of human beings better equipped than any other such organizations to murder men and women wholesale*, on land, on sea, under the sea and in the air. It is not difficult for any of us to recall the names of these seven great military powers: the British Commonwealth of Nations, the French Empire, the German Reich, the Japanese Empire, the United States, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and the Kingdom of Italy. Of these seven, four are gorged with landed possessions. The British Empire sprawls all over the earth. Although it is not generally known, the French Empire is a close second in size. Russia covers the northern half of two continents, and the United States dominates the whole western hemisphere. There remain three of the seven whose populations are congested, whose natural resources are limited and whose national ambitions and aspirations are denied. These of course, are Japan, Italy and Germany. There are *three latent wars* in the determination of the leaders of each of these three countries to secure for their people better places in the sun. The seventy million Japanese, confined to tiny islands whose combined size is approximately that of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida and whose arable land is less than that which California enjoys, constitute an explosive so great that the League of Nations

quailed before it. The expansion of Japan is already taking place. First Korea, then Manchukuo and now a part of China fall under her dominion. It seems quite possible that five great provinces of China—Chahar, Suiyuan, Shansi, Hopei and Stantung will shortly be set up as a dependency of Nippon. The expansion of Italy is also in process of effectuation. Her forty-two million people, living in a land of less than one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, or just about the size of Georgia and Florida combined and enjoying resources of an exceedingly limited character, have taken the shortest way out of their dilemma and, under the leadership of a modern Caesar, are reaching out for new lands and new resources. These, most unhappily, lie very close to the medulla oblongata of the British Empire.

The third latent war lies in the expansion of Germany which is just as certain and inevitable as that of the two other great military powers whose demands have been denied. Either Germany will be given ample territories for her normal expansion or she will endeavor to take them as Japan and Italy are now doing. "When I know that Germany", said Winston Churchill recently in London, "is spending much more than eight hundred million pounds in warlike preparations in the course of a single year; that she is ruining her finances and depriving the German people of pork, butter and other foodstuffs in order to turn the whole nation into the most prodigious and terrible fighting machine the world has ever seen, I cannot help asking, for what is this terrible preparation made and what awful event hangs over the future of Europe?" It is strikingly apparent to students of modern international relations that the *expansion of Japan threatens the integrity of Russia, the expansion of Italy threatens the integrity of the British Empire and the expansion of Germany threatens the integrity of France.*

How striking is the contrast between our own country and the six other great powers of the world! Of the six, three are definitely on the march, determined to increase their resources, enlarge their prestige and expand their territory. The three others are grimly tenacious of all that they at present hold, determined to fight, if necessary, in order to defend their empires. Against these two sets of aggressive, expanding countries on the one hand and of static, tenacious countries on the other, stands America, the only one of the seven which is *not only not aggressive and not tenacious but which is actually giving up its former winnings* and withdrawing from its former spheres of influence and contracting its former borders.

With practically unanimous consent and approval we have withdrawn our forces and influence from Nicaragua and from Haiti. In cancelling the Platt amendment we have burned the bridges between ourselves and Cuba. We have withdrawn from the Phillipine Islands. We have repudiated, in effect, the Monroe Doctrine. We propose to surrender our right of intervention in

Panama. We are adopting a new policy of neutrality which, in times of war, scuttles our rights upon the high seas. We have adopted the policy of withdrawing our own people from the so-called "marginal lands" in our own country. We have adopted other policies which will inevitably contract our international trade. In short, we are withdrawing into ourselves in a way utterly different from anything that has ever happened in American history. That a *profound psychological change has taken place* in the spirit of the American people is evident. Is this wisdom or is it senescence? *Is it loss of barbarism or loss of nerve?* It is well to remember this startling reversal of form in our international relationships as we take up the consideration of a few outstanding domestic developments.

AMERICA AT HOME

The United States of America was founded under a dire compulsion of fear, *the fear of three great and terrible tyrannies*: the tyranny of the state, impersonated in the King, the tyranny of the church, impersonated in Archbishop and Pope and the tyranny of the rabble, impersonated in the mob. America was founded in impassioned love, *the love of three great liberties*: liberty of body, liberty of soul, liberty of property.

The Constitution of the United States is a contract between 48, originally thirteen, little nations, designed and adopted to allay these three fears and to preserve these three liberties. Every device known to the Fathers was used to make it effective. Over against the tyranny of the King they established the two houses of Congress with full and complete powers, alone, to make laws for the nation. Over against the persecutions and tyrannies of organized religion they decreed the absolute separation of church and state, leaving to the conscience of each citizen the choice of his gods, whether and which. Over against the uncertain will of the fickle populace as represented in the House, they set the conservative Senate. To guard the judgment and execute the laws of Congress, they set the presidential veto and added to it the command sole and complete, of all executive power and all armed forces of the nation ordering that the chief executive should be selected, not by the unthinking and turbulent populace, the "mobiliium turba quiritorium" of Horace, but by the choicest statesmen. Against the combined Congress and Executive they set the reserved powers of the states, decreeing, in the tenth amendment to the Constitution that neither the Congress nor the President should have rights nor exercise any authority not expressly given them by the Constitution, reserving all other rights and authorities to the people and to the states. Then as if that were not enough, they set up a unique thing, a Supreme Court, to see that the contract for the preservation of individual liberty and for the extirpation of the trinity of tyrannies should not be broken forever.

In short, the men who made America did not trust kings, saints or common people to govern the nation. They knew that kings and saints were too intelligently and powerfully selfish and the common people were too carelessly and ignorantly greedy. *They knew that a tyrant was a bloc personified and a bloc was a tyrant multiplied.*

As one contemplates the Constitution, it seems that in providing this complete group of checks and balances, the founders of America had taken account of every danger and provided for it a remedy; but they had not. *They overlooked one thing.* They did not calculate on it because they did not foresee that America would, some day, be populated by men and women whose thoughts would not be their thoughts and whose ways would not be their ways. They took it for granted that the warcry of the Revolution, "Give me liberty or give me death", would continue to be the supreme sentiment of their successors. It did not occur to them that Americans would ever be willing to sell their heritage for a mess of pottage. They assumed that the fellowship of suffering which through seven long years of tumult and carnage had welded together thirteen small nations, having little in common but a burning love of individual liberty and a language in which to express it, would permanently warn and pledge their successors and descendants never to sell or surrender the thing which had made America and which America had made. It never occurred to them that sons and daughters of those who had been harried and hunted and tormented and tortured and enslaved and imprisoned and in the end literally driven from one continent to another on account of espionage and inquisition and persecution by king and pope, by autocrat and emperor, by rabble and mob, would deliberately return to such abominations. In short, they could not conceive of thirty or thirty million shekels inducing sons and daughters of the Revolution to betray liberty into the hands of its enemies. Yet see what has happened, is happening and may happen in the United States of America.

It was Plato who warned us more than two milleniums ago that revolutions are not brought about by philosophy nor by science nor by politics but by great disasters such as pestilence or famine and more particularly by great and devastating wars. Revolutions follow wars because men are willing to make money out of wars, but are not willing to pay for them. So hath it happened here.

For the fears of those courageous, liberty loving men who founded America are now in process of rapid realization. With deliberate purpose and with skillful aim, an attack upon the liberties of the American people is now being made, of such overwhelming power as to raise the question "*Is the end of personal liberty in the United States at hand?*"

It is a well known adage that history has long roots. A thoughtful writer has said that all wars begin at least twenty years be-

fore they are declared. Certainly our present situation goes back to the vast catastrophe which overwhelmed the whole world in the year 1914. Previous to that time, America was a blessed land. Doubtless those of us who remember any part of the years between 1875 and 1914 consider them to be the happiest period in all the history of the United States. There was a definitely balanced adjustment between production and consumption, between exports and imports, between farming and industry which afforded almost perfect opportunity for the exercise of individual talents and for the attainment of personal happiness. Came the war. Almost immediately we found ourselves flooded with gold. All of the great nations of the world, Britain, France, Russia and Italy, summoned their men from plough and lathe and flung them into the battle line. They placed orders for vast quantities of all kinds of materials and goods in America, spent thousands of millions of dollars with our manufacturers and our farmers and made of the United States the center of world trade. Very quickly our indebtedness to Europe, amounting to about six thousand million dollars, was changed into an indebtedness of Europe to us of about ten thousand million dollars. Our whole commercial and industrial set-up was dislocated by the manufacture and distribution of an unprecedented volume of our products for foreign markets. After the war had ended, fearful of a collapse, we proceeded to lend other thousands of millions of dollars to our customers with which they were induced to continue to buy our merchandise. Thus good money was thrown after bad until the total amounted to between thirty and fifty thousand million dollars, practically all of which was lost. Followed a strange psychological change in the spirit of our people. Forgetful of the fact that the years between 1914 and 1930 were abnormal years of inflated, fictitious values, when they were over, we looked back upon them as days of prosperity and proceeded to curse our leaders for taking away from us the flesh pots of that artificial Egypt. We demanded a return to "prosperity." We were not willing to pay for our folly. We refused to go back to normal conditions. Having taken millions of our citizens away from our farms where they were able to support themselves entirely by raising all needed foodstuffs and having brought them to the cities to manufacture war supplies and having turned our farms into manufacturing establishments, devoted to the production of specialties, largely for export; when the unusual demand for our goods ceased with the end of the war and when we were thrown back upon our own resources we were like a hive of bees, struck by some passing accident. We were ready to sting any and everything within our reach.

Our first point of attack was our own government. We spoke of discarding democracy and individualism and personal liberty; of detailed governmental control of wages, costs and prices. Unwilling by frugality and economy and self sacrificing patience

to rebuild faithfully the structure which we had arbitrarily destroyed, we looked around for other shoulders on which to place the burden and we found the big, broad back of our Federal Government. By excessive borrowing and excessive wastes and excessive extravagances we had already very largely bankrupted our city and state governments, but the credit of the Federal Government was still intact.

Now while our politicians may deny us many things, there is one thing that they never deny us. No politician from the beginning of time has ever refused to accept power and authority. Also very few politicians are willing to tell their constituents the brutal truth about their condition. This combination of facts has brought America to the verge of destruction. *The American people were bankrupt*; their total debts, governmental and personal and corporate, amounting to something like two hundred twenty-five to two hundred-fifty billion dollars was more than the salable value of all of the property in the United States. *In such a moment of desperation there arose an overwhelming demand from practically every person in the United States, that the Federal Government should take charge of the situation. Heeding that command and enlarging it with their own ambitions and aspirations, our political leaders proceeded to take steps which would destroy the foundations of our former constitutional government in America.*

One of the first of these steps taken was the elimination of a most powerful check on governmental folly, a check which was not included in the Constitution but which was built up outside of, though not in defiance of its authority. I refer to the control of money which, up to a short time ago resided in the hands of those who owned it. There are many definitions of money, some good, some bad and some indifferent, but to the ordinary man living an ordinary life in an ordinary way, money means work. It represents the product of one's labor. *Wages are the labor of today; capital is the labor of yesterday.* Money buys so much effort or the results of so much effort. Now it just happens that mankind, in endeavoring to arrive at a measure of labor which is money modified by the law of supply and demand, has, after centuries of experimentation, settled upon gold as its most satisfactory measure. The reason for this is very simple. The supply of gold varies less widely and the demand for gold remains most constant of all materials that have ever been tried. It just happens that the amount of gold that has, as yet, been found in the crust of the earth, has not been subject to violent increases or decreases. For example, if tomorrow, a great mountain of gold were to be discovered the value of gold as money would be eliminated forever. It is the simple fact that such a mountain of gold has not been discovered but that gold ores are distributed with remarkable evenness, throughout the world which has made it such a fine measure of value. People have

faith in gold because they do not believe that such a mountain will be discovered and such faith is the basis of its value. If any other money should be made, in which men have an equal faith, it would be just as valuable as gold. We know that there is a limit to the amount of gold that is being mined but is there a limit to the amount of paper that can be printed? That is the question that people ask because *they do not have as much faith in government as they have in gold. Nature protects them from mountains of gold. Who will protect them from the mountains of greenbacks?*

So when the government of the United States segregated all of the gold of this country and placed it directly under the control of the Congress, it destroyed one of the ancient, though non-constitutional foundations of liberty. Hitherto when a stamped or an unthinking Congress passed a law that endangered the value of labor and of property it was within the power of any citizen of the United States to flee to a "city of refuge;" to purchase gold, which had an international value, and to hold on to it until the danger was passed. This privilege has now been destroyed. Today a dollar is no longer so many grains of gold. **IT HAS BECOME SO MANY VOTES IN CONGRESS.** This is gravely significant and from it many consequences inevitably follow.

But perhaps the most astonishing of the results which came from our headlong flight to the Federal Government for protection, has been the proposed destruction of State rights. The tenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States reads: "*The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the states are reserved to the states respectively and to the people.*" Perhaps more than any other paragraph ever written in America, these words preserve the rights of individual human liberty. They were put there in *abject fear*, created by age-long experience that the three fatal tyrannies would sooner or later destroy the right of private opinion, private assembly, private religion and private property. Yet how can the Federal government assume complete authority over the support and living conditions of its citizens without destroying state lines? And if the sovereignty of the states be destroyed, all local representation in the most important matters goes with it, not only, but also the main office of every business in the United States is immediately transferred to Washington. Our executive committees no longer meet in their home city. They meet under the shadow of the capital. Our state legislatures also meet there. So we have been treated to the astounding spectacle of governors and legislative committees, of mayors and other high officials of city, county and state, pilgrimaging with hat in hand to Washington, begging for appropriations to save themselves from their own follies. The Federal Government,

having absorbed the money of America, is rapidly absorbing her component states, also.

Of course, with this done, the matter of private liberty is a simple thing. The next step indeed is to say, with the Nazis, "We spit on liberty". In America we change it to: "Give me my bacon and eggs. To hell with liberty."

All of which Thomas Jefferson, the keenest political mind that America has yet produced, foresaw over a century ago: "Our government," he wrote, "is now taking so steady a course as to show by what road it will pass to destruction; to wit: by consolidation first and then by corruption, its necessary consequence . . . *When we must wait for Washington to tell us when to sow and when to reap, we shall soon want bread.*"

So we are in the midst of a great tidal wave of public demand that government should relieve the citizens of the necessity of thrift, frugality, and work by guaranteeing him a living and leisure. The age-long sanctions of God in nature which punished the lazy, the inefficient, the thriftless, with hunger and want and suffering is to be supplanted by a new requirement: the industrious **MUST** divide with the sluggard, the frugal **MUST** divide with the spendthrift. Step by step all the incentives which have, for millenniums, impelled and compelled men and women to toil and save and deny themselves are being destroyed and the masses are being taught that they are entitled to a living wage when they can work and to a pension when they can not. Formerly we supported the government, and its office holders and administrators were responsible to us. It is now proposed that the government should support us, thus making the citizens responsible to the government. That fear, the fear of the merciless tyranny of Government is the "Fear itself" before which liberty does well to tremble. It is now the duty of the citizen to support the government only so long as the *Government supports the people.*

What will be the effect of these new doctrines upon the character of American citizens? Or more to the point, what has happened to the character of the American people that they adopt and welcome such doctrines? The fountains of the great deep have been broken up, not by the order of Townsend nor of Thomas nor of Sinclair nor of Lemke. These men are but white-caps, riding its rising flood which is drawn almost equally from all parties. Its mighty waters will certainly overwhelm America unless a bulwark is built at once which is strong enough to break it. **THAT BULWARK MUST BE BUILT OF COURAGEOUS, INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC CITIZENS WHO LOVE HISTORIC AMERICA.** To adapt a well known paragraph: "Our opponents say, 'Come with us and join the swelling tide!' We say, 'No, come with us and dam the swelling tide.'" Nine wise old men have *temporarily* stayed the waters of that flood; but they are aged as they are wise and may be replaced at any time.

It is important to note that this is not a question of new deal nor old deal nor square deal nor round deal. It is a question of the integrity of the players. Neither the deal nor the cards are of paramount importance if the players raid the winnings.

There is a phrase—"rugged individualism" which used to stand for all that is good in American character; for manliness, courage, independence, self reliance, efficiency, industry, frugality, strength; why has it become a term of opprobrium used in the same way and for the same purpose as "capitalistic", "anti-social", "exploitation?" And the word capital, it used to stand for a sure measure of that part of one's labor and efficiency which had not been spent or dissipated as earned but stored away in a spirit of foresight for rainy days by persons who thought it a disgrace to be dependent on the charity of others or upon the tax payers of their community for support. What has happened that we now curse those hard-earned savings as instruments of oppression and consider it every citizen's right to be supported out of the public treasury?

AMERICA WITHIN

Between the years 1607 and 1936 ten generations of our people have lived on American soil. We are, therefore, face to face with the amazing fact that out of ten generations of Americans, ours is the only one which has incontinently surrendered its independence, its privileges and its liberties to the politicians saying: "Three centuries of liberty are enough!" That is why we find ourselves today in the midst of an unfinished war of government against industry; of politicians against business; of predatory blocs, organized for loot, against the individual citizen.

We find ourselves not only asking: Has America lost her nerve, but also, Has America lost herself, her soul? *Certainly, something has departed from the character of our citizens*, something that endangers the very fundamentals of society. The thing that is gone is very difficult to define because it is compounded of many elements. Among them are the craving for independence, the love of individual liberty, patriotism of the sort which sacrifices for the country, scorn of public charity, ability to suffer without whining; and in their place have come dependence on others, demands for governmental support, complaints and accusations against the more successful and definite unwillingness to pay the price necessary for prosperity. It is the present psychosis of the American people which imperils the nation. All these and similar psychoses are symptoms of *the determination on the part of organized blocs to obtain money from the common treasury by process of mob appropriation.*

It has come to this pass in America, that legislation in Washington as well as elsewhere has become the resultant of the blows delivered by organized blocs of selfish interests. Congressmen and Senators spend their vacations appearing before these pressure groups, telling them how they voted for this or that

bill in their favor, how they have loved all the members of the bloc and have gotten for them every possible appropriation and grant. And the Senators and Congressmen know perfectly well that if they do not do this dirty work there will be no return to Washington in the autumn.

Literally millions of citizens are demanding the earnings of others as *a matter of right*. They refuse to take the risk of self support. They demand a living of the government, which means of their neighbors. They attack the conditions under which employers offer them work as the equivalent of pauperization. The employers themselves are arraigned as thieving exploiters and are rapidly turning over their thankless jobs to the government which from now on will become the object of vituperation. Regardless of the laws of economics they demand that the wealth of the country should be re-distributed; as if the Supreme Court itself could devise a way whereby the vitality of an athlete or the mentality of an inventor or the skill of an executive could be equally divided among all of the people. They cannot see that there is no such thing as a man's being wealthy, that he can only control wealth as the goose controlled the golden eggs she laid. They would, by law, take away the power to lay the golden egg from the employing class of people and bestow it upon public officials. Some of them would take pictures of the golden egg and pass them off for real gold. These are they who are demanding fiat money. With childish faith millions importune Congress to make them prosperous by law. Each day they pile more debts on the government and more anathemas upon those who believe in the old fashioned things like toil and frugality and savings and independence and liberty.

In short, the problem that confronts us is not political, nor economic, nor financial. It is the problem of the human soul. What can restore the courage, the patriotism, the independence, the willingness to suffer and endure and sacrifice, possessed by a generation which has passed? What can restore their honesty, their morals and their simple faith in God? Until these things are restored, there will be no happiness in America.

The most depressing element in the situation is that this disease of the spirit which has affected us all has, at last, *poisoned the five great arteries which feed the American body politic*. The oldest and least affected of the five is the church which still feebly bears witness to the old sanctities, the old verities and the old ideals. Yet, even in the religious world some of our church organizations have become little better than minor political parties and almost universally the church is displaying everything in its show windows except religion. The American school is the next oldest and those who have watched its steady departure from its ancient moorings will not be surprised to learn that it has now become an organized bloc, equally predatory, and even more powerful than most of its associates. The third is the press.

dependent for its existence upon the money of its subscribers and advertisers, too frequently offering to them sensational stories of the evil happenings and tendencies of American public life. Brave indeed is the owner and publisher of a modern daily who dares to eliminate from his column all exploitation of crime and all publicizing of the baser elements of life. That there are some who still do so is a fine tribute to the power of ideals. The same is true of the other two main arteries which supply the life-blood of the nation, the cinema and the radio. The average taste of the average American is the law of their existence. They must supply what the public wants or they perish. If the mind of the public is diseased the columns of the press, the flitting pictures on the silver screen and the invisible suggestions of the radio are likewise diseased. Yet the most potent force in the spiritual life of an individual or of a nation is suggestion. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The human mind is like a sponge, fill it with poison and it will not absorb the most nourishing liquids. As long as one's attention is fixed on an idea, for example, a crime story, that idea dominates the mind and is all that the mind knows. *Keep an idea there long enough or put it there frequently enough and it will grow roots and stick and finally becomes part of the man himself. Suggestion is the supreme power.* Whatever is in the focus of attention is, for the time being, the mind itself. It is a fact that our mass consciousness is of so low an order that it has defiled the church and school and press and cinema and radio. They are what they are because we compel them to be so, because everything in America is made to sell.

If the picture which I have painted seems hopelessly sombre, it is because I have tried to draw it with utmost clarity and frankness, endeavoring to play the part of a good physician who must know the nature and cause of the disease before he can prepare his medicine for its cure. No prognosis may be safely offered until the worst is known of the ailment from which the patient suffers. Surely by now we should know that it is a lesion of heart and soul and strength and mind from which our whole body-politic suffers. We have forgotten the thing which was uppermost in the minds of the men who founded America. *We have forgotten what the constitution is for. We have forgotten what the United States is for. We have forgotten what life is for.*

And for what were these things made—the constitution, the nation and life? Has the question ever been more perfectly answered than in the trenchant statement: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." And wherein does life consist? Are not constitutions and nations and lives totally meaningless unless they are founded upon and for the free, unlimited development of the individual human being and his education, his "leading out" to that height of attainment and excellence which is the supreme goal of existence? Is not

this the heritage which has come down to us through the ages? Is it not the pearl of great price which, having discovered, a man sells all that he hath in order to obtain it? Indeed what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself? For as Henry Drummond used to say: "This world is a workshop; not where men make things, but where things make men."

Three times during the ten thousand years of human history, humanity has risen to a supreme height in the search for the answer to the question I have just stated. The greatest minds in the three greatest eras of all history have crystallized their conclusions into three unforgettable words upon which the civilization of our present day is founded. One of these words comes from Athens and is the product of a millennium of Greek civilization. One of them comes from Rome and is the product of a millennium of Latin civilization. The third comes from Jerusalem and contains the quintessence of all religion of all time.

The three represent phases of a supreme ideal which is the ultimate in human striving. The Greeks had a word for it. It was *'areté*. The nearest English equivalent is perhaps our word excellence or virtue. Yet, *'areté* means more than excellence or virtue. It was the ideal of perfect manhood or womanhood. Just as there is a perfect sunbeam and a perfect drop of water and a perfect nightingale, so there should be a perfect man. The elements of manhood, as conceived by the Greeks, included, therefore, excellence and virtue not only, but also dignity and honor and integrity and all that should be included in that oft-quoted motto:

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Let us compare this ideal with what we see about us. The present scene reveals the people of America being taxed to death to support myriads of parasites as a consequence of the colossal blunder of murdering millions of our fellowmen and allowing our treasure houses and our whole credit system to be robbed and raped in order to do it. With our resources destroyed, hunger has been added to avarice. International carnivores have become domestic cannibals. The confiscation of private property and its redistribution to organized blocs of voters has begun. The tyranny of government is well on its way. The liberties of the people are being taken away from them. Those who created the wealth are being destroyed. That which created the wealth is being destroyed. We have perverted the government of our fathers until we now have a system whereby, in our governing bodies, seats are purchased by the appropriation of public monies to selfish blocs of voters, organized for purposes of loot. Instead of buying the private vote, we buy votes wholesale. The worst indictment that has been made against any nation is now being

made against the United States and it is this, *that our rudders have become weathervanes*. Yet, although we have done our best to degrade them, our political leaders are nobler and finer than their constituents. A democracy perishes if any large proportion of its citizens are unpatriotic and predatory and ignorant. *There is no way to choose a noble, patriotic, public spirited legislature from an ignoble, greed-driven, dishonest electorate. When such people must be pleased in order to secure re-election, disaster inevitably follows.* Our kind of government can be a success only when an educated, patriotic and honest citizenry supports the government as our fathers did, for the sake of justice and protection, not for the sake of bounties and bonuses. Every great civilization that the world has ever known has perished possessing the best laws and the best government and the greatest wealth that the world had ever seen—and the most debauched people. Any kind of government will work successfully if the citizenry is honest and high minded. None will work well if a large proportion of the people are dishonest grafters, men without *'areté*, men who grin at virtue and excellence.

The second word, which represents an equally important part of the heritage that has come down to us out of the ages, comes to us from Rome. It is "*justitia*" and the best rendering of it in English is "justice", of which the best interpretation is *law and order*. It is the sense of fairness, of square dealing, of ordered life which has distinguished those nations which have endured long upon the face of the earth. All this we know and yet today our sense of law and order, our sense of common justice has sunk so low and our ethics have descended to such bathos that in our country the chief crimes of the decalogue have been developed into profitable businesses. Private murder has become a business. Private robbery has become a business. *Public robbery has become a business*. Bootlegging has become a business. Hijacking has become a business. It is no exaggeration to say that in modern America a woman's virtue is of but little greater moment than was the kiss of her grandmother. The church and the college are burlesqued and travestied daily and as a climactic illustration of our lawless life, our most distinguished young hero has felt it necessary to expatriate himself in order to rear his family in safety. "For justice has turned away backward and righteousness standeth afar off. For truth has fallen in the street and equity cannot enter. Yes, truth is lacking and *he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey.*"

The third of these great heritages comes from Jerusalem and is the summation of one thousand years of spiritual life of the Semitic race which more than any other has given to the world its religious ideals. The word is best known through its Greek equivalent. It is "*dikaioisune*", and it means righteousness. Just as *'areté* represents the supreme ideal of man with reference to his own development, and justice, *justitia*, represents the su-

preme ideal of man with relation to his fellow human beings, so *dikaïosune* stands for the relationship of humanity to its creator.

“As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God.
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space twixt the marsh
and the skies
By so many roots as the marsh grass sinks in the sod
I will mightily lay me an hold on the greatness of God.”

After all, it is indeed “righteousness that exalteth a nation.” It is an ever abiding sense of duty and obligation that ennoble a people. “There are two things”, said Immanuel Kant, “that overwhelm me with wonder and awe, the more that I think upon them. One is the starry sky above and the other the moral law within.” “Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.” “There is a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness”, and any nation which scorns or flouts that Power “It were better for it that a millstone were hung about its neck and that it should be cast into the sea.” For it shall certainly “be cast into hell with all the nations that forget God.” Your own judgment will tell you whether, in your opinion the United States of America is a Godly country. I shall simply say that in my opinion, we have neglected all the fundamental laws under which we may continue to possess our lives, our liberties and our various pursuits of happiness and these include our money and our properties. We have allowed the ethics of our people, their morals, their education in the true sense of the word, to go uncared for and now everything is in danger. We shall have to begin all over again and start where our ancestors started upon the general principle that *the only important thing in any nation is the personal character of its citizens*. Old fashioned virtue and old fashioned honesty and old fashioned self sacrifice and old fashioned unselfishness and old fashioned courtesy and old fashioned honor and old fashioned prayer to an old fashioned God—only these things can save America.

For America's conscience has been paralyzed and her masses feel no shame nor are they capable of indignation when they see vice licensed for the sake of profit. *They sympathize with the criminal* and have a fellow feeling for their pals, the law breakers. To them there is nothing ominous in the announcement that their governor has pardoned a new batch of murderers adding them to the 500,000 already loose in the United States. And when they hear that their home city mothers twenty murderers to one in London, they think that there must be something wrong with England. Beginning with the underworld, this sympathy with crime extends upward and its corruption finally pollutes the

political forces, the district attorney's office and the jury box. Newspapers, radios and cinemas vie with one another in exploiting each new murder until *crimes are actually committed for publicity's sake*. As one murderer put it, "Do you think I will get as much publicity as Hauptman?"

Citing that the world, just emerging from the greatest of all wars, is now frenziedly preparing for war, and that crime is multiplying year by year, *Dr. Butler* deploras the fact that—

"Instead of people leading upright, kindly and conscientiously ordered lives, we have on every side a mad passion for personal gain at whatever cost, and eager desire to get something for nothing and a willingness to commit the most appalling and inhuman crimes in order to satisfy some quickly passing emotion or to gain some much desired personal end.

"Is it not the plain fact that the war which has so long been prosecuted by the church, the school and the family upon evil, upon immorality, upon crime and upon every form of selfish disorder has thus far failed to win a victory that has any real meaning in the case of hosts of our fellow men?

"The answer must, unhappily, be yes. Is it not also plain that the environment, in its grosser aspects, working through all the modern organs of publicity, has largely displaced the church, the school and the family as a controlling educational influence?"

In short, if I may put a still finer point upon it, *at the present moment and in this perilous year*, we are now witnessing the disintegration of a civilization, the dissolution of a social order and the degeneration of a whole nation. Our moral standards, our ethical judgments, our religious ideals are melting in the fires of lust and avarice. Greed, cynical and selfish, is plunging America into darkness. The old foundations, the ancient heritage of *'areté, justitia and dikaiosune* are perishing. Even liberty wavers before unprecedented attacks and, as Walt Whitman said, "When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the second, nor the third to go. It waits for all the rest to go and is the last."

So what? I would not have permitted myself to have painted so dark a picture for you were it not for the fact that I honestly believe that this darkest hour is just before the dawn.

The hour for a renaissance of America to her old power and strength of spirit has come. Everything that is precious in the nation faces possible disaster, and you are they who must ring the alarm bells throughout the United States. It is not true that 2% of our population own 80% of our wealth but it is true that far less than 2% own 80% of our musical genius, of our literary ability, of our inventive capacity, of our executive skill and of our moral leadership. That 2% is the salt of the earth but if the salt has lost its savour wherewith shall America be salted? The hope of this country lies in the fact that its business men and its professional men, its bankers, its manufacturers, its merchants and the great middle class of its educated thinkers have

become alarmed at the loss of their liberty, not only, but also at *the reason for its loss, which is the degeneracy of the average American citizen.* If the liberty and independence and the free development of the individual, unhampered by bureaucracy, autocracy and totalitarian controls, is to be saved, *it will be saved as it was given, by 2% of the American people, and that 2% will represent the historical knowledge, the political acumen and the moral leadership of the nation.*

The time is short, the danger great, the work immense, THE TASK IS YOURS.

"Let time and search, O king, declare
Which men in all thy city's bound,
Were loyal to the kingdom's care,
And who were faithless found."

No two tasks are exactly alike. Each of us must stand in his own doorway and change his surrounding environment. I, for example, find myself the president of a small American college. As my problem is typical of all of the eight hundred colleges in the United States, so is it vastly important. Perhaps no one has expressed the problem that lies before an American college president better than W. R. Inge, Dean of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London. "The industrial revolution," he writes, "has generated a new type of barbarism with no roots in the past. For the second time in the history of Western Europe, continuity is in danger of being lost. A generation is growing up, not uneducated but educated in a system that has no connection with European culture in its historical development. The classics are not taught; the Bible is not taught; history is not taught to any effect. Its chief characteristic is profound secularity or materialism—and it has no ideals beyond the visible and tangible world of the senses." This caustic comment of Dean Inge does not overdraw the gaping wounds of modern education. In it there is almost a complete absence of *'areté, justitia and dikaiosune*—of virtue, law and righteousness.

Citizens unacquainted with the present day conditions on an American university campus often find, to their surprise that there is no thought, nor word, nor deed in Washington or New York that does not find its intra-mural counterpart. Every crime known to law, including kidnapping, murder and planting of communist cells, has its equivalent in the student body of the American college, unless wise and thoughtful men take steps necessary to prevent them. When Woodrow Wilson was asked, shortly after he became President whether he was not dazed by the intricacies of national politics, he replied: "Not at all. They are child's play compared with college politics." If, then, our greatest evils can be prevented or ended within university walls—and our experience at Oglethorpe proves that they can be—they can also be prevented or ended in the nation at large; and

by the same method. It is a chronic disease from which we suffer and demands a chronic cure. Just as the well-being of each individual cell determines the health of the body, so the well-being of each individual student, of each individual citizen, determines the health of the college or the nation.

Before this present tidal wave of neo-barbarism, the presidents of the larger institutions are already confessedly powerless. If the continuity of our great traditions and the priceless heritage of the past are to be saved to American education, it will devolve largely upon the small colleges, where the personal influence of the officials is paramount, to see that it is done. I have taken that as my part of the job. *IN YOUR OWN OFFICES AND HOMES YOU ARE IN POSITION TO PUSH THE BUTTONS OF MUCH VASTER INFLUENCES. THE THINKING AND READING PUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES, THOUGH THEY MAY COMPRISE LESS THAN 2% OF THE POPULATION, CONTROL THE DESTINIES OF THE NATION. UNTO THEM MILLIONS LOOK FOR GUIDANCE AND SPIRITUAL STRENGTH. PUSH THAT BUTTON NOW OR LATER YOU MAY FIND THAT THERE IS NO CURRENT IN ITS WIRES.*

Over the Germanic library at Harvard University is this sentence from Goethe:

"Es ist der geist der sich den koerper baut."

It is the spirit that builds for itself a body.

The spirit of our fathers clothed the skeleton of the constitution with the body of America, a body radiant with virtue, justice and righteousness. Shall our descendants speak of ours as the generation that traded such a heritage for "bacon and eggs?" I think not. The alarm bells are ringing all over the United States. The forces of sanity and the passion for liberty and the love of historic America are taking possession once more of the millions who have been so busy making money that they have had little care for the health of the nation. The spirit of our country is stirred as it has not been since 1776 and 1861. America is too young, too strong, too virile to sink into the senescence of autocracy or into the "Slough of Despond." There are too many people who love their country, not only, but also who have faith in her ability to win

*"God out of knowledge,
And good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness,
And purity out of a stain."*

And yet we know that America is in peril. America needs help. America needs you! In this perilous year she is stumbling blindly through her Valley of Decision; "A great people and a strong; there hath not been ever the like, even to the years of many generations . . . multitudes, multitudes in the Valley of Decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the Valley of Decision."

“These, then, are my last words to you”—I quote William James—“the faithful fighters of this hour, or the Being that shall then and there represent them, may then turn to the faint hearted who here decline to go on with words like those with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great victory had been gained: ‘Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We fought at Arques and you were not there!’ ”

Oglethorpe University Bulletins

The Memorial That Lives

BY THORNWELL JACOBS

THE ABIDING LIFE

*"So, when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not shrink."*

There is a way whereby men may live forever on this earth, helping and blessing their fellows.

There is a way to preserve one's character and wisdom and memory so that they may yet abide in their efficiency and beneficence after we have gone into the Beyond.

There is a way whereby you can still stretch forth your hand to participate in all the activities that will come after you on earth, a way whereby your power may be a blessed memory among thousands whom you have aided and taught to love you.

And what is true of you is true of your Departed.

THE LIFE THAT DIES NOT

*"Sometimes I think that those we've lost,
Safe lying on the Eternal Breast,
Can hear no sounds from earth that mar
The perfect sweetness of their rest;
But when one thought of holy love
Is stirred in hearts they love below,
Through some fine waves of ambient air
They feel, they see it, and they know."*

When Death takes away the One Who was Loved there comes to us the inevitable thought: How may this life that seems ended be continued into the ages?

It is woven through the fabric of all human endeavor. The lad as he carves his initials on the forest tree does its bidding. The man and woman thoughtfully pondering over a fitting memorial to their dead face its unavoidable directness. The widow who cannot forget, the husband who would have the gentle life of her who has left him continue its gracious ministrations forever, the father and mother who seek a way for a departed child yet to remain and live, these know the infinite depth of the dream and of the desire that we have to carry on and on the life that is ended. And this may be done.

It is as if you were given the keys to Life and Death.

Then what is the ideal way whereby I may continue my work and the work of my loved ones on earth?

THE MEMORIAL BUILDING

*“God bless the men benevolent,
 Who gave this structure to the skies,
 For them no grander monument
 In carven grace can ever rise;
 No need of marble or of brass
 Have they to keep their memory bright,
 Time cannot dim
 The fame of him
 Who writes his name in light.”*

There was once a man who gave a beautiful building to an American University. He lived in a great city nearby and used often to remember his gift and the school and sometimes after a hard day's work he would come to the University campus at night and standing near the walls of his dormitory look up at the lighted windows where his young men were preparing their lessons for character and their characters for eternity. For a long time he would gaze at the magnificent thing he had begun to do and forever would continue to do, drinking it into a soul that was thereby satisfied.

Once someone saw him and asked:

“What are you gazing at?”

“At myself,” he answered, “as I shall be when I am not.”

For it is possible to express in the face of a building every element of character that may be expressed in the face of a man. That is the key to the architecture of Oglethorpe University. Honesty, durability, elegance, dignity, truth, sincerity, loveliness, are all there. It is safe to have a building at Oglethorpe named for yourself or your loved one. Your generosity will not be used to erect a structure with which you would be ashamed to have your name connected.

All of the finest ideals of your life will be built into it.

You, your loved one, will still live in its beauty, in its strength, in its power.

If a great memory is to be preserved it should be preserved greatly.

The monument should be typical of the man.

The building that bears a woman's name should express her beauty, her sincerity, her soul.

THE MEMORIAL PROFESSORSHIP

*“Like as he loved the magic of the sea,
 Like as he loved the marshland's mystery,
 So ye who teach, within these walls recall
 His clear-marked path of happiness for all.
 Here raise for him a monument sublime
 That shall outlast the rusting stealth of Time.”*

A busy life has closed. One contemplates the end. Must the

lips be silent, the hands be still forever? Is there then no way for this fine work of wisdom-giving and character-building to continue?

It is at such an hour that the Memorial Professorship offers itself as the Great Insurer.

It preserves life.

Through it one can continue to teach, to encourage, to uplift, to inspire unnumbered generations.

The interest on the sum you give to Oglethorpe pays a Professor's salary.

He speaks for you.

Because of your generosity and thoughtfulness, enlightenment and culture and religion thrive in thousands of homes.

And so he that loseth his life shall save it.

THE MEMORIAL LECTURESHIP

*"And the stately ships go on,
To their haven under the hill,
But Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."*

Almost every man and woman has some one particular thing in which they are especially interested.

Sometimes it is one of the sciences such as Astronomy or Chemistry; sometimes it has to do with history or the exploring of the earth's surface; sometimes it covers business or journalism or a special phase of religion, any one of a hundred subjects. As a memorial to such a man or woman a professorship of the given subject is ideal. Often, however, a full professorship is beyond the ability of the donor. The Memorial Lectureship, covering an annual series of lectures by some world-famous expert on the subject named and open to the general public as well as to the students of the University then becomes a beautiful and effective way of continuing the chief intellectual interest of a life, and causing it to bless others, perpetually.

THE MEMORIAL LOAN FUND

*"Here build we for eternal years,
White mansions for the mind."*

It is not every young man who has the funds necessary to pay his way through college. Often he must add to his savings at home the slim pay for duties performed at school. Even these are not always sufficient. So it comes to pass that many bright, enthusiastic, capable youths who ask no gift from any one fail by a narrow margin to find the means for their education.

The Memorial Loan Fund is the Hand of God to such boys.

Borrowing from it as little as he needs, giving his note bearing no interest while he is a student in return, he goes manfully, sturdily on his triumphant way.

Trained in the hard school of adversity, he afterwards makes

good in life and pays back the amount he borrowed, to be used in turn by others perpetually.

Oglethorpe needs such a loan fund.

Should you give it you would have chosen a wonderful way to live into the ages. Think of the countless homes whose culture will come from you; whose religious and intellectual light will keep your memory bright forever!

THE MEMORIAL FELLOWSHIP AND SCHOLARSHIP

*"But leaving here a name I trust,
That shall not perish in the dust."*

Of a similar sort are the Fellowships and Scholarships, where the income from modest sums are used to pay the expenses of students who are usually selected on the basis of special promise or worthiness.

Such funds are not loans but rewards, and by their use the student is stimulated to increased efficiency.

The Fellowship is awarded to men or women of special promise in order that they may prosecute advanced studies in the field covered by the endowment.

Both are exceedingly important to Academic life. Oglethorpe needs both.

Through both, one, being dead, may yet speak.

OTHER MEMORIAL GIFTS

*"On all this folk, both low and high,
A grief hath fallen beyond men's fears;
There cometh a throbbing of many tears,
A sound as of water falling;
For when great men die,
A mighty name and a bitter cry
Rise up from a nation, calling".*

The sad part about death in the average home is that it is Death.

With the passing of the body to the Long Home the Life is ended.

Thus the whole life, as well as the body is put into the grave. That is tragedy.

One night in Grenada, Mississippi, a young couple waited by the pulpit of the Presbyterian church to speak to the President of Oglethorpe University.

"We heard you tell the Oglethorpe Story this morning," the woman said, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Yes," said her husband, "and we have been talking it over," his lips quivering, "We had a little boy. On his birthday we put a little sum in the bank for him and we and others of the family had added to it from time to time until it reached nearly a hundred dollars. And then he died."

There was silence for a moment.

"And we thought," the mother began, but the father had to continue it.

"We've been talking it over and we have decided to give it all to you. We want to put his whole little life into Oglethorpe!"

An immortal life thus entered an eternal work.

The day will never dawn wherein that little life shall not speak.

No sun shall ever set upon its finished work for the Good, the True and the Beautiful.

There are so many other ways whereby you and your loved ones may live forever in the lives of those you have blessed, at Oglethorpe.

There is the Library, with its need of books. Who can measure the influence in a University's life of even a small endowment wherewith to purchase the best books for the department in which you or your Loved One had special interest? There are indeed many good books in your own library that you never use as there are many students at Oglethorpe who would love to use them.

Then there is the Museum and the Observatory, and the need of works of art on the walls and under glass. There is the campus with its gates, its bridges and its walks to be built, and the Athletic field, and the chimes in the chapel tower and—

A little while is yet left you in which you may grasp this "Way of Immortality."

This is the prayer to you to join that little band of choice spirits

"Who live again in lives made better by their presence,

In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn

Of miserable aims that end in self,

In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars

And with their mild persistence, light men's search

To vaster issues."

Have you in your heart a desire for "The Memorial that Lives," to yourself or to a loved one?

If so, will you not let me come and talk to you about it personally?

THORNWELL JACOBS,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

The Case For Oglethorpe University

During the past twenty-five years, I have asked the public of America to back me in the *refounding of Oglethorpe University*. They have responded liberally. The University now possesses what is probably the finest college campus in the Southern States, six hundred acres of beautifully wooded land, containing an eighty acre lake, on Peachtree Road, in the suburbs of Atlanta. Over one million and a quarter dollars is safely invested in gran-

ite buildings and excellent equipment, ideally adapted for educational purposes. *Over five thousand students* have attended the University in this quarter of a century. Many thousands more have been influenced by addresses, publications, magazines, and radio lectures. I feel that the money that the public has given to Oglethorpe University has not only been well invested but also has been well used.

Oglethorpe lacks only one thing—an endowment. I am now asking all of my friends and all of the friends of Oglethorpe University to give us that endowment. We need approximately \$1,000,000, the interest on which would adequately support the present activities of the college.

I am making this request because of certain compelling reasons. These reasons are those which led me to refound Oglethorpe University. They existed then; they exist today.

The first of these reasons is that mass education has triumphed in America. Instead of training men with the meticulous care that was generously showered upon the student in the old days, thousands of boys and girls are herded together in our big universities, like so many robots, where they are exposed to the indifferent care of a faculty that is so large and unwieldy that the President does not know all of his teachers. Universities, under such circumstances, are no longer institutions for training character but fall an easy prey to every known kind of evil. It is unnecessary to particularize. Any one who reads the papers, knows what I am talking about.

TAILOR-MADE EDUCATION

Against this mania for mass-education, with its sloppy, godless and heartless methods, Oglethorpe University practices the principle of *Tailor-made education for hand-made men.* It keeps before itself the ideal of a school wherein every professor knows every student in his classes, personally, and every student has brought to bear upon him the influence of every teacher, from the President right on down.

SECTARIAN EDUCATION

That part of American college work which has not succumbed to mass-education is largely in the hands of *sectarian institutions.* Where the state schools avoid all religious influences and affiliations, the sectarian institutions inevitably become centers, rabid or mild, for denominational propaganda. Where the state institutions tend to become atheistic and ultimately immoral, the denominational institutions tend to become narrow-minded and religiously bigoted.

COMMON RELIGION

Against both these types of education, Oglethorpe University *maintains, teaches and endeavors to exemplify common religion.*

that pure religion which underlies all denominations, and all worship, of all peoples, of all ages— “quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.”

The *fundamentals of common religion* can and should be taught everywhere, but most *especially in universities and colleges*. They constitute the common ground for united effort in the maintenance of morals and good conduct everywhere. Unfortunately, they are not taught universally. Denominational institutions tend constantly to go much further and to stress the differences between their own creeds and sects and those of other sects. State institutions eschew the whole subject, fearing sectarian complications and criticism. Only institutions which are privately endowed are in position to emphasize *the common faith of all humanity*. Even some of them are unable to do so.

The president of one of the great universities of America recently told me that at his university they were endeavoring to preserve, as far as possible, the advantages of the small college; that, however, it was *impracticable to assemble the students* as he had just seen ours assemble to hear presentations of faith, morals and religion; that if he were to propose it to the faculty they would vote it down, and if they voted in favor of it *there would be a riot on the campus*.

In most of the great universities of the country *the students have gotten entirely out of hand*. They literally dominate the institution. Presidents and members of the faculty are morally cowed by their demands for liberty, which oftentimes are actually for license. The average college president would fear for his academic life if he opposed the will of the student body or even of the alumni. Most of them should be named after the Indian chieftain: “*Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse*.”

On our campus, the Protestant, and the Catholic, and the Jew, and the Holy Roller are equally at home, *not believing less but believing more*. They study religion in class together. They worship in chapel together. We believe with John Erskine that “Where morality—that is, personal obligation and responsibility—is not taught from the home up, the educational system becomes first an expensive folly, then an organized racket.”

But, in addition to these two important things that Oglethorpe is not, there are others that Oglethorpe is. Here are some of them.

1. Remembering that the bull is half the herd, Oglethorpe University has, for many years, maintained *a faculty of unusual excellence and ability*. A recent survey revealed the astonishing fact that the proportion of the members of her faculty to be found in WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA is larger than that of any other college or university in the United States.

2. The cosmopolitan nature of her faculty is more marked than that of any “small college” in the United States, this faculty having been drawn from Maine to California. Oddly enough and of course purely by accident, there is only one native born Geor-

gian teaching on the campus. There are five foreign born professors.

3. The campus of the University is perhaps the most remarkable of any college in the south in that it embraces six hundred acres of woodland and meadow, including an eighty-acre lake, located in the suburbs of the capital of the South and on her best highway and railway lines.

4. The buildings of the University are beyond doubt the handsomest in the state of Georgia, being constructed of Elberton blue granite, covered with variegated slates, collegiate Gothic architecture and as fireproof as human skill can make them.

5. Oglethorpe University possesses the only known contemporary portrait of General James Edward Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, and one of the few contemporary oil portraits of Sir John Percival, president of the Board of Trustees which established the commonwealth.

6. Oglethorpe University is the only college for men in Georgia which, on account of her form of ownership and control, is able to teach pure science without interference from ecclesiastical courts and pure religion without interference from state and city politicians.

7. Oglethorpe University can at present boast that it is the only college or university in the state, of class "A" standing, to be fully and legally inspected and accredited by the Board of Education of the State of Georgia.

8. Oglethorpe University is the only university in the world that is making the positive and unique effort to *preserve our present day civilization by the construction of a Crypt* in which the life of the present day will be housed in the form of microfilms, models, records, movies, manuscripts, and in many other forms, an attempt which has excited the interest of the whole civilized world and which will, no doubt, be copied by governments and other universities hereafter.

9. Oglethorpe University is the only college for men in the State of Georgia which offers a complete course in Commercial and Fine Art.

10. Oglethorpe University is the only college or university in Georgia to possess a complete set of college chimes. Broadcasts of these chimes have been heard from Canada to New Zealand.

11. Oglethorpe University is the only college or university in the South and one of the few in America which owns and operates its own University Press, all of the work being done by student labor. The University Press not only prints the college paper and annual, including a literary quarterly and a bi-monthly poetry magazine but also prints and publishes volumes of poetry, science, novels, and other literary works.

12. Oglethorpe University has begun work on what is believed to be the only granite college stadium in the United States.

13. Oglethorpe University is believed to possess a roll of hon-

orary alumni whose standing and achievements are proportionately unequalled by any small college in the United States, including two presidents of the United States—Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Delano Roosevelt; the greatest publisher on earth—William Randolph Hearst; national leaders in commerce, business administration and finance such as J. T. Lupton and Bernard M. Baruch; world famous scientists, such as Harlow Shapley, of Harvard; senators and governors, college presidents, deans of universities, bishops and ministers and internationally known editors, educators and poets.

14. Oglethorpe University is the only university in America that, having died for her country rose again from the dead after a sleep of half a century. The history of the old Oglethorpe dates back to 1823. As a classical institution of learning her career began in 1835 and she was thus the oldest independent college or university between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, south of the Virginia line. Such names as Sidney Lanier, Samuel K. Talmadge, James Woodrow, Joseph LeConte, Joseph R. Wilson, B. M. Palmer and J. H. Thornwell are associated with her early history and make her memory glorious.

I feel that *an institution which, during a quarter of a century of turmoil and distress, has been able to accomplish all of these things, is worthy of preservation.* It deserves an endowment. It has earned a permanent foundation upon which to base its future activities. It has made magnificent use of the talents which have been awarded it. Oglethorpe feels that the public should say to her: "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will set thee over many things."

And why do we appeal to *you*? For three reasons:

First, not being a state institution, *we have no legislature* to furnish us with funds by processes of taxation.

Secondly, not being owned and controlled by any ecclesiastical organization *we have no church* pledged to pay our deficits and support our operations.

Thirdly, having only just risen from the dead, *we have no wealthy alumni* to take care of our wants and remember us in their wills.

You are our state, our church, our alumni. We have none other to whom we can go.

Religious Life at Oglethorpe

BY THORNWELL JACOBS

Oglethorpe University *finds itself occupying a singularly important position* among the educational institutions of America. On account of its special character it is able to supply to an age

of unrest and doubt and ill will, the type of leadership that it most needs.

Broadly speaking, colleges and universities, like individuals, emphasize their differences and capitalize their points of divergence. Especially is that the case at the present time and in respect of the two great fields of instruction—*science and religion*.

Science, which includes such subjects as Chemistry, Biology and Physics, not only, but also Sociology, Government and Politics, is the special sphere to which *State controlled institutions* devote themselves. As is the father, so is the son. From the nature of the case they are unable, however, to mellow the hard realism of their instruction with the softening influences of religion, which is necessarily taboo on their campuses and in their class rooms. The consequences are most unfortunate in that *an education which does not take into account the spiritual and the religious is so much dynamite applied to the foundations of political and social structures.*

On the other hand, there is the *Denominational College* which is at full liberty to teach the type of religion professed and enjoyed by the denomination which built it but which must be at least a silent and often a blatant propagandist for a special sect. Also, they must be loyal to the church which gives them support and cannot, therefore, teach science in its fullness and completeness because of the irrepressible conflict which would arise between old fashioned creeds and modern science. As a consequence, the education furnished at denominational institutions tends to be sectarian, propagandist and lopsided. Their graduates go out into the world ill-informed in modern science and ill prepared to defend their faith against its supposed attacks.

Oddly enough, Oglethorpe University has discovered itself to be a protagonist for what might be called *common religion*, using the word as one would in saying common sense. Just as all sane people have common sense, and all people who can hear have common hearing, and all people with good eyes have common sight, so all people who are normal have, underlying their theological attractions and repulsions, a common religion. This religion can be emphasized, can be taught, and can be put into practice on the campus of every college, but state institutions eschew it entirely and denominational institutions pass it up for their own particular brand.

Yet, it is common religion which is really important. It is that which all creeds and churches have in common which holds them together. It is that in which they differ from each other which incites their prejudice and animosities.

Here, at Oglethorpe, we teach it very simply. For example, the President of the University this morning, spoke to the students on the essence of religion. He compressed it into three statements. One has to do with the relationship of the individual to the universe around him, which is God. Another has to do

with his relationship to his *fellowmen*. The third has to do with his relationship to *his own self*, his own life, his own soul.

No one has ever stated the case with quite the clearness of Jesus Christ who said, when he was asked to summarize religion: "*Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy strength and with all thy mind.*" This is the first and greatest commandment.

No one should understand and appreciate these words more fully than a college professor or student who, better than any other class, know what it means to love God *with all thy mind*. They love physics, or chemistry, or biology, or literature, or art, or psychology, or history, and the other subjects which they elect to study at college. From the beginning they should be taught that all these things are God.

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, the seas, the plains,
Are not these, oh soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Speak to Him, thou, for He hears and spirit with spirit can meet,
Nearer is He than breathing and closer than hands or feet."

And the second great commandment is like unto the first. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Its fullest exposition is in the Golden Rule which comes down to us, at least from the days of Confucius: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. They constitute the Bible and the hymn book.

But Jesus himself, pointed out, in common with all the great religious leaders of the world, that one must not only maintain a right relationship to the universe, which is God, and to society, which is his fellowman but to himself also. This relationship He summarized in the old fashioned word "faith." "Have faith in God!" "Fear not, only believe." "Be it done unto you according to your faith." Such expressions as these constitute the background of his teachings and of wise education everywhere. They command and induce courage, confidence, certainty of a happy ending to the great human drama and to the individual human life.

These three—reverence for and faith in God; kindness to and faith in man, and respect for and faith in one's own dignity and destiny are the fundamentals of common religion, as taught at Oglethorpe University.

Radio Division of Oglethorpe University

Station WJTL

1370 Kilocycles

SESSION OF 1931-32

Autumn, Winter and Spring Terms

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION

BY RADIO

General Headquarters

1201 16th St., N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

August 13, 1931

Mr. M. L. Duggan,
State Commissioner of Education,
State Capitol,
Atlanta, Georgia.

My Dear Mr. Duggan:

The National Committee on Education by Radio is greatly interested in the radio division of Oglethorpe University. It is a project of great promise and possibility. It represents the kind of pioneer spirit and courage which we believe are particularly needed at this time both in radio and education.

We feel sure that you will be as sympathetic and helpful as possible in encouraging the development of this enterprise especially in seeing that worthy students who earn credits in this way are not handicapped in having their credits recognized.

It was good to see you at Los Angeles. We greatly appreciate the fine work that you are doing in Georgia. It is an unusual opportunity and you are making the most of it. I am sending a copy of this letter to President Jacobs of Oglethorpe.

Cordially yours,

JOY ELMER MORGAN, Chairman.

JEM:hm

ANNOUNCEMENT OF COURSES

On June 5th, 1931 Oglethorpe University inaugurated a complete program of *college education by lectures over the radio*, supported by correspondence, conferences and examinations. These courses are conducted in a standard, permanent and systematic manner and are the full equivalent of similar courses offered in the class rooms of the University.

The territory covered by the broadcasting station is that of greater Atlanta and the courses are offered on a convenient schedule during the mornings, afternoons and evenings of six days of the week. The courses offered which are summarized below are designed to constitute the greater part of a standard college education. Until television has been successfully accomplished it will be impossible to teach certain subjects successfully over the

radio but such courses as those in English, History, Education, Sociology, languages, etc., are included in the program.

The *lecture periods* are the same in length (fifty minutes) as those in use on the campus of the University.

The *tuition charge* is \$15.00 per year hour (one minor) the same as that for the other divisions of the university. This means that a course, one hour per day for three days of the week during a radio term of approximately three months (3 term hours) will cost \$15.00. Any person desiring to enroll for the courses offered should fill out the blank inclosed with this circular and mail it immediately to Oglethorpe University, Oglethorpe University, Georgia with check to cover the cost of the courses desired. The applicant will then be enrolled as a regular student of Oglethorpe University and will be notified as to what text or texts should be purchased and be given general instructions as to how to avail himself of the lectures offered. The schedule of the radio courses will be forwarded to him or her and will also be published in the local Atlanta newspapers daily. The student who is a candidate for a college degree is required to do the work in a regular and systematic manner, to attend the radio lectures regularly, make notes thereon, submit them to the professor in charge for examination and criticism, study the texts and correspondence sheets furnished by the University, meet the professor at convenient intervals for conferences and guidance, either personally or by telephone, stand the customary examinations at the close of the work and, of course, pay the regular tuition fees. After each lecture the student is required to forward the notes made on the lecture immediately by mail to the professor in charge for criticism and review and is expected also to append thereto any questions that he may desire to have answered and this will be done by radio at the next lecture period. Questions may also be telephoned to the lecturer at any time during the lecture. They will be answered at once.

Careful tests will be made to determine the exact quality of the work done over the radio as compared with that done in the present Extension department and on the campus. Comparative results will show the relative value of radio work and relative college credits will be granted accordingly. In as much as it is confidently believed that this work will be the full equivalent of that done in the other divisions *equal course credits will be given from the beginning and until and unless* the University finds that the work done differs in quality from that done in other divisions of the University. The radio division is of equal standing, dignity and order with the undergraduate and graduate departments of the University. The studio has been installed on the University campus. The equipment is the best purchasable with crystal control and complete modulation and with it the University has been assured that it will be possible to completely cover with a dependable signal the territory of greater Atlanta.

The Radio Division was inaugurated beginning with such courses as were deemed most practicable for radio instruction. The broadcasting station operates under the *call letters WJTL* being thus named for Mr. John Thomas Lupton, donor of Lupton Hall in which the station is located and donor also of the equipment of the station itself. It is perhaps the only station in America which is operated exclusively for educational purposes.

Students who desire to enroll should select their courses from those listed below, fill out the enrollment blank which is enclosed with this circular and mail check to cover the cost of the courses at once. For further information call Cherokee 1017 or write to the President, Oglethorpe University, Ga.

The college year is divided into four quarters or terms, each approximately three months in length. They are the Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer terms. See Radio Calendar.

This catalog describes the courses to be offered during the Autumn, Winter, and Spring terms, 1931-32.

RADIO DIVISION CALENDAR 1931-32

September 23— <i>Wednesday</i>	Autumn Term Opens
January 2— <i>Saturday</i>	Autumn Term Closes
January 4— <i>Monday</i>	Winter Term Opens
March 21— <i>Monday</i>	Winter Term Closes
March 22— <i>Tuesday</i>	Spring Term Opens
June 4— <i>Saturday</i>	Spring Term Closes
June 6— <i>Monday</i>	Summer Term Opens
September 21— <i>Wednesday</i>	Summer Term Ends

Beginners' course in German by Dr. H. J. Gaertner. One hour per day for three days per week. College credit, one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

Mental Hygiene by Dr. H. J. Gaertner. One hour per day for three days per week for three terms. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

The History and Appreciation of Music by Dr. Mark Burrows. One hour per day for six days per week, three terms. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

The History of English Literature by Dr. James Routh. One hour per day for six days a week, three terms. College credit two hours (two minors) per term. Tuition charge \$30.00 per term.

Thesis Writing, by Dr. James Routh. One hour per week for three terms. College credit one hour (one minor.) Tuition charge \$15.00 for the three terms.

The History and Literature of Georgia by Dr. W. F. Melton. One hour per day for two days per week. College credit two hours (two minors) for three terms. Tuition charge \$10.00 per term.

American Literature by Dr. W. F. Melton. One hour per day for three days per week. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term, three terms.

The Short Story, by Dr. W. F. Melton. One hour per day for three days per week. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term, fall and winter terms.

Literature and Life, by Dr. W. F. Melton. One hour per day for three days per week. College credit one hour (one minor). Tuition charge \$15.00 per term, spring term.

Psychology for the Writer by Dr. W. F. Melton. One hour per day for two days per week. College credit two thirds hours (two-thirds minor) per term. Tuition charge \$10.00 per term. (Credit in either English or Psychology.) Fall and winter terms.

Newspaper and Magazine Writing by Dr. W. F. Melton. One hour per day for three days per week. College credit one hour (one minor). Tuition charge \$15.00 per term, spring term.

Beginners' Conversational Spanish, by Prof. Francisco Perez. One hour per day for three days of the week. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

Beginners' Conversational French by Mlle. Madeleine Groleau. One hour per day for three days per week, three terms. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

The History and Interpretation of the Bible by Dr. D. Witherspoon Dodge. One hour per day for six days per week for three terms. College credit two hours (two minors) per term. Tuition fee \$30.00 per term.

Comparative Religions, Dr. D. Witherspoon Dodge. One hour per day for three days per week for three terms. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

Contemporaneous Civilization, by Dr. D. Witherspoon Dodge. One hour per day for three days per week, three terms. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

Philosophy, by Dr. Witherspoon Dodge. One hour per day for three days per week, three terms. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

Text Book: *An Introduction to Philosophy* by Prof. G. T. W. Patrick.

A Study of Society by Dr. Witherspoon Dodge. One hour per day for three days per week, three terms. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

Text book: *An Introduction to Sociology*, by Jerome Davis and Harry Elmer Barnes.

Economic Problems, by Dr. Wallace McCook Cunningham. One hour per day for three days per week, three terms. College credit one hour (one minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

Business Problems by Dr. Wallace McCook Cunningham. One hour per day for three days per week. College credit one hour

(one minor) per term, three terms. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

The Human Body, Its Use and Abuse, by Dr. M. H. Hunt. One hour per week for three terms. College Credit one hour (one minor) for total of three terms. Tuition charge \$15.00 for total of three terms.

TWO NEW COURSES WILL BEGIN NOVEMBER FIRST, 1931

Health and Parental Education by Dr. Willis A. Sutton, one hour per week for a total of three terms, college credit one hour (1 minor) for a total of three terms. Tuition fee, \$5.00 per term.

This course by Dr. Sutton has been planned for Saturday morning from eight thirty to nine twenty so as to be available for parents and teachers not only but also for students all over the city. Oglethorpe University will give a college credit of one hour (1 minor) to all persons who do this work in a thorough and systematic manner, directions for which are given on pages two and three of this catalog. The course comprehends a general discussion of the proper attitude of the individual toward his health; proper diet; sleep, rest and recreation; use of the discoveries of modern medical science and a general discussion of preventive medicine. The part of the course devoted to Parental Education will cover the health habits of the child, their effect on his after life and his whole physical, intellectual and moral care from infant to adult.

Second Year French by Mademoiselle Madeleine Groleau, three hours per week for three terms, college credit one hour (1 minor) per term. Tuition charge \$15.00 per term.

This course is designed for the large percentage of persons who have had one or two years instruction in French, either at High School or College or by private lessons. It is a continuation of the conversational method used during the first year and leads up to the study of French literature.

The course in Beginners' Conversational French described elsewhere in this catalog will also begin on or about November 1st, 1931.

METHOD OF REGISTRATION

All persons desiring to take the Radio courses in a regular and systematic manner should fill out the matriculation sheet enclosed herewith and mail it accompanied by a check to cover the course or courses desired as stated above. It is not necessary in order to take these courses for one to become a candidate for a degree immediately. Later on if you desire to do so, the proper credentials can be supplied to the registrar, enabling any student to qualify as a candidate for the bachelor's degree. All students desiring to do this work in a systematic manner should provide themselves immediately with a good *loose leaf notebook* and with such texts as may be required by the professors in charge. All

professors may be reached by day over the University phone and by night at their homes. Notes *must* be taken by candidates for degrees on all lectures and *must* be mailed to the professor of the subject taken the following day as evidence of attendance on classes and for the purposes of correction and advice. All students who are candidates for degrees are also required to take the final, general comprehensive examinations such as are required in all other departments of the University.

All courses at Oglethorpe University whether by radio, on the campus or by extension are of equal value and may be used interchangeably for credit toward degrees upon approval of the dean of the department in which the student is working.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF EDUCATION

May 31st, 1927.

Dr. H. J. Gaertner,
Oglethorpe University,
Oglethorpe University, Ga.

Dear Dr. Gaertner:

I wish to take this occasion to thank you for the great interest you have taken in devising opportunity for quite a number of Atlanta teachers to do work toward their Master's degree. I wish to state that all the teachers taking this work have spoken to me in the very highest terms of the instructors under whom they did work during the past year. I am sure that the stimulation which has come from these sources, will be of great value to us in the Atlanta System.

I shall be very glad to have you send me a certificate of graduation if it is not too much trouble. It will be necessary to have this in order to award credit in our salary schedule for advanced salary ratings.

Yours very truly,
H. REID HUNTER,
Supt. in Charge of High Schools.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

M. L. DUGGAN, *State Superintendent of Schools*
ATLANTA
August 24, 1931

Mr. W. W. Gaines,
Atlanta National Bank Bldg.,
Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Sir:

Please be advised that it has always been the custom of the State Department of Education to accept the work from Oglethorpe University as that from a standard four-year college. It is our custom to issue college certificates to the graduates of this institution.

We have been officially notified by Oglethorpe University that the new state standards have been adopted by this institution and will be rigidly adhered to.

Very truly yours,
JANIE HEARN

JH:N

Assistant Director Certification

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION
 BY RADIO

General Headquarters
 1201 16th St., N. W.
 WASHINGTON, D. C.
 August 13, 1931

Mr. M. L. Duggan,
 State Commissioner of Education,
 State Capitol,
 Atlanta, Georgia.

My Dear Mr. Duggan:

I am very much interested in the type of pioneer work being done by Oglethorpe University in broadcasting college classes by radio. President Jacobs has adequately safeguarded all academic requirements by requiring personal conferences between students and instructors, notes taken of lectures handed in, and term, semi-term and final examinations given on the campus by the instructor.

I am sure that there should be no discrimination in the way of credits given, shown students in these radio classes. Any encouragement you can give to this project will I am sure be in the interest of education, as we feel radio will prove one of its most valuable tools.

Cordially yours,
TRACY F. TYLER, Executive As-
 sistant Research Director.

TFT:hm

From The Atlanta Journal, Sunday, July 23, 1933

**COLLEGE EDUCATION BY RADIO SUGGESTED FOR SPARE
 TIME**

Editor of The Journal: Soon the shortened work day will become general and we shall have time on our hands. How are we going to use it?

Into our present situation comes a ray of light and hope that this increased leisure may be so used that advancement in thought and true civilization may follow. But how can we think wisely if we don't know the facts?

For thousands of Atlantians this problem has already been solved by the "University of the Air"—the radio division of Oglethorpe University. For the past two years this Georgia university

has led the world by broadcasting a full college course daily from its own radio station. To quote from memory, after listening in every day for two years, the lectures embrace such subjects as:

Cosmic history, comparative religions, contemporary civilization, commercial courses—banking, stocks and bonds, real estate; political economy, the Spanish language, short story writing, English literature, music, demonstrated with records, and beginners' German, which, to the writer, has been the most fascinating study of all. Language study by radio has many advantages and has proved a decided success.

This letter is written in appreciation of the enterprise and generosity of Oglethorpe University and the philanthropists who made this radio course possible. No doubt, many others in Atlanta and its environs will be happy to learn of this privilege. No longer in Georgia can we make the excuse: "I have no education. I never had a chance!"

FRANK W. DAY.

Cascade Heights, Atlanta.

SCHOOL OF RADIO BROADCASTING

Oglethorpe University announces the inauguration of a School of Radio Broadcasting, especially designed to prepare students for the technical, the commercial, the production and the managerial departments of Radio work. Four distinct courses will be offered, the first, a one year course, prepares the student to obtain a Government license of the commercial second class or of the unlimited broadcast class. This course is outlined below.

The second, a two year course, prepares the student for the position of Program Director and at the same time enables him to obtain a Junior College diploma.

The third prepares the student for the position of Studio Manager. To these three courses an extra year may be added at the successful completion of which the student will receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Radio Broadcasting.

It is believed that this is the first school of Aerial Journalism established in the history of the world.

Oglethorpe University is the first college in America to plan systematic college work leading to proficiency in Radio Studio Management and Program Directing. Students who heretofore have had to attend technical schools of Radio can now get this work in connection with such college studies as they may wish to take, in addition, for a liberal education. Those who are especially ambitious may get a college degree while specializing in Radio practice and qualifying for a calling or profession.

The Station WJTL of Oglethorpe will provide first hand information and familiarity with actual work, the existence in Atlanta of the radio regional director's office will facilitate keeping

in touch with the requirements laid down by the United States Government, and licenses issued by the Government can be passed on in Atlanta.

The courses outlined below are founded upon standard college work in Physics, Chemistry, English, Foreign languages, and business courses described in our general catalogue which may be had upon application. To these have been added certain special courses necessary for equipping the student professionally in the art and business of broadcasting.

The work will be under the direction of the Radio staff of WJTL and the regular faculty of the university.

The courses are as follows:

SUMMARY OF COURSES

Course for U. S. License

(Leading to U. S. license for Commercial Second Class or Unlimited Broadcast)

Radio Theory	3 credit hrs.
Radio Laboratory	3 credit hrs.
Code Practice	5 credit hrs.
English Composition, Spoken and Written ...	3 credit hrs.
Typing	3 credit hrs.
	<hr/>
	17 credit hrs.

Course for Program Director and Junior College Course Leading Towards a College Degree

(Three terms a year for two years.)

English Composition, Spoken and Written ...	3 credit hrs.
English Literature	6 credit hrs.
Two Years Work in each of Two Languages...	12 credit hrs.
Physics	4 credit hrs.
Studio Management, A and B	6 credit hrs.
Hist. and Apprecia'n of Music	3 credit hrs.
	<hr/>
	34 credit hrs.

Course for Studio Manager

To the Junior College course add:

Accounting	4 credit hrs.
Two Business Courses or, for students specializing in technical work, Math and Advanced Physics,	6 credit hrs.
Drama	2 credit hrs.
Advanced Writing	3 credit hrs.
	<hr/>
	15 credit hrs.

For a College Degree Add to the Course for Studio Manager:

Psychology	3 credit hrs.
Chemistry	4 credit hrs.
Cosmic History	1 credit hr.
Radio Theory and Lab (Physics)	6 credit hrs.
Studio Management C	3 credit hrs.

17 credit hrs.

RADIO THEORY

Radio Theory (A)

This course is of a technical nature designed for those who wish to secure a United States Government radio operator's license, broadcast class.

Every phase of radio including the fundamental principles of electricity and magnetism, motors, generators, storage batteries, radio theory, radio broadcast transmitters and studio equipment, and radio laws and regulations will be thoroughly covered. In addition special work in the fields of air craft, radio equipment, talking pictures, television, geophysical research, radio equipment, etc., will be taught.

Upon completion of this course the student will have a knowledge of radio equal if not superior to that taught by any radio school in the United States and he will be more adequately prepared to pass the Government examinations.

Six hours of lecture classes and six hours of laboratory per week are required. Three units of credit are given for the theory and the three for the laboratory work. In addition the student may or may not take fifteen hours of code practice per week depending on whether he wishes a restricted or an unrestricted broadcast license. Five hours of credit are given for the fifteen hours of code practice.

Radio Theory (B)

This technical course is somewhat similar to the one listed above except that it is designed to prepare the student for the United States Government commercial second class radio operator's license.

The fundamental principles of electricity and magnetism, radio theory, motors, generators, storage batteries, and radio laws and regulations will be thoroughly covered. Broadcast transmitters and equipment, air craft radio, television, talking pictures, geophysical research, radio equipment, etc., will be touched upon. An intensive and minute study of continuous wave transmission, and transmitters, commercial and ship equipment, will be undertaken.

Six hours of lecture classes and six hours of laboratory work per week are required. Also fifteen hours of code practice per week is necessary. Three hours of credit are given for the theory, three for the laboratory work, and five for the code practice.

STUDIO MANAGEMENT

Studio Management (A and B)

A two year course of a practical nature completely covering every phase of studio work from the first principle of microphone approach to the formulation and direction of a complete radio program.

Announcing, continuity work, production, and program direction are the four general divisions to be covered during the four years. Subdivided under these general heads will be found such specialized subjects as voice culture, commercial and sustained continuities, plays, presentation of programs, arrangement of artists and instruments, selection of talent, acoustics, arrangement of programs, selling over the air, news value, etc.

Six hours per year for two years. Six hours of credit are given for the twelve hours work.

Studio Management (C)

A course for the senior year of those who are working for the Bachelor of Radio Broadcasting degree.

The purpose of this course is to correlate practically and theoretically the various courses taken during the preceding years. The knowledge gained during those three years will be classified and consolidated finally and concretely in the mind of the student, while the managerial aspect of studio work will be especially emphasized.

The courses in the Commercial Branch of the Radio Broadcasting Course include Research (statistics, sales plan, rates, merchandising, sales promotion, selling); Advertising (distribution, good will, publicity, sales results); Entertainment (founded on a knowledge of English with incidental knowledge of modern languages covering announcing); Languages (Italian, French and German, voice culture, public speaking, singing, history of music, articulation, inflection); Music Study Appreciation (production, microphone placement, presentation, frequency of tone, acoustics, instruments and instrumentation); Plans and Sales Ideas; Contest Idea Department (commercial musical adaptations); Directing of Programs (brilliance, speed, selection of talent, balancing, timing, gauging); Program Directing (selection of talent, auditions, sale of talent, arrangement of programs, prestige, *what not to sell*, news value, listeners interest); Radio Writing (rhetoric, commercial continuity, dramatic writing, typing); The Ethics of the Air including a study of the rules and regulations of the Federal Radio Commission, the best practices in salesmanship and commercial ethics.

The above constitute the outline of the special professional subjects covered in the courses offered the students who desire to become proficient in the commercial or entertainment divisions of Radio Broadcasting.

Preservers of Life

An Address Before the Agents of THE SOUTHERN STATES LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY, Members of ANNIVERSARY CLUB,

August 5th, 1921

(Stenographer's Report)

By THORNWELL JACOBS, L.L. D.,

President of Oglethorpe University

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—In the charming narratives of Herodotus, the “father of history”, and most delightful of all story-tellers, is a description, which he gives of an Egyptian ceremony held annually in the Spring. It was the custom of the Egyptian planters, having hunted out branches of the wild palm in the desert, to bring them and wave them over the date palms, which they cultivated. Just why they did it they did not know; excepting that if it were not done they would harvest no dates. Therefore with them it was an unvarying custom. It was only recently that our modern biologists discovered the cause. The wild palm trees were of the male sex, and the cultivated date palm was the female of the species. Waving the branches loosened the pollen, and made it possible for the Egyptians to reap a harvest of dates. I think there are very few natural illustrations, which set forth more clearly and more pointedly the relationships, which may exist between things, that seem to us at first sight to be widely unrelated, and tonight, as I look over this group of men and women enjoying this festive occasion, my mind cannot help going back a long long way.

It is an old saying that history has long roots, and such an occasion as this takes one in thought and in logic back to the very beginning of things, for as I heard the story (by President Moore) of the gathering of this splendid group of successful men, of the reasons why they are here, and of the work that they have done in the past, it seems to me inevitable that such a word as I should speak to you tonight should begin with the reminder, if reminder be necessary, that we are but lately come, scarcely an hour ago, from that fierce struggle for existence, in the welter of which all businesses, and all professions, and all great mercantile and financial agencies are at present, as in the past, desperately engaged. Nor am I thinking so much of that vast cataclysm, which has engulfed this generation in the loss of billions of dollars and millions of lives, because that, as other developments in history, likewise has long roots, and it goes back into the ages.

It is an old saying that Nature is in tooth and claw red with

blood, and certainly the origin of all that we hold dear, can be traced back along a line of bloody footsteps to the dawn of history first, through pre-historic days second, and on, back and back and back, to that primal beginning of things lost in the dim vista of the ages that are gone.

I suspect that there are very few of us who have not at times felt just what that fierce struggle means. It matters not what our business or in what profession we may be engaged, we know very well that it is a desperate thing to attempt to live well. You gentlemen know it is just about as hard a proposition to keep a fortune as it is to make one, and it is a harder proposition for the man, who has to care for himself, to keep himself, than it is for him, having inherited a good body and a good fortune, to receive it at the hands of his parents.

Now the thing that particularly directed me to this theme of thought was that I know that parallel to this strange struggle for life has been what Mr. Henry Drummond so aptly styled the struggle for the life of others. That also goes back a long long way. There are very few studies in natural history more fascinating than the study of the origin of human love, of the struggle for the life of others. There are very few men, who have taken the study and the care to work out that thought from its origin in their daily affairs. A few suggestions may be worth while in that connection.

It is an interesting thought that all of the foods of life are love foods, and the product of the struggle for the life of others. About three-fourths of the world lives on rice, and the balance on wheat, but it is that struggle for the perpetuation of the species implanted in the very beginning, that makes it possible to grow the grain, and make the substance which feeds the world. Practically all of the drinks of the world are the product of the same principle, the same natural tendency, whether it be milk or whether it be the rich juices of the grape. It springs from that desire implanted in Nature to perpetuate the species, to unite the sexes, to provide for the future of the race. All of the music of life is a love product, whether it be the singing of the birds in the Springtime, or the splendid sonatas of our musical composers. In short, there is very little worth while on this earth, that is not the product of a struggle for the life of others. Now, human life, as we see it today in Atlanta, and elsewhere, consists of these two struggles, that are going on perpetually, that fierce bitter contention for food to eat, raiment to wear, shelter to house, that we call the struggle for life, and parallel with it that splendid service to humanity, the struggle for the life of others. Now the struggle for life is only incidental here, but what is so adequately represented by this assembly tonight is the struggle for the life of others. Some of those men, who have through their efforts in the struggle been most successful in the accumulation

of riches, have at a certain period in their lives, mellowed by the passage of years, turned and given away their millions that the lives of others might be preserved and made happy.

But, taking these two classes of men, the man working for himself and struggling for life, and the man working for others and struggling for their lives, we need only remind ourselves of something like four different classes we meet on the street, which illustrate exactly the thought in our minds. One of these is a man struggling for the religious and moral life of others. We usually call him a preacher, a priest, or a rabbi. There is in his life a compulsion, which to him seems to make it necessary that he should speak to men about the preservation of their moral and religious character, and whether you find him on the street exhorting his fellows or in the pulpit preaching the gospel, the thing uppermost in his mind is this: that unless he strives for the preservation of a man's religious life, and the purification of his innermost thoughts, his morals will be contaminated, will be destroyed, and that much of him will perish. So we see these hundreds of thousands of men engaged all over the world in all religions, the priests of Buddha in India, the disciples of Confucius in China, and the ministers of all denominations in America, all struggling for the preservation of the moral and religious life of other men.

Another class we place by the side of them is struggling for the intellectual life of the race. Such a man is usually associated with some college or university, newspaper, or magazine. The thing he is trying to do is to get some new thought, that the world has not yet thought, some new discovery that the world has not yet known, and let everybody have it, and whether he besieges his brethren, in order that he may collect his thousands to build his college, or whether he organizes a stock company to promote a new magazine, if he is dealing with the printed page, or the dormitory and the academic hall, the thing he is trying to do is to preserve the intellectual life of his race. He wishes that Homer shall not be forgotten, and that Virgil's Aeneid shall not be buried again beneath the dust of ages. He has made up his mind that there shall not be another renaissance, but all the years to come shall be one perpetual illumination of the whole world by the best thoughts of the whole world.

Parallel with these two classes of men there is a third, the man struggling for the bodies of mankind. He is the physician. He is the man engaged in research work in Atlanta or New York or elsewhere, or who accidentally discovers this or that about this or that disease. He also is devoting practically all of his time to the elimination of pain and the destruction of death itself. He is happiest when he has discovered some new medicine or some new treatment in surgery, whereby under the most difficult circumstances and the most adverse conditions he is able to save a man from death. The world cares little for him until

the world's wife or the world's child or son is ill, and then there is no price too high to pay for that man, who knows something that nobody else knows, and who is able to come to that home and save the life of that wife or child.

Now these men are dealing with the moral and religious, the intellectual, and the physical life of mankind. We have not come so long a distance after all when I tell you that the fourth class is listening to me tonight, and to them I am endeavoring to express the views of their guests. To you and for them I wish to call your attention to the fact that you are engaged in preserving not the moral and religious life only, nor the intellectual life only, nor the physical life only, but you are engaged in preserving the whole life of every man, who is wise enough to listen to the things that you care to say to him. (Applause). A simple illustration will show how true that is, and how absolutely indispensable it is to civilization itself. On the campus of one of our great American Universities there is a dormitory building, in which 125 to 150 students are nightly engaged in their studies. The donor of that building lives in an adjoining city. It is only a little way to the college, of which he is an alumnus. Ofttimes in the late hours of the night after a busy day in the city this man is seen walking over the campus of his college, and invariably he stops at a certain point on the campus walk, and stands for minute after minute looking at the dormitory he built, all lighted in every window. There is this great manufacturing establishment, making men, 125 to 150 of them being manufactured annually therein. At one time a friend asked him "what are you looking at"? His answer was "I am looking at myself as I will be when I am not".

There is a way whereby the life of a man may be preserved past the hour of death. There is a way, whereby the protecting hand of a father can be extended past the grave. There is a way, whereby the things that he thought, and the plans that he laid, and the ideals that he cherished, and the purposes that were uppermost in his heart for his wife and children, will not be destroyed by any kind of death that might overtake him and it is your splendid privilege, gentlemen, to see that no man lacks the opportunity to protect himself beyond the grave, and, if he fails to live afterwards, it is his fault, and not yours. (Applause).

I shall not soon forget an evening in Grenada, Mississippi, a little village some of you may know, when some years ago I had the privilege of telling the story of the college with which I am associated. After the evening service a man and his wife came up to speak to me. The woman spoke first. I could see from her appearance and from the excited tone of her voice that she was laboring under some great anxiety or distress. "Dr. Jacobs," she said, "we had a little boy, and, when he was born, his grandfather gave him \$25.00 to start his bank account. We have added to it from time to time until this last month"—and there she

broke down, and the father took up the story. "Doctor, just last month the little boy died, and we have been talking about what we would do with his savings. We have made up our minds that we will put his whole little life into Oglethorpe—just \$100.00". Out there in those granite walls that little child will live forever, for that story will never cease to be told as long as there is a University there. You see there is a way, whereby even a little child can live forever on this earth, doing His will among men. I think that that is the thing you men want to get into your hearts, as you talk to men, from this moment, that, when you write an insurance policy, the thing you are doing is to preserve a life. You are fixing it so that a father can be a father after he is buried. You are fixing it so that a family can be held together after its chief is gone. You are fixing it so that the living of the family's life, and its aspirations for the education of its sons and daughters, shall not be stopped by the rude hand of death. You are making it possible for a man to live after he is dead.

Now, that is not the whole story because the next step goes still deeper. I suspect there is nothing that so bothers the sociologist today, or so distresses the true statesman, as the fact that in a great many of our free civilized nations the progeny that is being born is retrograding rapidly into imbecility. The stock is deteriorating. We do not have to go very far to see how simple and plain that is. These are business men here tonight. They are the Presidents of various Clubs and civic organizations of Atlanta, who are your guests. They will tell you that if it were not for the fact that cities like Atlanta, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, and others, are constantly drawing in fresh blood from the country, the brains and brawn of the city, the physical, mental, and moral life of the city would speedily deteriorate. The conditions of civilization today are such that it is absolutely essential that fresh air and fresh blood shall be continually poured into the great centers of population. The thing, that you men are doing, is this: you are preserving the life of a race. You are fixing it so that poverty and mal-nutrition with all their attendant ills shall not curse the United States of America. You are specializing with reference to the economic conditions of this country in such a way that you are insuring the kind of American citizen that shall be born in the next generation. (Applause).

And that's not the whole of the story. In fact we have just begun to burrow into that long, long root that all history holds and this thought is particularly applicable to this particular group of men, some thirty or forty of whom are here tonight—that you are making a special fight; you are making this kind of a fight; that you are determined that our Southern people, among whom you live and do business—it matters not whether they were born in Scotland, or New York, or Washington, or Kamchatka—shall hereafter win back their financial self-respect. (Applause).

I was reading the other day an article written by Mr. Robert

F. Moore, the Secretary of this organization. I was astonished by two statements. One is this: That in the years between 1861 and 1870 there were ninety-four insurance Companies founded in America. Of this ninety-four thirty-seven were founded in New York State, the financial center of America. Fifteen were founded in the South. Of that entire ninety-four Companies there are just two in existence today. One is the Metropolitan Life of New York and the other is the Maryland Life. That was one of the facts. The other fact was this: That there are today just about as many Insurance Companies in the Southern States as there were in the whole United States, including the South, in the year 1867, just two years after the close of the War between the States. The business that they did, as represented by the premium income, is fifty million dollars, and the premium income of the Southern Insurance Companies today is as large as the premium income of all of the Insurance Companies of the United States, including the South, was in the year 1867. The business written this year by Southern Insurance Companies was something like five hundred million dollars, and the outstanding insurance of Southern Insurance Companies is something like one billion two hundred and fifty million dollars, just within a slight percentage of the insurance business of the whole United States, including the South, in the year of 1867. As I thought on those simple facts there occurred to me the thought that these men are dealing with the greatest power that God has permitted the hands of men to handle. (Applause). And I am not speaking of millions of dollars—that's great enough—but I am speaking of the penny. I am speaking of the power of the saving of the nickel, and what it means to the individual, and to the Nation. I wonder how many men here have ever taken the trouble to figure out what would be the outcome of investing one penny in the days of Christ, and compounding it with good legal interest from that day to this. Your first guess would be that it mounts up to "thousands of dollars." But it is more than that. "Well, into hundreds of thousands of dollars." Yes and more too. Then your next guess will probably be millions of dollars. You have just begun. Listen to me while I tell you that one penny invested at compound interest at good legal rates in the time of Christ, and compounded until now, represents a sum so vast that you cannot even think it. Imagine this world, 25,000 miles in circumference and about 8,000 miles in diameter, composed of solid gold, and imagine such an amount of gold falling every minute for ninety-five hundred years, and you have got that sum. Now you say that's folly. Alright; begin to figure, and by the time you have passed the 14th century you are dealing with something long since past comprehension. Do that for yourself tonight after you go home. (Laughter).

That's the thing these men are dealing with. They are dealing with power that makes or destroys Nations. They are dealing

with a thing, that makes or destroys families, or makes or destroys the individual, and every life insurance man, who goes to any man, and pleads with him to save, is dealing with the greatest power that there is on this earth, because you can take a dollar, and you can buy a Bible, and convert a soul; you can build a University with it; you can do anything with it, because a dollar is power, and a million dollars is a million powers. These men are dealing with the greatest source of power in this world—and you plan to accumulate and then divert it to the protection of men and women and children on this earth.

The last thought I had in mind to say to you is something, that carries us a step further. You are also preservers of the life of Nations and civilization. I think it was Andrew Carnegie—who said that whenever the time comes that more than 1% of the population of any country is born rich, it is time for all citizens to be anxious, but, gentlemen, when 99% of the population of a country is poverty-stricken, and belongs to the class we call the predatory poor, red revolution will break forth inevitably. You have got to get men and women to feel that they have a stake in the common good, if you are going to have a government of any kind anywhere, and there is not but one way to do it. The average man is not a millionaire; he is not even a “Thousandaire”. The average man is a poor man working for a daily wage, but one thing the average man loves, and that is his wife and children. He can be interested in the protection of his wife and children. In many cases that is the only security the Government has—to make men feel that they must protect their families, that it is up to them to take out of their daily earnings a saving, whereby they can make their wives and children comfortable after they are gone, and, when you have gotten a man committed to that, you have placed one great stone in the foundation of government.

Now I trust that these words that I have said will show each one of you what we think of you and what we think of your job. You men are not life insurance agents at all. You belong to that class of men, of whom the Master said “He, who would be the greatest among you, let him be the servant of all.” You, like the minister, may not be richly paid, or, like the college man, may not draw a great salary, or, like the physician, may give your lives sometimes for your cause, but you are doing the biggest job, that God lets man attempt—you are preserving the lives of the people of your section, and the life of your civilization. You are creators; you are making the whole world safe, and you are making the poor and indigent take stock in the common good, and of you it can be said:

**“Thine is the prophet’s vision, thine
The inspiration, the Divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits;
’Till all that it foresees it finds,
And what it cannot find, creates!”**

(Prolonged Applause) .

Atlanta and Her Empire

Sermon Delivered in the CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
Atlanta, Ga., in September, 1915.

Away back in the ages a gigantic geological convulsion left a lake or a river or an ocean in its track. When men came they could not pass over the lake, so their commerce was deflected around it—hence Chicago. They floated their merchandise down the river—hence New Orleans. They learned to go to the sea in ships—hence London, New York, Buenos Ayres, almost all of the great cities of the world to date. The reason New York rests where she does today is because there has to be a city there. *No metropolis is located voluntarily.*

Milleniums ago, the ancient Atlantic sea coast gave way and the earth's incalculable weight crushed the Appalachian system upward into the air. Long centuries later developed the coastal plains of the Carolinas, Georgia and the Gulf states. There remained a mighty impassable mountain system, terminating southward in North Georgia. There men and merchandise from the Carolinas going west could get around it. This point was midway between the mouth of the grandest drainage basin on earth and the destined metropolis of the world, New Orleans, and New York. It was midway from the mightiest city of the interior, governing the traffic of the lakes and the southwesternmost tip of land on the continent, Chicago and Key West. There and there only for hundreds of miles their traffic could cross. It was high above the ocean and so gifted with an unrivalled climate. Its eastern gates faced the seaboard and the old world, its western opened upon the wealth of the mightiest of continents and widest of seas—*hence Atlanta.*

Though all cities are built by the invisible, yet Atlanta more than they all. No lake is before her, no river, no ocean port. No rich coal fields locate her factories, no limestone nor iron ores. These things are for Birmingham, Pittsburg, Chicago—all the rest. The invisible things, the intangible things—these have fathered the Gate City—*The Psychic City.*

A location—a climate—a spirit—invisible, intangible, inaudible, this is Atlanta. Even those who live within her gates do not grasp the meaning of it. Birmingham will outgrow Atlanta, some of them say. Look at her coal, her iron, her limestone. You can touch these things. Savannah will outgrow Atlanta, they say. You can see her foundations, her river, her ocean. Chattanooga will outgrow Atlanta eventually, they say. Hear the roaring of her mighty water falls. Atlanta, alone of them all, works by faith,

not by sight. *A mountain pass, a surveyor's transit—an atmosphere, a spirit.* Is she not *The Psychic City*?

What he who built the first steamboat did for Carthage or Constantinople, the inventor of the steam engine did for Atlanta, for scarcely had men begun to lay their rails of steel before it was discovered that the first easy grade around the mighty Appalachians south of Lynchburg was in north Georgia. To connect the more thickly populated section of the state with the golden grain fields of the middle west, the state built a railroad from Chattanooga to a point in North Georgia easily accessible to other roads. This point was located in 1837 by Stephen H. Long, the engineer in chief. All wise men knew from the beginning that a city would some day be located there. From Terminus it grew into Marthasville and from Marthasville into Atlanta.

Atlanta rode into her empire on a storm. For in the terrible days of the sixties it was soon discovered that she occupied the strategic heart of the southeast. Almost at once she was made the center of manufacture of war implements and headquarters for Confederate quartermasters and commissaries. From her went out the sinews of war and unto her came the wounded of fourteen states to be healed. Afar in the north the opposing generals marked her for destruction. Steadily their armies grew nearer until in July, 1864, she was burned to the ground.

Out of this baptism of fire sprang Atlanta's second great asset, her spirit. In the midst of the calamity that swept her to the heavens in flames and smoke all minor differences were buried. He was a friend who would help rebuild the city. He was welcome who had a plan or a thought or any possible contributions for the city's good. Hither they came from all directions, the city dweller and the countryman, the Confederate and the Federal soldier together. In that spirit they laid the foundations of their city, burying all differences in her cornerstone. It was as Henry Grady said in his celebrated New England speech: "I want to tell General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts though kind of careless about fire, that from the ashes which he left us in 1864 we have built a brave and a beautiful city, that, somehow or other, we have caught the sunshine in the brick and mortar of our homes, and we have bulidled therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory."

Thus in the midst of tumult and war she buried hate. On both sides she offered magnanimous forgiveness and cordial co-operation and sweet reasonableness and that gentle tolerance which sprang from her baptism of fire. In that spirit she went forth to conquer her empire.

And what a marvelous conquest has been hers! As I think of it I can see her vast army of letters and telegrams and traveling salesmen and busy merchants and happy visitors coming and going in a spirit of fairness and friendship devoted to a fine purpose with a determination to win. *I see her armies coming back*

to her laden with the precious spoils of good will and trade. I see the quality of her manhood and womanhood swiftly impressing itself upon her state and nation until the man or the woman or the child in Atlanta is known to the world as a worker of a certain spirit. I see her splendid equipment of poverty and hope and ambition and courage and faith. I see them laboring in strength and enthusiasm and all the eagerness of youth. And I look with gladness upon the superb generalship which guided her soldiers and led them constantly to victory, glad it was given to Atlanta to name among her citizens such captains of commerce and finance and transportation and publication and education and religion.

And any man today may look out upon her empire with the joy that accompanies a great deed worthily done. For today Atlanta is the capital of the southeast in every essential respect and her conquest is one of admiration and interest. We devote a few moments of our time to some of the most remarkable illustrations of what those may do who will that it shall be done, ever written in the human history. And as we hear the story of it let us not forget to bear in mind that the greatest single factor outside of her location has been her spirit. *I define the Atlanta spirit as the subordination of the individual interest to the common good. It is the cross-spirit, the Christ-spirit.* It is the spirit of service as distinguished from selfishness; of honor as distinguished from deceit; of purity as distinguished from provincial cocksureness and prejudice. It is a spirit that will not compromise on principles nor bicker over methods.

Those who understand Atlanta and her empire know her to be impatient of discord and intolerant of controversy. She casts her mantle of charity over all her children and pleads with them to heal their divisions. "Let all bitterness," she says, "and anger and wrath and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you with all malice and be ye kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." She looks upon her ministers as the country's greatest ministers; her merchants as the country's greatest merchants; her newspapers as the country's greatest newspapers. It hurts Atlanta for one of her children to do an unworthy thing, for one of her rulers to be such a man that she cannot praise him. Her spirit is the love of a mother for her own. Does it not bring out the best there is in us? Does it not make us want to be all that she expects of us? Has she not formed among us so fine a comradeship that it challenges all the greatness of our souls? Has she not cast her net out into the deep of the very best that is in us?

And now see what an empire this spirit has conquered.

I speak of her bankers. Twenty years ago Atlanta was a little financial center, even in the South. The clearings of Memphis were fifty per cent larger; of Savannah more than fifty per cent

larger; of Richmond nearly twice as large and of Galveston over twice as large. Today, the bank clearings of Atlanta are larger than any other city in the South, excepting only New Orleans, and they are rapidly passing those of the Crescent City. They have grown in twenty years from sixty million to seven hundred and twenty-five million, while Richmond has been growing from one hundred and fourteen million to four hundred and nineteen million, and Memphis from eighty-four to four hundred and twenty-one million.

I speak for a moment of her merchants. In her early days Atlanta was only a small market, but today she is the commercial capital of an empire. Our commerce is fast approaching four hundred million dollars per year, or more than a million dollars per day. Only New York, Chicago and Boston are larger insurance centers than she. The railroads, telephone and telegraph companies and express business of the South center here and here are the headquarters for the distributing agents of the greatest nation on earth. The government of that nation has chosen her as the southeastern center for its most important operations, military and commercial, and has recently placed the financial center for the southeast within her borders.

I speak of the newspapers of Atlanta with pride and satisfaction. Always true to what they believe to be to the best interests of the city, they have striven for progress in commerce, honesty in politics, improvement in education, and often, even for quickening in religion. More often assailed than any other of Atlanta's great agencies, they have more often than any other subordinated their personal ends to the public good. It should never be forgotten that a metropolitan daily reflects the whole life of its constituency. "What is it but a map of busy life?" I have lived in Atlanta only five years, but I have known her for twenty-five, and I never cease to be amazed at the splendid public spirit and the self-sacrificing leadership which the Atlanta dailies have given to the cause of their mother city. They have built universities, founded charities, saved hospitals, cleaned Augean stables, promoted philanthropies, built churches, filled empty stockings at Christmas time, visited the poor with the necessities of life, cared for the orphan and the widow in their need, turning aside occasionally to start a great fair or build a sky scraper. From what experience I have had of life I say that there is no city of her size in the United States whose newspapers serve her so wisely or so well as the newspapers of Atlanta.

If it were necessary I would speak of her women for there is not a charity or philanthropy or school or any other good thing in this community that has not, does not and will not feel the gentle touch of their fingers. Even an unbiased judge will admit that the women of Atlanta are more active in more good enterprises than—but why should we make comparison?

But I will speak of the men of Atlanta, of *her splendid citizen-*

ship which has so often been called upon to exhibit their willingness to sacrifice for the good of the town that they call their home. The world does not offer any more remarkable sight than Atlanta when she is in the midst of one of her great municipal undertakings. And it does not seem to matter whether it is a Grand Opera season or a fair; a skyscraper or a charity. They take off their coats for hospitals as readily as for regional banks and they build universities in the same liberal spirit of self-sacrifice that they would go after a new railroad. The point about it all is that everybody does it. The man who can give a dollar puts it down with a satisfied look on his face by the side of the millionaire's million.

And I want to add this expression of opinion, that when it comes to her rich men the city of Atlanta has cause to be thankful. The wealth that has so often corroded its owners has, here, done a minimum of damage. *It is a striking fact and one which I love often to emphasize that for the most part the rich men of Atlanta are good men.* Indeed, it might also be said that they are pious men far beyond the average. It seems to have been a characteristic of the wealthy Atlantan that he should love his God even more than his city. And blessed is the city of whom such a thing may be said.

While I am talking on this subject, I want to say a word about Atlanta's morals. In recent years it has been my lot to study at first hand the religious conditions of the cities of our country, particularly in the South and the northeast and I say to you that *Atlanta is the cleanest city of her size in the United States, as far as I know.* I do not speak of her splendid churches and the congregations that worship within their gates nor of her Sunday schools, phenomenal for their numbers and activity, but of her common people and of such simple things as her observance of the Sabbath, her church going habit and her general cleanliness. I do not think, of course, that Atlanta is perfect and I applaud any man who wants to make this a cleaner and better city and who will strive for it wisely and well. So far as within me lies, I shall aid him as will all good people who are his neighbors. But, today, there is not a city of her size in this entire country where childhood is happier or womanhood purer, or manhood nobler, or the family safer than the city of Atlanta, Georgia. To any man who is acquainted with another less happy metropolis and who knows to what extent the Sabbath is kept and whiskey is drunk and morals are violated in the two towns, this statement will appeal as being both moderate and truthful.

That brings me to speak of another thing that I love about Atlanta, her tolerance. From the day that the soldiers of the two armies began to rebuild her unto this good year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen all good people, no matter from what section, of what creed, or of what nationality, have been welcome here. Laboring together they have built up a magnifi-

cent reputation for a magnificent city until today it might be said of Atlanta that she leads a vast empire in religious life, in educational activities and in literature and authorship. She does it with a sweet reasonableness that may not be gainsaid. And she stands today in the eyes of the average American citizen a city of ten times her size. She is to the southeast what New York is to the nation. Men look to her for guidance and leadership. Men set their goals by her actions. Men guide their thoughts by her ideals. Men rejoice with her when she wins, and weep with her when she fails. *She no longer belongs to us, she belongs to the empire.*

I speak of the educational interests of Atlanta. Every great city, like every great man, represents some ideal, and her mission, like his, is to teach it. Sooner or later, that idea masters the man, the city, oftentimes completely reversing a past record and altering a past reputation. First the man grows, as the city grows, whose commerce becomes great and whose wealth increases—till in the fullness of time the idea comes into its own and claims the mastery. So law came to Rome and London, and art to Athens and Paris. So science came to Berlin and gave her a message for the world, and so comes now and will come to Atlanta—her mission as a city.

What that mission is to be, like the city itself, is a decreed thing. Every great municipality teaches the world what itself is. The ruling idea of Rome was law. Such was her message to the world. The ruling idea of Paris is art—such is her message.

So come we to a thing that can not be expressed in stone nor gold, because it is invisible, intangible, inaudible. It is not art with her statues, nor money with its golden calf, nor power with its armies and battleships—it is a spirit. Atlanta's mission must eventually be the proclaiming of the spirit-things, only one part of which—civic unity—she has so far distinguished herself in possessing.

Psychic things have built Atlanta. What Psychic things will Atlanta build?

There was before us some months ago, a great movement for the building and equipping of a Southern Presbyterian University. It succeeded. It had to succeed. It fell in line with Atlanta's destiny. It was time for us to render unto the soul the things that are the soul's. There have been, there will be many other such chapters in her life.

See how there was in this thing the command of Providence. When an immense state, a state of great and promising wealth of resources unlimited, stands in such confessed educational destitution, it is time for her wise men to listen. When the richest and most promising single area of such a state, comprising her metropolis and capital city, is found to be in direct need, promise of a brilliant opportunity illuminates a very dark prospect. When in that area is located the stronghold of a rich and powerful

Church, it is as if Providence were tapping some one on the shoulder. And when memory reminds that denomination that she alone of all the strong ones of the nation has failed to build her intellectual beacon-light, a voice is speaking and saying very plainly: "Who knoweth whether thou art come into the Kingdom for such a time as this"? Sometimes men and denominations have duties thrust upon them. If they do not perform them, others come and take away their place and their honor.

If ever the good God spoke to the Presbyterians. He is speaking to them through Oglethorpe University.

Atlanta is built to be the great educational center of the fifteen Southern States. Her strategic location, her unrivaled climate, her financial ability, her urgent need, and above all, her manifest destiny demand it. To be the political capital of the greatest state east of the Mississippi is a great thing; to be the commercial capital of the Southeast is a greater thing; to be the intellectual capital of the Southern half of the greatest country in the world—that is, that now is to be the destiny of Atlanta.

Nor can any picture, too brilliant, be painted of the future of a well-managed university within her gates.

The Unseen has built for us magnificently. Let us build magnificently for the Unseen.

And now I would gather up all this magnificent work which our fathers have done in the past and all these labors to which we have set our hands in the present into the exhortation that our future must be more brilliant and more worthy than the story of the days that lie behind. Let all these splendid initiatives of the past inspire us to new triumphs for the future. Let us not be unworthy of those who have handed over to us a magnificent city to have and to hold as our own. Let the memory of their manhood and womanhood and the splendid inspiration of their high ideals rule our every action and determine our every activity.

If I could say a word that would take up its abode in the heart of every man, woman and child in my city, at this time when wisdom is sorely needed it would be a very ancient and sure word. We know how empires come and go, we have seen how cities rise and fall. "Sultan after Sultan with his pomp abides his little hour and goes his way." So it is with kings and presidents and mayors and chiefs of police. *But ever the individual remains, and as he thinketh in his heart so is the state.* If he wants whiskey he will make a path to the barroom door. If he does not, there will be no whiskey. If he wants passionate self-indulgence in vice he will invade, if necessary, the very sanctity of the home for it. If he does not, the red light district will be as pure as the great white way. If he wants to gamble, he will adopt as innocent a game as tennis for it, or as healthful an exercise as golf. If he does not, he may worship God in the enjoyment of whist. Oh, let us make the hearts of our people pure; it is from the heart, did not the great teacher himself say it? "From within, out of the

souls of men evil thoughts proceed, fornications, thefts, murders, adulteries, covetings, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, railing pride, foolishness: All these evil things proceed from within, and defile the man." Of what value is honesty—under the lash? Of what value is love—under the rod? Wherever vice is there is a man or woman whom no one taught that virtue is better. Wherever a drunkard is there is a man or woman whom no one taught that abstinence is better. Wherever a liar is there is a man or women whom no one taught that truth is better. The one neither is or can be without the other.

When the individual festers, the city aches with pain. *Good laws are useless without good men to obey as well as make them.* Every civilization that has ever perished has gone down trusting in its law, and every civilization that has ever perished has gone down for lack of individual, strong, clean, honest men. Nineveh with her obnoxious despotism, Thebes with her ossification of old age. Persepolis with her oversearch for pleasure; Carthage with her overgreed for money; Athens with her internecine war; Rome with her vicious degeneration, and Constantinople with her religious wrangling, all had the best laws in the world at the time. They were conquered because their conquerors were better men. "The barbarians are more virtuous than we Christians," wrote the Roman historian, Salvian. "They were honester, nobler men, therefore they overcame us." We want, of course, good laws; but above all we want good individuals. It is the business of the church to make good men, and the business of good men to make good laws. Whenever the church fails to do her part the state begins to fail to do hers.

Let us then, ever mindful of the great past out of which our city has sprung, in mutual esteem and co-operation, in a spirit of glad and utter abandon to the enterprise, set our faces forward to put aside that which is sordid and prize that which is pure. Let us make Atlanta a city that will be followed because she is strong; admired because she is beautiful; sought because she is worthy, and loved because she is gently reasonable. Let us continue to keep Atlanta true to her past, happy in her present and trustful of her future, a city that God has built and of whom no man need be ashamed.

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When Church Bells Chime

BY THORNWELL JACOBS

Steeple of strength and turrets of safety—that is what they are—these church spires and towers that rise above earth and entreat the heart of heaven. Their foundations are firmly set in the soil of humanity; their finials point perpetually to the throne in the skies with silent reverence and hopeful insistence. They are of the earth, earthy, and of heaven, heavenly—just like you and me.

When you see them standing pleadingly by the wayside, go in and share their dreams. You will find them homey and human, dynamic and divine.

II.

Those who live in the pitiless glare of city streets or in the blaring noise of crowded residence districts often long for silence and for the holy hush of quiet aisles leading to the sacred seats of long-accustomed meditation. There the jarring discords of selfish greeds and bitter words melt softly into sweet assurances of faith and love. Resting upon its Holy Ground the spirit feels secure. A delightful sense of well-being joins the promise of Infinite Power that all is well. From invisible sources and inaudible voices and intangible hands the soul gathers comfort and encouragement and strength.

It is good to stand, even for a little while, on Holy Ground.

III.

Suppose that there is something more important than clothing. Suppose that there is something more important than happiness and pleasure. Suppose that there is something more important than the gratification of the senses. Suppose that there is something more important than security and repose and peace.

Suppose that the making of character is more important. Suppose that the spiritual reaction to difficulty and danger and suffering are more important. Suppose that this world really is a workshop, "not where men make things but where things make men."

Suppose that the church is the instrument for the building of character and for the bestowal of security and happiness and peace. That is what it claims to be. Is it not worth looking into?

IV.

For one can get more than a discussion of politics and of science and of literature and of theology from his church. Ninety percent of the people who sit in the pews are looking up to the minister in the hope that before he pronounces his final "finally"

he will say some word that will give them comfort and consolation and courage.

Most people are afraid of something. They are troubled about many things. They are anxious about tomorrow.

They need and want release from fear, from trouble, from anxiety.

That is just what the church offers.

V.

Why is it that the church is the only spot on earth where you may find security?

Is it not true that the only place where the state can find security is in the character of its citizens?

Is it not true that the only basis for security of the home is in the character of the family?

Is it not true that the security of any structure is in the character of its material?

That is why the church affords security, because the church gives, and builds, and trains character.

For character is destiny.

VI.

You have heard it said that courage is the very best medicine. Consult your physician and he will tell you that the illnesses of three-fourths of his patients are due to fear and worry and anxiety.

Consult your pastor and he will tell you that he never enters a home in his parish in which "Black Care" is not a guest.

Consult your own memory and you will find no record of any day of your life "unscathed throughout by woe."

The cure and care of distressed minds is the church's business. It restores souls. It will give you peace.

VII.

In turbulent times, when tyrannical and dictatorial governments rob citizens of long-accustomed rights the church remains as the last refuge of liberty. The state may take your money, your privacy, your bread and butter, your "inalienable rights", but only when it has robbed you of all else does it dare to forbid you to worship God as you please.

Today, as often before, the church is the last bulwark of human liberty.

In days of war, and pestilence, and famine, and bankruptcy, and poverty, and political oppression, only the church remains to defend you.

VIII.

All day long you cannot keep from hearing destructive criticism of persons and things. Every office, every home, every mouth is full of it. If you read the papers, it is there. If you turn on the radio, it is there. If you go to the hustings, it is there. Night and day, destructive forces are busy tearing down reputations and characters and society and all of the institutions and structures

that self-sacrificing humanitarianism has built up through the ages.

By contrast, the church builds, never destroys.

The church mends, heals, renews, cures, helps.

Join the construction gang, not the wrecking crew.

IX.

The child, the home, the school, the church began with the first father and mother. They outrank all living things in importance. Upon their welfare your happiness, all happiness depends. The health of each is indispensable to the other. You cannot imagine a world without children, without homes, without schools. Try to imagine a world without churches.

Try to imagine children and homes and schools without churches—wicked children and defiled homes and Godless schools. We don't want that, do we?

X.

The air-conditioning of railroad cars, theatres, office buildings and homes has added so much to the comfort of mankind that it has become a necessary. One's life as well as one's comfort depends on one's breath. Life giving gases or death dealing poisons enter the lungs with beneficent or malignant effects. How you think, how you feel, how you act depends on what you breathe.

The church is the great air conditioner. It eliminates poisons from the social, the political, the educational atmosphere.

Without the church every breath of the soul would be laden with death.

XI.

In every life there is something to be ashamed of. In some moment of adversity or weakness the foot slips and the es-cutcheon is marred. Each day offers opportunities to repeat such mistakes. Each day, memory reminds us of deeds and moments for which we blush. Even the best of us feel the pangs of remorse.

But no man is ever ashamed of being seen at church. Men don't sneak up an alley to worship.

If you feel that way *now*, how will you feel *then*?

XII.

Two hundred years ago there were no United States, but there was religion. Two thousand years ago there was no Great Britain, nor France, nor German Reich, but there was religion. Twenty thousand years ago there was no school, nor house, nor farm, nor money, but there was religion. In the first mind of the first man there was religion. Before the first letter of the first alphabet there was religion. Before the first consonants and the first vowels of the first voice there was religion.

That is what the church signifies—the answer to the oldest and deepest need of your life.

XIII.

Only one other thing is as old and as deep and as vital as religion—the instinct of self-preservation, forever, the hope of immortality, and it is religion.

One of the most amazing archaeological discoveries ever made was that fifty thousand years ago men buried their dead in an east and west direction, facing the rising sun, as if in hope of immortality.

For millions of years before that day, each spring, the boughs of millions of trees and the limbs of trillions of shrubs had been burdened with vernal life, emerging from wintry death.

Since the earth was born, life has been coming forth from death—as after the storm shines the sun forth; as after the darkness comes morning; as after the winter the spring wakes.

All the faiths and the hopes and the loves of the church illumine the path to life beyond death.

That the Easter hope may be yours, also, is the wish and purpose of the church.

XIV.

So, when church bells chime—for joyous young brides in immaculate white, for the tired dead in sombre black, for little children hastening to Sunday School, for mature middle-age forgetful of the hour of worship—listen gratefully to their music. They are your dearest memories in resonant resurrection. Their notes are recollections of forgotten faces, sweet measures of old songs, lovely chords of buried joys and hopes and faiths mingled with the dim lights of stained glass memorials to those who also, for a little while, enjoyed pink dawn and dazzling noon and paling sunset.

The hour has come to pause and reflect—when church bells chime.

Millennial Memorial

BY THORNWELL JACOBS

For many years I have been casting about in my mind for some suitable way in which I could express, personally, my appreciation and gratitude to those friends whose services and sacrifices were so essential to the existence of Oglethorpe University and to its development that, without them, I could not have been successful in its refounding. I wanted this expression to be something in the nature of a memorial, a living memorial, bearing their names and lasting for many centuries. If I had had the money I would have given a building or founded a professorship or something of the sort at Oglethorpe in memory of each of them. That being impossible, after much thought, I have decided upon the method which I shall adopt.

Sometime this year (1943-44) it is my plan to plant on the shores of Lake Phoebe on the campus of the University, twenty-five seedlings of the *Sequoia gigantea*, the giant Redwood tree of California, each tree representing a year of life of the University which will this year reach its quarter-century of service. Each will be named for one of the twenty-five persons who are most outstanding among the founders of the University in the gift of their services and means during this first quarter-century of her life. The trees will be planted around the border of the lake. A tree will be named for each of the twenty-five as nearly as possible in the chronological order of their becoming interested in Oglethorpe and each will bear a bronze name plate in their honor. As the years pass I hope that other trees will be added to this list as other outstanding friends of the University may develop. The number twenty-five was selected because of the fact that the academic year 1943-44 is the twenty-fifth year during which classes have been graduated. The twenty-fifth commencement will be held next May. Each of these trees will, as far as possible, be dedicated by a representative of these twenty-five classes and will be associated historically with the graduation of that class.

The giant Sequoias are the biggest and most ancient example of plant life to be found still alive in the entire world. The lifetimes of some of them go back to the days of Abraham, over a thousand years before the founding of Rome. In size, many of them are forty feet in diameter at the base. In the warmer days preceding the ice age they grew as far north as Alaska and Siberia and Greenland and as far South as Southern France. Now their habitat is confined to Northern California and Oregon.

In selecting those in honor and memory of whom these trees

are to be planted, I have had in mind the length of time during which they have loyally and generously given of their time and means to the refounding of the University. The reason for their selection is as follows: First, six trees will be named for six "persons" legally speaking, who at the very beginning of the life of the University played fundamental parts in its foundation. First of all, I name the Presbyterian Ministers Association, of this city, the Synod of Georgia and Presbyterians throughout the whole of the United States. It was to the Presbyterian Ministers Association that I went first, asking for backing. Among the men who were members of the Association at that time are such well known and remembered names as Dunbar Ogden, Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church; R. O. Flynn, Pastor of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church; Hugh K. Walker, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church; A. A. Little, Pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church and some eight or ten other ministers of the smaller churches of the city. Together they subscribed \$1,000 and put Dr. Dunbar Ogden on the Board of Founders in their name. Later I visited 101 Presbyterian churches scattered throughout our land from Pennsylvania to Texas, and from Missouri to Florida, presenting the plan and hope for the resurrection of old Oglethorpe and each one of these churches gave me \$1,000 or more, the largest subscription being over \$11,000. One of the Redwoods must, therefore, bear the name PRESBYTERIAN.

I had hardly gotten started on this job before I had the privilege of consulting personally three great editors, James R. Gray of the *Atlanta Journal*, Clark Howell of the *Atlanta Constitution* and John Temple Graves of the *Atlanta Georgian*. From them I secured, without any difficulty whatever, a promise of full cooperation and assistance in the location of the new Oglethorpe in Atlanta. The first public utterance in favor of the plan was an editorial written by Clark Howell in the *Atlanta Constitution*. The burden of the campaign to raise one quarter of a million dollars in Atlanta in the autumn of 1913 was borne by the *Journal*, though the largest cash subscription given out-right during the campaign was made by the *Georgian*. When I mentioned the *Atlanta Journal* I am really saying James R. Gray, although John A. Brice and John Paschal and his other trusted lieutenants were always close by his side. John Brice once said of Dick Gray that he was the kind of man who, if he entered a tunnel by your side would be by your side when you came out from it. I found that to be true of him. His was the greatest help that we had during the campaign. It would have been impossible to have conducted it without him. It would have failed without his unremitting hammer-blows. For three or four years afterward he was Chairman of our Executive Committee and its dynamo. There has never been a day since he was taken that I have not missed him. Three of these Redwoods, therefore, will bear the name CONSTI-

TUTION, GEORGIAN and JOURNAL. In naming them in honor of these papers I purposely include the hundreds of co-workers with these three great editors and employees, particularly John Brice, now President of the Journal, who made personal subscriptions and gave much of their time toward making that famous campaign a great success.

The campaign itself brings to my mind the imperishable memory of my first contact with the "Atlanta Spirit" when nearly five thousand persons made subscriptions of all sizes and kinds to get Oglethorpe safely started. I think of Henry Schaul and his daily luncheon reports with his pockets full of dimes, nickels and dollars which he had collected from friends during the preceding twenty-four hours and totalling many hundreds of dollars. I think of Ivan Allen, Sr., presiding at these meetings and encouraging the seventy-five or eighty workers who were raising the funds. I think of L. P. Bottenfield and Charles P. Glover who almost abandoned their real estate business for the time being in order that their employees might assist in raising a quarter of a million dollars. I can see Martine Harmsen chalking up the figures on the board and that fine group of young men who organized themselves as the Oglethorpians making their daily report. W. B. Seabrook who later became the famous author was among them. I think of the day when the subscription of the Georgia Power Company made by Harry Atkinson and of the Southern Bell Telephone Company by J. Epps Brown and of the Atlanta Gas Light Company made by George W. Brine were announced and when the subscriptions of the boys and girls of Boys' High and Girls' High and the private schools were read, name by name by the hard working committees. In honor of all those well remembered servants of the public welfare who made the founding of our university possible, one of the Redwoods will bear the name of ATLANTA.

Hardly had the school begun to live before the women of our town were organized into our Woman's Board and from that day to this they have been an indispensable part of the life of the institution. There is almost nothing good that comes to our school that has not had its roots running down into this organization. During these twenty-five years they have assisted in the beautifying of the campus, the expansion of the library, the equipment of the infirmary and some of them have made individual gifts of large importance such as the band instruments by Mrs. Lee Ashcraft, the faculty club room by Mrs. Hugh Bancker, and the portraits of distinguished persons associated with the University by Mrs. Willis Westmoreland and the generous legacy by Mrs. J. M. High. Certainly one of the Redwoods should bear the name of the WOMAN'S BOARD.

The above are all groups of people, numbering many thousands combined. Among individuals, without any invidious comparison, all who know anything at all about Oglethorpe University know

what name stands at the head. For nineteen years he gave his heart, counsel, friendship and cash to make the school possible. More than any other person in the whole world, he will be remembered as the great benefactor of our institution. Of course, I refer to JOHN THOMAS LUPTON of Chattanooga, Tenn., who left us in the days of the great crisis. During those wonderful nineteen years during which he fathered Oglethorpe, Mr. Lupton gave the University \$1,018,000 including Lupton Hall, the replacement value of which building would run to approximately \$600,000 and yet he did not even ask to see the plans of the building that he was giving nor inquire once about how we were using the donations, nor did he attach any strings or conditions to his gifts, nor did he complain at any time in any way by hint or inference that these funds were not being used as he desired. I saw him often during those years and attempted frequently to tell him in detail just what we were doing. His answer was always: "You worry about the details. I am not giving the money to Oglethorpe. I am giving it to you. My policy has always been," he would say, "to find a man whom I can trust to do work that I wish I had the time to do myself and then back him and support him and help him in every way I can." He was a perfect giver. God rest his soul in peace!

"I could sail the waters of all the world—
Bitter and wild and blue—
And never find a friend to love
Like the friend I found in you.

I could walk down all the roads of the world
And knock on their doors forever,
And never find a friend like you—
Never, never, never."

Like him is his son, CARTTER LUPTON, equally unwilling to let his left hand know what his right is doing, equally loyal and helpful and dependable, never once failing to do a great deal more than he promises to do, at present forsaking his giant business interests to give his entire time to the service of his country, a worthy son of a great father. With them I include Margaret and Elizabeth Lupton, their wives. Instead of two, a whole forest of redwoods should be planted for them!

Oglethorpe University is located on what is perhaps the finest college campus in the Southern States, by the grace of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. I shall never forget the day I was told that the Silver Lake property which immediately adjoined our then small campus of forty-seven acres was about to be sold for purposes which would not have added to the desirability of our location. In this emergency with the advice and assistance of Hollins N. Randolph, I appealed to Mr. Hearst for help. I took

with me a couple of dozen ten-by-twelve pictures of the lake and its environs. It was to me a memorable interview. It occupied perhaps ten minutes during which time I summarized the situation and showed him the photographs. He asked the price of the property and then said: "Certainly, I shall take pleasure in giving it to you. Come on and let's go down to Santa Monica and have a swim." That gift of the Silver Lake Property, four hundred wooded acres, including an eighty acre lake which we have renamed for his mother, Lake Phoebe, is not the only gift which he has made to the school. His was really the largest gift of the 1913 campaign which was made in the name of the *Atlanta Georgian*, and there have been other gifts in even larger amounts. His name is held in grateful honor by all persons who love Oglethorpe. His magnificent career as the intrepid champion of Americanism, his standing as the most famous of all publishers in the United States are well known all over the world. We think of him as a good friend and loyal, without whose generosity Oglethorpe University would have been sadly impeded. One of the great trees of his native California will bear his name.

Even before the Atlanta campaign I had an interview with SAMUEL M. INMAN, First Citizen of Atlanta, a life-long friend of my father's and the most generous contributor to Agnes Scott College. As a result of that interview Mr. Inman gave me a letter in which he said that when we had obtained a total of \$500,000 of valid subscriptions he would add \$10,000 to that sum and when we should have obtained valid subscriptions in amount of \$1,000,000 he would add \$25,000 more. Shortly after the completion of the Atlanta campaign we had reached the first goal and, a few years later, the second. These subscriptions were examined and canvassed by cashiers of three of our Atlanta banks and the condition of the gifts were certified to as having been fully satisfied. Associated with Mr. Inman in my mind always are his two sons, Henry A. and Frank. Frank Inman was a member of our workers' committees during the Atlanta campaign and Henry Inman has been, since the earliest days of the college, an annual and generous contributor. No one can write the history of Atlanta and certainly no one can write the history of Oglethorpe without doing honor to the name of Inman and one of the redwoods will bear that name.

The Chairman of the committee which raised the \$250,000 Atlanta bonus was Captain JAMES W. ENGLISH. At a time when Oglethorpe needed the backing of prominent men he gave us his, urging his friends to aid and, later, made a large contribution toward the University. Captain English had many friends, among them Sam Inman and Colonel Robert J. Lowry and Judge W. T. Newman. These four were a sort of double Damon and Pithias and were so thought of in those days. In addition to his other services Captain English was for a number of years and to the day of his death, a member of the Executive Committee of the

University. He was a source of financial strength, good-will and backing which proved to be very valuable in the early struggle of the college. One of the big trees will bear his name.

One can never think of Captain English and the old Fourth National Bank of which he was president and of the leaders, actual and coming of the City of Atlanta nor recall the powers and persons who founded the University without remembering John K. Ottley and Passie Fenton Ottley. One of the very first men to make a subscription to the University was the young Cashier of the then Fourth National Bank. In succeeding years he added other gifts. He was our first Treasurer and his name and ever-growing reputation added tremendously to the confidence which the public had in the enterprise. Mrs. Ottley was the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Board from the time that it was organized until her death. Talented, witty and wise she guided and inspired the Board, and with her gifts buttressed their efforts. In addition to all these services they were the two who were responsible more than any other persons for initiating two of the greatest gifts which the University ever received. One of the redwoods will bear the name OTTLEY.

Of the 101 churches referred to above, the first was at Milledgeville where an old friend of mine and a graduate of the Thornwell Orphanage, Rev. D. W. Brannen was pastor. I have never spoken on a worse day, climatically speaking. There were hardly a dozen people present but among them was a professor in the Georgia State College for Women named HERMAN JULIUS GAERTNER. Dr. Gaertner was born in the Harz Mountains, Germany, but he loved Georgia and Lanier and knew the history of Oglethorpe and of the old school, built in his memory and when he heard that it was to be refounded, he asked for the privilege of aiding in doing it. Giving his time and paying his own expenses, he came to Atlanta and served on one of the committees in the big campaign. Later he was elected professor in the University. After a while he began the organization of the adult education department which for many years has served the teaching profession. He was almost solely responsible for the founding of our extension work. He is probably the most universally and widely beloved professor in the State of Georgia. During all of these thirty years he toiled and struggled and at times heavily sacrificed and he has done it liberally, almost joyfully, for the sake of refounding Oglethorpe University. No professor on the campus of Oglethorpe will deny him the right to be accounted first of all the faculty, both as to quality and quantity of service. I have, therefore, chosen him as representative of the faculty and officers of the University, and one of the redwoods will be named for him.

I read once of a man who left a penny to his wife and in his will described her as "the meanest woman in the world." Occa-

sionally such a despicable use is made of a last will and testament. Not so with a remarkable will of a remarkable man who, instead of using his last testament to insult a friend used it as a magnificent example of faith in a friend's enterprise. The man was WILLIAM BENSEL. He was a subscriber to the *Westminster Magazine* and read in it the first editorial announcement of my plan to refund old Oglethorpe. He searched me out in my little office at No. 601 Austell Building and told me that he wanted to subscribe \$1,000 to the enterprise. We were total strangers except in this new comradeship in a great spiritual undertaking. He was a builder and contractor and later he was elected Chairman of our building committee. In age, he must have been approaching eighty. He gave almost all of his time to looking after the new building. Before it was finished he died. In his will he left a nice legacy to help complete the first building which had not reached the second story. Often I compare his faith and loyal devotion with a subscription made by a wealthy civic leader of Atlanta to the same building. It was, in effect a bet of \$100.00 that it would never reach the second story. The subscription is framed and hangs on my office walls and it has written on it: "Paid in full." That \$100.00 also went into that building. In memory of the confidence and courageous faith of WILLIAM BENSEL I name one of these redwoods for him.

There lives in Atlanta a man by the name of WILLIAM OWENS who, at the time of the founding of Oglethorpe was President of the Silver Lake Park Company. More than any other person he is responsible for the locating of our institution on its present site, consisting originally of approximately fifty acres. Through his friends and associates he caused this campus to be given outright to the school. During the years which followed and in many relationships between the Silver Lake Park Company and the University he protected our interests as well as his own and was the chief instrument whereby we were able at the right time and at the right price to present the subject in the right way to Mr. Hearst and thus obtain this priceless addition of four hundred acres to our campus. Furthermore William Owens was one of the men who, during the Atlanta campaign, fought earnestly and bravely and effectively for the cause. I am going to name one of these redwoods for him.

In those early days of our first campaign one of the most enthusiastic and capable young workers was HARRISON JONES. He organized from his friends in the City of Atlanta a group which he called the Oglethorpians and they went to work in a big way to put the campaign over. Their enthusiasm, their personal subscriptions and those which they secured from others were tremendously helpful. Furthermore, from that day to this, without missing a year, Harrison Jones has sent to the college on his birthday a considerable gift. His is the type of friendship

whose roots go back over a period of thirty years and whose loyalty and helpfulness have never wavered in the slightest during this third of a century. With one exception whose name is mentioned elsewhere, he is the only one of the original Board of Founders of whom this can be said. One of these trees will be named for him.

I never think of that campaign without thinking of the name of J. CHESTON KING. He was the secretary of our Board and Executive Committee from our founding to his death. He kept the minutes well. He never missed a meeting. No man ever gave another more loyal support than he gave me. He was one of the original founders whose donation was a thousand dollars or more. In addition he gave us the famous Vietor Library which consists of something like seventeen thousand books and brochures on English literature and scholarship. It was purchased just after the World War I and contains the entire library of one of the most distinguished of German University professors. Dr. King also aided the University in many other ways, particularly our infirmary. He is typical of the fine men who have served the University in official capacities and I am naming one of the trees for him.

In the original group of Founders which consisted of more than a hundred men, seventy of whom were Atlanta citizens, who gave \$1,000 or more toward the refounding of the University was EDGAR WATKINS. At that time he was a member of the firm of Watkins and Latimer and his office was in the Fourth National Bank Building. He was a warm personal friend of a brother of mine and a rising young lawyer in Atlanta. He was elected a member of our Executive Committee and upon the resignation of Wilmer Moore became Chairman of that body. Later he was elected President of the Board of Directors and it was his firm that acted as our attorneys in the securing of our first and succeeding charters. For this quarter-century more than any other man he represents the Executive Committee of the University including, besides many of those whom I have already mentioned, such men as Wilmer L. Moore, D. I. McIntyre, James T. Anderson. He is still chairman and leader of the group who are now serving as members of the Committee. He has sent three of his sons to the school in which he was so deeply interested. One of the great redwoods will be named for him.

It was through Mr. and Mrs. John K. Ottley that I met HARRY HERMAN who, above all men I have ever known, stands out in my memory as the finest sportsman of them all. Not only did he love good sport but he engaged in it as much as possible all day long. I used to have the great pleasure of spending a few days with him and Mrs. Herman at their summer home on the outskirts of Pittsfield, Mass. He was up in the morning before breakfast, playing tennis. He spent the period between break-

fast and lunch on the lake, swimming, boating and fishing. Afternoons were usually devoted to golf and the long evenings before and after supper to tennis. I remember the day when twenty-five or thirty of our football players called on him at his office in the Hurt Building and asked him to help us develop athletics at Oglethorpe and his famous reply which has rung down the Oglethorpe ages: "Boys, I don't know how much I'll be able to help but I'll sure do my damndest!" He did. Within a few years he and Mrs. Hermance and their daughter, Helena, and their son, Hal, had given us Hermance Stadium, paying every cent of their subscription even during the terrible days of the depression. The quality of Harry Hermance was not his alone but came from Mrs. Hermance in very large part. During her short residence in Atlanta she became one of the city's most distinguished citizens. Like them are their two children. To the four of them we owe Hermance Stadium not only but also the inspiration of a family group who left for us a definite atmosphere of quality and character and love of service to their fellowmen, and of clean, fair sportsmanship. A Sequoia will bear their name.

When Oglethorpe opened her doors there was no fine paved highway for the last two miles of the approach to Atlanta but only jagged rocks and a touring car converted into a bus, the tires of which had to be replaced each week. Transfers were made at the county line, often in scorching heat and pouring rain and when the students arrived at Oglethorpe the last five hundred feet consisted of red mud or dust. It was JOHN A. MANGET who saved us from that situation and gave us the beautiful cement driveway with its granite light-posts which have served and are still serving the students, faculty and friends of the institution. At heavy expense he contributed the whole sum necessary for its construction. I remember when the amount was mentioned to John Ottley his remark was: "No matter what it cost, it's worth it." I am naming one of these trees in grateful remembrance of this old friendship and timely aid.

Again it was through John K. Ottley that I had the privilege of being put in touch with Mrs. ROBERT J. LOWRY in the matter of a proposed legacy. Colonel Lowry had died and had left a fortune to his wife to be used as a memorial for them both. She was casting about in her mind to find a suitable way of expressing and continuing their hopes, ambitions, and life-long interests. Through Henry Porter, her attorney, Mr. Ottley put me in touch with Mrs. Lowry and the result was the Lowry School of Banking and Commerce and Lowry Hall, one of the most beautiful college structures in this entire country. As the years pass, this school of the University and building on its campus will continue to be their living memorial, serving their city, state and country in their name. In gratitude therefor and having in mind the trust and confidence of Henry Porter and as an expression of my per-

sonal appreciation of what they have meant to our institution I am going to name one of these trees in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Lowry.

Mr. Lupton told me once that when a man's family backed him financially in an enterprise it was the final word of commendation. His remark was based on his having heard that my brother, DR. J. D. JACOBS had given us all of the equipment in our printing office costing many thousands of dollars. It is a pleasure for me to remember also that my father and sister and two other brothers gave me both kinds of backing, that of the spirit and that of the pocketbook. I feel that their being my kin would not justify me in failing to pay to them this personal tribute so I am naming one of these trees for John Dillard Jacobs having in mind also my gratitude to them all.

And that brings me to WILLIAM J. BAILEY, my brother-in-law, a great cotton mill man, a great banker and a great friend of Oglethorpe University. While his kindnesses and courtesies have been finer even than his gifts in money, these last have amounted to thousands. He is a tall, upstanding giant among Carolinians and I am naming one of these redwoods for him.

The service which BERNARD M. BARUCH rendered Oglethorpe University was entirely distinct and characteristic. The mighty crash of 1929 had fallen upon the country and darkness was over all the land. Millions were being reduced to pauperism and Oglethorpe University was among those corporations that felt the heavy hand of misfortune. In this emergency which was acute and critical Bernard M. Baruch stretched out his hand and saved us from disaster. His name will be cherished and honored forever by Oglethorpe University and he needs no giant redwood to symbolize his services to this institution nor to his country but nevertheless I am naming one for him.

And finally, there is one of the most remarkable characters and personages in the United States today, MRS. CORA SMITH GOULD of New York and Florida and the world. When I first met Mrs. Gould I had already known of her that she was an outstanding patron of art and letters and especially of poetry. She is the donor of the Ernest Hartsook prizes for best poems published formerly in *Bozart* and now in *The Westminster Magazine*. Then she became interested in the University itself and despite her eighty-seven years of youthful and buoyant living she takes as keen an interest in this institution today as any living person. Her delightful letters bring encouragement, both inspirational and financial. With her is always associated her only son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ormond Gould who, I suspect, are an additional source of her youthful vigor and optimism. Hers is a friendship worthy of being memorialized with other great Oglethorpe stalwarts around the shores of Lake Phoebe so I am naming one of the giants for her.

It will have been observed that, with one or two exceptions, the association with Oglethorpe University of all twenty-five of the persons for whom these trees will be named goes back to the 'teens of this century. The two exceptions are Mrs. Gould whose association with the school by proxy is also of long duration and Bernard M. Baruch whose services rendered to the institution was so great as to transcend all question of time and place. Oglethorpe has many other friends and many other years will pass over her head and many other giant redwoods will be planted around Lake Phoebe in their memory in days to come.

It has passed into a proverb that "I am a part of every man whom I have met." Another way to put it is: "He who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must take the wealth of the Indies with him." One of the first things we tell our freshmen is that they will get out of Oglethorpe just what they put into Oglethorpe. Thus these twenty-five men and women and the thousands who so generously followed them in its construction and preservation are here, living and walking on our campus, influencing each student who takes his seat in its class rooms, supporting each professor who presides at the lecture desk or in the laboratory and continuing with the alumni who leave its walls to pursue their life dreams. Before many more years have passed, by the time these giant sequoias have become well rooted in their new soil and are advanced in their march upward to the sky, the remainder of these twenty-five leaders, having served their generation will fall on sleep. But all of their good works will not follow them. They have built for themselves a monument more enduring than brass and higher than the tops of the pyramids. Even on earth they will not altogether die. Their memories will live in the posterity whom they have served and in countless lives made better by their generosity and vision.

In behalf of the two thousand graduates of Oglethorpe University and of the other thousands who have attended its classes, of their friends, relatives and descendants and of all those who in the coming years shall enjoy the privileges of this institution I salute them with praise and thanksgiving.

For the while that is left to me I shall look forward into the future and contemplate with delight the passage of literally thousands of years during which these great giants will exalt their heads around Lake Phoebe until they are able to view the eternal mountains to the northwest and the then ancient city to the southeast. May they observe and continue to look with approval and affection upon the University founded largely by the men and women, my loyal friends and generous helpers whose names they will bear through the centuries.

*So this I grave that all who read may know:
Wherein I struck for that whereof I dreamed,
Yet dreamed I not nor struck. To all that seemed
This is the key: His will hath made it so.*

The Story of Christmas

Sun, Saviour and Santa Claus

A kiss—and after winter's wait,
A lover hastens home;
A star hangs on the garden gate;
A planet whispers, "Come!"

And though her faith in snow be bound,
Her feet with frost be shod,
The crocus rises from the ground
And leaves the rest to God.

I

Christmas Eve has come again! The President of the United States has just touched the switch and illuminated the community tree in the national capital. From Virginia, north, our country is covered with a soft, white blanket of new-fallen snow. The heavens declare the glory of the hour. Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn hang like brilliant lanterns along the zodiac, in almost the same position as at the birth of Jesus Christ, eclipsing even the jeweled splendor of Orion and adding their charms to the sweet influences of the Pleiades. The full moon is rising in the east, giving a "lustre of mid-day to objects below." Swift-sandaled Mercury has just disappeared below the western horizon on an urgent message for his Lord, the Sun. Joyously anticipating the coming of Santa Claus, an expectant world rolls its yule-logs, mixes its egg-noggs, lights its Christmas trees and meditates upon the Nativity, for the great day-star has turned upon his heel in the south and is about to return for another spring. The whole world rejoices. The yule log crackles. Candles glow in windows everywhere. The carollers sing in Louisburg Square. Christmas music vibrates millions of radios. "Jingle Bells," "Santa is Coming," "Silent Night, Holy Night;" mistletoe, syllabub, holly boughs, plum puddings. Christmas eve has come again!

II

Cheery, tender, inspiring Christmas cards are everywhere. There are lovely scenes in blue and green and red of ugly city streets made beautiful by softly falling snow with red-litten church windows and glowing cottage firesides; of little brooks half frozen in the ice; of snow-tracks of wild things along forest trails; of green wreaths tied with red bows hanging upon doorways, lit by arched candles; of evergreens and poinsettias and hollies and cedars and sleighs, jingling their merry bells; of old-fashioned stagecoaches in gold and red and blue, crunching their

icy ruts, packed to overflowing with happy home-comers; of little boats beating their way over turbulent seas toward quiet harbors under a full December moon; of snow-bound villages with cheerful yule-logs and red candles and white-tipped steeples, of mistle-toe swinging from glistening candelabra.

And there are heart-warming pictures of the happy, jolly face of Santa Claus, mounting snow-covered roofs in the glittering moonlight while little children in their nighties peep expectantly toward the hearth below or peer through frosty windows hoping that they may catch a glimpse of his reindeer; of little dogs, tied in red ribbons, sniffing bags full of presents; of landscapes covered with ice and sleet and snow and little redbreasted birds at the feet of jolly snowmen; of bulging stockings, hung beside blazing hearths and young fathers and mothers silhouetted by its cheerful light; of happy firesides and evergreen Christmas trees, glowing with jeweled fruits and laden with the gifts of love.

And there are scenes from a far-distant land where the tinkle of the camel's bell is heard as the three Wise Men trudge slowly over the sands; desert scenes with the brilliant star shining in the east and watchful shepherds guarding their trustful sheep on the hillsides or listening to angelic music floating down from the empyrean; a little babe lying in a manger while all the world adores as father and mother marvel at the halo around his head; snatches of memoried hymns and of lovely passages from old poems; worshipful congregations, pressing their way toward welcoming churches, and everywhere—bells, bells, bells!—camel's bells, chime bells, sleigh bells, church bells!

III

As you contemplate all this happy outpouring of beautiful art, there mingles with memories of Christmas parties of Auld Lang Syne a sense of wonder that once each year this lovely snow storm of kindly, joyful good-will should crystallize like so many flakes from the dull gray sky of the winter solstice. When did all this begin and where and why? And how came there to be so intimate a comradeship between night and magi and reindeer; between nature and noels and the Nativity, between chilling snow and jolly Santa Claus and baby Saviour?

IV.

It all began in the long ago when the dawning light of intelligence in some meditative human being first revealed that the weakening winter sun was returning to strength, that his good, kind rays were brightening again, that his journey to the south had ended, that he was coming back once more and with him spring and food and warmth and flowers and bird songs and life resurrected in all its fullness. The long winter night would soon be over. Cold and ice and hunger and fear would shortly retreat before warm days and springing grass and returning migrants from the south. So joy replaced sorrow, confidence supplanted

fear, as all ordinary tribal life stopped until it was very certain that the sun was really coming back to warm and feed and save them.

V

The Christmas-tide is the most interesting season of the year. More than any other it is the period of myth and legend and lovely memory, around which the happiest hours that the human race has ever spent on earth cluster, naturally. Of all the seasons dear to the hearts of men, the twelve days between December 25th and January 6th are the most famous in song and story and most endeared to poet and priest and child and king.

VI

Archaeologists digging up old graves in Europe frequently come upon skeletons buried from 25,000 to 50,000 years ago, relics which bear testimony to the earliest days of paleolithic man. There old Neanderthals who inhabited the continent before *Homo sapiens* appeared had practically none of the accessories of civilization. They had no domesticated animals, not even a dog. They had no houses, nor tents, nor cows, nor sheep, nor pottery. They were naked savages, making a living as hunters and trappers without even bows and arrows. To the astonishment of anthropologists and to the delight of all men and women who love religion, the amazing discovery was made, as these relics were dug up one by one that they were buried in an east and west direction, ceremonially, and that around them had been placed an assortment of presents, weapons and stone implements and food supplies, showing that long before civilization itself had been developed mankind counted the rising and setting of the sun as an allegory of life and hoped that, as the great star rose triumphantly from darkness so they might, likewise, live again.

VII

Few of us who inhabit illuminated streets and who can, by the turning of a finger, switch light on at will, realize that the normal condition of life on earth and the normal condition of the universe at large, is one of darkness. Even in our own solar system the outermost planet receives far less than one-thousandth as much light as the earth. One need only go a couple of light-years into space before our sun has dimmed its rays and is no brighter than any one of many thousands in the sky. Darkness reigns everywhere except in the immediate neighborhood of one of the stars. It happens that our little earth is close up to such a hearth of happiness and basks in the beams of the great fire which heats and lights us so benignly. Out beyond us, for interminable thousands of millions of miles, there is only darkness.

VIII

And as it is with space, so it is with half of the day itself. The night now means little more to us than an opportunity for pleasure and revelry. Streets, many miles long, are illuminated at the

pressing of a button. Instantly, sunlight saved through the millenniums in the hearts of our coal mines or harnessed in our waterfalls turns great cities into galaxies of glowing starlets. But, of old, it was not so. Only a few years ago there were no electric lights. A few years before that there were no gas lights. A millennium or so before that there were no lamps nor even candles. For countless centuries mankind had only the campfire. When the night fell, came danger and death from all of the prowling enemies of the forest and the plain.

IX

But even worse, the sun, itself threatened to go out. The keen eye of early man observed that day by day, as he rose in the east, his pathway through the heavens lay farther and farther to the south. Each day his strength weakened. Each day it became colder. Each day the food supplies diminished. Each day the fruits and the berries and the nuts became fewer. Finally, the snows came and the sleet, and all the earth was dead. It seemed as if the sun had, indeed, forsaken them and that nothing further remained of joy and happiness on earth.

X

Then, at the winter solstice, the shortest day of the year, something happened. The anxious watchers of the solar disc noted how the great star paused in his journey southward and, within a few days, turned upon his heel and began to come back to them, bringing with him all the joy of the spring, with its food and its warmth and its safety and its strength. With glad hearts, they celebrated that return in the triumphant belief that their great and good friend, the unconquerable sun, first and chiefest of all the gods in whatever age and by whatever people adored, would not forsake them, but would return once more to make life happy and safe and joyous. That is the origin and meaning of our Christmas trees and our Yule-logs and our mistletoe boughs and all the wild happiness which went with the celebration of the winter solstice for centuries before the coming of Christ.

XI

And even today our scientists hasten to confirm the instinctive wisdom of our ancient ancestors who in the brilliant effulgence of the Lord Sun recognized the face of God. For who can find words wherewith adequately to describe his divine majesty? Who can picture to himself those huge eruptions rising to a height almost equal to the radius of the sun itself, over 300,000 miles, whose scarlet passions would consume our little earth and lick up our moon in its flames in the twinkling of an eye? Who can describe the ineffable glory of those fierce tornadoes called sun spots which open up the interior of the photosphere so that one can catch a glimpse of that sublime power which resides in fury unharnessed? Or who of us can attempt to tell the full story of what that tiny two-billionth part of his light and

heat which our little earth receives has meant to us; of how all life and motion, all vegetation and earthly verdure, all movement of wind and weather, all rippling of stream and river, all waves of lake and ocean, all pulsing of heart and artery, all brilliance of diamond and intellect, all muscles of steam and armature, all power of all sorts whatever—who can tell the full story of the dependence of our earth upon the sun? For, after all, the wind bloweth whither he listeth. At his word the clouds are formed around the particles that he sends forth, and pour out their floods. The mountains are the work of his fingers, chiselled by his rain-storms. The passions of the oceans are his also, and with his lightning he sends his messages to the ends of the heaven. When he wills he stores up his bright rays in peat and coal to comfort the coming generations or in diamonds to dazzle their eyes. He it is who loosens the frozen rivers and orders forth the equatorial storm upon its mission, and his is that silent power by which the chlorophyll of countless leaves gather together all the food for all living things. Truly Watson spoke words of truth when he wrote:

*“O bright, irresistible Lord,
We are the fruit of earth’s womb, each one,
And fruit of thy loins, Lord Sun,
Whence first was the seed outpoured.
To Thee, as our father, we bow,
Forbidden thy Father to see,
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou
Art greater and older than we.”*

XII

The sun, the cemetery and the sermon are all sons of the same father and sources of the same inspiration,—religion. All over the continent from which our ancestors came there are to be found various types of burial mounds. Some are little roofed huts of stone called dolmens. Occasionally great menhirs or standing stones are set in special lines about them. Sometimes these stones are arranged in circles, as cromlechs. There is a tendency always to orient these mounds; to associate them with the movement of the sun, the life of which from the beginning of human thought has seemed to be like the life of man. As the sun rose in the morning, attained its full strength at its noon and wasted away in its old age toward west, so did man. As the sun began going north again after the winter solstice, growing stronger and stronger until the summer solstice and then weakening unto its death as the winter once more approached, so did man:

*As after the storm shines the sun forth,
As after the darkness comes morning,
As after the winter, the spring wakes.*

XIII

Two hundred years ago there was no United States but there was religion. Two thousand years ago there was no Great Britain nor France nor German Reich but there was religion. Twenty thousand years ago there was no school nor house nor farm nor church but there was religion. Before the first letter of the first alphabet there was religion. In the first mind of the first man there was religion. Before the first vowels and the first consonants of the first voice there was religion—the Christmas religion.

Thus the Christmas religion, which is consciousness of the good God, revealed in the blessings of his sun, began with the birth of life on earth, with the very first bit of protoplasm that, in the terms of science, could “move, assimilate, react, contract, metabolize, adapt, reproduce.” It deepened, widened and intensified with every development of life. When man came, it gradually concentrated into the idea of a Personal Power, greater than all other personal powers, upon whom all things were dependent for life’s blessings. Through what a long and glorious dynasty of Kings has it come down to us! Amon, Ra, Shamash, El, Allah, Elohim, Dyaush-Pitar, Zeus-Pater, Jupiter, Baal, Jehovah, Thor, Great Manitou, Brahma, Ahura-Mazda, Goudan, God! All these and a thousand more bear witness to the age-long gratitude and adoration of mankind toward the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who dwells in glory ineffable; “For Jehovah-God is a sun.” He, only, was the giver of every good and perfect gift—warmth against the winter’s blasts, flowers and songs of spring, berries and fruits of summer, nuts and grains of autumn. He, only, could redeem. He, only, could save. He, only, could spread a table of good things for his disciples. He, only, could cleanse from sin by baptism in the blood of his bull, slain for suffering humanity at each easter. He, only, could restore life and love and beauty and joy to a dead and frozen earth. He, only, so loved the world that he never forgot to return each year at the winter solstice as soon as he resurged from his annual grave. And he, only, could rise again from the dead each third day and ascend into heaven. No wonder his worshippers exclaimed in ecstasy:

*“I am Horus and Ra,
One with Osiris
He who hath risen from death,
Beareth me with him!”*

XIV

After all, ancient men had a remarkable type of religion. It was genuinely scientific. They worshipped facts. Their ritual was based upon actual observations. Their God was someone whom they could see and feel and whose presence was intimately a daily affair with them. In short, they watched the traits of their

God and they built their temples in accordance with his habits. Such were Stonehenge and Avebury in Europe and the Pyramids in Egypt and Mexico and the Ziggurats in Asia. •

It should be observed that this is just what all great religious teachers have done. All men who have founded religions have gone back behind the theologies and dogmas and superstitions with which their generation was familiar and have founded their faith upon observed realities. Moses did that. Jesus did that. Mohammed did that. Buddha did that. Confucius did that. Furthermore, the most striking development in religious circles today is the reversion to the same tendency all over again. Once more men are returning to reality, to knowledge, to facts, to observations, and they are identifying them with religion. Once more we celebrate easter at sunrise. From inner psychological depths to the distant phenomena of nature as revealed in astronomy and geology, by way of physiological psychology, mankind today is looking and longing for a reinterpretation of life's experiences. In this sense it may be said that Stonehenge is one of the most modern of churches. It was built to celebrate vital and observable events, the solstices and the equinoxes, lodges along the annual pilgrimage of God. All of which shows with clearness what a deeply religious season and what an ancient religious festival Christmas really is.

XV

Who of us is there that has not read with delight the ancient story of the Sleeping Beauty, the lovely daughter of a beautiful mother's prayer, whose destiny it was, at the age of maturity, to enter the fateful chamber of the palace and there, pricked by the point of a spindle, to sink into her long repose, from which she could only be awakened by the kisses of Prince Charming. Her sleep is as the sleep of the Great Mother who dreams in icy peace, the snows and the sleet of the long winter upon her, whose slumbers none may interrupt until the yellow-haired sun breaks through all obstacles, and with the kiss of spring, awakens her again to the renewed joys of the life of another year. As it is with the Father Sun, so it is with Mother Earth below, each day of whose life is a counterpart of his footsteps on high. Nor did early man fail to grasp the meaning of this parallelism. It was as if they, in their earliest consciousness, understood that there is a certain spiritual quality in the world about them, a definite moral order of the universe. And, in the dimness of their groping, their hands touched at the beginning the solution of the mystery; that the universe is one; that its unity is its meaning; that as it is with one of its parts so is it with all; that the lives of men and earths and suns are in essence the same; that Father Sun could not move in the sky nor Mother Earth wait anxiously below without conveying to their children the solution of the mystery of their own struggles.

If we can forget the impersonalities of our science long enough

to remember that we do not ourselves know the source of power, that we can only conceive of it in terms furnished by the constitution of the human spirit, that we have deprived nature of that richness wherewith earliest man filled it, that they had no terms with which to speak of the world around them except terms of thought and emotion and deed, in short, of life, and that it still remains a question as to whether they or we are nearer the truth, we shall begin to understand how much this message of Father Sun may mean to us. By it we are brought sharply face to face with the fact that, from the beginning of their thinking, when men sought to answer the riddle of the universe and especially the riddle of life and death they, as we, have tried to find out what it is all about, what it is for. They answered it in terms of volition and spirit and we answer it in terms of force and law. To ancient man heaven was so near that God could easily step down in the cool of the evening to walk with man in Eden. We measure its remoteness in light years. Many of our wisest still find high wisdom in these earliest conceptions. Surely there were few greater in his generation than Herbert Spencer, who summed up his knowledge in these words: "We are ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed." "Of what I call God, and fools call Nature," Browning explains. Nor among those who most clearly understand the philosophy of history have there arisen many greater than Matthew Arnold who unlocked the story of men with this key: "There is a Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." No one has expressed it more finely than Camille Flammarion: "There is an incommensurable Power which we are obliged to recognize as limitless in space and without beginning or ending in time and this Power is that which persists through the changes in those sensible appearances under which the universe presents itself to us." This is He of whom the ancient Omar spoke:

*"Whose secret presence through creation's veins,
Running quicksilver-like eludes our pains,
Taking all shapes from Mah to Mahi and
They change and perish all, but He remains."*

Nor should we forget that seer of these latter days who grasped the newest discoveries of science in one hand and held to the oldest of faiths in the other, Tennyson, who speaks to us almost in ancient mythological phrases, when he writes:

*"The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, the
seas, the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who
reigns
Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and spirit with
spirit can meet,
Nearer is He than breathing and closer than
hands or feet!"*

XVI

Came Joshua ben Joseph with his gentle wisdom and tender grace to love a whole world into brotherhood. With the pure white flint of his purpose he struck the divine spark from the steely souls of benighted humanity. For years too few and too short he spoke of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, of *faith, faith, faith*, that magic wand of Hermes which turns evil and pain and sorrow into gold. After a life so perfect that the world called him God he was crucified by human hate and then glorified by human love. He became the light of the world, the sun of righteousness, the radiant Lord of the sky. Although the date of his birth as described in the gospel narratives was quite evidently not in the winter its celebration soon dominated the age-old festivals of the winter solstice: the Palmtree celebration of Egypt, the Hanukkah of Judea, the Saturnalia of Rome, the Yuletide festivities of the Nordics and even Natalis Solis Invicti, the birthday feast of the Invincible Sun. "After all", as St. Chrysostom urged, the worshippers of Mithra "call this December 25th the birthday of the Invincible One but who was so invincible as the Lord? They call it the birthday of the Solar Disc but Christ is the son (sun) of Righteousness." And so, all over the civilized world the festivities of the winter solstice celebrating the birthday of the newborn sun became Christ-mass, the celebration of the nativity of Jesus Christ. But the boar's head and the wassail bowl and the yule-log and the evergreen tree still abide as vestigial remains of the ancient faith associated with that happy day when the weakening Father-sun began once more to wax strong and warm.

XVII

And the three wise men, who were they? It is said that Melchior, from the ruddy sunset land of Arabia, received spiritual wealth in return for the shrine of gold that he brought. Such a man must he have been who first of all men watched understandingly the return of the sun from his southern odyssey and prophesied confidently that so would all future winters end in the joys of spring. Among the first of scientists he dispelled fear of eternal winter and assured mankind that by the Will of God the succession of the seasons was dependable. Young Gaspar with his physician's myrrh received humble insight into truth in return for the contents of his golden-trimmed horn. His must have been the wisdom of him who first penetrated understandingly the mystery of the Eternal Trinity, father, mother and child, Osiris, Isis and Horus; who saw first that "each of us is a fragment torn from the Father-God", that The Child is the keystone of civilization. Balthasar, from the land of spices, for his censer of frankincense was given perfect faith—faith that the universe is favorable, that kindness permeates the hearts of men, even descending the chimneys of their houses when doors and windows

are locked, that "every good gift and every perfect boon cometh down from the Father of Lights," that to "do unto others as you would have them do unto you is the Law and the Prophets."

XVIII

Three hundred years passed before godly St. Nicholas added a third motif to what, ever afterward, was to be our Christmas. It seems a far cry from the three golden balls of the pawn-brokers to the mitred head and canonical robes of the Archbishop of Mira but money lenders and merchants and ship owners were once the same and St. Nicholas' prayers were potent over wind and wave. So the three large bags of gold that he secretly tossed down the chimney as dowries for three moneyless maidens became the sign of their patron saint and of their businesses. Chapels and churches in his honor rose on all seacoasts, more even than to any of the disciples of his Lord. As each new land adopted his cult he changed his habit and name and character. Passing Lapland he traded his white horse for eight reindeer. His long journey from Asia Minor to America led him to Holland where he became Santa Nikalaus. Finally, he reached New Amsterdam where his ascetic countenance became florid and chubby and he doffed his ecclesiastical robes in favor of red-and-ermine coat and cap. He discarded his bundle of switches for bad little children and burdened his sleigh with bags of presents for those who were good. Here, also, his birthdate, like that of Jesus was changed from December 6th to that of the Invincible One. Today, he reigns supreme as King of Christmas, the world over; the apotheosized embodiment of kindness, charity and good cheer.

XIX

Such is the joyous Trinity of our happy Christmastide, the loveliest and most meaningful of all festive seasons—the nativities of Jesus, of Santa Claus, and of the Vernal Cosmos, instinctively associated by all those who love nature and Christ, and little children. How inevitable it is that each December, as the old year dies we should be reminded of the birth of the child. When the trees are bare and there is no more hope left in the heart of the hickory, when the greenness of the grass is gone and all flowers have faded, when the frost is lord of the leaf and the ice may blanket the poplar with impunity He sends his messenger to his great star and orders him to retrace his steps toward the north. At His word the re-born sun turns upon his heel, having heard that it is His will to resist the pride of the ice and melt the hoar frost into dew. So, we who know of this great thing which is being done for us gather all our joys over the deliverance from the cold, our happiness at the coming of another spring, our gratitude for safety from all night and frost, our confidence that the day will surely grow longer until the thrushes come back to their summer homes; gather all our hopes that come with the birth of a new year, into the great crackling yule-log which

most heartily cheers us through the long, black winter night. And, because the holly was unafraid of the snow, and the mistletoe did not fear the ice, and the evergreen cedar withstood boldly the boasting of the frost, we take them into our homes to learn from them their lessons of faith in God, at whose word each baby year is born.

XX

So, it is Christmas with its solstice and Saviour and Santa Claus that offers to us the most cogent and comforting arguments for our assurance of immortality, reminding us that from the beginning of life on earth all things have risen from the dead. Each spring, for millions of years the boughs of billions of trees and the limbs of trillions of shrubs burgeon with vernal life, emerging from wintry death. On not one easter, in all earth's hundreds of millions of years, has the Day-Star summoned them in vain. Always they have broken their tombs and risen triumphantly to meet their Lord in the air—bluet and daffodil, violet and crocus, tulip and anemone. It is the Great Analogy. Even Neanderthal man trusted it and turned the pallid faces of his dead toward the east. Daily the God-Sun died and rose again from the dead. Annually the Earth died and rose again from the dead. There never had been, there was not and there never would be any marvel that remotely approached the myriads upon myriads of miracles which were performed by the Sun who, at his own good pleasure, from the poverty of winter created the paradise of spring. Each easter, dead grass, dead shrubs, dead trees, dead mountains, dead valleys, dead lakes, dead rivers, dead forests, dead deserts awakened to joyous life. Should only man die, never to live again? The perfect answer was given more than a millenium before the birth of Jesus by the prophet-king of Egypt:

*“And lo, I find Thee, also, in my heart.
I, Khu-en-Aten, find Thee and adore.
O Thou, whose dawn is life, whose setting death,
In the Great Dawn life thou up me, thy son!”*

XXI

There is the sound of sleighbells on the lawn and the faint tapping of little hooves on the roof. There is the patter of tiny feet on the floor above, where expectant eyes peep eagerly toward the stockings on the mantel. The Yule-log crackles merrily. Come memories of shepherds feeding their flocks by night and the sound of angel choirs and of camels with muffled feet and tinkling bells hurrying Magi, star-led, toward Bethlehem. With a soft, muted crash a snow-laden limb falls on the porch. In a distant tower, bells are chiming. Joyous carollers are singing, without. Welcoming candles glow, within. Christmas has come, bringing its blessed benisons, always, everywhere, to all.

Editorials In The Georgian

For approximately ten years I was one of the contributing editors of the Atlanta Georgian (until the publication of "What Happens to Minorities, see elsewhere.) From nearly a thousand such editorials the following have been thought worthy of being included in this autobiography because they furnish the historical background of one of the most important decades in the history of the world. Included with them are a few contributions published elsewhere. The first of this latter class is an article published in the Sunday *Constitution* of July 8th, 1923.

For the most part they are printed in the chronological order of their publication.

O WISE POLITICIAN! (July 27, 1931)

Some years ago, when Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton University, he came to Memphis, Tenn., to make an address to a gathering of Princeton alumni and the boys, of whom I had the honor of being one, took a steamboat ride down the Mississippi, with him as principal guest, after the dinner.

I shall never forget something I heard him say on that occasion to the effect that he had found already that *as long as he talked in generalities all Princeton alumni, directors, students and patrons and the general public praised him highly, but that whenever he became specific and dealt with a direct case, affecting the lives of his hearers, he found immediately a sharp division of sentiment and in many cases, a vigorous and determined opposition.*

He was referring to the fierce criticism of his suggestion concerning the quad system and its effect on the club life at Princeton.

So have I found it in this little column in the *Georgian*. As long as I write about heaven and hell and theology and the stars and paleontology, anthropology and eschatology I get nothing but praise through the mails, but if I should express an opinion which affects the lives of the readers, I find immediately that 50 percent of my readers have words of praise and the other 50 percent make it just as hot for me as pencil and paper and ink can do it.

How would you like to have someone write this to you:

"As for you, Dr. Jacobs, the least offensive thing that I can say

for you and others of your ilk is that you are a traitor to our people and civilization." Or to describe you as "rushing into print to line up with a cheap publicity seeker such as Key against the law which 90 percent of the church and God favor," or to warn you that if you kept on writing editorials "like that" you'd be "bumped off" some fine evening.*

Well, that is the kind of letter you get when you try honestly to serve the public when the public doesn't agree with you.

This column has taught me a great deal more than it could have ever possibly taught persons who read it; and among other things that it has taught me is the great difficulty that a statesman, or even a politician or a reformer of any kind or a leader of any kind, has in inducing people to change their opinions.

From now on I am frankly sympathetic with all politicians, even the cheapest and most cowardly, because I have learned

* Footnote: Perhaps the hottest letter of this sort that I ever received was the following from an anonymous author who mistakenly supposed that I was a Jew. So far as I know there is no Jewish blood in my veins but if there was I would not be ashamed of it. There are, however, a number of prominent Jewish families named Jacobs residing in Atlanta. Here is the letter:

Atlanta, Ga.
Jan. 23, 1934

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir:

You have no idea how dangerous is your caustic criticism of the Roosevelt Administration. Not only is your attitude dangerous to your own person, it is dangerous to Jewry in general. If, by your public opposition to necessary relief measures and other constructive legislation you should, by the help of other Jews and reactionaries, break down what has been built up for the past year, and revolution breaks out, (as it surely will if recovery is halted), I shudder at the thought of what will happen to you and others of your kind.

I know the temper of the American masses, and I know that if they ever start, there can be no end to their carnage until all those of you who have fought against their freedom from industrial slavery have ceased to be.

The last thing this writer wants to see in this country is Anarchy, so why do you and others like you try to hasten such a condition by opposing our great President—the only one since Lincoln that has tried to do anything for the under-fed workers, and the under-nourished and shabbily clothed children? This writer, a year ago, while walking the streets in search of work, and coming home day after day to a family that was in dire need of the meagre necessities of life, would have sacrificed his life if, by so doing, he could have changed the hard hearts of the money class that you represent. Now, that a great soul is in the White House who sympathizes with the millions of helpless ones, helpless by virtue of your selfishness and that of others like you, this writer, together with fifty million others is willing to sacrifice his life for this Great Man and the principles for which he stands.

Be careful! We love our president and we will *not* allow him to be harassed by Jews or any one else!

Signed,
Epluribus Unum.

why the American politician doesn't care to tell the people the truth.

And I have learned also to believe that we shall never progress very far in America until we learn the art of dispassionate discussion of those issues which most vitally affect our lives.

Nor will this ever be possible until we honestly, down in the bottom of our hearts, believe two things, first, that we may be mistaken, and, second, that, whether our opponent is mistaken or not, it is highly desirable that he should express his views.

Instead of this, the average American refuses to admit the possibility that he may be wrong and, as a consequence, desires to shut the mouth of anyone who disagrees with him.

As long as that is our mental state, we shall be governed by people who are wise enough to keep the truth from us.

DR. THORNWELL JACOBS, OGLETHORPE HEAD, DISCUSSES PROBLEM OF NEGRO EMIGRATION

Editor Constitution: The emigration of negroes from southern farms in large numbers, has caused much concern among our employers of labor, and considerable interest has been shown in devising means to restrain their exodus from the south. One would judge from the many expressions to be read on the subject in our newspapers that this northward movement of colored people is approaching the size of a sectional catastrophe.

Yet, in the opinion of the writer, quite the opposite is the case. The more one considers the matter from all points of view, the more are we led to believe that it is one of the most helpful and promising movements and, in general, one of the best things that has ever happened to the south, the negro, and the nation.

To begin with, we all recognize the fact that the determination on the part of northern labor and the northern people in general to relieve our American Nordic civilization from competition with the lower elements of southern Europe by passing a stringent immigration law is at the bottom of the whole matter. Instead of employing European labor, the northern manufacturing concern is employing the southern dinky. The results are perfectly plain and the advantages to all parties concerned are apparent.

It is certainly a fine thing for the negro laborer. Anyone who reads the letters that they write home from the north, or who talks with them as they leave in multitudes from any of our southern railway stations, will learn very quickly just why they are deserting the farms, the villages and the cities for the east. In many cases housing conditions in which they find themselves are far superior to those which they left. So are their school facilities and, in general, everything else that makes for their happiness. So far as the negro emigrant is concerned, the matter would seem hardly open to debate. Indeed, it is neither right

nor just to attempt to prevent their going by any form of compulsion.

And the negro laborer left behind is also immensely advantaged. He finds that in proportion as the colored labor leaves his community his own wages rise. He finds also that the white employer and the white property owner have something to say to him about his rents and his tumbledown shanty and his living conditions that he has wanted to hear for a good many years. While he may prefer to stay at home in Georgia, he is only too glad to see many of his friends go north, realizing that every one of them who departs is conferring a benefit upon those that they leave behind.

And, in consequence, it follows logically that the white laborer of the south is also advantaged by this exodus. He, likewise, finds his wages rising and the dilapidated house that he has been renting begins to be repaired. Whether he lives on a farm or in a more thickly settled community, he becomes a far more valued personage with a larger income and is being rapidly placed in a position to help himself more effectively. Especially is this the case with the white farm laborer. If he is bitter in his heart, he does not deplore the sinking in value of the farm lands, but recognizes in that fact the possibility that the "poor white trash" of the south may, after a while, be able to own their own homes. He finds himself relieved of the competition of his negro neighbor to a large extent. He is dimly conscious of the fact that his "poor white trash" civilization has been largely made so and kept so by its close proximity to an African civilization. He knows that the very words that his children use incorrectly and pronounce so faultily have been learned from their nurses and negro playmates, and he is not sorry to see his family removed from the competition of his negro neighbor that sinks at times into peonage. He feels that just as cheap money drives out good money, cheap civilization drives out a good civilization, and it looks to him as if he is about to have another chance.

And as it is with him, so it is with the southern farm itself. Any frank and loyal Georgian who knows what farming is as conducted in the middle west or in any country of Europe realizes that a Georgia farm looks like desolation compared thereto. The negro never was a farmer, is not now and never will be. He is admirably suited to the jobs to which, in this farm-to-industry movement, he is going at the present time in such large numbers, and as he goes he is giving the south an opportunity, to just that extent, to have a white farming class, without which neither Georgia nor any other state can ever expect to be great. As long as the white people of this state look upon farm work as a work for the negro hired hand to do, so long will our farming be, compared with the best agriculture of the best states in the world, nothing but a job. But when the time comes that the southern white man on his farm is proud of the labor of his hands thereon,

then the foundation will have been laid for a truly great commonwealth.

Nor is this all. The very finest effect of this exodus of negro laborers is its political effect. If this thing continues long enough the boundaries of the south will be extended to include Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, West Virginia and Pennsylvania and similar border states, and the one great curse that has vitiated the statesmanship of our country will have been eliminated from our policies. As long as there is a negro problem in America the south is in political slavery, unable to vote her mind about matters of national and international importance to her citizens. When the time comes that the negro problem is no longer a sectional problem but in so far as it is a problem at all, a national problem—then, indeed, will our south country be free.

And it should be added that from the political standpoint of the negro, also, the change will be most highly advantageous. It is difficult for a white man to realize how it feels to be "a problem" and the negro will never be satisfied, nor will the tension between the races be over until he ceases to be a problem. This can only happen when he leaves the southern cotton farm, where his natural increase is overwhelmingly greater than that of the white man, and becomes in large numbers a city dweller, where his natural increase is no greater and, indeed, is less than that of the white man. This is exactly the situation that is being brought about. As soon as the natural increase of the negro is no greater than or less than that of the white man in the south the whole attitude of the races to one another will change to one of helpfulness, and the negro will be able to attain a hold and place in American life as a citizen that is denied him under present conditions.

As it is with our immigrants, so it is with our negro. It is highly advantageous to all parties concerned that they should be more evenly distributed over America than at present. In proportion as this is accomplished will they develop into the full measure of their possibilities as men. If, for example, this emigration should continue until the negro is fairly evenly distributed over the United States, he would then constitute slightly less than 10 per cent. of the population in any given community. He would, instantly, cease to be a problem and become an American citizen with rights and privileges unabridged. And that important work being done by our inter-racial committees, religious and civic, which suffers now from the tension of racial prejudices and labor rivalry would, for the first time in the south, have a chance to apply the gospel of Jesus Christ to the relationship between white and black men, a happy consummation, which will never be accomplished while the great under-masses of southern white men with the increasing number of mulattoes staring them in the face, see themselves overwhelmingly outnumbered by an unassimilable race whose every social,

financial and civic advancement only darkens the threat arising from racial differences and preponderating numbers.

Any way you look at it, therefore—whether from the point of view of the negro emigrant or his relative left behind or of the white laborer or of the farms, themselves, or of the commonwealth, or of the nation—this movement of the negroes to the north is not without its compensating benefit.

The thoughtful Georgian will not overlook the fact that as the negro surplus goes north the son of the southern white farmer will find living room on his own farm and slowly, without immigration from anywhere, the complexion of our agriculture, likewise, will be changed. It would be still better if we could bring in a reasonable number of immigrants from northern Europe and our own middle west. Only when we come to the large employer of labor do we find difficulty, and that is only temporary. For it is obviously true that if the other benefits described in this statement really accrue to the south, then the larger the interest controlled by our large employers of labor the more will they be advantaged. The negro was brought to this country on the curious belief that he was necessary to farming in the south. Disunion and death resulted in millions. As his coming was mercenary, so is every attempt made to retain him. For over a century our white civilization has suffered this handicap. Should we refuse to have our burden lightened even to so small an extent?

Incidentally, those of our southern leaders who for years have been endeavoring to persuade white immigrants from the north and west to settle in the southern states and who have learned the difficulty of inducing them to immigrate to a country where they must compete with the negroes will not fail to notice that this migration is helping them to solve their problem in a double manner. The northern white laborer is being made accustomed to the negroes, not only in his own home country, but also is, thereby, prepared to emigrate to a land where the conditions are not widely different.

In any case, there is nothing to get excited about. On the economic side of the question it is perfectly certain that the larger the numbers in which he arrives in the north the lower will be the wages that he will receive there and the higher the wages that the southern laborer will receive. As the one decreases the other will increase until the differential is so small that the emigration will automatically cease.

In the meantime, the south will receive her blessing and the negro emigrant his also.

Thornwell Jacobs.

Atlanta, Ga., July 4, 1923.

THE GATES ARE OPEN!

What a country to plunder! What a paradise for politicians! *A nation grown overrich, with billions upon billions of dollars invested in huge enterprises, headed by high-salaried executives, capitalized and bonded in astronomical figures, employing millions of laborers at fabulous wages, ripe for the plucking.*

A whole generation of citizens, soft from a double-decade of "prosperity," hypnotized by the doctrine of the *divine right of the American Wage Scale*, worshipping the American Standard of Living, indoctrinated with the idea that the government OWES them a living, unable and unwilling to live lives of hardship and toil such as the founders of America lived and liked. Literally thousands of blind leaders of the blind with specious arguments flattering the masses with false hopes and promises that cannot be fulfilled, *offering riches by confiscation, prosperity by legal enactment, abundance by the restriction of production.*

A hundred and twenty-five millions of people *organized into predatory blocs* for the purpose of looting the common treasury, eager to vote into office and power the person who will offer the *wildest hopes and the loudest promise* of bringing these hopes to pass, each bloc quieting its conscience with such shibboleths as "social justice," "human values," "public welfare," "exploitation of labor," but each saying in its heart "The others are getting it, why shouldn't I? Let's get it while the getting is good."

Almost the whole *outside world reverting to the barbarism of the Middle Ages*, with its *hopeless tyranny, its despotic terrorism, its destruction of all individual initiative and personal character*, and millions of little, cheap imitators springing up in America as puppet martinets and pompous bureaucrats eager to shear the lambs of the fold in the cause of "social justice."

A *bewildered, uninformed citizenship* who have never been told the brutal truth about the destruction of the wealth of America and the raping of its treasuries by the colossal folly of the World War and by our allied and associated nations therein and thereafter; a citizenship ready to believe that the victims of that stupidity were its author, and blaming the sources of their only salvation for visiting its misfortunes upon them.

A *people unskilled and undrilled in adversity and inexperienced in government*, unable to guide the ship of state surely and steadily in the storm and darkness, ready to trust and obey anyone who will promise corn and games.

A nation whose moral and civic and social standards have been shattered and whose fundamental institutions—home, church, school, government—are tottering from blows rained upon them

by modern prophets of iconoclasm and anti-Christ's of anarchism with consequent destruction of all the old standards, old faiths, old morals and old integrities.

What a nation to plunder!

What a politician's paradise!

EVENTUALLY, WHAT THEN?

The American people may be able to obtain a very clear idea of what they are up against from recent statements made by Harry L. Hopkins, who heads the government's relief agencies. As reported by *The New York Times*, Mr. Hopkins states: "*Under the Works program, those who otherwise would have been idle have received work. They have liked it. And, unless I am very much mistaken, they will use their political power in the future to see to it THAT THE PROGRAM IS CONTINUED.*"

* * *

Further along in the interview, Mr. Hopkins explains: "*That is why government will NEVER ENTIRELY GET OUT OF THE RELIEF BUSINESS. There is nobody else who can do the job. . . . Sure, it costs money, and IT'S GOING TO COST CONSIDERABLY MORE THAN WE ARE SPENDING FOR IT NOW.*

"But the increased cost will not be noticed as much as present expenditures. Remember, we have been going along on a national income of about \$60,000,000,000 a year, and \$90,000,000,000 or more a year is far from unthinkable. There can be no two ways about it. THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IS IN THE RELIEF BUSINESS TO STAY. And the government that tries to get out of it altogether PROBABLY WON'T REMAIN IN OFFICE VERY LONG."

* * *

From these quotations it will be seen that the revolution, about which we hear so much, has already taken place. The new principle upon which government is to be operated in America is as stated above by Mr. Hopkins. *Government assumes the responsibility for the employment of all its citizens. The next step is to establish a "living wage" which must be comparable to minimum wages earned in industry. These are set automatically by the minimum wages permitted by organizations of labor. The next step is to obtain the money wherewith the government may pay the unemployed. This is done by taxing those who are not able to employ the unemployed. The next step is to establish the principles upon which the government will employ the unemployed. This is done by the artificial creation of jobs, many of which are ludicrously unnecessary. It is done also by establishing the principle of more pay and less work as fundamental to satisfying the millions employed by governmental agencies.*

For all of these millions vote and will presently be organized into unions which will teach them to vote as a unit for higher

wages and shorter hours. Having established the principle that "the customer is always right," that the laborer's demands are always reasonable; that the employe is always exploited by private capital and must, therefore, always be petted by government employers; *the final step is to watch the sad and utter demoralization of the American laboring class.*

* * *

Hitherto, in this country, there has been *a premium set on character*. The independent, the industrious, the efficient, have received high reward and the lazy, the slovenly, the inefficient, have caught it in the neck. From now on, in the eyes of our government, they are to be all alike—good. There is to be no punishment meted out to the drone and the incompetent. They are no longer to be compelled by sad necessity to look after themselves. They will be looked after *by the government.*

* * *

Thus we see daily, one after another, the sure steps whereby politicians encroach upon the liberties of the people and destroy their character. It is the old story told time after time in history but never remembered by those who make history. Thus nations come and go. Civilizations rise and fall. *People become great under suffering and disaster, and decay under pampering and coddling.*

From now on, in this country, we will see a mad scramble for the accumulated properties of the nation, on the part of voting blocs. Having once learned that the way to get rich is through political pressure, these blocs, as Mr. Hopkins says, will never forget it.

At present the going is good. We have not yet exhausted our resources. We can still reduce the gold value of the dollar and not be worse off than many other countries. We can then print money when it becomes necessary. But, eventually the money will give out. What then?

* * *

One hardly knows whether to laugh or cry at the ludicrous efforts of Congress to decide whether they shall appropriate three billion, two billion or one billion dollars to relieve the suffering of people *whose numbers and needs they do not know*. If the Congress of the United States were to say to each of the states, "*We are appropriating one-half and you appropriate the other half to relieve want and suffering, if any exist at the present time,*" the relief bill would not be three billion nor two billion nor one billion. It would not even be one hundred million!

PLAIN FOOLISHNESS

A friend has sent me the following article, which recently appeared in *The London Sphere* under the caption: "JUST FOOLISHNESS." It is in answer to the prayer of many Ameri-

cans who would join with Bobby Burns in the request that we might "*see ourselves as ithers see us.*"

Readers of this parallelism will note that it offers full corroboration of what has been frequently said herein, namely, that the curse of America, *at the present moment, is an alliance between predatory politicians and predatory poverty*, just as, in years gone by, it has been an alliance between predatory politicians and predatory wealth.

Fortunately, for those of us who live in the South, this is not so much the case below the Mason and Dixon Line. Through many adversities, our people have become more thoroughly trained in frugality and more used to hardship. *They are able to bear depressions with better spirit and to meet them with greater courage than the restless horde who afflict the industrial centers of the North.* Living in our peaceful enclave, it is difficult for us to realize the extent of the greedy turmoil existent elsewhere.

Of course, such disturbances are coming South. Emissaries of discontent, promising loot of treasury and industry, will eventually disrupt many of the hitherto pleasant relationships existent in our territory. Too late we shall wake to find that, like the rich man of old who would tear down his barns to build greater, *we have, in a night of ignorant, political bungling, lost our souls, the true spirit of Americanism.*

Read this article from *The Sphere* carefully and ponder every paragraph of it thoughtfully:

"The United States contains 6 per cent of the world's area and 7 per cent of its population. It normally consumes 48 per cent of the world's coffee, 53 per cent of its tin, 56 per cent of its rubber, 21 per cent of its sugar, 72 per cent of its silk, 36 per cent of its coal, 42 per cent of its pig iron, 47 per cent of its copper and 69 per cent of its crude petroleum.

"The United States operates 60 per cent of the world's telephone and telegraph facilities, owns 80 per cent of the motor cars in use, operates 33 per cent of the railroads. It produces 70 per cent of the oil, 60 per cent of the wheat and cotton, 50 per cent of the copper and pig iron and 40 per cent of the lead and coal output of the globe.

"The United States possesses almost 11 billion dollars in gold, or nearly half of the world's monetary metal. It has two-thirds of civilization's banking resources. The purchasing power of the population is greater than of the 500 million people in Europe and much larger than that of the more than a billion Asiatics.

"Responsible leadership which cannot translate such a bulging economy into assured prosperity is destitute of capacity. But pompous statesmen, looking over the estate, solemnly declare that the methods by which it was created are all wrong, ought to be abandoned, must be discarded; that the time has come to

substitute political management for individual initiative and supervision.

"There is only one way to characterize that proposal—it is just plain foolishness."

ANOTHER 'WAR TO END WAR'

August 17, 1931

Now is the time, before it is too late, for you to write to Senators Harris and George and to your Congressman, making it plain to them that in your opinion the United States is slowly but surely becoming involved in the sino-Japanese problem, *which involvement leads directly to another war.*

Having taken a seat at the council table of the League of Nations against the will of the American people and against the will of the Japanese people, we now find ourselves in the dangerous position where we may be used as a cat's-paw to draw out some more European chestnuts *at the cost of the lives of hundreds of thousands of American boys.*

Having at the doors of China and Japan a group of many islands which have for years been held against the will of their inhabitants, *we have given satisfactory hostages to fortune.*

The next step is to protect our interests by sending soldiers and marines to the Philippines and to points in China. *The next step is to have them attacked* in the same spirit and manner as that in which we would attack Japanese soldiers landing on the American continent and adjacent islands. The next step is to appeal to American honor and courage and manhood and to insult the Japanese with an international boycott of some sort. The next step is war. The next step is revolution.

Having gone into war for the purpose of making the world safe for democracy, and having found that it resulted in destroying practically all of the democracies that the world contained, either in spirit or in fact, *the American people* are not likely to be persuaded into another one for the same purpose.

Having gone into one "war to end war," and having found that its concluding peace treaty is a signed contract for a dozen more wars, *the American people* are not likely to believe any more of that kind of twaddle.

Having been flattered into believing that inasmuch as we are the greatest and richest and most progressive people on earth we should take the lead in international diplomacy, and having found that *this meant really that we should pay the greater part of the bills of the allied and associated nations, the American people* are not likely to be humbugged into that sort of policy.

The danger is not with the American people. It is with what Mr. Arthur Brisbane so adequately describes as "such half-baked statesmen as this land produces," and with the failure to use foresight in avoiding interference with the affairs of others on the

supposition that we have become the dominant nation of the earth and that it is our business to keep all other nations at peace by making war against them.

PLANS FOR THE NEXT WAR

There is something pathetic about the naval conference in London, something so resembling the hopeless blindness of childhood as to call forth a sorrow in the hearts of those who look upon its futile effects.

Faced by the infinite tragedy of the late World War, the destruction of millions of lives and billions of property values, the upstirring of every evil emotion and tendency in the human race, and the release of every wretched and abominable passion imprisoned by years of peace, these great leaders of *the nations solemnly debate whether the knives with which they will in the future stab each other shall be seven inches long or only six and three-quarters and whether they shall kill each other with pistols or with poisons.*

In the meanwhile, all over the world those elements of human nature that lead to war; selfishness, unscrupulous ambition, greed for wealth and power, jealousy and intense commercial exploitation, all go on unchecked, while those forces that make for peace and good will, unselfishness and mutual helpfulness and clean, decent living upon the basis of the highest possible ideals, are handicapped for the lack of the very essentials of their life.

And when the conference shall have ended, amid the plaudits of the press, the dignified ambassadors will adjourn to their own countries, having succeeded in changing the number of the poor old obsolete battleships *with which the next war is to begin*, approving the submarine warfare that took America into the last war, contemplating, as of course, without action the newest and most terrible type of all armament, airplanes and poison gas, and *in effect, establishing the rules whereby the five greatest fighters of the world will begin their next contest.*

In the meantime, for two thousand years literally hundreds of thousands of pulpits have proclaimed as the ideal of modern Christianity the following motto: "Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you with all malice and be ye kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

In the United States of America there are forty-eight nations living together in peace. All European peoples are represented here in force. They never think of interstate warfare. They are the same peoples who live in Europe.

In Europe there is not a single state that counts upon permanent peace with its neighbors. Yet they are inhabited by the same peoples who live in America, and to Europe there should come

the same peace that abides in America.

In centuries to come the present Europe, with its multitudinous discordant and bellicose states, will seem just as ridiculous as ancient Greece with its many little rival subdivisions, a nation divided against itself that eventually fell.

WHILE THERE IS TIME

December 12, 1931.

It is to be hoped that the people will understand the proper character of the assault upon the American Vice Consul at Mukden by certain Japanese soldiers as a result of which the Japanese government has apologized to our Secretary of State and has dismissed the principal participant in the affair from the Japanese service.

Regardless of the explanation given in the matter, such, for example, as that to the effect that our Vice Consul treated the Japs as if they were Chinamen and that he spoke only Chinese, the matter may be taken, as Epictetus used to say, "by either of two handles." By the one handle it is an illustration of how easy it is for our officials at Washington to permeate a whole nation with dislike and distrust of our people.

There can be no denying of the fact that the Japanese people as a whole look upon the American people in a distrustful light. *They have seen us steadily reaching forth our hands to take and control territory far beyond our shores.*

When we annexed the Hawaiian Islands they raised their eyebrows. When we took possession of the Philippines they stared at us, and now that we are telling them that they may not chase Chinese bandits even to protect their own property—well, hitherto they have refrained from telling us to attend to our own business.

The Japanese entered Chinchow amid the cheers and welcomes of the whole Chinese population. They are restoring order in a bandit-ridden country. They are doing for Manchuria just what we did in Cuba; and, instead of being disturbed for fear that some of our "interests" may be jeopardized, we may be thanking our lucky stars that the Japanese had common sense enough to do what they have done against the absurd opposition of a group of nations *who were afraid that she would get too much of what they themselves wanted.*

If you have any influence with your representatives and Senators in Washington you would serve your country well by urging upon them the advisability of America's adopting a new and friendlier policy in respect of the Japanese.

Such a policy would eliminate the constant friction *engendered by perpetual protests over the doing by Japan of things which we would go to war to do ourselves in America.*

Such a policy also would include the liquidation of those hostages to fortune which we have given in taking possession of the Philippines by restoring them immediately to their own people. *It would include the abandonment of all outposts of jealousy and distrust in Asia.*

If this is not to be done, sooner or later America is going to be forced into a useless and murderous and unforgivable war with Japan, and it will be done by inciting the Japanese people to ill will and distrust on account of the unwarrantably irritating acts of our own government.

IF I WERE A BRILLIANT NEGRO

If I were a brilliant negro I would endeavor to do for my race the finest thing that could possibly be done for it. I would present to the spiritual, social, political and financial leaders of my people a plan to secure a *homeland for American negroes in Africa*, organized under the protection of the United States in much the same way that Palestine is now being developed for the Jews of the world. Having organized such a movement as a purely voluntary plan, operated for the benefit of and solely by our colored men and women, I would ask the white people of America to join with us in inducing the government of the United States to secure such a home in Africa and to spend the monies necessary to transport and set up in the business of agriculture and manufacturing all American negroes who desired voluntarily to return to the native land of my race. I would require that *this land should be ample and that its temperature and terrain should be excellent and suitable* for the founding of a great nation. I would particularly endeavor to induce the brainiest men of my race to organize and conduct this great enterprise.

In so doing, should success crown my efforts, I would have succeeded in solving what we are pleased to call the race problem in America. *Such a plan would immediately create a safety valve for excess population and for unemployed colored people* who, under Government protection and by Government support, would be able to establish themselves as house holders and property owners by simply taking an ocean voyage. Should the plan prove as popular with the colored people as a similar plan is proving with the Jewish people, it would mean the development of a great nation, dominated by former American negroes, *a nation which would furnish prestige and dignity to every black man all over the world.* It would decrease the pressure of racial antagonism whenever and wherever felt in America. It would, in the course of time, distinctly decrease the relative number of colored people in the United States and in doing so would automatically tend to lift them into better social and political positions in this country. It would show to the world that there is enough intelli-

gence and virtue and political ability in the American negro to create and conduct a great government. It would steadily permeate the whole African continent with the religious and social ideals of the American people. It would make the humblest colored man in the black belt proud of his race and would demonstrate in a manner beyond prejudice or attack the fine qualities which exist in the colored population, *qualities which on account of the present social arrangement in this country can never be fully demonstrated without inter-racial war or inter-racial amalgamation.* The large infusion of white blood into the present colored population of the nation would have its stabilizing effect in the conduct of such an enterprise. Once it were prosperously under way the keen antagonism which, at times, arises when the two races are brought into close contact in America, would definitely decrease and eventually disappear. *The cost of conducting this great enterprise would be negligible. The blessings would be inconceivable. It would be done so gradually that it would not upset at all present economic conditions.* In fact it would simply make the unemployment problem less difficult.

There are, in the negro race, many really superb qualities. *These qualities will never be developed as they should be under present social conditions in America.* The really black man has practically no chance, as everyone knows, to rise to any great heights politically or socially in this white man's country. Only the brown man, known as the third race, with a large white infusion of blood gets anywhere and then only where they are relatively few in number compared to the whites. It is just as unfair to keep the modern negro in this condition as it was unfair to keep their forefathers fresh from Africa, enslaved. There is but one solution to the problem and that is the solution to which I would set my hand if I were a brilliant negro leader.

UNCLE SAM—UNCLE SIMPLETON

February 5th, 1932.

If this wonderful peace-loving country of ours, which has just finished investing forty-five billion dollars and thousands upon thousands of lives in a "war to end war", *doesn't succeed in "muscling" itself into another one very shortly* it will be due entirely to the good providence of God.

During the past months, as I have pointed out in this column, from time to time, we have succeeded in laying a train of events that is liable to explode at any time at some happening or series of happenings, and America will either be forced to eat her own words or to put more billions of money and thousands of American lives where those went who crossed the Atlantic "to make the world safe for democracy."

Having pretty well inflamed the Japanese against us by a series

of protests and accusations we find ourselves face to face with a really serious situation in Shanghai, with a dozen Japanese warships speaking their silent orders to the Chinese to cease their attacks upon the persons and business of the Nipponese.

Having taken the part of China for months in her dispute with Japan, we now face her definite surrender to her adversary *unless by some happy chance she is able to draw us or some other simpleton into the conflict*. This is her only remaining chance for victory.

Perhaps she can do it by involving some American citizens or some American dollars and by making it appear that the Japanese are insulting this country. Everything is laid for it. Our gunboats are there. We have five thousand American citizens in Shanghai, and we have already been told that there are tens of millions of American dollars invested thereabouts.

What our State Department in Washington needs to be told is that the time has passed when the people of America are willing to die for our foreign "interests". We have just thrown so many billions of good dollars after bad in Europe that we have become wise to the whole system of persuading the public to die for the profits of a few "patrioteers."

The only way to fool the American people into another war would be just that suggested above.

THUNDER ON OLYMPUS

A great confusion reigned in the minds of the hundreds of Greeks who assembled in the Banquet Hall of the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel on the evening of Monday, April 16th in honor of His Excellency Honorable Charalambos Simopoulos, Ambassador of the Greek Republic to the United States. Two Greek scholars, Honorable Eugene Talmadge and His Excellency Mayor James L. Key, had flatly contradicted each other on one of the fundamental points of Greek orthoepy. In a most excellent address the Governor of the Commonwealth of Georgia *had referred to the pass of Thermo'pylae and the heroism of Leo'nidas*. He had stirred the hearts of the Atlantan descendants of the heroes of Hellas as he described the eternal bravery of the defenders of the little state against the millions of Persians who would devour Greece as the locust would devour the luscious lettuce.

. . . .

Hardly had he taken his seat before that great Greek authority, the Mayor of the City of Atlanta, Honorable James L. Key, arose with amazed indignation and *spoke as if he had never heard of Thermo'pylae and Leo'nidas but retold the story in an equally charming manner as an incident that had happened at Thermo'pylae and announced that the real hero was Leoni'das*.

His Excellency, Honorable Charalambos Simopoulos, Ambassador of the Greek Republic to the Republic of the United States of America, was visibly disturbed. General Lindley Camp moved uneasily in his seat and consulted the countenance of his beautiful wife who sat at his left. Honorable Clark Howell, distinguished editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, puffed vigorously at his cigar. Major John S. Cohen, nestor among statesmen and journalists, reached eagerly for his Greek dictionary. The Honorable Ed Danforth gazed thoughtfully into the heavens in a vast endeavor to recollect the instruction that he received at the University of Kentucky in the language of the Achaeans. Dr. M. L. Brittain, President of the Georgia School of Technology and classical scholar on his own account, smiled grimly over so dangerously critical a situation. Only the countenance of Mr. Nick Chotas, who by this time had become a famous toast-master, was serene and undisturbed. Even Dr. Constantinides, pastor of the Greek Communion, seemed worried over the vast disturbance which Their Excellencies had raised.

. . . .

It was quite evident that the close contact which our Governor had always enjoyed with the soil had led him to follow the general method of pronunciation used by ordinary people like Webster and the editors of the Oxford dictionaries whereas in his erudition the Mayor had bored more deeply into the substrata of Hellenistic orthoepy, and had arrived at Thermopy'lae and Leoni'das. Perhaps his excellence in classical scholarship arose from his ancient comradeships with his buddies among the professors and erudite teachers of the Atlanta Public School System. However the case may be, it was quite evident to all of those who listened that the Mayor had passed beyond the pale of ordinary learning and had entered the realm of Doctors of Philosophy in Hellenistic Science.

. . . .

Being terribly old-fashioned myself and conservative beyond words, I have, nevertheless, taken my Webster and Oxford dictionary and made the necessary corrections. Thermo'pylae is now marked Thermopy'lae and Leo'nidas has changed his name to Leoni'das. But the famous victory remains very much the same.

. . . .

Instead of Paris, I have written Paree; instead of Rome, I have written Roma; instead of Venice I have written Venezia and instead of Vienna, I have written Wien. Our classic city is no longer Athens but Athene; St. Louis is changed beyond recognition and I am even tempted to mark out Atlanta and write Marthasville, so greatly has our classical Mayor Hellenized me!

IN DEFENSE OF CINDERELLA

In common with many other Southerners, I am getting tired of hearing and reading both ignorant and intentional "cracks" about the South. It seems that there are not only some honest and highly intelligent persons, such as the President of the United States, to whom I am not referring in this article, but also scores of columnists and commentators *who seem to believe that the South is everything undesirable from "the No. 1 economic problem of the nation" to the "desert of Bozart."* One can hardly take up a paper—and this refers even to articles in our Southern press by Southern-born writers—without reading discussions of the South's "backwardness," in which it is assumed that this section of the country is *far behind all others* in progress, improvements and civilization—the *Cinderella of the Union*.

Against all this I protest. I believe that such silly effusions are based on ignorance largely, but more especially on a lack of appreciation of what life really is, and what it is for, and what constitute its supreme rewards and assets, *in all of which the South leads the nation.*

If one is looking for a population that is *sane and contented and happy*, and that still retains a modicum of *decency and modesty*, a population with the ideals of *ethics and morals* handed down to us by our fathers and taught in the holy books of the ages, he will find it south of the Potomac and west of El Paso in far greater abundance than in any other section of the United States.

If one is looking for a section of the country in which the old landmarks have not, as yet, been removed, *restraining the greed and dishonesty and hatred and ill will and malice which abound all over the world today*, the place where he will find it will be in Dixie.

If one is looking for a section of the country that is still ashamed of the *universal robbery of the national treasury* and still scandalized by the *willingness of 20,000,000 Americans to be supported by the federal government*, when a living is open to all of them if they are willing to undertake the toil necessary to earn it, the only part of the United States in which he will find it is in the South.

If one is looking, even with a faint hope, for a section of this country that is likely to stem the tide of *political plunder which is at present destroying the financial fabric of American business and clouding the future of the credit of the United States*, his one hope is in the South, where a race of people still live who neither need nor wish to be supported from the public treasury.

In opposition to a government whose soldiers were standing at our doors, we rebuild *a burned and ruined country*, into one which is the most rapidly growing section of the United States, by far. We do not need and we do not want to be included in the universal mendicancy which is disgracing the American people, and *we are the only section of the country of which this can be said.*

I want somebody to help me shut the mouths of such detractors and defamers of the *only section of our country in which the old American spirit of independence and self-reliance and scorn of the charity of our political poorhouse is still to be found.*

FROM THE MEDDLING OF POLITICIANS

The International News Service wires from Washington that *"the administration has abandoned all hope of being able to turn the relief program back to the states and cities for an indefinite period . . . Mr. Aubrey Williams, deputy WPA administrator, has warned Congress that such proposals are impossible. He offers two reasons for the inability of the federal government to discontinue relief. The first of these is that many cities have so exhausted their credit that they are no longer able either to raise more taxes or to sell warrants. The second is that the constitutional limitation on debt in many states, which the voters will not alter, stands in the way of further borrowing. To this reason an administrative leader adds a third: Every member of Congress who voted to turn relief back to the states and cities would be defeated."*

What a picture of rotten American politics these few sentences display! *In them is described the present status of American patriotism and character. Reason No. 1 exhibits the past profligacy of cities and states which have wasted so much for so long that their credit is exhausted. No. 2 exhibits the hand of a wiser past, expressed in Constitutional limitations to such spendthrift policies which today stand as the only barrier against complete bankruptcy. No. 3 exhibits the quality of American citizenship, our wasteful democracy which, having exhausted the treasuries of city and county and state, is now determined to rob the treasury of the nation.*

Combined, they show us the effect of six years of Democratic rule. They demonstrate that the present administration has wasted 20,000 million dollars in popularizing the Democratic Party and in pauperizing American citizenship.

And to what advantage? Side by side with the International News Service dispatch mentioned above is an item furnished by the Associated Press, quoting a statement made by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States to the effect that: "While the

index number for industrial production *was falling in the United States from 98.3 in August to 75.6 in November, it was rising in Canada from 99.8 to 104.8. In industrial production the United Kingdom seems to have ended the year on about the level with which the year began, represented by an index number of 122. France at least held her own at the end of the year at the index number of 72, with which the year began. Between August and October the index for Germany rose from 119 to 124, and for Italy from 93 to 107. Between August and November the index number for Sweden rose from 151 to 154, and for Norway from 132 to 142. These index numbers are based upon the average for 1929 as 100.*"

In the same paper, almost on the same page, the following statement appears from a distinguished financial correspondent: "Merchants (in the United States) are doing less business, fewer automobiles are being bought, steel production is at unprofitable levels, railway freight is 16 per cent below a year ago, business failures are increasing, power production is almost 5½ per cent under a year ago and bank clearings are smaller than in any time in four years, unemployment and shortening of work hours are spreading."

All of this comes from the meddling of politicians. The fatuous hope that a Congress or a Legislature or a Governor or a President by passing a law can make a country prosperous is ruining the United States. Every time Congress meets it endeavors to make some class of its citizens prosperous by restricting the markets of their products. This, of course, immediately siphons money from those pockets that have to pay the increased prices. This increases want and poverty and discontent, throws thousands of people out of work and on the relief rolls. Then, to keep peace, the politicians furnish "corn and games" to keep the unemployed masses quiet. This means more taxes, and eventually more printing-press money, and finally the bankruptcy of the federal government.

When will America learn that the only way in which to have an abundance of clothing and food is to work hard enough through long hours, to save frugally for rainy days, and to quit trying to sponge off one's neighbors?

WEIGHTY WORD OF WISDOM

Come and spend a few moments of deep meditation with me upon the following words:

"The spirit of the times may alter, our rulers may become corrupt, our people careless. A single zealot may commence persecutions, and better men be his victims. It can never be too often repeated that the time for fixing any essential right on a legal

basis is while our rulers are honest and ourselves united. From the conclusion of this war we shall go down hill. It will not be necessary then to resort every moment to the people for support. They will be forgotten, therefore their rights disregarded. They will forget themselves, but in the sole faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to effect a due respect for their rights. The shackles, therefore, which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of the war will remain on us long, will be made heavier till our rights recover or expire in a convulsion."

These words were written by Thomas Jefferson, the greatest mind of the American Revolution and the deepest thinker among the men who laid down the principles upon which our Republic was founded. He was the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence, who sent George Rogers Clarke westward to add the middle west to the American domain, who made the Louisiana purchase, who was twice President of the United States, who was the founder of the University of Virginia and who probably knew more about how to run a republic than any man who has ever lived in America from that day to this. *He believed that a democracy could only be operated on the basis of abundant education uncontrolled by church or state, free discussion, a free press, liberty of religious and political opinion. He believed in truth and the rights of the individual, the life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in his own way. He believed that the sphere of government should be confined to the keeping of order and the assurance of justice and the protection of citizens from private and public invasion.* In short, things that he believed and the principle upon which he and his associates founded this republic were and are the exact opposite of the principles upon which Fascism, Hitlerism, Communism and similar European political diseases are ordered.

America is deciding today *between Americanism and foreignism*, deciding whether this government or any other government so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. *No hour more freighted with destiny has ever faced any people.* I, for one, stand by the constitution because I believe that it was written by more experienced and wiser men than those who constitute our rulers today. How do you feel about it? Do you believe with Jefferson or Stalin? Do you think George Washington was right or do you incline to Mussolini? Are you for John Adams or do you like Hitler? Do you believe in your constitution and in the principles upon which your government was originally founded or do you not?

Read Jefferson's word over again. Read them very *carefully*. Think on them *very deeply*. It is as if that wise old man had risen from the grave to observe the present generation of American

citizens or with a prophet's vision had foreseen the valley of decision into which they had come.

In short, ask yourself frankly and honestly the question, do you believe that the American people are still capable of self government or have they degenerated so far that they are no longer able or competent to govern themselves?

THE GREAT DEVOURER

Let no man deceive you; *we are still in the midst of an unfinished war of government against industry; of politicians against business; of organized blocs against the individual citizen.*

It is an old story repeated so often in history that our forefathers who founded this republic used every device known to statesmen to forestall the insidious dangers which their experience and reading warned them would lie in wait for the baby nation. Familiar as they were with the records of Greece and Rome and France and England they administered every known antidote to the poisons of tyranny, whether by mob or dictator. They had fled their homes and attacked a wilderness that they might have liberty, personal, individual liberty of conscience and of conduct and freedom from King and pope. As far as human ingenuity could do it, they wrote a constitution that would forever make impossible the meticulous control of their private affairs and personal liberties which then prevailed all over the earth except in the new world. Yet see what is happening! *Step by step Government is encroaching upon liberty; one by one every personal privilege and individual right is being destroyed.* The power to tax which is the power to destroy offers an open road for any and all who need money. Already before they have well begun, our politicians who control the 175,000 taxing machines of America have reached the point of confiscation of the larger estates and properties. *They will not stop there. Government first regulates, then controls, then owns or destroys all.* With ever increasing hunger the Great Devourer consumes the product of three hundred years of liberty-inspired toil. After each breathing-spell the grip of predatory politicians tightens. As the inner cancer develops, the outer body withers. Foreign trade fades away. The nerves of business confidence are shaken. The muscles that have so long borne the burdens of the state weaken beneath the load of accumulating taxes and restrictions. As the cancer approaches the heart of the body politic, *which is enthusiastic individual initiative pounding upon the gates of opportunity*, the circulation of money and credit is slowed. Uncertainty broods over all. The old and faithful foundations are destroyed. The old morals, the old ethics, the old sanctities and faiths and ideals no longer prevail. *The public treasury becomes*

the public grab-bag. The bars to the common patrimony are torn down and whosoever howls loudly enough is outfitted from it. Patriotism dies upon its cross of selfishness and sordid blocs divide its raiment of righteousness among them and for its vesture they cast their lots.

We are now in the midst of this unfinished war between human liberty and governmental tyranny.

OUR PROMISES TO THE FILIPINOS

Well does it happen, and often, that "the evil that men do lives after them", and wise are those who look twice before they leap.

In these shaky times following the war which has caused all the joints of the earth to gape, *the United States of America finds itself contemplating the possibility of another conflict*, the scene of which this time will not be in Europe, 3000 miles from our shore, but in *Asia some 6000 miles away.*

Closely associated in the American subconscious mind with this is our possession of the Philippine Islands, taken from Spain after the war of 1898.

For reasons which have never been satisfactory to the American people, President McKinley and Congress took over the administration of hundreds of islands from Spain, promising them independence at that time, not only, but at every national election since that time.

They still lie there, our principal hostage to fortune, a perpetual threat to peace in the Far East, *a continuing pledge of our participation in any Asiatic disturbance.*

If you have any influence with our Senators or Congressmen it would, in my opinion, be a fine service to your country if you would write them, as I intend to do personally, requesting them to use their influence and votes to see that the United States of America fulfills its pledge to the Philippines to grant their independence according to the promises of every President and every Congress *since the unfortunate day when we took control of their affairs.* Only in this way can we insure the peace and prosperity of their country and give rest to those nations who eye with suspicion every imperialistic move of the United States in Asiatic waters.

The only reason assigned by anyone for delay in this matter has been based upon some imaginary commercial benefit accruing to America, the same sort of argument as that advanced by slave traders in the days before the War Between the States.

Students of history know very well indeed that *the greatest blunders made by nations have been due to blind selfishness and have always resulted in permanent curses.*

The quicker the United States of America gets out of the Phil-

ippine Islands, the better for ourselves, not only, but also for the peace and prosperity of *the whole world*.

STRANGEST OF ALL QUEER CHANGES

November 13, 1931

One of the strangest of all queer changes in American policy is that whereby a great peace-loving nation like the United States of America, whose happiness and prosperity depends upon the good will of all other peoples, a nation which had for a hundred years been happy and contented and prosperous, attending to its own business and letting others attend to theirs, *has now suddenly changed into a nation that "muscles into" every possible controversy which might lead to ill will and war.*

For thousands of years the various tribes of Northeastern Asia have been overrunning that small section known as Manchuria. Itself a land of change and conflict, it has poured its conquering hordes intermittently down into Northern China. China, north and south, has, in turn, conquered Manchuria. The yellow peoples have fought back and forth over all that section of the world in about the same way in which the whites have fought back and forth over Alsace-Lorraine or Judea.

And now it has come to pass that the Japanese can not even chase bandits in Manchuria but that our Secretary of Foreign Affairs is "grieved" or "alarmed" or "suspicious" or "disturbed".

What a pretty mess the Department of State is cooking up for us when the time comes that Japan calls our hand!

Does it imagine that the American people will permit the wholesale murder of hundreds of thousands of our youths for the sake of determining whether Chinese or Japanese shall occupy Tsitsihar?

Does it not know that there are thousands of thoughtful people all over the world who believe that the best thing that could possibly happen to Manchuria, not only, but also to China and the United States, would be for Japan to step into that disordered and distressed country where the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are taking daily toll of unhappy thousands and bring order out of chaos and peace out of its murderous banditry?

And what if some day when we occupy another Tampico in order to protect the lives of American citizens murdered by some Villa, Japan should suddenly become "suspicious" or "alarmed" or "grieved" or "disturbed" lest the peace of the world should be threatened.

What a silly mess our visionary American statesmen make of international politics!

Send this to Senator George or Senator Harris or to your Representative in Congress with endorsement. It may help to save the life of one whom you love.

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WE ADORE AND DENY

The birthday anniversary of Thomas Jefferson fell this year on Friday the thirteenth and was celebrated by a Thomas Jefferson dinner given under the auspices of the Georgia Woman's Democratic Club at the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel. By the kind invitation of Mrs. William Dunn, President, I had the honor of being a guest on this occasion and was "put on the spot" more or less, by being called upon to speak for a few moments on *Jeffersonian Democracy*. Having heard previously a number of delightful addresses from a number of distinguished speakers, all praising Thomas Jefferson and his principles and yet being not unmindful of the present social and economic attitude of the party, it was impossible for me not to contrast the two.

Here was *Thomas Jefferson on the one hand*, maintaining with all the power at his command that the first and only *raison d'etre* of Government was the protection of its citizens from injustice and its soil from invasion and that after this had been done, *the less Government the better*; constantly *fighting against taxes*, imposts and any and every form of government interference with the rights of the individual and the private life and affairs of its citizens—and *on the other hand* here is *the present Democratic party*, esteeming it to be both high wisdom and good Democracy to pass such laws as the Bankhead Bill and many similar enactments whose expressed purpose is to control the tiny details of the individual lives and actions of Americans. *Here was Thomas Jefferson whose whole life was dominated by a fear of too much government, too many government officials, too much bureaucracy, too many government inspectors and agents, too high tariffs, too many taxes, too great a tendency toward the gradual absorption of business into government—and on the other hand here is the present Democratic party, cultivating, developing and approving of all of these measures as being necessary and advisable.*

Here was Thomas Jefferson who believed that the one sure foundation upon which a permanent Democratic Republic should be founded was a farming class who were self contained, self supporting, liberty loving, industrious citizens, supporting their government, not supported by it and whose one memorable prophecy was to the effect that the American people would lose their liberty if, when and as that vast industrial population, protected by high tariff laws should be gathered into the great cities of the country and who feared and prophesied that when this was done it would eventually develop hungry hordes of unemployed, howling for the Government to feed them, and on the other hand here is the modern doctrine of our Democracy to the effect that the

first duty of the Government is to see that every citizen has food to eat, clothes to wear and a place to sleep.

Now it is quite evident to any one who has even a cursory knowledge of history that while our present brand of democracy may be Democracy and while it may be better Democracy than that of Thomas Jefferson, nevertheless it is certainly not Jeffersonian Democracy. In fact, of all things that it is not, it is most not that.

What a singular thing is the mind of man. How curiously willing we are to slur over our mental processes in this way. How willing at all times to worship the great while refusing to follow their teachings. Lip service is a universal evil. As it was with Jesus Christ so it is with Thomas Jefferson. We adore his wisdom but deny the practicability of his teachings.

WHAT SHALL BE SAID?

A few days ago the Business Manager of the *Yamacraw* which is the Oglethorpe University annual, came to my office and in behalf of the Editor asked for a message from the President of the University to the graduating class. In reply to his request I wrote the following:

"What should be said to the graduating class of a modern American college that would be worthwhile remembering in years to come? First: remember you are starting life all over again. If you have made mistakes and blunders, forget them. A new world lies before you. 'How ample the marsh and the sea and the sky.' Second: if you have made good use of your opportunities at college, you must know by now that nothing matters except your own personal quality of thought and feeling and deed. All of your future life will simply be an expression of your character. 'Es ist der geist der sich den koerper baut.' Third: remember that the more excellent the goal that you set for your endeavors, the more certain it is that you will never arrive at it.

'A search is the thing he has taught you

For height and for depth and for wideness.'

Fourth: remember that in proportion as you rigidly perform your duty, you will create enemies on the outside and in proportion as you do not rigidly do your duty, you will create enemies on the inside. The former may harass you but the latter will destroy you."

Had I not said it so often to them before I would have added that they should remember that they had been prepared to be leaders of thought and action and that as they were, so, to a very large extent, the world would be.

What are we going to do about the failure on the part of our great American universities and leading colleges to produce great leaders, trustworthy, dependable or trained and highly intelligent men of outstanding moral character who shall leaven the whole lump of American citizenship? That they are not doing it is quite self evident. That we are headed toward great evils if they do not do it is equally plain.

The trouble, of course, is that the character of a boy is already pretty well settled at eighteen, the average age of students entering college. Even then *collegiate influences are powerless before the vast impact of forces playing upon his spirit from moving picture shows, newspapers and similar public agencies*. In addition to this the high schools of today are morally colorless and the student, arriving at college, has already developed every known kind of vice or else has become practically immune to them under the influence of high grade family training and religious influence. That is why the American college is having such a battle and that is why so large a proportion of college men are unable to take the positions of importance to which they would be entitled. *Personal conduct remains three-fourths of life* and even college men cannot all of them successfully withstand the destructive influences from without which are brought to bear on them continuously.

A CERTAIN RICH MAN

During the past months we have been reading a great deal about malefactors of great wealth, dishonest bankers, criminal millionaires, the oppression of laborers by ruthless captains of industry, the exploitation of common people by the privileged classes. Often as I have read these articles and sometimes listened to addresses and even sermons, making such attacks, I have let my mind go in search of some such men, trying to find in my own experience and among my own acquaintances an illustration of that type of American citizen.

Now it has been my good fortune to know personally a rather large number of very wealthy men, ranging in wealth from a few millions up into the hundreds of millions. I am frank to say that I have not been able to find in all my acquaintance any man who fitted such descriptions and the more I have thought over the matter, the more I have come to the conclusion that *the greater part of this lurid anathema is comprised of ignorance, fear and jealousy*. Furthermore the more I think of it, the more dangerous such talk seems to me, not because it is unjust only but also because it is exceedingly dangerous.

For example, I have in mind a man who might fairly be classed as a very rich man. I know him intimately and have so known

him for years. I know how he made his money and what he is doing with it. I also know the effects upon his neighbors and employees of the use of his money. *May I tell you his story?* His father came to a little village in South Carolina many years ago with a couple of bales of cotton and a devoted wife as the total of his worldly possessions. He opened up a little store and by unusual courtesy and efficiency, saved a few thousand dollars. The village was in need of a bank and so he and one of his sons founded it for them. It was a very little bank but it grew rapidly because, like the store, it was handled courteously and efficiently and honestly. Soon the son showed signs of great financial ability. Something like forty years ago the little village was boasting a population of approximately eight hundred white people. He led in the founding of a cotton mill. All of the stock was subscribed in the village, the son and the father taking the largest part of it. It was a little cotton mill but, like the bank and the store, it grew rapidly from one of 5,000 spindles to two of 75,000. A few years ago, before the crash, this man might have well been considered a multimillionaire. Certainly he was worth four or five million dollars.

Now what was the effect of the presence of this wealthy man in this little village? First of all, the development of his mill made it possible for about two thousand very poor people who were unable to do more than eke out a bare existence on the farm and who could not furnish their children with any form of education, to do all of these things with ease. They were furnished little cottages with every modern convenience. They were furnished, largely by the generosity of the mill, with churches and schools. They made in cash perhaps ten times as much as they used to make. This money, in turn, they spent in the village and a score of small stores with the families dependent upon them, flourished happily. These people in turn with the money thus paid them, were able to support themselves and their churches and the little village rapidly grew from one with a population of 800 to one with a population of around 5,000. *The financial basis for the village with its public institutions, homes, churches and charities, was the efficiency and intelligence of these "malefactors of great wealth."*

Now how should society treat a man of that kind? Is he a liability or an asset? As a criminal or as a hero? Shall we tax him out of existence? Go, and take the money that he has made away from him and give it to the poor? If so, how shall we take it away from him? His salary, I happen to know, as President of the bank and President of the cotton mills is probably not larger than some of the teachers make in Atlanta. Shall we then confiscate his stock or the dividends on his stock? Put a capital tax

on the fortune he has made? *Remember that all of his money is invested in this cotton mill and bank and that if we take it away we destroy the facilities depended upon by the village for its financial existence and for its future development and prosperity as well as its past.* Suppose we took it all away from him or so much of it as is necessary to cripple his industries, we would then really be crippling all of the industries and destroying all of the business of a town of about five thousand people.

What most people don't realize is that *wealthy men are the slaves, not the tyrants of society.* This man, for example, to my certain knowledge, never had a real vacation in his whole life. He has never been to Europe, he has never been to South America, or Asia. *He is tied down so by his business that he can justly be called a peon.* The dollars that he has are really possessed by his employees and the tradesmen and townspeople of the village. He is working for them and when he dies he will, of necessity, leave it all to them.

As I said above, the average man doesn't realize that *a rich man is not a piece of beef steak from which he can cut out a piece to devour, but a living creature to which carving means death.* A rich man is factories, stores, railways, banks. To destroy such men is very much like cutting out one or more of the endocrine glands of the body. The whole body will wilt and die. It is true that a very small percent, let us say ten percent of the people of America own ninety percent, let us say, of its wealth. What most people forget is that *this ten percent also carry about ninety percent of its burden and pay about ninety percent of its taxes,* and they do this by virtue of their trained intelligence and diligent application to their duties. You simply can't get a golden egg by a surgical operation on the goose nor can you get money for the unemployed by hobbling industry *nor do I believe a politician can run cotton mills a bit better than those who founded and now control them.* As to honesty, who had you rather trust, a manufacturer whose entire fortune and reputation depended upon the successful operation of his factory or some Congressman or Legislator, chosen to operate it for a couple of years and dependent for his re-election upon how much his operation meant to his supporters.

Doubtless there are dishonest bankers and dishonest merchant-princes and dishonest manufacturers *but is there a larger proportion of them dishonest than of farmers and laborers and common folk like us?* Doubtless many wealthy men lie and cheat and are ruthless in method but is there any larger proportion of this sort than is to be found among horsetraders and real-estate agents and lawyers? Isn't there in this criticism a great deal of envy and

jealousy and blind, baffled resentment that fails to distinguish between the true and false causes of our misfortunes?

THAT DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler has the merit of being a man who expresses his mind frankly and clearly and in a recent interview with the United Press he said something that every American should read and take to heart. "*Japan is merely protecting property interests she has acquired, the same as our marines did in several Latin-American republics. How can we honestly criticize the Japs?*" Butler demanded. "Why every time I took a regiment or brigade of marines south, it was just to protect the plants and equipment of our industrial concerns. . . . I wonder just how we might like some other nation to come along and tell us to move our marines out of one of the Central American republics where they are protecting American lives and property? We wouldn't like it a bit!"

The old principle of live and let live is not a bad policy for nations to follow in their dealings with one another. The United States has long maintained the doctrine bearing the name of Monroe and originating in England, prohibiting colonization in the western hemisphere by European nations.

We have been involved in a number of wars and near-wars, each of which calls for the use of the army and navy in protecting American interests in such countries as Cuba, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Haiti and Nicaragua.

Congress was thrown into Asiatic fits when something was said about Japan having obtained a concession from México for the use of Magdalena Bay, and yet at the present time we let no opportunity pass to protest to Japan and to thwart her in whatever purpose she may have, wise or unwise, concerning the protection of her own interests in countries of nearer import and importance to her.

Seventy cents out of every national dollar spent for wars—past and present and future—involving a sum amounting to nearly three billion dollars per year, and yet we are looking for more trouble!

And we are actually saying that it is a good thing for us to have the Philippines as a naval base for operation of our future wars in China! Mark these words—*children now living will see every white nation, including our own, expelled from the Asiatic continent, its population outraged at their exploitation by so-called Christian peoples.*

GEORGIA GOES TO CANOSSA

Do you remember when the German Emperor was excommunicated by the Pope and, forsaken by his barons and subjects, was compelled to beg mercy of his holy highness standing in the

snow outside the pontiff's circle of warmth, begging the privilege of an interview? Even so the University of Georgia's School of Medicine at Augusta has been stripped of its Class A rating by the American Medical Association and is slated to be dropped from membership in the Association of American Medical Colleges at its annual meeting at Nashville in October. *The inspectors of the Medical College of the University of Georgia complain that, to begin with, neither Chancellor Philip Weltner nor the Chairman of the Board of Regents was present when they inspected the school; that certain professorships are vacant; that others are undermanned; that the administration is ineffectual and that the Chancellor and Board of Regents lack comprehension of medical problems or interest in them and that there is an incompetent leadership on the part of its autocratic dean.* They further complain "that the University is situated in Athens, the administrative offices in Atlanta and the Medical School in Augusta," with which they are not pleased. *They don't like the laboratories or the lecture rooms or the financial support or the building or the Dean* and they further point out that no attention was paid to a recommendation contained in a survey made by a "nationally known foundation" to the effect that the University School of Medicine should either be moved to Athens or dropped.

When will these arrogant interferences with the government of private and state institutions end anyway? Here is a *group of private persons representing a private fraternity, coming to inspect an institution owned and operated by a sovereign state of the American Union* and dealing to it the worst possible blow that it is within their power to deal, namely public disgrace and all because in their opinion certain improvements and changes should be made some of which at least are debatable.

And what does the University of Georgia do? Like the German Emperor it gets down on its belly and crawls to Canossa and, shivering in the snow, begs forgiveness, promises to do better, pleads for mercy and inquires to know what it can do in order to be put back on the famed list of bootlickers and sycophants.

Since when does the State of Georgia have to cringe before the lash of private organizations or their representatives from Chicago or New York? If the men who are operating the University of Georgia know their business, they know that the Medical School at Augusta is a first class institution or that it is not. If it is a first class institution, then they should tell the American Medical Association and all its inspectors that they know more about their institution than any foreign visitors could possibly find out in a few hours. If it is not a first class

institution then they should make it so themselves without instructions from Chicago.

If there is one thing that is needed in the educational system of this state, both for private and state institutions, it is *a keener sense of self respect and a confidence based upon a consciousness of work well done*. The time has surely come when institutions should not be dependent upon the approval or recognition of strangers in order to merit their own self esteem. What a pitiful sight it is for the great University system of the State of Georgia to quail and cower before a Committee of inspectors from abroad and to fawn humbly at their feet, *begging for their self respect to be restored*.

If this is the sort of spectacle that we are going to be presented with from now on in this state, it is time for the Legislature of Georgia to pass a law, prohibiting membership of any of our state colleges in any such outside systems of terrorization. It is a damnable thing that a great public institution should be disgraced publicly and hopelessly declassed by such reckless and self appointed censors of academic excellence. The University of Georgia has been struggling for nearly two hundred years to build up a reputation and now in a moment these totally irresponsible inspectors destroy the standing of one of its principal professional schools and absolutely without recourse—except a trip to Canossa.

BACK FROM CANOSSA!

Dr. Philip Weltner, Chancellor of the University of Georgia, doubtless breathes much easier having learned from Dr. Irving S. Cutter, Dean of the Northwestern University Medical School, that the Medical Department of the University of Georgia, according to a survey made of it by Dr. Cutter, will be a Class A medical college *just as soon as it raises \$25,000*. It turns out after all that the faculty is all right and the students are all right and Augusta is all right and the hospital facilities are all right and that even the Dean might have been all right if he had not resigned so quickly but that extra twenty-five thousand dollars must be put up by the friends and alumni of the school if *they want it back in the Grade A ranks*.

Dr. Cutter made an exhaustive analysis of the Medical Department of the University of Georgia. In a few days inspection he doubtless learned more than the faculty knew about it or than Dr. Weltner knew about it or than Augusta knew about it or than the Board of Regents knew about it. It will be a great source of satisfaction to all of the friends of the University of Georgia to know *that the self esteem of the faculty and Regents and Chan-*

cellor and their good opinion of their institution has now been satisfactorily restored.

Quite the saddest thing about education in the south is the fact, here once again demonstrated, that our leading educators and our leading universities either know so little about education or think that they know so little about it that they must go to Chicago or New York or San Francisco to find out whether they know anything about it or not. Here is the greatest institution in the State of Georgia, the oldest institution in the State of Georgia and the best supported institution in the State of Georgia with the largest number of distinguished alumni in the State of Georgia and with the largest and most capable faculty in the State of Georgia *unable to determine whether its Medical Department is fit to rank among the good Medical Schools of the country or not.* In the name of Bob Tombs, how long will this sort of thing continue? How long will it be before the State of Georgia, through its Board of Education and the intelligence of its educational leaders shall itself determine if and when an institution within its borders is or is not doing satisfactory work? How long shall such fine institutions as the University of Georgia be compelled to suffer the ignominy and disgrace of being pilloried as inefficient and incapably manned and inadequately equipped by outside self appointed "accrediting" agencies only to find that some other wise man pardons their short comings upon the payment of twenty-five thousand dollars?

ARRANGING THE SCENERY?

September 14th, 1932.

The American people should be advised that our State Department is steadily laying the diplomatic foundations for a war between Japan and the United States.

All students of history know that the reason why we went to war with Germany was because of the definite diplomatic position taken by Woodrow Wilson in his frequent notes to the German government and his steadfast backing of his personal interpretation of international law. Step by step his statements and threats brought the American government into a head on collision with the German government although the American people had not then nor have they now any hatred at all toward the German people.

The same thing is happening in the Far East. Our Secretary of State without even waiting for the publication of the report of the Committee of the League of Nations investigating the Manchurian affair, has raised a storm of indignation all over Japan because in a recent speech he referred to Japan's line of action in Manchuria in a quite derogatory fashion and in such a manner that the Tokyo officials understood his words as an unmistakable

implication that Japan was the aggressor in Manchuria against whom the whole world has organized and mobilized as never before.

It is an old adage that whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad and this insane inflammation of the American public against a nation many thousands of miles away, against one of our best customers, against a people who have the same right to expand in Asia that we had to expand in North America, against a nation which is amply able to defend itself and which has never known defeat, is a most serious blunder no matter who makes it.

The danger to America lies in a rapidly developing case of megalomania. The insincere flattery of European countries who would view the emasculation of America with joy, coupled with our rapid rise in wealth and population and added to the rather mercurial temperament of American citizenship has produced a psychological condition easily capable of explosion.

There are millions of Americans who think that Japan is quite as right in her contentions as is China and who know that she is much more able to preserve peace and order in Asia and who feel that her occupation of Manchuria and, indeed, her annexation of it, if she so chooses, would be better for civilization and better for the United States than the past turmoil and lawlessness which has prevailed throughout that distressed country.

The simple truth of the matter is that we are now laying the diplomatic preparation for the murder of hundreds of thousands of American boys and the bankruptcy of the American state for the sake of making money for our foreign exporters.

BREAKERS AHEAD!

October 10, 1932.

The United States of America is rapidly heading toward another great catastrophe. Secretary Stimson, by his recent notes to Japan, has so excited the populace of that country that they consider the United States—now become their avowed enemy—as having openly announced its intention of opposing the establishment, under Japanese protection, of the new state of Manchukuo, which to all Nipponese is an accomplished and irreversible fact just as permanent as our treaty with Cuba.

Comes now Ambassador Edge to announce in a speech in France that the American people “instinctively resolve to throw their moral and if need be their material weight on the side invaded”. Either these are the words of a silly blatherskite or of an international incendiary.

For years the relations between America and Japan have been growing worse to the delight of certain European countries who would like nothing better than to see the United States involved in a war which would compel us to exhaust our resources in a

contest in which we would be so handicapped as to have but slight possibility of success against them.

By an act of imperialistic folly we have become involved in the Philippine Islands, where we have no more business than among the wild men of Borneo, and have thus given useless and ominous hostages to Fortune.

It is to be hoped that Governor Roosevelt, if and when he becomes President of the United States, will immediately reverse the present policy of our State Department, which is heading us directly on to another bloody and calamitous war.

At present we are in the unhappy position of having announced a policy which can only be effectuated by war, a policy which is composed of commercial greed, sugar-coated with peace propaganda, a policy born of overweening and swaggering self-conceit. Its logical conclusion will dump the United States into another hole of Gehenna.

NOW IN THE WAR

October 12th, 1932.

Announcement was recently made in New York on September 27 to the following effect: "The Southern Railway today reported August net operating income of \$157,327 against \$963,872 in the corresponding period last year."

We have been accustomed to thinking of the World War as having begun in 1914 and as having ended in 1918. As a matter of fact, that period, insofar as the United States is concerned, was a joyful holiday compared with what we are passing through now. The simple truth is that *we are now in the worst part of the war*. More Americans are being killed today on account of the war than were killed during that period. More are being shell-shocked, more catastrophes are occurring, more homes are being destroyed. There is more sadness and bitterness and disaster and irreparable loss now than then. Not only are we now paying for the war but we are now in war, and are having a beautiful opportunity of observing just what war is like.

Furthermore, we are rapidly preparing for another war. The situation in the Far East in which (for some reason known only to those in power in Washington) we have meddled extensively has become rapidly worse with each note written by Mr. Stimson until now we have come to a definite impasse with Japan, our Secretary of State having announced that we would not recognize Manchukuo and Japan having announced that Manchukuo is as firmly established under her protection as Cuba is under ours.

It is a strange intoxication which takes possession of a nation when it grows to power of numbers and wealth. As long as the United States of America bore about the same general relation to other countries as the Argentine Republic does today, we attend-

ed to our own business and prospered phenomenally as a consequence. But, now, having waxed fat, we are attending to everybody else's business except our own, and meddling in every conceivable dispute that the world offers on some fatuous theory that it is to our profit to get mixed up with every international mess and on the supposition that the world cannot be run properly without us.

IF THE GODS LAUGH

June 26, 1933.

It is difficult to believe that the peoples of the world, whose very lives and civilizations depend upon the preservation of peace, should adopt such absurd ways of forwarding their interests. At a time when all the important nations on earth, with the exception of our own, are more fully and completely armed—and also more fully and completely alarmed—than they have been in a hundred years or than they have ever been before in their history, all that we can do in this country to forward the cause of peace is to send a lot of charming women on “peace mission tours,” and urge upon our citizens the necessity of writing postal cards to President Roosevelt about disarmament and display banners calling for peace and bearing quotations from many famous Americans in civic parades.

It is impossible to command words whereby to characterize such absurdities; nor is there any finer illustration of their pathos than the disarmament conference itself. Imagine enemies sitting down at a conference table, discussing what weapons they shall use for their next fight, shortening the length of their knives, lightening the weight of their cartridges, deciding to kill and slash and destroy by cruder rather than by more modern weapons. If the gods laugh, they are roaring at that!

And imagine a nation like the United States of America ballyhooing around the world in favor of peace *when every time the Secretary of State opens his mouth he prods some well-armed neighbor.*

What we need is more sanity in our attitude toward peace. *We need, first of all, to teach the United States of America to attend strictly to its own business and to let other nations attend to theirs. We need to get out of Europe and stay out of Europe. We need to get out of Asia, and stay out of Asia. We need so to arm ourselves by land and sea and air that no nation, nor any combination of nations, would be able to disturb our peace. No American politician has ever put it better than “Teddy” Roosevelt did when he said, “Speak softly and carry a big stick.”*

Some day this country is going to say more than it can back up to some nation like Japan and then we shall reap the bally harvest of all these junketing trips by charming women and silly resolutions by learned sleep-walkers. *For that hour we need a*

strong, well-equipped army. We need a strong and well-equipped navy. We need a strong and well-equipped air force. We need a strong and well-equipped doctor to cure us of a very strong and well-equipped case of international megalomania superinduced upon our childish psychology by a strong and well-equipped group of foreign diplomats for secret purposes. When we get these four things, we shall have the four legs of a table around which we are prepared to talk about peace.

FOUR POLICIES

Sept. 25, 1933.

During the coming months we shall be reading a great deal about the Far Eastern situation. The United States of America has always occupied an exceedingly high place in the minds and hearts of our Eastern neighbors. The relationship between China and ourselves is well known though it is not so well known that there is a great deal of resentment in that country against foreigners in which we are included, and this applies both before and after the Boxer Rebellion. The relationship between Japan and the United States has bordered on the romantic. This country has been of all Western nations, the one whose customs Japan has adopted and whose attitudes it has accepted most fully.

Our foreign policy has, up to this time, consisted of a series of irretrievable blunders, including particularly our occupation of the Philippines, our war with Germany, the nagging of Japan by Secretary Stimson; these and many more have put the United States of America "on the spot", so far as foreign nations are concerned. Including pensions and relief appropriations, the European blunder has cost, and will cost, us about a hundred and fifty thousand million dollars. We are now in danger of becoming involved in another such fatuous folly. Only this time, instead of going 3,500 miles to look for trouble, we shall be going 5,000.

It is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will, as quickly as possible, definitely announce and execute three policies, all of them having to do with the Far East and all of them based upon the bitter experiences of the past.

First, *get out of Asia* as quickly as possible. Second, *recognize the status quo in Manchukuo* as quickly as possible. Third, *recognize Soviet Russia* as quickly as possible.

If to these he will add another policy—and that is to *get out of Europe and stay out of Europe forever*—he will have conferred the greatest international blessing that America has ever received.

GET OUT AND STAY OUT!

Nov. 2, 1933.

Once more the American people have occasion to consider the *follies of the Treaty of Versailles*. Known at the time to be a document designed perpetually to emasculate, humiliate and enslave the German people, it has for 15 years continued to destroy the happiness of Europe and to endanger its peace. Conceived in hatred, jealousy and greed, it has developed every evil sentiment in the hearts of the Germans; and, after driving them to desperation, has created a government for sixty million of the most highly intelligent persons on earth *whose sole purpose is to destroy that treaty* and to regain equality and liberty for those whom it controls. Once more, therefore, we see illustrated the truth of those good words, "A soft answer turneth away wrath. but grievous words stir up anger."

Nothing that Europe can do, except themselves disarming, can prevent the Germans from rearming. *The patent hypocrisy of the great powers of Europe* who have for 15 years refused to fulfill that portion of the treaty which specifies that they themselves must disarm is now clearly revealed. Germany offers to disarm to the last shotgun, but that is not what they want. *Their purpose is to keep Germany crippled and helpless just as long as possible.* Against this the Germans in their desperation rebel. *Thus is guaranteed another great conflagration in Europe, probably not now, but just as soon as both sides are ready for the conflict.*

It is to be hoped that the government of the United States will have the good sense to *get out of Europe and stay out.* We have destroyed the whole financial structure of our country and burdened our people for generations with debt by taking part in the hideous catastrophe of 1914-18. We seem drawn to that flame by some fatuous hope of "helping Europe," whose sole purpose is to get from these gullible states all the help possible for their own ambitions and national aspirations. *Yet so child-like are the American people that one week's newspaper publicity could have this entire country boiling with rage against France or Germany.* or, for that matter, against any other nation.

WHICH WERE BEFORE YOU!

April 16, 1934.

The longer I live the greater wonder it is to me that some people are willing to go on and on, struggling and sacrificing for others or sometimes struggling and sacrificing for a definite ideal which we describe under the phrase "the good, the true and the beautiful". *What is it that made Jesus Christ, for example, will-*

ing to take all of the punishment that was meted out to Him in order to help the world? What reward did He get that was worth one of the most cruel deaths known to man, the mockery of His enemies, the treachery of His friends? What did He get out of living on earth?

What did Socrates get, who tried for so many years to teach his fellow citizens wisdom; that harmless, lovable old man who, because he spoke frankly and honestly to the Athenians, was accounted their enemy and forced to drink his bitter cup of hemlock?

What did Abraham Lincoln get out of being President of the United States, assailed during his entire career by thousands of opponents, betrayed constantly in the homes of his friends, and finally murdered by a fanatical enemy? What did he receive that was worth his anxieties and sufferings and insults?

What did Woodrow Wilson get for his superb endeavor to guide the United States aright during the most troublous times—times when, whichever way he led us, we and he would have been faced with danger, failure, distress and catastrophe?

What did James Edward Oglethorpe get for the many years that he spent in founding Georgia, doing his job more wisely, more kindly, more philanthropically than any other man who founded an American state? What was his reward for the accusations and back-biting and slanders and snipings of supposed friends and secret enemies?

What did Columbus get, who with the courage, unsurpassed in the annals of the sea, brought a new world to the knowledge of an old? What did he receive that could repay him for the enmity and injustice and iron chains with which he was bound by the monarch to whose services he devoted his life?

What did Charles Lindbergh get for his unparalleled flight across the Atlantic? What was his reward for making American young manhood the cynosure of every eye? What could possibly repay him for a murdered child, and his own government accusing him of dishonesty?

What does any man get who is courageous enough and honest enough to do his duty to resist the perpetual and harassing greed of others, constantly tending to compel him to sacrifice the interests of his country or his church or his character in order to win popularity and position and a job? What does any executive get who opposes the grafter, the individuals or groups whose whole object is to get more and more and more from every person or institution or government that they can bleed?

Are you wise enough to answer this question? Do you know a better answer than that of Jesus Christ, who said: "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you."

Every experienced executive has learned that whenever, in the institution over which he has the honor to preside, he finds someone who is very popular and universally liked, nine times

out of ten his case will bear very careful investigation. Almost always he finds that there is a letdown in the work that he is doing somewhere. Either he is failing to require efficient service or he is allowing privileges at the expense of the institution, either on account of weakness of character or desire for popularity. That is the case with all executives, all Governors, all Mayors and all Presidents.

It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance:

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely because you refuse to allow them their 'slice'. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad for great is your reward in heaven. For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

"THE KING OF HUMOURS"

In the old town of Godalming, not far from London—the same in which "Westbrook", the ancestral home of James Edward Oglethorpe is located—is a church built many hundreds of years ago, and sometime since, in company with Messrs. Charles Oswald, E. Lewis Oglethorpe and Amos A. Ettinger, I visited this church which was doubtless attended regularly by Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe and his good wife, Lady Eleanor, father and mother of the founder of Georgia.

There are many interesting memorials and tablets and relics of good and famous people who have made history in that section of Great Britain—distinguished prelates and vicars and officers of the church—but of them all the one that interested me most and which keeps intriguing my fancy is the one to *John Coston*. He lies buried beneath the floor of the church, and above his body there is a slab with a suitable memorial engraving, the most interesting part of which reads as follows:

"Here lieth the body of John Coston, who was chosen sexton of this parish in the fifteenth year of his age and held said office fifty-nine years—died May 9, 1741. ... He was the King of Humours and the best of husbands."

Do you not find yourself wondering just what this inscription really means? Perhaps you will smile in reminiscence of the kindness and good humor of this man who was sexton of the church of God during the time that Oglethorpe was founding Georgia and whose cheerfulness of heart and kindness of demeanor even yet send down through the ages a message of goodwill and good humor. For fifty-nine years he was the sexton of that little church in that little English village, and yet one may search all of the great memorial tablets of the great ecclesiastics and find nothing quite so human and so lovable as his inscription:

"He was the king of humours and the best of husbands."

I have an idea that the latter encomium follows, more or

less, as a consequence of the former. A man who could be a "king of humours" would almost necessarily be a good husband and also a good father, and a good brother, and a good friend, for if there is anything that this world needed then and now and always it is a man who is the king of humours.

I wish I knew exactly what that expression means. I have taken it to mean that he was the chief of humorists of the village; that he saw fun and laughter in everything; that a smile was ever on his face; that even on the most solemn occasion he saw the droll and the comical. Perhaps he was the wit and the ancient "wise-cracker" of Godalming; the life of the party; the merry-Andrew. Certainly such an expression would not have been placed on his tombstone if he had not been an outstanding humorist so that throughout the centuries, although he was only the sexton, and during the fifty-nine years of his service seemed never to have risen any higher than that position, nevertheless, his memory is blessed.

I suppose that *today a king of humours would be* a man who would refuse to be overcome by the depression; a man who remains an optimist; who dreams of better things, who hopes for the best, who laughs at trouble, who ridicules adversity, and who expects to triumph over all difficulties. Surely there is no better place for a man to exercise such abilities than as sexton of a church. The place of all places where one would least expect to find a humorist.

Yet, when one thinks of it, if there is really anything to religion, if the hope and faith and confident assurance of the church have value, it is, indeed, a triumph, worthy of perpetual memory, that its sexton should be remembered by all who knew him and by all who come after him as "the king of humors and the best of husbands."

EVERY BEEKEEPER KNOWS

Everything in the world is like everything else; certainly human beings are like bees in many ways and in one way especially. Visit an apiary on some sunny day in the springtime; stand fearlessly—as you safely may—as near as you please to the hives and watch the thousands of busy workers improving each shining hour. Like a golden rain they sift down from the sky, bearing each the precious burden of nectar or pollen, while their myriad whirring wings tell to the experienced beekeeper the story of millions of toilers, busy and contented at their work.

But, later in the season when nectar is scarce, on an unhappy day, some idle prowler from one of the stronger hives discovers that the guards ordinarily stationed at the entrance of a neighboring "gum" are absent, or greatly reduced in number and she *steals by the ill-protected gate*. She usually finds such a colony weakened by the ravages of moths or by the loss of their queen.

But some honey is still stored in the combs. Filling her sac she bears it to her own hive, whence her comrades follow her to the new Eldorado, where fabulous riches await the audacious intruders.

Now, follows the tragedy most feared by all experienced bee-keepers. *The news of the gold strike somehow gets abroad in the apiary. Soon the musical hum of contented workers changes to the angry roar of warring robbers. All work ceases. Pillage and murder begin. First, the weakened hive originally attacked, then others, then all, indiscriminately. Millions of bees mingle in a fighting, stinging, dying chaos, which cannot be stopped until the night falls upon all.*

That is the danger facing America today. Easy honey to toiling bees is easy money to toiling men. More than one weak hive is being robbed. More than one colony has ceased its toil, having heard that it is no longer necessary to tip a thousand florets for one drop of nectar. Curtailment of production is rapidly bringing us our summer of scarcity. The hum of industry already has a note of angry discord. Surely it is as Henry Vandyke used to sing:

“Heaven is blest with perfect rest;
But the blessing of earth is toil.”

Shorter trips, less work, more money. Shorter hours, less work, more money. The summer's curtailment of nectar. The Congressional curtailment of goods. Robbery—pillage, and the end of ordered toil. Prosperity by law. Wealth by votes. Stings substituted for wings. Bee-rights above honey-rights. Share-the-nectar movements; divide the pollen planks.

These are symptoms that every beekeeper knows. *In an apiary they mean chaos until a common night falls upon all. In a nation what do they mean?*

EXACTLY THE PROPOSITION

A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of listening to Senator Huey Long in one of his addresses to the American public on our “Prince Charming Administration” and “The Blue Buzzard Era.” Senator Long is an entertaining speaker and not all that he says is folly.

I was particularly struck with his attitude toward wealth which is the foundation prop of his platform. He looks upon the accumulation of large sums of money in private hands as an unmitigated evil, and plans—should he be elected to the Presidency—which position he evidently seeks—to limit very drastically the possible accumulation of wealth in the hands of one person. This plan calls for one hundred percent confiscation above a few million dollars. Many people listening to him will approve of this plan. This approval will come very largely from those to whom a million dollars seems an enormous sum of money and

from those who have been taught to believe that the possession of many millions of dollars is, somehow, anti-social and unjust.

Then, I got to thinking about the effect of the transfer of the wealth of America from its allegedly small number of owners to the general public, about the means and possibility of this transfer, and about its results. Also, I began to analyze, in my own mind, just how much money a very rich man should possess.

Suppose, for example, that someone—say a rich uncle—*were to leave you one hundred million dollars!* That is a much larger sum than Mr. Long would allow you to keep. What would you do with it? *This is the same question as if I asked you how would you own it?*

If it were given you in the form of stocks and bonds you would simply enjoy the dividends or interest on these stocks and bonds, less whatever sum those of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand taxing agencies of America who were nearest you would allow you to keep. If, after paying taxes and insurance and other expenses incidental to your possession of this property, anything should be left over for yourself (and there are many people worth millions of dollars in America who are borrowing money to pay taxes on their property) *what would you do with your surplus?* Suppose that it amounted to the enormous sum of ten million dollars which is still much more than Senator Long would allow you to keep. Quite evidently you would bank it until you could reinvest it. Perhaps you would do that highly anti-social thing of building a palace with it. Suppose you spent the entire ten million dollars in building a magnificent palace with its highly expensive grounds. You would then own this new property. But what would have become of the money you spent for it? Of that ten million dollars, *you would not have a nickel.* You would have given it away to carpenters and plumbers and painters and lumbermen and masons and architects and engineers. In short, you would have distributed ten million dollars to the public and you could only own—and that but temporarily—a palace which you would be under perpetual obligation to keep up, thus *entering into a contract to employ scores of other human beings and guarantee their living expenses as long as you had any money left.*

The question, therefore, resolves itself into just this—*whether individuals can spend millions of dollars more wisely than politicians. That is all there is to it.* If Harry Atkinson and Preston Arkwright can not operate the Georgia Power Company as wisely as can the Georgia Legislature, then quite evidently Mr. Huey Long is right.

That some politicians are capable, honorable and wise, we all know to be true, but that the average business executive is better able to operate his own business than the average politician who is unacquainted with it and untrained in it and uninterested in it except as it may enable him to obtain votes, goes, I think, with-

out saying. *Yet, that is exactly the proposition that is being put up to the American people.*

THE REAL REVOLUTION

June, 1935

There has been a great deal of talk of a new revolution in the United States. Without exactly knowing what they meant, private citizens, the public press and even many of our leading statesmen have spoken very definitely about the probability of such a revolution. In the popular mind, a revolution involves an enormous amount of excitement. It brings to the imagination images of marching hordes, of violence, of outraged order, of bombs and murder. Such revolutions are almost invariably on the surface and affect the underlying life of the country little more than the waves of the ocean affect its bottomless depths.

But *there has already occurred in America a revolution that is real and deep and abiding.* It came so quietly as to be almost unobserved. Perhaps the reason for this was that it occurred at a time of high excitement over other affairs when the attention of the country was focused upon what many thought were more important matters. The revolution to which I refer is *the dethronement of precious metals as money and the substitution therefor of the will of Congress.* For ten thousand years all over the world, gold and silver have been the accepted measure of value. Only in times of catastrophe and dire need have the rulers of afflicted countries tampered with the amount of the precious metals in the standards of money current among the people, and such tampering has inevitably been the signal for collapse and the symptom of economic emaciation.

In our own country in time of panic when the property-holding classes have become afraid of what politicians might do or had done and when, consequently, the fear has arisen that the value of the country's money might be seriously affected, *they have always had recourse* to the purchase of gold or silver, and by investing their funds in something in which they had confidence and faith, they have been able to protect the labor of their hands and have come out after such panics and depressions uninjured by the storm.

Quite evidently some very wise man or men in Washington had this in mind *when the gold of the country was sequestered and its ownership outlawed.* Thus men of means were left defenseless and totally helpless in the hands of politicians, *with no cities of refuge* unto which they could flee from the vagaries and passions of Congress. *A dollar has become a vote in Congress, and predatory classes organized for loot, have become the mints.*

Since that date matters have moved irresistibly toward the *cheapening of money. Enormous expenses, eventually involving*

increased taxation or "controlled" inflation, have been and still are the order of the day. Subsequently, there will be a popular demand for the payment of all government debts in the same way. There being no other money in America, people of means are absolutely without any method of defense before such an enormous capital tax.

Such is the real revolution which has taken place in our country.

THE REWARD IS HIGH

When one finds an inscription over a doorway of an educational institution such as Harvard University, he naturally pauses to read it. Almost always the reward is high.

A few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of visiting New England and of finding three very interesting inscriptions, two of which were at Harvard and one at Tufts School of Medicine.

On the outside wall of the Collis P. Huntington Memorial Laboratory of the Harvard Medical School, there are engraved these words:

*"Life is short
And the art long
The occasion instant
Experiment perilous
Decision difficult."*

The old Greek philosopher who wrote those words probably never thought that they would appear in such a prominent position to be read by the thousands of students and visitors who tread the terrace of the Harvard Medical School, nor that they would be printed in a newspaper and published in a city on a continent of whose existence he knew nothing. Yet, here they are today, just as meaningful and just as interesting as when he wrote them.

In the pathological laboratory of the Tufts Medical College, there is an inscription equally full of meaning and exceedingly quotable. In the form which it appears there, it is a Latin quotation from William Harvey and reads:

Dei Laboribus Omnia Vendunt."

which, being freely interpreted means, "The Gods sell all things for toil."

Young men, beginning life would do well to memorize these words. They have been put variously by different writers. Sometimes they appear in Edison's trenchant sentence:

"Genius consists more in perspiration than in inspiration."

Vandyke also expresses it well:

*"Heaven is blest with perfect rest
But the blessing of earth is toil."*

The third inscription referred to above is found in the rotunda of a dormitory—Vanderbilt Hall of the Harvard Medical College.

It is in French, and reads:

"Dans Les Champs De L'Observation Le Hasard Ne Favorise Que Les Esprits Pre pares."

That means, freely translated, "In the field of observation, chance will not favor the (observer) unless his mind is prepared." Jesus put it this way:

"To him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

It is the old law that one sees what he is looking for, one finds what he searches for, one gets out of life what he puts into it. "He who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must take the wealth of the Indies with him."

Work—concentration—alertness—these three but the greatest of them—they are one and the same thing. Concentration, attention, intensity of life still constitute for us poor mortals, as they constituted for the sages of the past, the essence of all happiness and of all success.

HE MUFFED IT

Spectators at baseball and football games are oftentimes able to see errors of play that are committed by even the greatest experts. Not long since I saw a baseball game. The score was close, but the home team was one run ahead. It was the ninth inning, and the visitors were at the bat and there were three on base, and there were two out and the batter hit a long fly to right field. It descended gently and directly into the hands of the fielder and he *muffed it perfectly*. The result was a victory for the visiting team.

Once I saw a great football game. The visitors were ahead by one point. It was the last few minutes of the last quarter. The home team had the ball on the 20-yard line and it was the fourth down. A forward pass was called for. A halfback threw the ball perfectly to an end, who, in the meantime, had taken his position a couple of yards beyond the last marker. There was no one near the receiver. It was a perfect throw. The ball descended gently and directly into the hands of the end. *He muffed it perfectly.*

Something like that is happening in America today, and we who sit on the side lines are able to see it, though, of course, we might none of us be able to do as well as the very worst of the players.

The government of the United States is muffing the ball, and at an exceedingly critical time. The thing that is holding this country together today is the character, the integrity and the ability of the employing class. Outside of a few "malefactors of great wealth", the men who own and operate our manufacturing and industrial concerns are Americans of the very highest quality

and standing. They are no more selfish than other human beings, and, frankly, are a bit more unselfish than most of us.

They have had a terribly hard time getting along during the past decade. Taking that decade as a whole, precious few of them have made any real money. Thousands of them have been pressed to the wall and have been compelled to fold up.

On the one side of them are the incessant attacks of their employes and the various types of labor unions upon whose good will they are dependent. On the other hand are the incessant attacks of politicians, city, state and federal.

Preying upon them night and day, sucking their blood mercilessly, *are the one hundred seventy-five thousand taxing agencies* of the United States. The minute they begin to make any money it is taken away from them on the one side or the other. When they fail to make money they are accused of incompetence and negligence.

Hasn't the time come for those in high authority to say a good word to the men who are holding this country together? How much longer can they stand the bombardment from Washington and from the headquarters of their perpetually striking employes? They alone furnish the sinews of war for the country. They alone pay the bills, national, state and municipal. They alone furnish employment for those who are employed. They alone furnish money to the government wherewith to give employment to those whom they were unable to employ.

Everybody else is kindly spoken of. Why should not a kind word be said *about old Dobbins as he stumbles along, doing his best to pull the shay?*

If America, with her traditions, her Constitution and her liberties, comes safely through the fiery furnace of modern hates and greeds, it will be because of the sterling qualities of her employing class, who, under curses and vituperations and discriminations of every kind, have, despite unjust attacks and opprobrious epithets, gone courageously on in performance of their duty.

WHERE WILL THIS END?

Students of history are familiar with the cycle of government. Beginning with the earliest and smallest of the group, the family, the father is the natural leader, followed by the oldest son, who succeeds by inheritance to the command of the group.

In times of emergency, or in case of doubt as to the succession, or of illness, or of incapacitation of the leader, *the tribe would choose its own commander*. In the early days this choice necessarily depended upon his courage and fighting qualities. They chose the *koenig, King*, one who Can. After a while he might make some division of power or, of his own choice, associate with himself specially wise and capable men who become his coun-

sellors. Eventually, one or more of them assumes the authority of the leader in part or in whole, thus developing an *oligarchy*.

Come times of distress and turmoil when the people become dissatisfied with their rulers. Then, and in that case, it may be the King or the aristocrats (Dukes, Barons, Earls, etc.) with whom they ally themselves. In any case, the government is changed and the people secure DIRECT representation, having learned the folly of trusting their affairs to a king or an oligarchy. Thus they form what is, in effect, a limited monarchy, or, if they eliminate royalty as in the case of the United States, a *republic*. Power and wealth have thus expanded from one to all.

The next stage is the stage through which our country is now passing. The republic has been largely destroyed. *The difference between a republic and a democracy* is, simply stated, that in a republic the people trust all matters of government to those whom they choose as being more capable of understanding what it is all about than are they themselves. Thus electors choose the President. Legislators choose a Governor. A Governor appoints the judges, etc.

Through a *gradual process of democratization* we, in this country, have insisted upon passing upon every important measure. We have adopted the recall and referendum. In many cases we have subjected our judges to the same election processes as those by which other officials are chosen. We have forgotten that electors have a right to choose the President of the United States under the Constitution. *We are now voting for everything directly.*

The result has not been happy. The combination of ignorance and venality which characterizes so large a proportion of the electorate has *developed a system of predatory invasion* of our treasuries by selfish blocs organized for purposes of loot.

As a consequence, in times of great distress such as the last depression, *we were almost willing to take the last step in the cycle* which consists of doing away with democratic and republican liberties and again delivering to one leader, a *koenig*, a *duce*, a *fuehrer*, the privileges and powers hitherto exercised by the people themselves.

What we have actually done is enormously to increase the powers and prerogatives of politicians *at the expense of individual citizenship*. By a slow and sinister process of excessive taxation, the wealth which is in the pockets of the people is being abstracted by the state. Unwise laws have in the past destroyed the prosperity of one or more classes, e. g., the farmers. This furnishes an excuse for further taxation, and for additional decrease of the liberties and properties of the individual as against the state.

We have come to this pass in America: That each class of citizenship no longer depends upon itself for its success and prosperity, but upon its influence upon Senators, Legislators and

Governors. The resultant pressure upon appropriations committees is crushing. Ever-increasing taxation, ever-increasing indebtedness, ever-increasing demands for additional expenditures *all lead to the same end*: The accumulation of power and property in the hands of politicians and their diminution in the hands of citizens.

It does not require the wisdom of a prophet to see where this will end.

'A MAP OF DAILY LIFE'

Over the doorway of the entrance to the old Charleston Courier Building, 111 East Bay Street, there were inscribed, in the old days, the following words from Cowper:

"What is it but a map of daily life?"

That is what each of the newspapers that we read today is supposed to be, a map of daily life! Here, for example, as my daily paper lies before me, are some of the captions which I read:

"*Workers, Pickets Clash. Snipers Shoot at Planes Attempting to Carry Food to Crews Working in Mill.*"

"*Photographs on Fluker Murder Story.*"

"*Race Automobile Driver Is Critically Burned.*"

"*Bombarded Town Nearly Wiped Out.*"

"*Farmer Confesses Dynamiting Nine of Family to Death.*"

"*Three Hundred Persons Killed Over Three-Day Holiday.*"

"*Hitlerism Slapped by Presbyterians.*"

"*Automobile Drops One Hundred Fifty Feet on Curve.*"

"*Public Probing Makes Fortress of Love Bower.*"

"*Steady Increase in Tenancy, Georgia Carries Total to Fifty-Five-Year High Level.*"

"*Murder Indictment Asked Today.*"

"*Shot Dead in Automobile.*"

"*Manhunters Nab Four Mad Criminals.*"

"*Violence Breaks Out in Oil Strike.*"

"*Twin Shoots Twin After Dating Twin.*"

"*C.I.O. Orders 18,000 Pontiac Tenants to Refuse to Pay Rent.*"

"What a map of what a life! What is going to be the end of this sort of thing? "*Quo Vadis?*" Anyone who has ever studied psychology knows that suggestion is the greatest power in the world. Any thought or idea, if it be suggested to a human being strongly enough and often enough, will eventually become a part of the mental equipment of that person. Indeed so long as the idea is in the mind, it is a part of the person, and if it stays there long enough it commands the attention of the person not only, but also his actions.

Today *all of the five great arteries* supplying the life blood of our nation are poisoned with deadly suggestions. Check them over: The *radio*, the *newspapers*, the *cinema*, the *school*—and even the *church*.

Will the pendulum swing any farther to the left? Will it get still darker before the dawn? How long it be before leaders of thought in the United States will see that in pandering to public passions, for the sake of profit, they are destroying their capital?"

DAM' THE SWELLING TIDE!

One rarely takes up a paper nowadays that he does not find some such expression as this: "We have come upon a new age," or "a new era is upon us," or "a new epoch in history has begun," or something of the sort. These expressions are used almost invariably as arguments to show that it is necessary to change something, as, for example, a method of doing business, or a manner of instruction, or a tenet of religion, or a Constitution of the United States. It pleases the fancy of most people to feel that they are improving as the years go by; that they are better than their fathers; that each new generation reaches a new height of excellence and quality.

The world is full of that sentiment at the present moment. Whether one deals with politics or religion or education or what not, it is all the same. The old people were old fogies, we are told. The fathers were good enough for their day, but this is a different age and requires different methods to obtain different results. It is folly to bind the children by laws of ethics and politics laid down by men who lived one hundred years ago. Therefore, whatever is, is right.

But what shall we say about *our present times*? We see a *general breakdown* of all of the principles of the past—old-fashioned honesty, old-fashioned self-reliance, old-fashioned independence, old-fashioned modesty, old-fashioned religion, old-fashioned states' rights, old-fashioned Constitution, old-fashioned judicial methods. All these old-fashioned things—are they to be discarded because they are old and because they were fashioned by our ancestors? If it is true that the times have changed, does it necessarily follow that the old landmarks which our fathers have set up must be removed?

If the rain descends and the floods come and the winds blow and beat upon the old home in which we have been living, *shall we deliberately undermine its foundations in order that it may fall?*

Was not Barrie wise in "What Every Woman Knows" when he makes his heroine exclaim: "They say to you, 'come with us and join the swelling tide,' but I say, 'come with us and dam' the swelling tide.'"

As a matter of fact, civilization does go forward, *but not in a straight line*. There is a process of evolution, sweeping irresistibly onward, but the trajectory of its progress is circular. *Civilization goes forward in spirals*. At the present moment, the spiral is returning on itself and we are progressing backward. We are re-

verting toward the barbarism of the Middle Ages, and there is a curious resemblance between many of its practices, and the new ideas which are being promulgated today.

Even *our fundamental institutions have been seduced*. Our movies present to us daily a complete apotheosis of the demi-monde. Our literature, especially our popular novels, are definitely pornographic. Our radio programs, for the most part, are splattered with indecency. Our education is in danger of becoming an organization for public loot. Even our churches are seriously affected by the complete breakdown of morals, ethics and inhibitions.

If you want to feel the strength of this wind try standing at Armageddon and battling for the Lord.

EXCEPT IN POLITICS!

It was inevitable that, eventually, the President of the United States should reduce all of the issues of the present moment to the fine point which he put upon it in his address on August 18 at the celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Virginia Dare.

In this address he stated, with a clarity rarely reached in American politics, the full purpose and convictions which have dominated the New Deal.

First, he quoted the famous prophecy of Macaulay, foreshadowing that which would come to pass in the United States when the continent had been completely occupied and exploited, and saying in part: *Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another cannot get a full meal . . . the day will come when . . . a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a legislature . . . on one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights . . . on the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists . . . and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessities . . . I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity . . . do things which will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people who should in a year of scarcity devour all the seed corn and thus make the next year a year not of scarcity but of absolute famine."*

To this prophecy, which already has been largely fulfilled, the President replied: "Macaulay condemned the American scheme of government based on popular majority. In this country, 80 years later, his successors do not yet dare openly to condemn the American form of government by popular majority, for they profess adherence to the form while, at the same time, their

every act shows their opposition to the very fundamentals of democracy. They love to intone praise of liberty, to mouth phrases about the sanctity of our Constitution—but in their hearts they distrust majority rule. Would it not be more honest for them, instead of using the Constitution as a cloak to hide their real designs, to come out frankly and say: 'We agree with Macauley that the American form of government will lead to disaster and, therefore, we seek a change in the American form of government as laid down by the founding fathers' . . . I seek no change in the form of American government. Majority rule must be preserved as the safeguard of both liberty and civilization.'

In thus attacking Macauley's prophecy, the President lays himself open to *devastating replies*. To begin with, *while President Roosevelt is a Democrat, he is not a democrat, has never been a democrat and will probably never be a democrat, and he does not believe in majority rule.*

In the second place, there is at least one large section of America—the South—that, like President Roosevelt, has always been Democratic, but is not now, never has been and never will be democratic unless and until the races are amalgamated.

Again it can be demonstrated that *the most democratic President the United States has ever had was Abraham Lincoln*. Although the leader of the Republican Party, he was far more democratic than Andrew Jackson or Thomas Jefferson, both of whom owned slaves and sold and bought them. And, to put a finer point upon it, he and his followers completely changed "the form of government laid down by the founding fathers."

If the President is a real democrat (which I do not believe) he unquestionably would advocate and SHOULD advocate the rigid execution of the war amendments, forced upon a prostrate South, which established the rights of negroes in this country on a basis of full equality with the whites. If this were a real democracy, at least 10 percent of our Senators, Congressmen, Supreme Court justices, legislators, governors and mayors should be negroes. Particularly is this true in those communities where the negroes actually outnumber the whites.

It cannot be too often stated that *the United States of America was not founded as a democracy*. It was founded by men who feared democracy next to tyranny. It was founded as a republic—an aristocracy, if you please, but an aristocracy of intellect and responsibility. Its ideal under the first "Democrat", Thomas Jefferson, was an agrarian community, dominated by farmers, each owning and operating his country estate. Its ideal under Andrew Jackson, the second great "Democratic" leader, was a rough and tumble control of national affairs by those who knew nothing about how to handle them. Its ideal under Abraham Lincoln, the best example of "democratic" leaders was the complete equalization of all races and castes into one government "of the people. for the people and by the people."

What, then does the President mean when he says: "Mine is a different anchor. They do not believe in democracy—I do. *My anchor is democracy—and more democracy.* And, my friends, I am of the firm belief that the nation, by an overwhelming majority, supports my opposition to the vesting of supreme power in the hands of any 'class, numerous but select.'"

Evidently, he does not mean to invest the supreme power, for example, in Mississippi, in a majority of the people of that state, who are negroes. Yet, not to do so is to "support the vesting of supreme power in the hands of any class, numerous but select." In short, let me reiterate what I have said in this column many times before. The South is Democratic, but it is not democratic. If, therefore, the President really means what he says, he has automatically eliminated all of the Southern States from the Democratic party.

The men of the South who believe that government should be in the hands of the upper half of the population DO, as the President suggests, "distrust majority rule." Also, as he suggests OPENLY and FRANKLY THEY SAY: "We agree with Macaulay that the present American form of government WILL lead to disaster IF RIGIDLY AND METICULOUSLY APPLIED." They do not really believe in democracy, and neither does President Roosevelt, except when they need votes for office. *That is the curse of democracy.* Its supreme power, which is manhood suffrage, without tests of merit, seals the fate of the wise as well as of the ignorant, and both those who know it is folly but who refuse to compromise their opinions, and those who know it is folly but who take advantage of its ignorant prejudices must, in the decision of the ballot box, rest their case.

That is what Macaulay meant when he said of England: "In bad years there is plenty of grumbling here and sometimes a little rioting, but it matters little. For here the sufferers are not the rulers. The supreme power is in the hands of a class, numerous, indeed, but select . . . an educated class . . . a class which is, and knows itself to be, deeply interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order. Accordingly the malcontents are firmly yet gently restrained; the bad time got over without robbing the wealthy to relieve the indigent. The springs of national prosperity soon begin to flow again . . ."

That is *government by quality, rather than by quantity; the kind of government long since adopted in every phase of human life, EXCEPT POLITICS.*

HOW TO HELP THEM

According to press dispatches, Harry L. Hopkins told the United States conference of Mayors on November 16 that he saw "no reason in America why we should not move forward steadily toward the complete abolition of poverty." He added that if one-

third of the population is improperly housed, fed and clothed "the only answer is to do something about it."

He reiterated belief that work should be provided for the jobless, and declared that care of the aged, the sick and the unemployed is *the responsibility of government, not of industry.*

After his address, Mayor George E. Brunner, of Camden, N. J., urged that the Mayors ask a 30 percent increase in WPA quotas. Mr. Brunner said further: "There are those who still would put these people on direct (city) relief. But many of those people who would put them on direct relief do not at the same time admit their real convictions, namely, that they want people on relief CUT DOWN to a standard of living that is so shameful and so miserable that NO ONE SHOULD BE ASKED TO LIVE ON IT."

Very rarely in the news columns do you see so frank and illuminating an expose of the present American set-up. It is true that America can move forward toward the abolition of poverty. It is true that if one-third of the population is improperly housed, fed and clothed, the only answer is to do something about it. It is true that government is largely responsible for the necessity of having to care for so many aged and sick and unemployed.

It is not true that all of those who oppose further governmental interference with the laws of human society are merciless, heartless persons who wish other people to live by standards which are "so shameful and so miserable that no one should be asked to live on it."

The trouble with many of our politicians is both ignorance and self-interest, and that also is the trouble with most of us. Madison used to say that *the principal trick of politicians is to use every emergency as a resource for accumulating force in the government.* That is what we are seeing in America now, and for it we shall be reaping the consequences for many centuries. Also, it is what we are seeing all over the world today, and from it the world is reaping its reward.

What our government needs is *the advice of expert biologists and psychologists.* They should go to Harvard University and study the inscription over the Germanic museum. It reads: "*Es ist der geist der sich den koerper baut*" ("It is the spirit that builds for itself a body). They should get Peter Marshall to tell them how imported laborers came to his native town of Coatsbridge, in Scotland, where beautiful new homes were turned over to them for their use, vacated by Scotsmen who had gone to the wars, and how a few months later the bathtubs were full of coal and the front yards full of ash pails and garbage cans. They should be told that *poverty is inside, not outside,* of the human being. But even if they were told this, and even if they believed this, there would be a certain proportion of them who would know that their bread was not buttered on the side of such bare, hard truth.

We are going to have poverty in America so long as America is full of lazy, inefficient, semi-moronic people who prefer poverty to hard work. Whoever tries to help them, whether he is a politician, or a banker, or a labor-union leader, or a writer, or just a plain neighbor, will, sooner or later, learn that such help must start in rebuilding the inner character and ambitions and ideals of the person who is to be helped and by preparing and equipping him spiritually to endure the hardships and toil and suffering necessary to success.

Any person who has ever had anything to do with charity in a practical way knows that *in proportion as you give something for nothing you destroy the character of the person whom you are trying to aid.*

Furthermore, when, under the urge of tears, whether real or of the crocodile variety, any person or organization sets out to aid the third of the population that is ill-clad, ill-housed, and ill-fed by clothing, housing and feeding them without expense of toil, hardship and suffering on their part, he will find:

First, that in order to satisfy their wants, *he has to support them in the style in which their neighbors live.*

Second, that in proportion as he gives them the sums necessary to satisfy their desires and their wants, *the stratum just above theirs in society sinks immediately to their level*, for the simple reason that they had rather live a little worse without work than a little better under the spur of the struggle for survival. When God made this world he did a pretty good job. Fundamental to all life, human and animal and plant, is the law "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread."

Those who, by any form of charity, personal or governmental, are enabled to enjoy the fruits of struggle, and work, and anxiety, without having to put forth the same effort on their part that the efficient and the capable and the hard-working classes of American society put forth, are not aided thereby—they are destroyed. They are destroyed *in the inner man*. Their characters rot. Their ideals vanish. Their souls perish.

If the government wishes to aid its citizens, it should do as all wise persons do, including the Lord God Almighty. It should begin with their characters, with their spirits. *It should not put a premium on laziness and inefficiency and disorder.*

HIS GREAT TEMPTATION

When, a few days ago, President Roosevelt, replied to an inquirer out West who wanted to know whether we would keep out of the war in the East, "I hope so", he caused a shiver of dread to creep down the spines of millions of Americans. They remembered that at the beginning of the world war this country was so shocked and stupefied by the horror of it that it was with no difficulty that they heeded President Wilson's advice to the

effect that "we must be neutral in words, and acts not only, but also in spirit as well."

Yet, it was that same President Wilson whose notes to Germany eventually led us into the war, to the astonishment and dismay of the vast majority of American people and to the economic and financial distress of us all.

To start off at the beginning of another world conflict with only an "I hope so" from the President is rather discouraging.

For, should another great world conflagration take place, immediate and overwhelming pressures will be brought to bear upon the President of the United States to *drag us into it*, although we have no more business with a World War than a baby with a rattlesnake. And not only will the usual bromides be poured down the throats of Americans but, in addition thereto, the President himself will be subjected to *the greatest temptation—deliberately and intentionally—to lead us into the war.*

For the President has been balked in his endeavor to remodel the Supreme Court, the Constitution and the American political and social and economic structure. He is not likely to be any more successful in packing the Supreme Court at the next session of Congress than he was at the last. Yet, *all he has to do, in order to obtain his heart's desire, would be to throw this country into war.* Then every measure, that he holds dear and that Congress or the Supreme Court has refused him could easily be put over on the American people as war measures. They would, of course, remain indefinitely, perhaps permanently.

If a little columnist like myself knows this, it goes without saying that the President of the United States has thought of it many times, and if the President hasn't thought of it, we may be perfectly sure that his advisors and counselors have pointed it out to him. The consequence is that *President Roosevelt has before him the greatest temptation of his career*, and as great as ever comes in the life of a statesman.

Millions of American boys, whose lives depend upon his decision, will watch him with desperate attention. It is just as easily within his power to keep these boys out of war as it is to throw them into it. To say that America *MUST* go into the next world struggle is as silly as to say that Sweden or Switzerland must have entered the last one. Countries go into wars to make money out of them, or to conquer territories, or to defend themselves.

This country is in no danger of attack. It has all the territory it needs. Should it go into a war, it will go into it for exactly the same reason that it went into the last one—to make money out of it. A new generation has come up which may be persuaded that it is necessary for the United States to kill more Germans in order to lose another fifty thousand million dollars. *The build-up has already started.* "The cruel, treacherous Japs are atrociously violating treaties and murdering innocent Chi-

nese." "The nice, kind, peace-loving, friendly Chinese are treating the Japs courteously and chivalrously." "The United States will lose hundreds of millions of dollars if they do not go at once to aid the Chinese, for the Japs will shut off all American trade as soon as they conquer China." PEOPLE WHO WRITE SUCH BOSH COUNT UPON THE IGNORANCE AND PREJUDICES, AND PASSIONS OF THEIR READERS. THEY KNOW THAT ANY RED-BLOODED AMERICAN WILL TAKE SIDES IN ANY DOG FIGHT ANYWHERE.

It would be an easy thing for President Roosevelt, in a few fireside chats, to put the United States into any war. Should the opportunity be offered, he will face his greatest temptation. The *emergency measures of another world conflict might very well destroy the present system of government in the United States.*

"THREATENED DEMOCRACIES!"

Southern readers must have noticed, perhaps with some alarm, that editorial writers not only, but also many of our most prominent columnists, seem highly exercised about the dangers involved in our international relations, and apparently expect the United States inevitably to be drawn into any conflict that may involve the greater part of Europe.

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Verily it is Miss Dorothy Thompson, the most popular female columnist in America. Hear her. After referring to the "three despotisms," (Germany, Italy and Japan) and stating that "they regard Communism as the inevitable outcome of liberal democracy," she further proceeds:

"Our isolationists believe that the events in Austria, or anywhere else in the world, do not really concern us. I am as sure as I am of anything in this world that history will prove them blind and worse than blind. In Japan and her dependencies there are 97 million people, completely militarized and mobilized. In Germany now, there are 75 million people, completely militarized and mobilized. In Italy and her dependencies there are 58 million people, completely militarized and mobilized. All three countries are governed by authorities demanding blind obedience and are on a totalitarian war footing, in which no consideration has to be paid to the interests of private capital or of labor. These huge military collectivisms are strategically well distributed to terrorize the world, and they have a program of revolution and conquest, openly avowed, openly announced."

Now hear Walter Lippmann, political adviser of millions, likewise tremendously assured that:

"American sympathies are overwhelmingly against the dictators and are with increasing passion in favor of the democracies . . . Detached observers may differ as to whether this is good

or bad; but I do not think that any realistic reporter will deny that, when the European democracies take their stand, American popular opinion will passionately take their side, so passionately that in the end it will not permit them to be defeated. That is the kind of people the Americans are and that is the way they will behave. In time of peace, when the issues are abstract and undefined, they are fond of saying that they do not care what happens beyond their frontiers. But they do care when the issues are concrete and real, and when they do care, they care tremendously, and when they care tremendously they like to do something about it."

"Threatened democracies." Can you better that for sarcasm? Imagine Great Britain as a threatened democracy! Her entire history is so full of aggressive wars that they defy classification—civil wars, religious wars, foreign wars, Scotch wars, Irish wars, Welch wars, wars of conquest, wars of "defense," wars on every continent of the globe, wars over all the seven seas—here a war, there a war, everywhere a war—war.

And France, a threatened democracy! Feature that! Here is a nation known to historians as the most turbulent people in Europe, who have had every kind of war that England has had and then some; whose armies have ravaged every capital in Europe and, by blood and massacre, built up an empire, second in size only to Great Britain. Laugh, O ye gods of Olympus!

And the United States of America, peace-loving! Not a state of the union, not a river nor a lake that this great "peace-loving democracy" has not reddened with the blood of its dispossessed owners. And, having driven the Indians "from border to border and from coast to coast," we add the blood of the English and the French, our great sister "peace-loving democracies," who are suddenly so opposed to aggression, and of the Spanish and of the Canadians and of the Mexicans; and then, having become a "Great Power" by aggression, we cross an ocean 3500 miles wide to kill millions of our best customers; and, the last touch of all, taught nothing by the rape of our treasuries and destruction of our economic life, we cannot wait for another war to start, but begin egging on our neighbors to initiate a conflict.

Surely, those whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad!

OVER NIAGARA!

The American people are *spiritually unprepared for the future that awaits them*. Only a small part of our population has, as yet, realized that we spent almost half of our real money in the World War destroying the economic fabric of civilization and

murdering our best customers. By various forms of camouflage and subterfuge, this unpalatable fact has been kept from them, although *every well-informed person in the United States knows it.*

As silly as it may seem to thoughtful people, our politicians still talk about the years between 1914 and 1932 being NORMAL years. They advocate a return to NORMAL conditions. When the stock market goes down and the bond market falls and the business indices decline, they write and speak of it as a DEPRESSION or a RECESSION. They expect business and the markets to hold the standards set in some specific year which they choose as NORMAL; for example, 1926, which is customarily so regarded by them.

All this is folly. We have not had a NORMAL year since 1914. Beginning at that time, with the declaration of war in Europe, *every fundamental condition* of the economic life of the United States *has gyrated and kaleidoscoped and spiraled hither and yon.* First came the enormous *inflation by foreign purchases* in the United States from 1914 to 1916; then the still more enormous *expenditures of our government* during 1917-1919; then the equally enormous *loans of the government and of American business to foreign countries* made in order to induce them to purchase American goods. Then followed the inevitable crash in 1929. Anyone who went through the Florida boom can explain that.

* * *

By the year 1929, the attraction of gravitation was beginning to induce all that went up, suddenly to come down. Within three years we returned to NORMAL—that is, *to the 1914 basis.* In the meantime, however, the whole population of our country, confident that there would be “millions at our house” forever, had buried themselves *beneath mountains of debt.* We all did it—individuals, corporations, cities, towns, states and federal government. The total debts of the country amounted to more than the total worth of the country on the auction block. So, are we both unwilling and unable “to take it.”

We demanded reflation. On the flood of that demand, Roosevelt rode into action. He reflated in earnest. *He spent 20 thousand million dollars conducting a peaceful war against the inevitable.* He blew the bubble back into the air and has kept it there five years, at approximately four thousand million dollars a year. He is now out of breath and the bubble insists on descending. Seeing that, he asks Congress for another five thousand million to keep it up another year. This five billion, like the preceding 20, will be spent in competition with private business.

* * *

Sooner or later all of us, from the President down, are going to be compelled to face the facts. The facts are: *We are “busted”* as a nation; we can't pay our gold bonds in anything except votes

of Congress; our cities and states and counties are, for the most part, so *overburdened with debt that they have to appeal to the federal government to attend to their official duties*; the federal government could not begin to respond to their calls if it had to do so in *real money, hard money, gold money*; its responses are being made by the issuance of what are, in effect, *greenbacks, promises to pay, bonds*; unless this is stopped the *credit of the United States government and the value of the money of the United States will go to the demnition bow-wows*; we are right back where we were in 1932, and *the minds of the people are no more prepared to face the inevitable now than they were then.*

On the contrary, *their spiritual preparation has been ominously fatal.* They have been taught that they are *entitled to a living at the hands of the government.* They have been taught that it is *a right of every American to demand of the federal government that when he is unemployed he should be given work at a living wage.* They have been taught that the properties of their neighbors *belong to everybody, if, when and as needed* and that the way to get them is to howl loud enough. They have been taught that by a mere vote of a majority of them—this being a democracy—*they can obtain the railroads and the public utilities, and the coal mines, and the factories, and anything else that they want.* They have been taught *anarchy and Communism by high authorities,* and they are now ready to put that leadership into practice. *This has been done by the Democratic Party and the Democratic Party has been led by Southerners,* and, of all sections of America, *the South is the one that will be most injured by the principles which have been so loudly and so authoritatively proclaimed for the last six years.*

* * *

Of course, in order to effectuate this doctrine, even for six years, *it has been necessary to move steadily toward the confiscation of private property in the United States.* A few days ago a factory in the Middle West was compelled to fold up, ending employment for some 1,800 employes. It turns out that *41 per cent of their gross income was being paid out for taxes and only 31 per cent as wages for labor.* This cross section of American business shows exactly what is happening. *The politicians are appropriating the property of the United States.* They call this process of confiscation “*a revision of the tax structure.*” They need money for patronage and projects. It is a new system, and a very effective one for the purchase of the electorate. *It is rapidly destroying America.*

I believe the above to be a true picture of our present condition. We are headed toward disaster. Nothing can save this country except the immediate stopping of the processes which are destroying it. If you love your party, your President or your patria, use every ounce of your influence to *end this wild orgy of*

spending, of curtailment of production, of preaching doctrines of laziness, inefficiency and dishonesty, of inflaming class hatreds and suspicions. Throw every ounce of your weight and influence toward the restoration in America of the old-fashioned principles of independence, self-reliance, individual responsibility and local government.

If you need an illustration of how America can be restored, point to the charred ashes of Atlanta and the cindered pathway of Sherman, restored by a people who not only had no handouts from the government, *but who were robbed and maltreated by the government*; farmers who not only had no subsidy from the government, *but whose homes had been burned and whose property destroyed by the government*; by self-reliant, self-sacrificing patriots *who despised the charity of politicians and who asked only to be let alone by government in order that they might rebuild the capital of the Southeast and the countryside of Georgia.*

Unless that spirit is infused into the American people of today the United States is going over Niagara.

HOW HATE WORKS

Southerners can understand and appreciate the deplorable plight in which the Jews find themselves in Germany better than any other section of our country. Our oldest citizens *who remember the fury of the North which was promptly vented upon the South when Booth assassinated Lincoln* will understand what is happening most clearly and sympathize most deeply with the unfortunate people *who are bearing the brunt of all of the international hatred of the last twenty years.*

In 1865 America was rapidly passing from war into a sane settlement of the differences between the South and the North. Even General Sherman had, in statesmanly fashion, laid the foundation of good will by his terms of surrender offered General Johnston. *Then suddenly a maddened assassin struck down the War President, and furious Northern leaders retaliated by wreaking their insensate fury upon the South.*

The fines and restrictions placed upon the Jews in Germany today are as nothing compared with the tribute and punishment levied upon the South from 1865 to 1877. Indeed, our punishment still continues and is even yet an acute problem in our economic and political worlds. Carpetbaggers, scalawags, constitutional amendments, tariffs, pensions, destruction of property, personal, real and slave—these and many similar acts bear witness to the folly which always follows such deeds.

For “the Lord hath laid on them the iniquity of us all.” *The Jews in Germany are suffering, not for any evil which they themselves have done, but for evils which their present-day friends inflicted upon their present-day oppressors.*

The Peace of Munich ratified by quadrilateral consent a situation which has been developing over a period of 20 years. *The Treaty of Versailles delivered Germany over to her enemies, gagged, bound and dismembered. Her navy was sunk in the North Sea. Her merchant marine was appropriated by her opponents. Her army was disbanded. Her munitions plants were dismantled. Her territory was dismembered. Her rivers were internationalized. Her colonies were taken from her. Upon her laid a reparations bill in astronomical figures.* In addition to all this, she was *branded with the mark of Cain* and treated as an outcast among nations. All this in direct contravention to the 14 points of Woodrow Wilson and of the facts and wisdoms of history.

The inevitable result of such insanely malicious hatred was to create an equally powerful reaction on the part of the German people. After taking the advice of the allied and associated nations, they organized themselves into a republic, and, having become convinced that the promises of their former enemies could not be trusted, under Mr. Hitler, they adopted the same course that Japan adopted and that Italy adopted. They armed themselves to the teeth. *The consequence has been that they are now able to treat others as they were treated.*

That is *the way hate works.* That is the way it always works. That is the way it worked on us in 1865 and that is the way it works everywhere in the world from the beginning of history. There is no way to overcome hate with hate. It can only be overcome by good will and sympathetic understanding. The wisest Jew that ever lived has given us the key: "But I say unto you, *love your enemies, and pray for those who persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father who is in heaven.*"

THREE CERTAIN WARS

"*Let it be granted,*" said The New York Times in a recent editorial dealing with the causes of the Ethiopian war, "*that national motives in such matters are seldom of the purest. But they are beside the real questions. What these are, and what the objectives are of the present international movements, it is important to keep clearly in mind. The real point of attack by the League of Nations is not Italy, but war. It happens that the two appear to coincide for a moment, and that Italy as an aggressor must be proceeded against collectively; but once let the war be stopped, and a peaceful and rational settlement be agreed upon, and Italy would be received again into the sisterhood of nations with every gesture of friendship.*"

* * *

Yet even this fine statement of the motives actuating Geneva does not seem to me to be sufficient fully to clarify this international issue. There is something much deeper, and there are causes more fundamental than those mentioned by The Times.

There are seven great military powers on earth today. It is easy for anyone to name them: The British commonwealth of nations, the French Empire, the German Reich, the Japanese Empire, the United States, Russia and Italy. Of these seven, four are gorged with landed possessions. The British Empire sprawls all over the earth. The same is true of France and of Russia, and the United States dominates the whole western hemisphere. There remain three great military powers whose populations are congested, whose natural resources are limited and whose national ambitions and aspirations are denied. These, of course, are Japan, Italy and Germany.

There is a latent war in each. The seventy million Japanese compressed on those tiny islands about the size of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida combined and with less arable land than California enjoys, constitute an explosive so great that even the League of Nations quailed before it. *The expansion of Japan is, herefore, already taking place.* First, Korea, then Manchukuo, and now a large part of China fall under her dominion. It seems quite evident that the five great provinces of northern China, Chahar, Suiyuan, Shansi, Hopei and Shantung, will shortly be set up as a dependency of Japan. Perhaps Pu-yi, the ruler of Manchukuo, will assume his ancient throne of Peiping.

* * *

The expansion of Italy is now in process. The 42,000,000 people living in that land of less than 120,000 square miles, or just about the size of Georgia and Florida combined, and enjoying natural resources of an exceedingly limited character, have taken the simplest way out of their dilemma and under the leadership of a modern Caesar are endeavoring to find their place in the sun. It happens that, in this case, *that place lies over the "medulla oblongata" of the British Empire,* and whereas the League of Nations permitted Japan to absorb the whole of Manchukuo, it refuses Italy the privilege of absorbing Ethiopia. The reason, of course, is perfectly transparent to those who read the news.

* * *

The third latent war lies in the expansion of Germany, which is just as certain and inevitable as that of the other two great military camps whose demands have been denied. Either Germany will be given ample territories for her normal expansion or she will endeavor to take them as Japan and Italy are now doing. *"When I know that Germany,"* said Winston Churchill recently in London, *"is spending much more than 800,000,000 pounds in warlike preparations in the course of a single year, that she is ruining her finances and depriving the German people of pork, butter and other food-stuffs in order to turn the whole nation into the most prodigious and terrible fighting engine the world has ever seen, I cannot help asking 'for what is this terrible preparation made and what awful event hangs over the future of Europe?'"*

It should, therefore, be quite clear to all thoughtful readers of the news of today that the League of Nations, which is dominated by those powers which already have enough and to spare, aided and abetted by the "succession states" of Europe whose present boundaries were created or set by the Treaty of Versailles, *must necessarily stand for the status quo*. The only exceptions to this rule are those states which were partially dismembered by that same treaty and which are hoping that in the next war their territories may be restored to them. It is true as The Times says that "*the real point of attack by the League of Nations is not Italy but WAR.*" War with its hazards of loss and possibilities of conquest would upset every calculation and perhaps change many boundaries. *And those nations which already have what they want desire most to be left alone in the happy possession of their booty. The haves are for peace, the have-nots are for war!*

THE SPLINTER FESTERS

To Neville Chamberlain, Prime Minister of Great Britain, go the *admiration and affection and gratitude* of the two thousand million people who inhabit this earth, or at least of such of them as have the intelligence to understand and appreciate courageous vision and sane statesmanship.

By prompt action, based upon high moral courage, he has probably saved the civilized world from another vast holocaust. Almost equally important, he has exhibited to the world the *first example of unselfish justice in international affairs* that it has had since the World War.

The Treaty of Versailles, some 20 years ago, set up a republic known as Czechoslovakia as one of the leas that settled after the wine of national wraths had been poured out upon the Continent of Europe. It should never have been established. *It owes its life entirely to the fears and ill will and malice developed on the part of the allies against Germany* during the conflict.

It was a splinter, deliberately driven into the side of Germany, perpetually to annoy and endanger and fetter her life. The splinter has now festered. It was a part of that *cordon sanitaire* the ring of steel, with which France encircled her enemy. Its feet are of clay, its legs of brass, its body of iron and its head of gold. French and British gold. It is composed of Czechs and Slovaks and Ruthenians and Hungarians and Poles and Germans, of which latter there are three and a half millions, formerly a part of the Austrian Empire. When the *anschluss* with Austria was finally accomplished, these Germans could no longer bear separation from the Fatherland nor could the Fatherland longer bear separation from them. *To allow them to unite with Germany is merely a belated act of justice.*

Our *Southern* people understand this exactly. *There was Texas*, which until 1936 was a state of Mexico. For a quarter of a century preceding Americans had been slowly filtering into this northeastern corner of the Mexican Republic. About 1836 the Mexicans became alarmed at the increasing numbers of Americans and at their increasing demands, and passed certain restrictions upon their actions and properties. This led to the war for Texan independence, which was fought by Americans, mostly Southerners. Shortly afterwards Texas applied for admission to the United States and was quickly admitted.

And there was Cuba. Not only has America always believed, as Woodrow Wilson insisted, in the right of self-determination of small nations where these nations had American blood in them, but, in the case of Cuba, she would not even allow a part of another empire, situated in her back door, to be mistreated by another country. Hence, war with Spain and the liberation of the Pearl of the Antilles.

There was Ireland. It took 900 years for Great Britain to consent to the principle that she had a right to her independence, but she enjoys it today.

And there was the war for Southern independence of 1861-1865.

Nothing but ignorance or misconception of international relations brought about by doctored news could possibly lead any *Southerners* to any other conclusion than that the *Sudeten Germans should be permitted to rejoin their Fatherland.*

There are powerful influences in America—economic, racial, religious and political, which seem determined to provoke a war against Germany. They have so befogged the spiritual atmosphere of this country that it is very difficult for the average citizen to see through the mist the real reasons back of the insidious propaganda which is being poured out through microphone and printing press. It would seem that our American Messiahs are even more anxious to give the world a bloody bath than those who are really concerned with its results. *Most of this propaganda comes from New York*, from which source so many of our Southern writers and politicians draw their intellectual inspiration.

It is to be hoped that the sane Anglo-Saxon conservatism of the South will be able to hold the foreign element of the North and West within the bounds of common sense and Americanism.

THE BATHOS OF INEPTITUDE

Gilbert and Sullivan's wildest imagination, could never have conjured up such a ridiculous plot as is now developing in Europe. At the moment, the whole world is listening intently to find out whether its civilization is to be wrecked and millions of

its citizens murdered on as silly a pretext as has ever been presented under even remotely similar circumstances.

The "Great Democracies" are prepared to hurl mighty armies and fleets, and flocks of airplanes into a bloody holocaust because the Germans will not take what is being given them *in the way that they want it taken*. They have conceded the justice of Der Fuehrer's claims to Sudetenland. *They have recognized the right of self-determination* in respect of the Germans living in that section of Czechoslovakia. Even President Benes professes to be *ready to cede* this part of his territory to the Reich.

But, because Mr. Hitler insists that the atrocities being perpetrated in Sudetenland by Czechs *must be stopped immediately*, on or before October 1, they announce that the system of entangling alliances existing between red Russia and pink France and "democratic" Czechoslovakia will be invoked if he moves a single soldier to enforce *immediate* action. This is pure opera bouffe.

And the silliest part of the whole bloody joke is that the "Great Democracies" *thus line themselves up as protagonists for and defenders of slavery*. The South will particularly enjoy that joke. No negro slaves in Dixie ever had such treatment as the Sudeten Germans have received for 20 years, are receiving now, and will receive hereafter if their case is not *immediately* remedied.

Yet, the whole Russo-Franco-Anglo-American world rises in righteous indignation, insisting that they are ready to wreck their own industrial system, rape their financial systems and cause millions of their citizens to be slain in order that President Benes may oppress part of his citizenry *for a few more days than Hitler will allow*. This is the bathos of ineptitude.

Southerners who read the records of how this section of America gave half the money, two-thirds of the soldiers and three-fourths of dead in order to guarantee immediate justice to American citizens who had only recently settled in Texas, will never sympathize with such folly. Yet, at the moment, as incredible as it may seem, there is danger that even the United States may be drawn into this sorry mess.

Self appointed Messiahs almost always arise and are able to stir the passions of hatred and prejudice, and by skillful lies and doctored news, to lead the poor boobs called citizens to the slaughter house. Great, wise, kind, good America was led into such a shambles 20 years ago, and already the insidious propaganda which is coming to us from London and Paris and Moscow and Prague has prepared hundreds of thousands of Americans for their bloody bath. And we have already begun to write notes blaming Germany.

By the time this article is published we shall know whether the world is in its senses or not.

THE WAY TO WAR

About ten days ago I wrote an article pointing out in this column the great temptation now presenting itself to the President of the United States to involve the country in war. The article was printed on October 5 and the same issue contained *the address by President Roosevelt which stunned the people of the world by exhibiting a complete reversal of attitude toward American neutrality* and warned, especially the people of the United States, that the world *was on the brink of another conflagration*. Should this country become involved in another World War it would end all discussion of the New Deal measures which would be instantly effectuated as war measures and which would probably end free government, as we have known it in this country since 1787.

Correspondents on board the President's special train stated that he had "plainly pointed to Japan, Italy and Germany as the principal international law-breakers," and that the President's advisers aboard the train not only "did everything in their power to emphasize the importance of the address" but also "far from discouraging the assumption that the speech was a prelude to more positive action by the government . . . they made it clear that this was exactly what the President intended to imply." If the speech meant anything at all, it meant that the government of the United States was now ready to apply sanctions to Japan, Italy and Germany as punishment for breaking the peace.

The reaction abroad was instantaneous and highly illuminating. Great Britain "welcomed" the proposal with avidity. France "hailed the address with great satisfaction." Russia viewed the address as coinciding with the Soviet united front. China greeted it as "an indication that the United States would join in a boycott of Japan." *Just as it was when America entered the World War*, so now "a great pro-American wave swept China and Britain and France and Russia."

But Germany was amazed and ordered the reports killed from the papers. Rome stigmatized it as "demagogic and vague", and Japan announced that she would continue to prosecute her war in Asia.

Thus we are again confronted with the fact that the United States, instead of being a peace-loving nation, is *always ready for another scrap*. Each generation of American youth from 1607 to the present day *has had at least one war waiting to shoot it to pieces*.

But the most amazing fact about our history is the strange combination of sordid greed and lying hypocrisy with which we go at such things. *We pose as a great peace-loving country*, opposed to aggression and international lawlessness. We imagine that America will be attacked and that we cannot escape the epidemic of war, once it has originated. We are so aggressively

peaceful that we are ready to insult foreign nations and arraign them officially for their conduct. We can't stand to see a war anywhere without getting into it. We are jealous of any nation which foments strife and we urge a "quarantine" against them. We simply aren't willing for any trouble to happen anywhere without taking part in it.

And all this is done in an atmosphere which, to say the least, lacks frankness. The United States was created by the *deliberate murder* of thousands upon thousands of peaceful people who lived and owned its vast area before white men stole it from them. Those sections of America which have not been so obtained by invasion and massacre came to us *by aggressive warfare* against Mexico, *by bull-dozing* Spain and *by attacking* and murdering the French and English. The British Empire has been built up exactly the same way. So has the French and, for that matter, so have the Chinese and Russian.

Either in blissful ignorance or in deliberate disregard of the fact that the United States and Britain and France and Russia and China now own and dominate the richest and most desirable parts of the earth and that the vast populations of Japan and Germany and Italy are without the resources of those countries which own colonies or possessions, the rulers and politicians of the five rich landed gentries (Great Britain, France, Russia, China and the United States) brand as disturbers of the peace, aggressors, murderers, etc., the landless nations (Japan, Germany and Italy) and accuse them of every crime mentioned in the Decalog because they are trying to do just what we have done.

Of course, the truth is that the five satisfied powers, having grabbed all that the world holds, are determined to maintain the status quo and the three "have-not" countries are not even to be permitted to imitate the methods whereby we obtained our ownership of the world.

Put another way, "economic royalists" Tories and Lord Mac Cauleys in the United States are to be suppressed and destroyed, *but international exploiters and economic dictators are to be rigidly protected in their ill gotten gains.*

What a vast world of hypocrisy and deceit and jealousy is to be found in all politics—state, national and international. *The people never know the truth. They always die for the good, the true and the beautiful, in theory, and the damnably selfish, in fact.*

THE GERMAN AND THE JEW

"I die," said Voltaire in his last hour, adoring God, loving my friends, forgiving my enemies and *despising hypocrisy*. An *honest* civilization and an *honest* commentator thereon could find no better motto at any time and especially *today*.

On various occasions I have done my best to warn my readers

against *subtle hypocrisy and hidden propaganda* against Germany, designed to assure our taking sides against her in the expected war. Our papers have been full of items about "threatened democracies," "unsuspecting democracies," "peace-loving democracies" and such piffle, designed to produce a war psychosis based on fear of aggression by "totalitarian enemies of civilization." Thus our antagonists are selected for us in advance and our fears and hates premeditatedly aroused. Thereafter no calm thinking is possible.

Even in the case of the present distressing condition of the Jews in Germany the devil is not given his due. Here we have reliable reports from trustworthy agencies, revealing a *modern inquisition*. Hundreds of thousands of persons are being deprived of political and economic rights and opportunities with accompaniments of suffering and anguish. They are in effect banished from the social, political and economic world which have constituted their lives and which, as evidenced by countless suicides, *many of them hold dearer than life*. Startled by such an unexpected resurgence of racial antipathy, America is horrified. The Germans—all Germans, and *only* Germans—are condemned and cursed.

Yet it is obviously impossible that the *whole* German people should have suddenly become devils in comparison with us saints. It is equally obvious that there must be millions of Germans to whom such treatment of Jews must be as abhorrent as to the noblest English or American. *There must be some reason for this sudden outburst of fury*. Let us control our tempers long enough to look for it. Perhaps as skilled psychiatrists we may be able to exorcise it.

Remember first that before the year 1914 the *German Jew* was perhaps the very finest specimen of a fine race. (There is really no such thing as the Jewish "race," as all ethnologists know; but there is a definite Jewish culture and Jewish religion.) Also, *he was probably happier and safer and more prosperous and more highly regarded in Germany than in any other country in the world*. He was a loyal, patriotic and highly capable and successful German citizen.

When the World War came, he fought for Germany against England, *which not so long ago had expelled him from her borders*, and against other countries *in which he has been treated just as he is now treated in Germany*. *He laid down his life for his homeland as gloriously as any Aryan*. It never occurred to him, *nor to any German*, that he was not a fellow citizen.

Then Came Versailles! Germany saw every one of Wilson's Fourteen Points, on the basis of which she had surrendered, thrown into the waste basket. Under abject compulsion she was

forced to sign a compact *that delivered her soul and body to her enemies*. She was treated as an outcast from the society of nations, a pariah at a dog show. She was a "Hun," a "boche," an inhuman fiend who cut off little Belgian children's fingers, and crucified unoffending peasants. Stigmatized and despised, she was expelled from the company of *Christian peoples*. *She was simply swine; to be slaughtered by astronomical reparations and weakened by suicidal dismemberments.*

Then what? After years of fruitless endeavor to evade her tortures *there was born in her such a fury of resentment as no modern nation has ever had occasion to harbor*. Like a hive of bees overturned by a passing accident, she issued from her covering of kindness and courtesy and proceeded to sting. She fortified herself for further troubles from *foreigners from without* and then turned upon *foreigners within*. The vindictive tortures of Versailles could not be visited upon her conquerors—as yet—but within her own borders were a "foreign" people. It is they who are now being stung. Their only offense is that their industry and intelligence had enabled them to win a disproportionately large number of important and lucrative positions in business and in the professions. They are being punished for our hate and their successes. Every man with a heart in him all over the world, including Germany, sympathizes with them. Again, as often before, "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." But pious America and France and England sit back in smug arraignment of Germans everywhere as the *only* brutes and thieves and assassins among peoples. *This is hypocrisy*. With Voltaire, I despise it.

For the Jews of Germany are suffering exactly the same treatment *that minorities have received from the beginning of the world in times of great distress and anguish*. They are enduring what Christians endured *when Nero had to find a scapegoat* for the burning of Rome. They are suffering just what the Huguenots suffered when they dared to break *with the Catholic faith in France*, and the Pilgrim fathers *with the Church of England*, and what the South suffered *under carpetbag Yankees*—every page of the history of every nation on earth is black with such brutalities. The Constitution of the United States is a written record of the abject fear with which minorities have always regarded the tyranny of majorities. The tyranny of the mob, whether by sword or by law, is the worst of all tyrannies. We who live in the South will never forget that.

So what? Just this: Hitler, unfortunately condemned to jail by a Jewish judge, is the *logical son of Versailles*, in every act and lineament. *He is a product of Allied hate and vindictiveness.*

Every man who bound and kicked and cursed Germany in that treaty is responsible for the present sufferings of the Jewish people. Every new malediction hurled at Hitler justifies, in his mind, his attitude to the Jews and adds to their distresses. That is the way hate has always worked. That is the way it works today.

There is a way to end this unhappy story. *One of the greatest of Jews, of all time, pointed it out.* "Let all bitterness," he said, "and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

A Germany so treated would have been horrified at what Germany maltreated is now doing.

Here is the way out. The German people, including Der Fuehrer, desire, above all things, an understanding of *good will between Germany and England and America.* Such an understanding would automatically end the injustices to minorities in the Reich. For 600 years England tyrannized over Ireland, killing and imprisoning Irishmen almost perpetually. What finally ended it? Irish discontent and rebellion? Of course not! The thing that ended it was the quiet conviction in the minds of England's rulers that good relations between the British Empire and the United States were being jeopardized by their treatment of the Irish. The same thing would happen in Germany. Ours is a nation of influential minorities, as our Supreme Court controversy recently reminded us, and Germany would no more allow her good relations with the United States to be destroyed than would England, *were those relations equally good.*

At Versailles, while the treaty was being written, there were three men who, above all others, saw this and tried to prevent it by dealing with Germany as Lincoln planned to deal with the South after the War Between the States. One of them was a great Dutchman, *a victim of majority tyranny in South Africa—Jan Smuts.* The second was a great Jew *whose co-religionists have known little else but persecution by mass manias—Bernard M. Baruch.* The third was a great rebel, *whose people were brutally subjected to fire and imprisonment and legal injustices too bitterly numerous to mention—Woodrow Wilson.* These three pleaded for mercy to Germany—even for common justice. They pleaded in vain.

So, as often before, innocent bystanders now suffer the result of unbridled resentment and indiscriminating revenge.

Such is the story of the present persecution of the Jews in Germany and of a sure, quick way to end it.

THE PROPHET ON PARNASSUS

Editorial in the Spring, 1945, issue of the Westminster Magazine

Verily one war differs from another war in its poetry, as in its participants, its songs, and its causes. So far as the United States is concerned, World War II is singularly lacking in prophetic, philosophical and sociological verse. There are many beautiful poems having to do with its terrible impact upon the *individual person or home* but of its vast causes, courses and consequences, practically nothing! The lyre is heard all over Parnassus, and the lute and the pipe, but the classic harmonies of the harp, swept by the epic hand of the see-er are lacking. Are there not, among our poets, some who can see and interpret the urges of the ages?

For example, though a simple and imperfect one, World War I was of the same general order of cause and course and consequence as this one. Curses, hates, lies, misrepresentations of motives, caricatures of facts, appeals to national and racial patriotism and prejudices, and also nobility of purpose, heroism, courage, self-sacrifice—all these passions, prayers and propagandas swirled over and swamped the peoples who participated in its mad and misdirected mass-mania. Then came Versailles which was to be the Holy Horeb from which a second Moses was to bring down a second decalogue to pacify, unite and govern the world for ages. Shortly, thereafter, the WESTMINSTER published:

VERSAILLES

1919

We dreamed of peace made sure by mighty power;
Of paths made safe for fair democracy;
Of how, at length, had struck the fatal hour
When wars would end and all mankind be free;
And lo, Versailles!

The blood of men in rivers drenched all lands;
The gold of men as waters poured we forth;
We shook the thrones of kaisers with strong hands;
And gathered at the end to gain its worth;
And lo, Versailles!

We summoned all our greatest, all our wise;
A year we talked and wrote big books of words;
The while the world we cherished slowly dies,
And famine stalks its helpless human herds;
And lo, Versailles!

We said our enemies must have their part
 In open counsel, freed of tyrant's heel;
 That we would change a mighty nation's heart;
 That they with us to liberty must kneel:
 And lo, Versailles!

We used such mighty words: of love wide-spoken,
 Of brotherhood, of little nation's rights,
 Of how the sword forever would be broken
 That earth might know her last of anger's blights!
 And lo, Versailles!

A peace of hatred and a contract signed
 Again to let the blood of nations, this!
 When all we needed was a hand to blind
 Revenge, a heart to pray for enemies!
 Alas, Versailles!

Now, by this time, it should be obvious to all see-ers that Number II differs from Number I in no essential respect except that its victims are more naive and wretched and, therefore, more selfishly greedy and cleverly grasping than before. The slogan has been changed from "Make the World Safe for Democracy" to "We must preserve our Way of Life". But, just as practically all "democracies" perished as the result of Number I, so "our Way of Life" is perishing by act of our own rulers, as a result of this one. The whole fabric of civilization is being torn to pieces in full sight of all the poets of Earth. The environs of Parnassus are in flames. Every country engaged in it either already is, or unless it soon is stopped, will be hopelessly bankrupt financially, as they already are bankrupt in international faith, hope and charity. The inevitable triumph of hatred, greed, suspicion, brutality, vindictiveness, poverty, hunger, disease, murder and hell in general is at hand. Bankrupt countries requiring ruthless receiverships (called fascistic if there is a dominant middle class left and communistic if everybody is equally miserably poor) will take over everywhere. Again, as always before, war will aggravate everything; settle nothing.

Surely this vast drama is visible from Parnassus. Surely our poets see it. Yet in no magazine or newspaper have I seen any attempt by any bard to sing of its terrible, inevitable approach.

* * * * *

As from some gigantic Gehenna the smoke of a million homes ascends perpetually as war's terrible incense to Moloch. America is being consumed and her youth cremated in the flames. The horrors of Har Megiddo are in every newspaper, every magazine, every broadcast. Europe, the tri-millennial home of our civilization quakes and shudders as the accumulated treasures of her greatest spirits become ashes and rubble. Yellows, blacks,

browns and reds laugh as white nation slashes the throat of white nation and world power slips from the flaccid hands of the Aryan.

You are a poet. Contemplate this hellish holocaust. Confer with Lanier and Cassandra and Jesus and try your hand at painting it.

* * * * *

A careful reading of these poems in this issue of the *WESTMINSTER* or in other magazines and newspapers which relate to the slaughter, will show that our poets, who are always better prophets, priests and see-ers than other writers, are again showing the world a better "Way of Life" for there is scarcely a single note of bitterness in their war-verses, only tender pathos and deep romance. The reason for this, of course, is that they are instinctively conscious of the fact that war is, of all possible instruments, the worst wherewith to produce a permanent peace. It is like beating a baby to make it love you, and worse. The poet knows that the scientific advance in the creation of instruments of destruction has been so great in recent years that men must be taught to get along with their enemies or civilization, including all the great and lovely things for which men and women have toiled for milleniums, is at an end. The Golden Rule of Confucius and Jesus is no longer optional; it is compulsory. Either you love your enemy and he loves you or you both perish. The poet sees this clearly; some of the people see it dimly; their rulers will see it only when the ruins of their house-wrecking policies crack their political pates. As usual, the poet is miles ahead of the politician. He knows that it is far more important for a nation to love its enemies than its allies. Eventually all cannibal nations are, themselves, cooked and eaten. They that take the sword actually *do* perish by the sword.

November 17, 1944—[This diary entry consists of a number of editorial notes pieced together and cemented with prophetic paste. Its proper place would seem to be at the conclusion of the editorial section of the appendix instead of the diary.]

The first half of my autobiography has already gone to the printer. This may be the last diary entry. So, I shall take a look around at the world about me and try to describe it for you. It may interest or amuse or inspire some reader in the years to come.

It is a very different world from the one I entered on February 15, 1877. All of the old foundations and conditions of life are being destroyed, and the inhibitions, also. Organization, standardization, regimentation, ossification have progressed far in education, government and religion. Individual initiative and liberty are temporarily moribund. Totalitarian governments are triumphing everywhere. In the United States we are in the last stages of democracy, a *numerical* majority led by a dema-

gogue. A sort of Fascist-Nazi-Communism looms on the horizon.

We are engaged in another bloody, destructive, ill advised and useless war. Following the old adage that nations at war often swap characteristics, we are adopting a species of Nazi-fascism crossed with Biblical communism, straight from the Cave of Adullam. When the war is over we shall arrive at the Great Disillusionment and the greater depression of soul, spirit and pocket-book. At present, we are still "drunk with sight of power" and nervous with fever and hate and intolerance and are being propagandized into perdition. Roosevelt has just been elected President for the fourth time! A combination of the "bought" vote of government employees and their dependents, (twelve millions of them); of the "boss" vote of our big cities, (millions more) which tipped the scales in the pivotal states of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California and others; and numbers, also in pivotal states, of "Franklin's Jews and Eleanor's niggers"; the "Pinks and Crimsons" (PAC's) of Hillman, Browder, Bridges *et alii*; the dear old, poor old, stolid South to whom no rose would smell as sweet if it lacked the odor of the donkey—these constitute the "more democracy and more democracy" that has elected him "again and again" under the blatant banner of "tax and tax, spend and spend, and elect and elect."

From the results of the balloting, we now know that Dewey is his only opponent who has been able to get Roosevelt out of the White House during a campaign and keep Mrs. Roosevelt in it; that a coalition of the Republicans and the conservative Southerners in the Congress is all that can save the country from National Socialism during the next four years; that we shall owe or shall have contracted to owe some three hundred thousand million dollars before we shall have paid for the luxury of hating and murdering our neighbors and best customers; and that, by 1948, every evil that state-flesh is heir to will have fallen upon our body-politic, including a raped treasury, a ruined credit, a bureaucrat-ridden people, a shattered economic system, an inflated currency, an emasculated citizenship, a government by commissions and directives, a triumph of totalitarian demagogy, in an American combination of Fascist tyranny, Nazi terrorism and Communistic uniformitarianism and the impairment or destruction of every governmental incentive to or protection of individual efficiency, independence, and industry. Millions want that! Odds life!

As the danger increases and disaster nears, we shall hear louder and louder and louder mouthings about the "triumphs of democracy." As the world fights its way to hell, we shall be painted more and more and more lovely pictures of permanent "peace" guaranteed against aggressors by three jealous, distrustful and rival, "peace-loving" nations whose vast empires have

been built up by aggressions. As the white races are bled whiter, demands for political, economic, educational, social and all other kinds of equality with black, yellow, brown and red peoples will confront a broken, dispirited, disillusioned and desperate Aryan civilization. As a new set of boundary lines is drawn on the map of Europe, a contract for another world war will be signed: and, as the honey is finally exhausted from the hive from which the guards have been driven by the smoke of battle, there will result from sixteen years of accumulated economic, domestic and international idiocy, a condition of ruin not seen in America since the other Revolution. Millions want that. It is the mother of Communism.

It is interesting to analyze the Roosevelt vote. He received 3,000,000 more than Dewey—24,000,000 to 21,000,000, roughly figured and evenly stated. In other words, if approximately 1,500,000 Roosevelt followers had voted for Dewey, the Republican would have been elected.

There are approximately 6,000,000 Jews in the United States and 3,000,000 "Yankee" Negroes. Between a third and a fourth of them voted, almost unanimously, for Roosevelt. So partial has he and his wife been to them that every day of the campaign one could hear the sneer that "Franklin's Jews and Eleanor's niggers" would elect him. Their 9,000,000 should have furnished at least 2,500,000 votes, a million more than was necessary to tip the scales.

In New York Hillman's P. A. C. and the Near-Communist group rolled up 300,000 pink votes of left-wingers. There are some 3,000,000 Federal office holders who, with their wives and financial dependents, are generally conceded to control approximately 12,000,000 "bought" votes. In all the great cities the local bosses control other hundreds of thousands. Combined, these account for, let us say, fifteen or sixteen million votes. For them, it was not a question of changing horses while crossing a stream but of changing a cow while she is being milked. Add the stolid South with her twelve to fifteen million votes and you have approaching 30,000,000 ballots. Subtract duplicates and you get 24,000,000 Roosevelt voters.

To show you how it works: take New York City; population, roughly, 6,000,000; Jews, Negroes and other persons of Asiatic and African descent, approximately 3,000,000. Add Federal office holders' PACs and boss corralled voters and subtract duplicates and you have Roosevelt's city majority.

In other words, *outside of those groups: Southerners, Communists, Pinks, Socialists, the job-bought, the boss corralled, the Jews and the Negroes, practically all Americans are opposed to Roosevelt.* But as long as this incongruous mixture is kept together, either he or his successor in promises and performance can continue to "tax and tax, spend and spend, and elect and

elect". It will be kept together as long as there is any money left in the treasury.

Such is the bathos to which the Democratic party has descended. Such is the conglomerate that will control the United States for the next four years.

The perfect description of our present ballot system was given by President Roosevelt himself, according to *Time* of November 13th which reports:

"From the green-curtained voting booth came a clank of gears as the main control lever jerked irritably back and forth. Then, a voice, familiar to all of the United States and to most of the world, spoke distinctly from behind the curtains:

"The God-damned thing won't work!!!" "

In 1948, whether Roosevelt runs a fifth time or not, such a winning combination will doubtless be tried again. The stolid South can, of course, be relied upon, provided its nominee is labelled "Democratic". Communists, P.A.C.'s (Pinks and Crimson), Jews and Negroes will have increased in numbers in the pivotal states. The number of Federal officeholders and their relatives will have been intentionally increased. "Great public works," "sixty million jobs"—again, there will be no end to it until the money gives out and the crash comes. Of nations and men it is equally true that "the bigger they are, the harder they fall." And it should be added that, when people begin to decay, the more you do for them the lower they sink.

For the trouble is not with Roosevelt nor with Hillman, nor with Browder, it is with the American electorate. Our representatives and leaders are just what we want them to be, just what we *make* them to be. They all have their ears to the ground and vote accordingly. They are all weathervanes and switch accordingly. They are as good or better than we are. Even Dewey had to out-promise Roosevelt during the recent campaign to get his votes. It is a sad and simple truth that the American people want what they want so badly and so immediately that they would not and/or cannot foresee the future results of their complete inability to pay for their wars—and their luxuries—as their ancestors did. No "blood and sweat and tears" for us but less work, higher pay and longer vacations. No amount of preaching or printers' ink will cure this; only the inevitable crash will or can do it. American wealth and resources fill a barrel, in fact, they filled several great, big, deep, hogsheads, but to each and every one of them there is a bottom. We are now scraping the bottom of some of them.

For, in this our world, the principle of devolution is just as active as that of evolution, as is shown today by the degeneration of our art, music, language, morals, home life—and government.

Society organizes its thoughts into schools, its emotions into churches, and its deeds into states. Thinking dominates educa-

tion; feeling dominates religion; action dominates government.

All government, whether of church or state is of four types: 1—Mon-archy, eg. Caesar, Kaiser, Czar, Duce, Fuehrer and in religion by the Catholic church headed by the Pope; 2—Olig-archy, government by a few, a form into which monarchy changes, represented in history by a King and his barons, dukes, etc., and in religion by the Episcopal church controlled by bish-ops; 3—Republic, government by the “upper” classes, such as the property owners, the educated, those who have a stake in the government and who select from among their number those best qualified to make and execute laws, also all superior officers such as judges and senators, and electors who choose a president who, in turn, appoints a Supreme Court. In the church world this type of government is represented by Presbyterianism; 4—Democracy, government by a *numerical* majority of the inhabitants of a country without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude or education or ownership of property or sex or personal character. In the church world this type is represented by Baptists and Congregationalists. Our kind of people have passed through the first three of these kinds of government, the first two in England and the third in America. We have now reached the fourth—“democracy and more democracy and more democracy.”

Democracy, direct government by a numerical majority, beautiful in theory, is unstable, in administration and fatal in its consequences. It seems attractively fair, equitable, humanitarian, suitable to liberty-loving peoples everywhere. As a matter of fact, it rapidly and always degenerates into a boss-bought, demagogue-ridden mob or mobs, organized to control fifty-one percent of the votes and thereby to loot the treasury and to administer the government in antagonism to the property-owning classes. In America, we have just arrived at that stage of its degeneracy.

The triumph and glorification of Russia indicates that Europe and Asia are going communist. Our own government is already pink. To my way of thinking, communism is not a form of government; it is a form of therapy. A dictator is not a dinner for the healthy; he is a doctor for the diseased. Well peoples, like well persons, have no need of a physician. When an individual or a nation goes to pieces—nervous collapse or blood poisoning or bruises and broken bones from accidents of war, or otherwise—they need a doctor, a dictator, though sometimes they get along better without one. They may need steel in their souls for fallen arches of state. They may need to be adhesive-taped from heel to head for the strained muscles and ligaments of law. They may need a metal support for the curvature of a spine, twisted from its normal, constitutional uprightness. They may need a metal plate for protection of a cracked head. For all these a

doctor-dictator may be needed, but as soon as they get well, they do not need these things any longer. They should pay up and get out of the hospital. Communism, Fascism, Nazism, each is a plaster-of-Paris-cast-iron-lung-make-shift, good for invalids but unendurable to well, strong, free persons and peoples. That is why the quickest way to communize a country is to get it into a war.

The clinical history of a dictatorship is the same as that of typhus fever, too much poverty, too much filth, too many lice. Afterward, Communism, Nazism, Fascism. Furthermore, a dollar a day won't keep the doctor away, nor the dictator. Some people are constitutionally lazy. Give them a bath-tub and they will keep their coal in it. The reason why such people live in slums and shacks is because they like them. That is also the reason why nine out of every ten years of history has been one of war, somewhere on earth. The human animal prefers to fight and loaf, if, when and as possible. The world is never satisfied unless there is a war in contemplation, in process, or in settlement. To talk about a world-wide democracy of peace and equality is as silly as to talk about a world-wide democracy of equal mental capacity or equal physical size or equal moral character. The absurd idea that "all men are created equal" and that everybody must be alike has taken possession of the world, again. Its idiocy is immediately seen the moment that it is applied to horses, or dogs, or birds, or chickens. Over two thousand years ago, Plato warned us that revolutions were prone to follow wars and pestilences and other widespread disasters. Also, under such conditions, many minds pass over the line from light to lunacy. Mass manias appeal. The lunatic fringe widens. Mental laziness, haziness, craziness is the sequence of this trinity of disaster. Well-tried methods, well-balanced minds, well-proven laws are "out-moded" by "modern" ideologies. New names are found for old diseases, new deodorants for old stinks, new camouflages for old carcasses. Truth, decency, justice, law are supplanted by propaganda, "its", bribery and directives.

Then the demagogue appears and promises fifty dollars every Friday to his followers. He is elected on his promises of heaven or rides into power on a bombed ballot box. Legalized robbery of the common treasury begins. It never stops until the money gives out.

By this time the patient has lost all economic consciousness, goes financially insane and the doctor is called. As dictator, fuehrer, duce, commisar, he takes the patient to the totalitarian hospital for an exploratory operation. Verily, he shall not get out of that place until he has paid the uttermost farthing for his jealous greed and ignorant gullibility.

It is a startling and tragic fact that the United States of the Founding Fathers has been destroyed under the direction and

largely by the direct action of her three greatest democratic presidents. *On two of them, I, as president of Oglethorpe University, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws!*

The America founded by Washington and Adams and Franklin and the Pinckneys and Thomas Jefferson was a federation of thirteen little sovereign nations, reserving to themselves all rights and powers not expressly conferred on the Congress in the Federal Constitution. It was homogeneous in its population of North European white people and in its sentiment of independence. When only three million strong, with the British to the north, the French to the west and the Spanish to the south, all three of them much stronger in men and ships, this little unarmed people, with practically no factories, army or navy, out-fought and out-witted their aggressive neighbors and, eventually drove their tyranny off the continent.

Then came the worst single blow the nation has ever suffered, from the pen of its worst presidential blunderer, Abraham Lincoln, who, endeavoring to produce a servile insurrection in order to help himself win the war against the South wrote and issued the Emancipation Proclamation, which by necessary directive or inference therefrom, freed four million half-savage negroes, not only, but also gave them the ballot, thus causing the United States to face this necessary disjunctive: either perpetual race strife or mongrelization into an octoroon nation. In doing this, he violated the constitution and is *solely responsible for the greatest folly in the history of the presidency*. The wrong done the negroes could and should have been remedied by their return to their homeland. Instead, Mr. Lincoln chose to override Congress and the constitution and negrofy his nation. What a blunderer!

The second of our three greatest of follies was committed by the second of our greatest of democratic presidents, Woodrow Wilson, the best educated, best informed and best equipped president the White House has ever known. Yet he it was who, suffering from a chronic case of *kakoethes scribendi*, euchered himself and his country into such an international position that, although re-elected on the slogan: "He kept us out of war", he proceeded at once to put us into war and to keep us in war perpetually. He then transformed our Declaration of Independence of England and Europe into a declaration of dependence upon England to protect us from Germany (!) and restored the United States to membership in the British Commonwealth of Nations. Since then we have been His Majesty's most loyal colony.

It is worth noting that both Lincoln and Wilson were fluke presidents, originally exalted to that position by splits in the opposing parties without which neither would have had the remotest chance of election. Now comes Roosevelt II, borne upon the tidal wave of disaster which was the wake of the Wilson

folly and its vast depression. Chief among his liabilities is that, not content with raping the treasury, wrecking the economic system, packing the Supreme Court, and intimidating Congress, he has excelled all other presidents, living and dead, in destroying the morale of the people by a dole-system of legalized vote-purchasing and in abrogating their Bill of Rights by directives and indirectives. Like Lincoln he has flooded the South with carpet-baggers and scalawags and, with the skillful aid of his wife, incited negroes and radicals to war against the Southern people. Having plunged the nation into debt amounting to national insolvency, he is now engaged in talking humanitarianism out of one corner of his mouth and government expropriations of private rights and property out of the other corner, all the while proclaiming that though America is powerful enough to build a navy twice as big as those of all the rest of the world combined, and is rich enough to feed and arm and finance all the world, and is strong enough to govern the whole earth, she is too weak to maintain her independence and too big to keep a civil tongue in her head.

Three great war instigators. Three great dictators. Three great messiahs. Three great democrats! From all such, Good Lord, deliver us!

Our latest tragedy has been brought about by the determination of England to continue to pursue her policy of controlling Europe by keeping that sub-continent evenly divided so that the addition of her power to either side can produce victory. This "balance of power" system has, in times past, either humbled or controlled Spain, Holland, France and Russia and lately, Germany. This time, her statesmen miscalculated. In decreeing that Germany shall not again become strong, even to the obtaining of her former territory, she counted on the French, "the most powerful army in Europe," and did not assess correctly the strength of Russia. As a consequence, Napoleon's dictum that in a century Europe would be all republican or all Cossack, has come true. In opening the door of war to kick out a wildcat, Great Britain let in a "bear that walks like a man". Her mistake would have been fatal if she had not been able to suck in the United States again. This "thing I have hoped for and prayed for and worked for" has, to all intents and purposes, made the United States the dominant member of the British Commonwealth which, in turn, has now been launched upon a career of world-conquest and dominance. All of us, whether we like it or not, might just as well make up our minds to that.

So we, at whatever cost, shall doubtless press the war onward toward the complete collapse and ruin of Germany and then, as in 1918, dictate the terms of a peace treaty. On the supposition that Germany is crushed, what will be the terms of peace?

In this war, as in all wars, the terms of peace are written before the fighting ends and may be read by discerning students of

.. . . .

human affairs. The only way for the contending parties to determine the conditions of peace is by signing the treaty before the war begins. After it commences, it is too late for human advice and effort. The unforeseen and incalculable forces, released by the struggle, determine the results. The abyssal hates, greeds, woes, hungers, ambitions, losses and revenges, like black genii from carelessly uncorked bottles, darken and dominate what was once a radiant heaven. The declared reasons for a war are lost in its roar. Its "objectives" are obscured in its smoke. Its justification loses meaning in its cacophonies. Its purposes are frustrated by its follies. New factors assume control of the destinies of the contenders. Psychological tornadoes, sociological volcanoes, political earthquakes, complete revolutions of thought and action, cause tidal waves of politics, elevation of moral mountain ranges, subsidence of old, established, social shore lines, disappearance of anciently cultivated islands. Conservative, old-timey defense-walls crack and crash, leaving their Jericho defenseless. Real religion is paralyzed by the resurgence of barbaric brutality, wisdom is charred in its flaming angers, and civilization crumples in its fervent heat. At that exact moment, the victors meet to dictate a "Peace" treaty. He who sitteth on the circle of history, laughs. The seer holds them in derision. All they ever do, all they ever have done, is to sign a contract for another war.

The terms of peace of World War II are now clear and no human document will modify them. They are not the Four Freedoms. They are the four flaming swords which will forever close to us the gates of our former paradise. Over the east gate blazes the sickle of communism. Over the west gate, glows the rapier of the white man's throat-cutting. Over the south gate burns Gehenna's dagger of revived racial hostilities and over the north gate smolders the scimitar of economic and social warfare. We set none of these swords in place nor will they be mentioned in the peace treaty.

Put into plain, everyday words: in the east, communism will invade, conquer and rule Europe. In the west, the dominance of white nations over the colored races will end as the Aryan's hands grow flaccid and his grip weak from internecine warfare. In the south, the ostensible war for "democracy and more democracy and more democracy" will put a keg of dynamite under the foundations of every home, and light the fuse leading to it. In the north, the collapse of the overgrown industrial development consequent upon the war and its ending, will shake the foundations of the social order. Poverty, hate, malice, revenge, greed, lying, hypocrisy, jealousy and universal suspicion will be the survivors. Freedom from fear and want will end. Already, there is no security for anything in the United States, formerly the most secure nation on earth. Freedom of religion and speech will be blindfolded and scaffolded. Peace, goodwill, purity, charity, unselfishness, truth, honesty, liberty, independence, and all the

other precious things for which good men have striven so long will be listed as casualties and buried in one vast, boiling chaos. This isn't pessimism; it is candor. It is not a bag of wind; it is the Khamsin of Karma.

Regardless, therefore, of what we started out to fight for or of what we may still think we are fighting for, we are actually going to get:

1—Russian-soviet-communistic domination of Europe with eastern Europe incorporated in the U.S.S.R. and middle Europe so wrecked, ruined and raped that some form of communism will be its inevitable destiny.

2—Russian-soviet-communistic domination of Asia with the U.S.S.R. firmly re-established on the Pacific, and dominating the Chaos called China.

In short, if Germany is destroyed as a great power and no United States of Europe takes her place (which both Russia and England seem determined to see will be the case) the center of world power will be shifted from Europe to Asia.

3—Complete conquest of our former "way of life" by the politicians concentrated in Washington through their creations, commissions, and appointees, or else, economic, labor and financial troubles worse than any our country has ever known, or both.

4—A racial condition that is pure dynamite in relation both to Negroes and Jews, the result of the exaltation of "democracy" and the impairment of racial pride by the Anglo-Saxon element of America, causing a denial of racial differences as absurd as a denial of differences among horses or dogs or anthropoid apes, and resulting in impossible demands upon and in the undermining of the whole social structure of the South.

5—A tumultuous disaster for both capital and labor, resulting from astronomical governmental debts, exaggerated production costs, smothering taxation, excessive labor demands, alternating inflation and depression, discontented workers, demands for an army and navy powerful enough to rule the world, demands for bonuses, demands for pensions, demands for larger unemployment payments, demands for larger Federal appropriations for everything from more leaf-raking to more education, cost of a vast, post-war building program at Federal expense, demands for more Federal aid abroad—lend-lease-lose appropriations, running into billions, international bank loans, amounting to billions—this and more yet to be announced, all to be financed by a nation whose dollar has already been inflated to a value of a little more than a dime in gold and whose people call that, "prosperity"!

6—A continued feud between England, our modern Athens, and Germany, our modern Sparta, resulting in the destruction of the chief center of the world's civilization, Europe, our modern Greece and its subordination to Russia, our modern Macedon and recurrent invasions of Europe by the United States, our

modern Roman republic and by the rise to power and independence, of the colored races of the world which include more than two-thirds of its population.

7—And, finally, the United States of America, which up to 1914 boasted of its policy of independence, neutrality and goodwill to all people, in or out of war, has now become and will continue to be a contender for the hegemony of the world, launched successfully and enthusiastically upon a career of world conquest, associated with a bankrupt British imperialism and trying to ally itself with a much cleverer Russian communism to police, educate and feed the earth and, in the course of the next billion years, to make as much money out of its foreign trade as its foreign wars have cost it.

Briefly stated, if Germany is crushed and wrecked and ruined, these are the terms of the Peace Treaty which will close World War II and form the basis for World War III. For war never settles anything. It always aggravates everything. *No peace treaty ever written has been worth a tinker's dam.*

Whether I am right about these things or wrong, I am grateful that most of my life has been spent during years of individual freedom and initiative, during what has been the happiest half-century in the world's history. In my Eukosmian days, we had a great debate once on the query: "Resolved, that there is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession". Stephenson put it this way: "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive." The thought is that steady improvement, development, growth, accomplishment, conquest of difficulties, increase in assets, power, greatness as the hard-earned result of toil—these are the necessary conditions of happiness. An environment, such as a dictatorial government or church or racketeering system of any kind which makes them impossible, makes happiness impossible. From 1877 to 1932, with the exception of the world war period of 1914-1918, the South was busy and happy and hard at work. Each day saw some new record set, some new enterprise promoted, some new plan of advancement laid. Since 1932 we have been living on our accumulated capital and fouling the springs of our happiness. And the end is not yet.

Not that the world isn't going forward. *The world is always going forward, but never in a straight line*, always in spirals, often receding on its former line of progress. Civilization progresses as the tide rises—at intervals the high waves, and the lower in between. Just at present, only science is progressing. All of them and especially chemistry and physics, both pure and applied, are making gigantic strides forward. But the souls of men, their spirits, their inner selves, their goals, their gods, are shriveling. The "brave new world" is ugly and old, though brawny and bold enough. The spiritual beach it is traversing is more mesozoic than millennial, more barbarian than brave, more sub-human than

sublime. Our white folks—Caucasians, Aryans, Anglo-Saxons, Germans, Teutons, or whatever else you may call them—are too brutal, carnal, greedy, combative, contentious, pugnacious, to rule wisely the earth which they have so bloodily conquered. Once more they are madly destroying their labor of centuries while the remainder of the racial spectrum look on with surprise and gratification.

All this sounds vitriolically pessimistic but it is not. I am not a pessimist—far from it—and I never use vitriol. I am just a kindly, old gentleman who is still able to see clearly and willing to describe accurately what he sees. I do this the more freely because, in my opinion, our civilization has gone forward so far backward that it will soon be time for the spiral to head forward again. Then it will advance farther than ever before. If history teaches us anything, it teaches us that.

As readers of this volume must, by now, have observed, my profoundest conviction is that "He doeth His will among the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and no man can stay His hand or ask of Him: 'What doest Thou?'" Abraham Lincoln once wrote:

"In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be, and one must be, wrong. God cannot be for and against the same thing at the same time. In the present war it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party. . . . I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest and wills that it shall not end yet. By His mere great power over the minds of the contestants He could have saved or destroyed the Union without a human contest. Yet that contest began. And having begun, He could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds."

"How true are the words of Cleanthes", Epictetus would have added "that though the words of philosophy may run counter to the opinion of the world, yet have they reason on their side!"

In other words, you and Omar Khayyam and I may wish very earnestly and often that we could smash the world to little bits and then remold it nearer to the heart's desire. To us many things are good, many bad. To God all things are perfect. He has a place, plan and purpose for each and every one of them: saint and mosquito, cobra and Christian. "To a good man," declared Epictetus, "there is no evil, either in life or death . . . look up to heaven as a friend of God, fearing nothing that may come to pass . . . say to God: 'Have I ever blamed Thee or found fault with Thine administration? When it was thy good pleasure I fell sick—and so did other men—but *my* will consented. Because it was thy will I became poor,—but *my* heart rejoiced. . . Have not I ever drawn nigh unto Thee with cheerful look, waiting upon thy commands, attentive to thy signals? I give Thee all

thanks that Thou hast deemed me worthy to take part with Thee in this Great Assembly to behold thy works, to comprehend this Thine Administration?" . . . "Such I would were the subject of my thoughts, my pen, my study, when death overtakes me."

And then, as if he foresaw our day, Epictetus adds: "The world is one great City and one is the substance whereof it is fashioned. A certain period, indeed, there must needs be, while these give place to those. Some must perish for others to succeed. Some must move and some abide. Yet all is full of friends, first God, then men whom Nature hath bound by ties of kindred each to each."

Reverting to forms of government, obviously the most perfect would be that of an omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent and omni-benevolent monarch, and that is just what we have. Of all human governments—monarchies and poperies, oligarchies and episcopacies, republics and presbyteries, democracies and congregationalisms—it may be said:

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be.
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

That is what the ancient Greek philosopher meant when he hung this motto where he could see it daily:

"Nothing Matters!"

That is what the mediaeval philosopher meant when he declared:

"Whatever is, is right!"

And that is what I meant when I wrote on a panel of Hermance Stadium:

"Upon the screen are thrown the flitting shades,
Kings, paupers, knaves in palaces and cells,
With interplay of seasons, passions, toils,
And cryptic plot of loves and heavens and hells.
Among the ghosts, which shadowy form is I?
Who planned this play, made me his guest, and why?"

So, I close this autobiography as I began it, firm in the conviction that

"When God wrote all his books about the earth,
And set the moment for each atom's birth,
He purposed me, my tiny path, my pain,
My joy, my hopes, my fears, my loss, my gain.
He wrote the story of my life, and then,
Smiling a little, handed me the pen.
'Trace every word of it,' He said, 'and try
To find an uncrossed t or an undotted i.'"

For, it is as Omar Khayyam declared:

"He is a Good Fellow and 'twill all be well."

L'Envoi

“Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of Nature’s own laws, co-operates with the world’s eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.”

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