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Getting Started,

1977-1978

Stetson University
II

PREFACE

I began this effort of writing memoirs upon my retirement from the presidency of Stetson University in 1987. Because I have been engaged in many other duties as Chancellor of the University, the task has gone slowly, and I am only now--1997--coming to the end of it.

My purpose in undertaking this task was twofold. First, I wanted to do it for our children and grandchildren.

Second, I thought it would be useful for the history of the institutions with which I have been associated--especially those that I have served as dean or president. Whether for good or bad, a college chief administrative officer has, by the significance of his office, a consequential influence upon his college or university and, thus, upon its history. Because of that, I have given more attention to this aspect of my life than I might otherwise have done. This means I have given details and dates that are not always appropriate for such memoirs.

I have had a wonderful and joyful life. I hope it has been a useful one. For these memories, obviously, I have all those mentioned in these chapters to thank. Especially would I thank my family, the members of whom have been a major source of my joy and strength. Margaret, my wife, has, more than I could ever express, shared in making the good things come to pass. June Johnson has been my faithful secretary for lo the past twenty years and is responsible for typing all these words. To her go special thanks. I owe a great debt of gratitude to Dr. Bryan Gillespie, a long time friend and colleague, who has read each of the chapters and made suggestions and corrections.

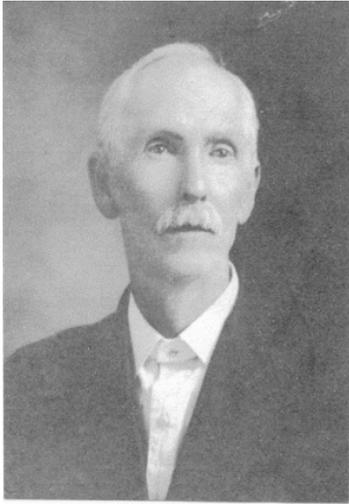
These pages are not great literature, nor are they of general interest, but I hope they will prove worthy for the limited purposes for which they have been written.

Pope A. Duncan

January 1977

CHAPTER I

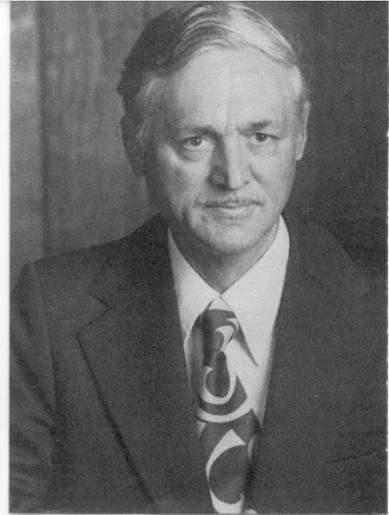
WHERE I CAME FROM



Grandfather



Father



I



30 pounds at almost 21 months old
May 29, 1922

September 8 is not an especially notable date on the calendar. It does not coincide with any normal holiday. Sometimes it happens that schools open on that date, but that is rare. It can never be Labor Day, though the seventh can. Truly, it is a rather nondescript day--that is, to most people. But, to some of us, it is one of the most important days of the year. It is the day on which we were born! There is a fellowship among us based simply

upon the fact that it is our birthday And, if we were born in 1920, as I was, then the bonds of comradeship are even stronger There have been even a number of notables born on September 8 (e.g., Senator Claude Pepper) and a few, at least, on September 8, 1920.

As a boy, I heard stories--I assume from my father, or perhaps my mother, I really cannot remember which--about an ancestor of mine by the name of Thomas Maxwell As a consequence, he became a hero of mine, even with as little as I knew about him The stories that were told to me recounted the fact that he was a Baptist preacher in Virginia in the Colonial Period when to be a Baptist preacher was dangerous The established church did not look kindly upon sectarian preachers, especially Baptists Numbers of them were imprisoned for their actions So, it occurred that Maxwell suffered this fate But, did that stop his mouth from speaking the Lord's word? No, no, the determined Thomas preached through the bars of his cell Indeed, he persisted so long in this manner that he rubbed the end of his nose off on the metal restraints, a disfiguration which he carried the rest of his life--or so the story goes.

It is no wonder, then, that when I followed my father in the study of the history of Christianity, I became interested in finding what I could about Maxwell and his contemporary Virginia Baptist preachers One who intrigued me most was John Leland, an intrepid opponent of all the agencies which would restrain in any way the practice of one's faith Leland became a strong force in paving the way for the First Amendment guarantee of religious liberty and the separation of church and state

When I was teaching church history at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary, I had a graduate student, Bernie Cochran (now head of the religion department at Meredith College in Raleigh, NC.), who undertook to write a thesis about Leland In the process, he obtained a copy of one of Leland's tracts on religious liberty from the library at Yale Imagine my surprise when I noticed that this particular copy was printed for Thomas Maxwell in Washington, Georgia I can only suppose that Thomas finally gave up on Virginia and carried his family south until he settled in what is now Hart County, Georgia He must have brought a copy of Leland's tract with him He undertook to get it printed for distribution in his new land, but things were rather primitive in that part of Georgia in those days, and he soon learned that no printer was available closer than Washington--about fifty miles south I can see him mounting his horse and taking that long journey over very rough trails and roads I do not know what hardships that involved There were not many white settlers, and there were still a large number of Indians about, but he achieved his purpose--the tract was published and distributed I have often wished that I could know the circuitous route by which that copy in the Yale Library reached that final destination

But, why this story at this place? Well, many years later, when I was President of Stetson, I received from a cousin a sheet containing genealogical data concerning the Duncan side of my family It incorporated many interesting facts; but, for me, the most fascinating one was that this same Thomas Maxwell, my great, great, great grandfather, was born on September 8! My hero and I shared the same birthday! I don't put stock in astrological pronouncements; but, I must admit, I was pleased and found myself possessing a kind of eerie feeling about the whole matter.

Mother and Father were in Glasgow, Kentucky, in 1920 He was the pastor of the First Baptist Church, and the possessor of a new Th.Ddegree in church history from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary He had majored under Professor McGlothlin who was one of the better church historians that Southern Baptists have had DrMcGlothlin's *A Manual for the Study of Church History* was first-rate At one time it was my ambition to revise it and try to get a publisher I even got permission to do this from his daughter and

started on the project, but my life changed into an administrator before I could complete the work.

My father often spoke about DrMcGlothlin in glowing and even loving tones He was an idol of his Naturally, I shared in that estimate as a boy who believed his father was infallible After all, his name was Pope before mine was! DrMac left Louisville and became president of Furman University, a fine Baptist college in Greenville, South Carolina As a consequence of the respect my father had for President McGlothlin, it became my ambition to attend Furman in spite of the fact that my dad had attended Mercer University and loved it too Indeed, he had been honored with a doctor's degree from his alma mater(This came during the Great Depression, and I remember that Mercer required its honorees to pay for their diplomas!)

My ambition with respect to Furman was not to be achieved Two things happened First, President McGlothlin died as a result of an automobile accident on his way to the Southern Baptist Convention meeting in Washington, DC., in 1933 I remember the event well We heard about the accident on our way to Washington, and Daddy (I called him that) stopped in Gastonia, NC., where the great man has been hospitalized, to visit his family This trip was my first to our Nation's Capitol, and the experience is still vivid One event stands out A federal judge was being tried by the Senate--an extremely rare event--and Mother and I saw a part of the trial I remember the crippled judge being wheeled on to the Senate floor and the seriousness with which this whole matter was being handled Later, I came to know the attorney who prosecuted the judge and secured his conviction, the first ever for a sitting Federal judge That attorney turned out to be a trustee of Stetson University when I went as president--none other than Ralph Ferrell.

The other thing that happened to prevent my going to Furman was that the Great Depression was on when it was time for me to begin my college work, and we were living in Athens, Georgia, the home of the University of Georgia Since this was long before Federal aid to students and other programs of help, it became evident that Furman was out of financial reach Father and Mother were thrifty, but the small salary of a Baptist minister did not permit the relatively large expenditure which would have been required to send me away for college, especially, when I could live at home and attend a reputable university.

But enough diversion for now Let's get back to the issue at hand, the circumstances of my birth.

It is rather hard for us to picture the situation existing in a small town in 1920, especially having to do with medical facilities and the state of medical knowledge and practice When it came time for my delivery, the general doctor--a fine man--discovered that he had a large baby on the way with a difficult birth in progress As a result, I carry scars on my forehead and neck to this day where the forceps had to be used to accomplish the delivery There was considerable concern that I might not survive, but I have always been stubborn about such things and live I did However, it did mean that Mother could never bear another child, so I remained an only child, not by my parents' choice, but by circumstances beyond their control

Fortunately, I never felt especially deprived, nor particularly spoiled I am sure that the latter was dictated by our financial circumstances as much as anything else We were never in poverty, but there was never extra money for luxuries I would add, however, that my parents always tried to see that I had those things that would assure my intellectual stimulation.

Father was a student all his life He was in his study for some time almost every day He read widely, not only in theology but also in science His interest here meant that

by the time I went to college, I had learned from him most of that which I was taught in my first courses in the sciences His intellectual interests were reflected in his sermons While they were always interesting and well illustrated, they always contained enough intellectual stimulation to please the most educated person in the pew He used the Scriptures with reverence and also with deep understanding of their context and meaning He would have made a great professor

Mother did not have the degrees that Daddy possessed, but she had graduated from Gibson-Mercer Academy, as Father had; and she attended classes, both at Mercer and at the Womans Missionary Training School closely affiliated with the Seminary in Louisville Thus, she was a person of education and culture as well She was a good cook and homemaker, but she also was my father's great help in the ministry She not only taught all her life in the Sunday School but was active in all phases of the church's work I remember that she made visits with Daddy most of the time Almost every afternoon some time was set aside for pastoral visitation, and Mother and Daddy went together most of the time

Though Daddy and Mother were in Kentucky when I was born, they still counted Georgia as home There in northeastern Hart and Elbert counties were home territory and kinspeople Holly Springs Baptist Church on the county line had been home to generations of Duncans and Robertses (my mother's maiden name), and there in the cemetery they all had been buried The church was founded when George Washington was the President, 1795, and it continues to be a lighthouse for that section of the state even now The land the church is built upon had been given by an ancestor of mine on my mother's side of the family and, originally, both Blacks and Whites worshipped there After the Civil War when all Blacks were freed, they wanted a church separate from the Whites, so my grandfather gave them land to build upon, and the church remains to this day

It is not surprising that I would be reminded by my mother that I was born on the day that Tom Watson won the Democratic Primary for the Senate from Georgia--this being tantamount to election in Georgia at that time Watson was from Thomson, Georgia, where we later lived He died before serving out his entire term, but one landmark piece of legislation did come from his efforts--the Rural Free Delivery Act What a transformation of country living this created! Watson had begun his career as a type of populist and sought to get Blacks and poor Whites to join in a coalition to achieve some of their needs He found such a union was not possible in the time in which he lived As a consequence, he became a rabble-rousing segregationist--and was elected His career in that respect was not unlike that of George Wallace in a later time Watson was a person of great intellectual ability and was the author of several books, including a history of France and a biography of Napoleon which I read as a boy.

Glasgow, Kentucky, where I was born was a small town in the south-central part of the state It was said that it had been given the chance to have the state teachers college which was subsequently located in Bowling Green--now, Bowling Green State University However, the town fathers turned the chance down because it would disrupt the life-style of the community too much I do not know whether this was true or not, but it is certainly true that Glasgow had kept its small town nature, and apart from being the birthplace of some rather significant people such as General Russell EDougherty (USAF), the CBS newswoman, Diane Sawyer, bank president, Jimmy Ford, and, of course, Pope Duncan, it is not so widely known as Bowling Green!

One of the features of life's choices which is altogether too true is that one seldom takes advantage of one's location until it is too late Though I was born in Glasgow, not far from the famous Mammoth Cave, I have never visited it Similarly, I

lived in Wake Forest, North Carolina, in the eastern part of the state, yet have never been to Kitty Hawk I fear I may spend the latter part of my life a few miles from Sea World and never see it I have visited Disney World!

We moved from Glasgow to Cordele, Georgia, when I was but three or four years old, but my connection with Glasgow was not over Many years later when I was a student at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, I was privileged to lead the music in a series of services at the First Baptist Church in Glasgow where my father had been the pastor There were a few people left who remembered him and my mother, and they were most gracious in the remarks that they made about him and his preaching

An event occurred on this occasion which has become a memorable one for Margaret and me Margaret and I were engaged, but I had not been able to afford the ring which we had chosen to be made by a jeweler in downtown Louisville She was teaching in Gainesville, Georgia, and during a visit she made to Louisville a few weeks before I went to Glasgow, we had picked out the design On the last evening of the revival, many people came by to say good-by and to wish me well In addition to the treasurer of the church who handed me a check as my honorarium, others pressed bills in my hand When I got back to my room and counted the money, I found to my amazement that it came to the exact sum which the ring was to cost! I gave thanks to the Lord, and when I returned to Louisville the next morning, I went by the jeweler and ordered the ring before going to the campus That night I wrote Margaret a joyous letter Today, one would telephone to announce such tidings In those days of short money supply, a call was reserved for the greatest emergency and generally portended a crisis or disastrous news

Without brother or sister, I discovered one of each In Glasgow, I played constantly with a boy of my age who lived nearby and whom I called brother He apparently did not object, and for years after we moved I remembered him with real brotherly feelings A more significant relationship, and one which lasted for a good portion of my life, was with a girl who helped my mother look after me in my first years She was Eva Monroe, and I called her sister and thought of her as such through most of the years of her life She was very close to my mother, and they corresponded with each other as long as they lived She visited us on numerous occasions Eva was a wonderful person, though she lived a rather tragic life I still treasure a small leather bound New Testament which she gave me It is simply signed, "Sister."

I suppose because I had no siblings, some of my cousins became very important to me Three first cousins on my father's side, Harvey, Ellen, and Cora Beth Duncan, and three on my mother's side, Sara Pope, Vance, and Bobbie Nell Roberts, were especially close Even as my father and mother had lived near to each other in the country near Holly Springs Church, so these cousins lived--the Duncans in the house where my father lived most of the time as a young person and the Roberts in the house next down the road.

Though we never lived closer to them than Royston, Georgia, and that only for a very few years, I did have opportunity to spend time with them in the summers of my childhood and early teen age--sometimes visiting in one home and sometimes in the other

Sara Pope and Ellen were older and tolerated us younger ones The boys were very nearly my own age, and we shared many an adventure and game We tolerated the younger girls! All too often we teased them or played tricks on them--none of which were serious in their nature, but I sometimes have wondered how they remained our friends

CHAPTER II

KITH AND KIN

These cousins of mine, Ellen, Sara Pope, Bobby Nell, Cora Beth, Harvey, and Vance were truly remarkable individuals. They were all raised in what today would be regarded as poverty. But, I am quite sure, they never thought of themselves as being deprived. They lived on small farms that were owned by others and in clapboard houses, which were not large and were heated by big wood burning fireplaces and the kitchens by a wood burning cooking stove. The bedrooms were unheated, and there were no dining rooms--they ate in the large kitchens. They had no running water. The water they used was drawn from deep wells using a windlass, rope, and bucket. The outhouses served as toilet facilities, and baths were taken on Saturday night in metal washtubs brought into the kitchen. The water was heated in a small reservoir attached to the wood stove.

For most of the time, neither family owned an automobile, so they rode in wagons; or, to go to church on Sunday, they might hitch the mule up to the buggy. The children would most likely walk to church, since the distance was only a couple of miles. The families worked hard--everyone had to do his or her share, beginning at about five or six years old. There was little or no cash money available, but they ate well out of the garden, smokehouse, and the many jars of food that had been put up during the summertime for the sparse days of winter. Out of the smokehouse would come the meat, which had been cured to carry the family through those times when fresh meat was not available (except for the chickens which roamed the yards).

Some of my fondest memories are the meals which we shared sitting about rough tables on cane bottom straight chairs. The great wood stoves, which had to be fed almost constantly by the firewood that had been cut and split by the menfolk, produced delicious food from the hands of the experienced women cooks. The aromas were heavenly! Incidentally, my Roberts grandmother never wanted to get a new-fangled electric stove, for she believed that nothing could possibly cook as well as the wood stove. I am quite sure that nothing was any better cooked on the new-fangled devices than what she was able to cook on the cast-iron stove!

To get back to my memories of meals, they were always substantial, and everyone ate heartily, because everyone was involved in some physical labor and needed the energy that big meals provided. As I remember, none of these families contained any people who had any great amount of excess fat, even though the diet would be one that today would be sure to put on many pounds and was certainly high in cholesterol!

A typical day might start off with a breakfast of plenty of eggs, grits, ham, sausage, or thick-sliced-slab-meat-bacon. Along with this would be good red-eye gravy to go on the grits. There would be plenty of biscuits and butter they had made, topped off by homemade jellies, jams, and syrup. Variations might include slices of fresh tomatoes. Also, on occasion there would be fried chicken for breakfast in the place of other meat.

Lunch was the large meal of the day, always on the farm called dinner. Since breakfast was usually served early in the morning, perhaps 6 a.m. when there were farm chores to be done, everyone was ready to eat again by about 11:00 or 11:30 a.m. This meal was sure to include several vegetables, depending on what was available in the garden or what had been canned or put in jars previously. I remember, especially, the

wonderful corn, almost always creamed, not on the cob, the great fried chicken or pork chops, and on rare occasions rabbit or squirrel or even fish caught out of the area streams.

Pork was much more plentiful on these farms than beef. Everyone raised pigs. Few had space enough to raise more than a milk cow or two, so there were not many cows or bulls to be slaughtered and eaten. Cows were kept as milk producers, and at every meal there was good fresh sweet milk and buttermilk for everyone. As a luxury, the adults had coffee, which they ground from the beans secured by the little cash that they had. Sometimes, especially at Sunday noon, there was iced tea--but only when someone had gone in the wagon to the ice plant on Friday or Saturday and had used a precious piece of hard cash to buy 25 pounds of ice which was then kept in the cotton seeds used for feed for the cows. There was no refrigeration on these farms. There was always a cellar out back of the house, which consisted of a deep hole in the earth, varying in size, but generally about 6' x 15' and, perhaps, 10' deep covered by a wooden roof often in turn covered by dirt. This deep cellar provided a very cool, year-round place for the storage of milk and other perishables. It also provided a refuge in times of severe storms.

But back to the story of dinnertime. What we call salads today was almost unknown in those days by people on the farms in northeast Georgia. On the other hand, there was such a variety of fresh vegetables or home canned vegetables, that what we think of as salads now was hardly necessary. There was always baked bread, usually biscuits and corn bread. And, even at dinner, there was the ever-present syrup, together with jams and jellies. For a treat there might be banana pudding or some other such dessert, but only on rare occasions would there be ice cream. This necessitated ice and the application of manpower to churn--but oh, how good it was!

I remember going to the cellar more than once during my childhood when a severe thunderstorm with strong winds would arrive. My mother was especially fearful of storms, and if one appeared on the horizon and there was a cellar available, we always retreated to it. This was quite an adventure for a youngster. In fact, it was quite an adventure even on a clear day to be sent to the cellar to retrieve something from it. There was something mysterious about this dark, somewhat musty, and always cool place.

Supper was usually composed of leftovers from dinner. Then, especially in the winter, around the fireplace, the family would gather to talk and frequently to get out the popper--a wire mesh, small basket with a long metal handle--which was used to prepare popcorn over the hot coals. Various ones took turns shaking the popper to keep the corn from burning.

These families were extremely close families; they worked hard together; they ate together; they sat on the porch in the summer together or around the fire in the winter together. There was no place to go in the evening. There were no distractions of radio or television. There were no movie theaters available. They amused themselves with family games, or stories, or bits of conversation. Everyone was in bed early, because they were physically tired and because they knew that they would be getting up before or by 5:30 a.m., either to prepare to go to work in the fields or to go to school. If school buses were available, they came very early; if they were not available, there was a long walk on the country roads to the schoolhouse.

Hanging over the fireplace in the living room, if it might be called such, was the shotgun and the rifle. These were not there for protection from neighbors or strangers, but for the very practical reasons of providing some variations in the diet that came from occasional hunts. Again, the hunts were not so much for recreation as for gathering food.

The rifle also served as the means of slaughtering the hogs when that time came, or, if rarely, the calf or the cow.

In northeast Georgia in the twenties and thirties, there was always the extremely important hog killing time to be fixed upon. It was essential that the hogs be killed at a time when the temperature was going to be cold enough to keep the meat from spoiling. Since weather reports were very difficult to come by, and not very accurate either, the farmer and his neighbors had to rely on their best judgment as to whether or not the day they had chosen to kill the hogs would be cold enough and whether or not the cold was going to last long enough to secure the meat from spoilage. If one predicted poorly, the family might be in dire straights with spoiled meat and nothing to eat in the way of pork for the rest of the year.

If the day was crisp and clear, the father of the house went to the hog pen with his rifle and carefully did his work while all the women and children listened for the report of the gun, not willing to see the deed done, for they had raised the hog from a little pig and to some degree were attached to it emotionally. Nevertheless, once the deed was done, everyone had a particular job in the long day's work. The big black cast-iron tub in back of the house in which clothes were boiled had to be filled with water and a fire built under it. The knives had been sharpened. The scraping of the carcass, the carving of the pig, the grinding of the sausage, the salting of the meat, and the hanging of the shoulders and the hams in the smokehouse where a small hickory fire was providing the smoke, all had to be done. This was no child's play, but it was a triumphant day for the family if the weather stayed cold and the meat was well preserved. It was a day that no hungry mouths would go unfed.

As I said at the beginning of this part of my narration, in spite of the poverty, which these families shared (clothes were often gifts -- "hand-me-downs" -- from family or friends, garments bought second hand, or home-made dresses and other items -- frequently fashioned out of flour sacks), the poverty did not daunt these people. They were cheerful; they had great faith in God; and they were appreciative of what they had.

Though I had grown up in a minister's family with a kind of lower middle-income upbringing, I always felt that I was the deprived one, not having the opportunity to live year-round on the farm and share in the joys of large families.

As I remarked earlier, these cousins of mine who were reared in the conditions I have recounted, turned out to be remarkable people. There were three children in my Uncle Whit Duncan's family. The oldest was Ellen. When she came of college age, there was no money to be had to send her to college; but somehow, probably through the knowledge of my father, she learned about Berry College in Rome, located in northwest Georgia. How, I do not now remember, and perhaps I never knew how she managed to travel there (a very long journey for those days) and enroll. At that time, Berry was a place where deprived children of that whole area of the South could go to college and work their way completely through, even if they arrived without a dime. This is essentially what happened to Ellen. She majored in home economics, and later married a young man she had known in the Holly Springs community (he lived in the Goldmine community) who had also gone to Berry and who had majored in industrial arts. In time they became significant figures in the South Carolina school system. As I remember, he was head of the state industrial arts program out of Columbia.

The second child was Harvey. Harvey was just about my age and one whom I loved like a brother. He, too, went to Berry and got his degree. He later secured his

master's degree and graduate work beyond that became a teacher, then a principal, then superintendent of schools in Richmond County, Georgia, the county seat of which is Augusta. He became one of the leading citizens in that city. Unfortunately, he died relatively young.

The third child was Beth Duncan. By the time Beth was ready for college, my father had died; and mother and I were living in Athens where I was attending the University of Georgia and where my father had been pastor at the time of his death. Though Beth lived only about thirty-five miles from Athens, she had never been that far away from home when mother and I brought her to live with us and to go to the University of Georgia.

I have often thought what courage it took for this young girl to go into a place like the University on her own, because neither mother nor I had time to help her with all of the intricacies of registration and getting started.

Beth was not only courageous, she was very bright. She, like her older sister, ended up majoring in home economics. Later, she received her master's degree at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville and did additional graduate study at the University of Iowa. Probably Tennessee and Iowa at that time had the finest graduate programs in home economics in the country. Beth had specialized in nutrition, and she taught for a time at the University of Tennessee and later served as a nutritionist in the state apparatus in Raleigh, North Carolina. She then became head of children's nutrition for the Federal Government's program in the Southeast under the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Her headquarters was in Atlanta, and she traveled all over the Southeast, becoming widely known for her expertise in the area of children's nutrition.

What a family this was to be produced out of Depression and deprivation!

The other family with whom I was very close lived only a couple hundred yards from the Whit Duncan family, and they were the Dan Roberts family, uncle and cousins on my mother's side. This family, too, had two daughters and a son. The oldest was Sarah Pope Roberts; and she, with Ellen, went to and graduated from Berry College. She became a teacher, never married, but exerted a fine, strong influence as an excellent classroom person.

The middle child, as in the Whit Duncan family, was a boy by the name of Vance. He, too, was close to my age and inseparable with Harvey Duncan. Vance never had the opportunity to go to college, but he became a very excellent citizen, a man who for many years ran the best grocery store in the small town of Bowman, Georgia. He then became the proprietor of a grocery store in Washington, Georgia, and later a manager for one of the chains. He and his wife were always highly respected in the communities in which they lived and represented the very finest of church-going people.

The youngest of this family was given a good, Southern, double name, Bobbie Nell. She, too, went to Berry College, became an excellent teacher, married a preacher, and has had a very useful and productive life.

I had many other cousins, but I did not know many of them well. The few whom I did know I had little opportunity to be with in the same way that I did with these six.

Much of their lives and of mine as well, has revolved around the Holly Springs Baptist Church of which I have spoken in another context. It is there that their fathers and mothers are buried along with mine, and even though I have had little opportunity in my adult life to attend church there, I still have that sense of being at home when I go there.

My family roots are planted deep there, both in the extent of the living of the extended family in and about that place as well as in the soil of the cemeteries of that old church.

The little town of Bowman, Georgia, to which I referred earlier holds many memories for me but none any more vivid than the occasion when I was visiting in the summer at the old home place where my aunts lived--I must have been all of seven or eight years old. Vance, who later became the grocery man, came to see me and proposed that we sell some of the fresh vegetables from the garden along with some eggs, which were in excess. Either he or I, I do not remember which now, had a little red wagon. We picked beans, butter beans, and tomatoes, and filled the wagon to the brim with these along with some eggs and pulled our produce through the little village going from house to house proposing to sell at a very inexpensive rate these fine, fresh vegetables. To my surprise now, as I look back, we were quite successful. Whether the people simply did not have these vegetables fresh in their gardens, or just felt sorry for us, I do not know. In any case, we regarded ourselves as extremely successful young entrepreneurs; and, who knows, perhaps this was the beginning of Vance's successful career as a grocer!

I think a more important influence on Vance towards the grocery business came in the fact that he and I shared three uncles, all of whom were rather successful grocery men. Uncle Stakely Roberts had a successful grocery business in Crawfordville, Georgia, and Uncles Sam and Hatcher Roberts had an extremely successful grocery store, and probably the largest, in the small town of Warrington, Georgia. It was always a great experience for me to visit in these stores and watch them operate. Particularly, I had the opportunity to visit with and sometimes help in the store in Warrenton.

Unfortunately, Uncle Sam lived in a time before sulfa drugs and penicillin, and pneumonia killed him while he was still a fairly young man. A severe case of pneumonia in those days--the 1930's--was almost always a death notice. We were living in Thomson, Georgia, just a few miles away at this time. I remember visiting Uncle Sam in his home shortly before he died. This was one of the first times that I had come close enough to a death to have it affect me in a strongly personal way.

My Uncle Hatcher took over the complete ownership and management of the store and in time enlarged it. He was a very favorite uncle. He and his wife, Roba, befriended me on more than one occasion. When I determined that I would go to the seminary, he offered to pay for my private voice lessons to enable me to be a better preacher. This was one of the most important things that ever happened to me. I would not have been financially able to take such lessons without his help, and these lessons gave me a new voice, which has served me well through the years. Uncle Hatcher and Aunt Roba never had any children, but they took more than one of us under their wing, and I owe their memory a great debt of gratitude. After I married Margaret, I was very pleased that they loved her just as much as they loved me, and she reciprocated that love.

There were twelve children in my mother's family and ten in my father's. Unfortunately, apart from my Uncle Whitt Duncan, I never got to know well my other uncles and aunts on that side of the family. On the other hand, I did get to know most of my mother's siblings fairly well. I have already mentioned my uncles, Dan, Sam, and Hatcher Roberts. I was also fond of my Uncle Johnny who was a mail carrier on rural routes.

My Uncle Early was a farmer in West Texas, and I saw him on only one occasion when he came back to visit at the family home in Bowman. I shall never forget his sitting on the back porch, talking to my Aunt Maggie early one morning, probably in the early

30's, saying, "Maggie, we can make a crop in West Texas on the dew that you get here." One must remember that this was before the days of the great irrigation projects in West Texas; and it was, for the most part, dry farming that was done there then. He was always a kind of romantic figure to me, for he had left the East as a very young man and had migrated to Texas along with many other Georgians, including my "Uncle Asa," about whom I will speak later.

I had an Uncle Bob who lived in Asheville, North Carolina, and served on the mail cars attached to passenger trains, though I barely remember seeing him, and he died fairly young. I was always led to believe that he was one of the brightest of the family members and had wanted to go to medical school but had not had the opportunity.

It was the three spinster aunts living in the home place in Bowman whom I got to know best of the Roberts' clan. There were in order of birth, Maggie, Lois, and Maude. In fact, Maggie was the eldest of the children, always frail and always the object of concern of the rest. It was often said, "Maggie, eats like a bird." Well, whether for that reason or some other, Maggie outlived all of the children, men and women, except Maude, who was the youngest!

My Aunt Lois died young, having served most of her adult life as the postmaster of the Bowman office. She received her appointment--in those days, it was not a civil service appointment--from a Republican president, as did my other kinsmen who were in the postal service. It didn't occur to me until later, that my Roberts family must have been one of the only families in Bowman in which there were Republican members. Given the state of politics in Georgia at that time, this was almost an embarrassment! Aunt Lois was a large and jolly person, and I enjoyed as a youngster visiting her in the small post office and helping her "put up the mail." I suppose that postal regulations in those days for a small town post office were rather lax. At any rate, she would allow me on occasion to stamp the letters with the postmark, and this was a small boy's greatest joy and one of the memorable events of my life. At that time, the Southern Railroad had a connecting passenger service between Elberton, Georgia, and Toccoa, Georgia. There were two southbound trains and two northbound trains each day. We almost gauged our lives by when the trains ran. But more about my love affair with trains later.

Back to my aunts. As I have said, Maggie was the frail one, but she was also, in many ways, the strong one. She was very bright, though she never had the opportunity to go beyond Gibson-Mercer Academy--a Baptist high school in Bowman, which my parents and all of my aunts and uncles attended. Aunt Maggie was very artistic and a lover of flowers. At some point in her life she had taken some lessons in painting and was quite good. Some of her paintings still exist. She was the one who always looked after the yards. I remember her well in her straw hat with hoe in hand. She was also strong of will and always to be depended upon in times of crisis. She was a delightful conversationalist with a good sense of humor. She knew all of the Robertses' ancestors and kept up with all of the family members. She wrote to them all through the years. I, once, before she died, had her tell me about all the members of the Roberts and Duncan family trees that she knew or knew of. I set this down in a nice chart, put it where it would be safe, and as of the moment it is safe even from me! If it is ever found in my files, a later generation will most likely be the finder.

Aunt Maude went to Bessie Tift College, and as I have already indicated became a teacher. She retired from the Bowman High School after a lifetime of teaching English and, for many years, Latin. She was the closest of my mother's sisters to our family. We

all loved her devotedly, and she returned that love. After all of her sisters died, she continued to live in the family place until that became impossible. She then sold the family home and moved into a mobile home back of my Aunt Orrie's house (Dan's wife) in Royston, Georgia. Ultimately, Maude's health failed to the extent that it became necessary for us to move her to the Baptist Village in Waycross, Georgia, where she died.

After my father's death in 1938, my mother lived most of the time with her sisters, Maggie and Maude, in the old home place. They were remarkable in many ways and, at the same time, were very representative of the strong Southern women of the period. Their routine was unflinching. After cooking breakfast and clearing the dishes, they did the chores about the house, including the cleaning. In the meantime, they had put dinner on (remember, dinner was at mid-day). Once dinner had been cooked and eaten, and the dishes washed, they dressed and sat on the verandah if the weather permitted or, in inclement weather, in the wide hall that served as a kind of summer family room. In the winter they gathered in the room to the left of the hall which had a coal-burning fireplace (later a natural gas stove) and which served as a sitting room and a bedroom. The parlor to the right of the hall was used only to entertain "company." On some occasions, friends would come by or they might use the afternoons to make calls upon friends and acquaintances. Perhaps, they would go to Elberton, and on rare occasions make a journey to Anderson, South Carolina, to shop. After supper, usually leftovers from dinner, they would retire to the sitting room and read, listen to the radio, and often play such games as checkers, Rook, Chinese checkers, scrabble, and even jigsaw puzzles.

They were in many ways very private persons. They did not share their secrets, even within the family. For example, I never knew my mother's age until she died when I had to take care of her insurance policies. Though they were very hospitable and generous, they did not let even friends into their emotions. They were almost stoic in this sense. To outsiders, there was nothing ever wrong with them nor did they expect to share with these any but the superficial aspects of their lives. They had a very strict sense of morality and a very deep loyalty to their Baptist church and ways.

My Aunt Bessie Roberts Rice died before I had any memory. She died in childbirth, and her husband, Aaron Rice, did not recover from that loss for many years. He was a steady visitor to the old home place and was very solicitous about the welfare of the other sisters. I thought of him as Uncle Aaron and never in any way except as a member of the family. He was a very interesting person. He was an agnostic, and this always greatly distressed the girls. In his later years when I was older, I discussed with him his philosophy of life; and I found that his agnosticism did not go very deep. It was more a kind of skepticism which came from his being a very rational kind of person and needing the kind of proof for everything which is very difficult to give for the existence of God. At the same time, he was a very moral man and, indeed, one of the best men I have ever known. He was a farmer but much more than that. He invested his resources very shrewdly and wisely to the point that he was reasonably wealthy. Certainly, he had more of this world's goods than any members of the Roberts or Duncan clans. On the other hand, he never flaunted it and lived a very simple and almost austere life. In his later years he remarried, but he never forgot the Roberts girls.

CHAPTER III

THE OLD HOME PLACE

My grandfather, William Crawford Roberts, locally known as “Crawf,” was a big man in the small town of Bowman, Georgia, and the community of Holly Springs. He had farmed much of his life in the Holly Springs community and had been one of the pillars of the Holly Springs Baptist Church, founded (1795) in the period of George Washington's presidency. He had fought in the War Between the States as a teenager and was still very much in touch through his memory with those days.

My grandmother, too, remembered the days of the War with vivid images. She told me more than once of the hard times which came toward the end of the struggle when there was no cash and little of anything except that which could be grown on the farm. One day when we were in the smokehouse where the hams were hanging over the small fire in the middle of the floor which provided the hickory smoke, she told me of the fact that there were times when they had no salt. They would go to the smokehouse and take the dirt from under the place where the hams had dripped their salty juices. By pouring water over the dirt, they could dissolve out the salt that was then left when the water had been boiled away. These were hardy people!

Grandfather Roberts had moved from the farm into town when my mother was a girl. He had bought a house sitting on a small hill overlooking about seven acres between it and the road and with about twelve acres in back going down to a nice stream. Much of the acreage in the back was used as a pasture for several cows and mules. The rest was farmed in cotton and corn with a large garden just back of the house. There were fruit trees on the side--apples, peaches, pecans, a few damson bushes, and among them strawberries and other delicious things. He also raised chickens as fryers to eat and hens to supply the eggs. A rooster or two presided over the hens and their biddies. It was a great joy to me as a child to go with him to feed the chickens. They would crowd around him as he scattered the grain and corn. He loved the animals, and they obviously loved him.

It was the women's job to milk the cows, kill and dress the chickens, and tend the garden. Of course, they also cooked and ran the house. My grandmother cooked on a large wood range, and out back there was always a large pile of stove wood, which the men folk had cut (no power saws) and split. The kitchen also had a hand-powered coffee grinder, and I would be awakened to the sound and smell of fresh coffee beans being prepared. As a youngster, I could not drink the coffee, but I could smell it--and how good it did smell! I think one of the reasons I have never liked coffee as much as some people do is that the taste never equaled that wonderful aroma!

Grandmother did not believe that any stove would cook as well as a wood stove and would have no other. She was a great cook. I particularly remember her corn pone prepared on the top of the stove. Also, grandfather was fond of her corn mush that she often fixed for him. There was always plenty of food on the table at Grandma's house. While she was living, there was not only Grandpa, but also my three unmarried aunts, Lois, Maggie, and Maude (though Maude was away teaching for a time in Walhalla, South Carolina, she soon had a position in the high school in Bowman). If then you added guests, as when we visited, there were a number of mouths to feed. The table

groaned under the weight of chicken, ham, vegetables, cornbread, biscuits, jellies, pie and/or cake.

If there were more people than could be seated at the big table in the dining room, the children waited to eat at the second table until the "grown people" had finished. We always hoped there would be some good pieces of chicken left--that meant, the pully bone and the drum sticks. In any case, we never went hungry.

On special occasions, such as Sunday dinner (always the mid-day meal), the adults would have iced tea. This would mean that ice would have to be secured at the icehouse and stored in cottonseed in the small barn designed for it. (Cottonseed was then used for animal feed. Today it is much more valuable for its oil and other ingredients.) Not only did I love to play in the cottonseed, but also I especially enjoyed digging down in it to find the ice on a hot summer day. Sometimes we actually made ice cream using the ice and a big wooden, hand-turned freezer. How good it was!

Grandpa, as I called him, was rather set in his ways. He embarrassed grandma by insisting that he have a sharp knife to eat with. He threatened on one occasion to take the silver knife she gave him to the shed and sharpen it on the grinding wheel. He received a weekly paper published by the Baptist fundamentalist preacher, J. Frank Norris in Fort Worth. It was not bound, but came in loose sheets like a newspaper. He insisted that grandma or one of the girls sew it together at the spine before he would read it. At the same time, he was in other respects a wonderful person--successful, kind, intelligent, and handsome. He wore a beard and smoked a pipe.

I enjoyed the aroma of his pipe, and I would watch him fill it, light it, and smoke it lovingly. After he had died in his eighties, I found a pipe of his in a box of other items belonging to him. I never smoked it, but I would put it in my mouth and draw on it, tasting it even then. I am sure it was to some extent due to those experiences that I started smoking a pipe about 1953 and continued till I came to Stetson as president in 1977. It would not be an understatement to say that I enjoyed every puff! I do not know any reason, except example, that I gave it up. In fact, I never have given it up--I still have my pipes--I just have not smoked anymore, yet!

I greatly enjoyed going to "the old home place," as my mother referred to grandpa and grandma's house. One of my special joys was to explore the land back of the house, including land adjacent to grandpa's property. There were beautiful woods and a lovely small stream.

My father first introduced me to all this adventure, and some of my most cherished memories of him are associated with our walks by that stream and through those woods. My father was a great lover of the outdoors, though he had little time of his own to spend in them. He had been raised on a farm, so he knew the flora and the fauna. Being always interested in science, he was fascinated by rock formations and other of nature's creations. We often would sit on the hillside and watch the squirrels and the birds--sometimes on our walks we would scare up a rabbit or find a den. Perhaps the most exciting part of all this was finding some Indian relics. The field back of grandpas must have been a favorite hunting ground; for, over the years, I found numerous arrowheads of various kinds and sizes and even once an ax head. What could have been more exciting for a young boy?

One of my earliest memories of Christmas has to do with "the old home place." I do not know the year, but when I was quite young--probably three or four--we still had a T-Model Ford--we spent several days there around Christmas time. I first remember riding with Daddy in the T-Model on a cold, misty, cloudy day to Walhalla, South Carolina, to pick up my Aunt Maude Roberts who was teaching school there. This was

exciting enough to me, for even at that young age I idolized my father, and to be with him alone for that long a time was heaven itself. Then to ride between them back to Bowman all covered with a lap robe was so memorable that I can remember it almost as if it were yesterday. One must remember that automobiles at that time did not have heaters; so, except for your clothes, heavy lap robes were all that kept you warm.

I remember, too, Christmas day. In the parlor--a place ordinarily reserved for entertaining company--was a tall cedar tree reaching almost to the very high ceiling, perhaps ten to twelve feet high. It was decorated with lighted, real candles, paper chains, popcorn chains, and other handmade ornaments. It was to me a beautiful sight. In the fireplace was a roaring coal fire--the only heat available. All the family gathered round--I do not remember all present, but I do know that mother, daddy, grandma, grandpa, aunts Maggie, Lois, Maude, uncles Stakely, Bob (one of the few times I ever saw him--he lived in Asheville, NC, and was a railroad mail handler) and others and their families were present. Then appeared a skinny Santa Claus who with a "Ho, Ho, Ho!" delivered the gifts. One of the older children present told those of us younger ones that it was Uncle Sam, not Santa Claus. I had some suspicion about that myself, for he was a Santa Claus who had lost a lot of weight! In any case, I continued to be certain that the real Santa Claus still existed!

As with most children, Christmas was a great day for me. I cannot remember Christmases in Glasgow, though I do remember a little, three-wheeled vehicle which I got at one of them and which I dearly loved and enjoyed. Apart from the Christmas described above, my memory of Christmases becomes strong when I was about five, and we had moved to Royston, Georgia, where my father was pastor of the First Baptist Church. (He preached there three Sundays in the month and at Holly Springs Baptist Church the fourth Sunday--Holly Springs Church was his and my mother's home church.)

I especially remember that Santa Claus was still very real to me. I had some difficulty knowing how that big, fat man got down our small chimney, but Daddy showed me marks in the soot on the back of the fireplace which must have been made by Santa Claus, so I was satisfied!

Mother and Daddy were living on the very meager salary of a small town pastor, so I could not expect to have all the things that a small boy might want at Christmas. I have often wondered how they did as well as they did. There was always enough, and the stocking was always filled with fruit and candy. Oranges, walnuts, and peppermint candy were greatly valued and greatly enjoyed.

I really do not remember when I gave up on the idea of Santa Claus. I think I held on to him long after I really thought he resembled my father! Obviously, growing out of Santa was not traumatic or my memory would still be with me.

Unfortunately, I never really knew my other grandparents. Their deaths were too early in my childhood. I do remember seeing them, but I have no clear image of them.

All these grandparents and several generations before them are buried in the Holly Springs Baptist Church cemetery on the Hart and Elbert county line. This is a great old church. My family on both sides had a long connection with the church and, on numerous occasions, have been leaders in the church.

In the days when my father was pastor, the men still sat on one side of the church and the women and children on the other. I remember vividly, too, that on cold days, the church was heated by a single wood stove that often became red hot. It sat in front of the pulpit with its metal stovepipe reaching to the high ceiling. Unless you were nearby, you continued to wear your overcoat, for it could get bitterly cold in the corners of the building. It was true also that there was no electricity, and oil lamps gave the light.

During my father's pastorate, lighting was greatly improved by the implementation of a Delco system, which produced a gas and allowed gas lamps to be installed. The people were very proud of the new system and the lighting it made possible." Plumbing, too, was absent, so outhouses provided toilet facilities.

There was a wonderful spring down the hill back of the church where fresh water was available out of a common dipper. The walk to the spring was through beautiful woods, and I looked forward to going there.

There were no Sunday school classrooms. Spaces were provided by curtains, which were pulled together during class time.

Near the church was an old, one room schoolhouse, no longer used, but the one in which both Mother and Daddy started their school days. They told me many stories about their experiences there, most of which I no longer remember. I do recall that they took their lunches, which often consisted of buttered biscuits and a small jar of homemade cane syrup. They would make a hole in the biscuits with their finger and pour the syrup in--I know it was good eating!

It was during my father's pastorate that the old schoolhouse was moved behind the church and out of it a rudimentary educational building was fashioned.

Another reason I enjoyed visiting at my grandfather's was to go with him to the Roberts Mill that he owned. It was located about two to three miles out of Bowman, Georgia, on a large creek that I believe was called Broad Creek.

When I was a child, the road from Bowman to the mill was dirt, and it crossed over the creek through a covered bridge. There were a number of covered bridges at that time in this area of Northeast Georgia. I always got a certain bit of excitement about going through one of these. They had a mysterious sort of fascination for me. It was especially exciting to walk through the bridge and to look out of the cracks in the siding at the creek or river below.

The creek had been damned above the bridge creating a fairly significant lake, which then fed the mill wheel below the bridge by way of a long "run."

The multi-storied wooden mill with its huge wheel was classic early American and gave me a thrill every time I saw it. I still remember the awe which as a small child I felt as I went inside and saw the machinery with its belts, pulleys, and its huge grinding stones, and as I felt the vibration of the floors and inhaled the aroma of freshly ground wheat and corn.

At its heyday, the mill was an important community-gathering place in the periods of the year when corn and wheat were harvested. Wagons were drawn up outside waiting to unload corn or wheat or to load flour or meal. The miller was paid by keeping a certain percentage of the grain, which he then bagged and sold, frequently under the name of the mill. If the farmer had excess grain or corn, he frequently sold it to the miller. If not, he simply took the flour or the meal home to supply the family for the year.

After my grandfather died, the mill continued to operate for some years, but gasoline powered engines began to replace water as that which drove the mills, and most of the water ground mills could not compete and so were abandoned. For many years the Roberts Mill continued to stand, falling more and more into disrepair as the seasons passed. It became a picturesque, but sad-appearing structure on the banks of the creek, and eventually it fell completely apart.

These visits to "the old home place" also usually included visits to uncles and aunts who lived in the area. Most of them lived on farms, and the roads were little more than ruts, made all the more difficult after it had rained. The red clay hills became as slick

as ice and many a car slid into the ditch along side the road. Fortunately, speeds were low, and the ditches were shallow so there was usually little damage done.

The area is rather hilly, and there were times when the T-Model Ford barely would crest the top of one of them. When I go back now, it is hard to think that those hills could have given an automobile difficulty, but I only have to remember how many times we would sing the little song as we started up a long hill, "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can....," and as we topped the hill, "I thought I could, I thought I could, I thought I could...."

As one speaks of the difficulties of travel in that day, one only has to realize that the automobile, however primitive, was a great improvement over the transportation of most country people in northeast rural Georgia at the time. They had only buggies and wagons. It was quite a task and a considerable journey for my uncles in the Holly Springs Community to go to town--which meant going to Bowman only three miles away. Bowman had about 600 people, but it had a number of stores--grocery, dry goods, and drug stores. It also had the post office and a couple of banks. In a wagon or buggy, those three miles could seem like a long journey. To go to a larger town--the nearest being Elberton--was a journey made only two or three times a year.

A highly respected black family, the Birds, lived in the Holly Springs community on a farm near my uncles and aunts. Early Bird (that was his name!) kept a small store, which supplied some items that kept the families from having to go the longer journey into Bowman more frequently. The little store was probably no more than 10' X 12' in size, but it was a godsend to the neighborhood.

Mr. Bird would go to town quite frequently to pick up supplies, and almost every afternoon we would see him coming up the road with his fine looking horse and small conveyance. (I really do not know what to call it. It was hardly a buggy. It certainly was not a wagon. It had a kind of space back of the seat to carry his supplies.) He would always tip his hat smartly as he went by, and we would greet him cordially.

I learned in those early years that truly, "be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOL DAYS

I find that many of my friends can remember a great deal about their early days in school, even remembering the names of their teachers and being able to distinguish what they did in each grade. In spite of the fact that I liked school and did very well in it, I regret to say that I do not have the kind of memory that enables me to recall much about my earlier schooling.

I was reared at a time in Georgia when there were no public kindergartens and few private ones. If I remember correctly, I started to school on my birthday, September 8, when I turned six years old. I do remember my mother taking me that first day across our little town of Royston, Georgia, where my father was the minister of the First Baptist Church. I remember the school building and the accompanying grounds as appearing very large and even overpowering to a young boy on his sixth birthday. When I went back in later years, I realized it was a very small school relative to what exists today, and the playgrounds and associated athletic fields were tiny compared to the acreage that many schools possess now.

I attended school in Royston for only about two years. As far as the school itself is concerned my memories are pretty well confined to two or three things. One is that I had the greatest difficulty with spelling--and always have. I do not remember any other subjects with which I had any difficulty. I rapidly learned to read and enjoyed it.

Another thing I do remember--and I think this must have been at Christmas in 1927--is that I appeared on the Christmas assembly program reciting the nativity story from Luke's Gospel. I had worked very hard in learning the account by heart; and, even with the fears associated with a first time public appearance, I remember getting through it without making a mistake and getting some "rave notices."

Perhaps the thing I remember most about my Royston school experience is the fact that we had to walk to school each day--I suppose about one or one and one-half miles each way--the route took us right through the little town. Several of us from our immediate neighborhood would walk together, especially my nearest neighbors, Jack Wynn and John Ray. We were in the same grade. We always took great interest in looking at the stores in town and occasionally had the good fortune to have an extra nickel to buy an ice cream cone at the corner drug store on our way home.

Sometime in 1928, we moved to Muskogee, Oklahoma, where my father became pastor of the Central Baptist Church. School there was a big change for me.

Muskogee was a thriving town of some twenty to thirty thousand, whereas Royston had probably no more than two to three thousand population. Muskogee had a progressive school system and a public library system that opened up new vistas for me. (I still walked several blocks to the school.)

The school grades were divided into an A semester and a B semester, both of which ran concurrently. Furthermore, this was a twelve-grade system, and the Georgia system then was an eleven-year system. I immediately realized that my friends back in Georgia would be graduating from high school a full year ahead of me if I stayed in Oklahoma. Then, I discovered that during the summer one could enroll in school and take either the A or B semester of any grade. It did not take much persuasion for my parents to allow me to undertake summer school, and in two summers I achieved a full grade level. This put me back on the track of graduating at the same time as my friends

in Georgia. To jump a little bit ahead of my story, we moved back to Georgia, and I graduated from an eleven-grade school putting me a year ahead of my Georgia friends!

Not only did I find the school in Muskogee a very interesting and challenging experience, but I most thankfully found the nearby Carnegie library branch with its splendid collection of children's literature. I proceeded to haunt that section, checking out as many books as I could, reading them as quickly as I could, and bringing them back for more. During the time that I was in Oklahoma (approximately four years), I think I must have read all the books in that small branch library that were appropriate for youngsters to read. The Doctor Dolittle books were my favorites.

My greatest thrill came when I started to seventh grade and moved across the street to a large building which housed junior high and high school as well as the first two years of college.

When I look back on what the Muskogee schools were doing, I realize how far in advance of their day they were. Here was a town which was already using a kind of year-around opportunity for schooling with the A and B division of each grade, as I have already written; and they had an excellent junior high program which included a superior industrial arts segment, a good high school program of 12 grades, and a municipal junior college.

I was especially taken with two things in this junior high program. First was the cafeteria. I had never before been to a school, which had a cafeteria. We always either took a lunch or went back home for lunch. Now I was a big boy, indeed, taking my money to school (probably 10 or 15 cents) and eating a wonderful meal. I never shall forget the great mashed potatoes and gravy! The other thing I remember so well was the shop program. I suppose if we had stayed in Muskogee my career plans might have turned toward something that had to do with building or machinery. I learned to use hand tools and machine tools. I fell in love with them even in the two or three months we remained in Muskogee.

Before 1932 was out, we moved back to Georgia, this time to Thomson where my father became pastor of the First Baptist Church. My shop days were over, and I was back in an eleven-year high school program.

The Thomson schools were not at all poor, and I am very grateful for some of the experiences there. I finished the seventh grade in Thomson after a brief period in the school at Bowman while we were making the transition from Muskogee. In other words, the seventh grade found me in three different schools, but most of the time was spent in Thomson.

Since the Thomson school was, at that time, only an eleven-year school, high school began with the 8th grade. It was at this time that some of my teachers began to leave such vivid impressions that I can remember them unto this day. Two especially stand out in my mind from those days. One was the first man that I had as a teacher (except for my shop teacher); he was a Mr. Polk. I remember him as an enthusiastic, young, and vigorous individual. He demanded good work from us, but he was a very personable teacher who made each student feel that he was a friend. I have often wondered what happened to him. He impressed me as one who could have done anything that he wanted to do. I have always been accused of being a rather fast walker, but I remember trying to keep up with Mr. Polk on one occasion when for some reason we were walking together from the school to town (I had to go through town to get to my house), and I could barely keep up with him. My tongue was hanging out by the time we parted company. His vigor and friendliness were an inspiration to me.

The other teacher who was a great inspiration, not only to me but to most of the students she taught, was Miss Edith Ellington. Miss Edith was an English teacher and was held in awe by all the students in the high school, and none escaped Miss Edith, for she taught senior English. She was exceptionally tall for a woman, and her height was accentuated by her hair which was done up like a turban on top of her head. It must have added three to four inches to her height. She had never cut it, and my mother, who was a great friend of Miss Edith, told me that when she took her hair down, it reached to the floor. Whether, like Samson, her hair gave her her strength, I do not know; but I do know that Miss Edith had tremendous strength of character and of will. Her reputation was so firm that she never had to raise her voice in class, and many generations of students could testify to the strong foundation in English grammar and composition that she gave to them. It was in Miss Edith's class that I learned to diagram sentences and to come to understand the structure of the language. Nothing that I did in my English classes in college, with respect to grammar and composition equaled, let alone surpassed, that which Miss Edith taught in the 10th grade.

She was a very devoted member of the First Baptist Church where my father was pastor and was a person possessed of the very highest standards of personal conduct and morality. Though she never married, she taught a young men's Sunday school class in the First Baptist Church, and they were devoted to her.

Miss Edith, more than any other person, caused me to keep in the back of my mind the possibility of one day earning the doctoral degree. Though my father held a Doctor of Theology degree in Church History from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and was a person of high intelligence and continual study, neither he nor my mother ever insisted that I set my goal on earning the doctorate, yet I knew in my heart and mind that they would want me to do this kind of thing. It was Miss Edith who said to me one day--I was probably in the 10th grade--that I should never stop my formal education until I had achieved the doctoral degree. She said it with such force that I had to consider it, and I had so much respect for her own academic prowess that I had to think that she was a good judge of my ability. On the other hand, I always had difficulty with foreign languages, and I knew that the achievement of the doctoral degree would require extensive study of languages. I told her of my misgivings at this point, and she insisted that I could surmount that obstacle and that I must set my goal on achieving the doctorate.

I made some very good friends in the Thomson High School; but, for various reasons, our paths did not cross to any appreciable degree after we had left Thomson. I must mention one.

Several of us played backyard baseball after school and in the summer. Our catcher was a Black boy whom we called Doc (why, I do not know). Doc was a very likable and outgoing youngster and an excellent player. I was very fond of him. Some years later while I was a student at the University of Georgia, I was walking in downtown Athens when suddenly I came face to face with an older Doc. I was delighted to see him and greeted him warmly. His response was very cool. It was obvious that he was no longer the young boy I had played with. I never saw Doc again, but the experience has stayed with me. I was shocked at the change and had to put it down to the fact that something had happened to him, most probably by being "put in his place" as a Black. He obviously no longer wanted my friendship or maybe he was just being realistic in the times in which we were living (the late thirties). In any case, it served to make me more

sensitive to the injustice of the system of segregation, which bound all of us, White and Black.

A couple of other things I should mention with respect to the Thomson episode in my career. One is the fact that it was here that I learned to play tennis. The first tennis courts that the high school ever had were built during my time in Thomson, and I forthwith set out to learn to play. Unfortunately, I had no one to give me any expert instruction, and I am sure that the habits which I formed in trying to play without such instruction prevented me from ever being a superior player, though I did play a great deal in my lifetime and with reasonable satisfaction as to my game.

The first and only tournament I ever played in was a school tournament. I think I did not get beyond the second round, but I did take a great pleasure in participating in that competition.

The other thing that had some influence on my life was my interest in Boy Scouts. There was no Boy Scout troop in Thomson at the time. I had wanted, since my days in Muskogee, to get old enough to be in the Boy Scouts (then one had to be 12 years old). I subscribed to *Boy's Life*, the Boy Scout magazine, and I tried to figure out a way that I could become a "Lone Scout," since no troop was available. In the course of all of this, I persuaded my father to try to get a troop organized. He did, and I became a charter member of that first Thomson, Georgia, Boy Scout troop. Nothing ever gave me any more pleasure.

Unfortunately, we were in the midst of the Great Depression, and I needed to work on Saturdays. I felt very fortunate to get a job in one of the small department stores on Railroad Street, which sold mainly cloth goods and secondhand men's and women's ready-to-wear. We also sold pots and pans and a few other such items. I would get to the store before 8 a.m. and sweep it out on Saturday morning and then work until midnight, all for one dollar. It was a great experience for a young fellow to learn the value of work and to learn how to involve himself with people and to sell.

As I look back over my life, it may well be that those early experiences helped me, even if unconsciously, in my later career of being involved with people and trying to sell them on the University. A dollar for a long day's work does not sound like much today, but one must understand that a pound of round steak then cost about fifteen cents and a loaf of bread a nickel. A postcard could be sent for a penny and a letter for two cents. So, I suppose, the dollar was rather like \$10 today--still no large sum!

Even though I gained by my work experience, I lost in terms of any opportunity to advance in the Boy Scout classifications. The reason was that Saturdays were the times that Scouts went on camping trips, and a part of one's advancement in scouting was to do just that and to do the things that one does in camping. Nevertheless, that early experience and interest has caused me to be reasonably active as an adult in helping the Boy Scout movement. So, when I was at Georgia Southern, I became a member of the Board of the Coastal Empire Council and, in time, became President of the Council. In DeLand, I have involved myself in several of the committees of scouting, as well as helping in some of the fund-raising efforts of our district.

I did not get to finish my high school in Thomson. After my tenth grade, my father took the pastorate of the Prince Avenue Baptist Church in Athens, Georgia. The move there meant that I would have my senior high school year at Athens High School, the seventh school I had attended in my eleven years.

There are those who think that students who move frequently are handicapped in their schooling. I suppose, for some students this would be true; and, I am sure, too many

moves would be detrimental. On the other hand, I think that in my case it was stimulating and helpful. I was exposed to many different settings. I had to learn to make new friends. I learned that one can be happy wherever he is, if he is willing to adjust to that setting.

Athens High School was a much larger school than I had been accustomed to in Thomson. It also was a school that used achievement or ability ratings so that in each grade there was an "A Section" of the very bright achievers and a "B Section" for the rest. I suppose, since I came from a relatively small high school, and in spite of the fact that my grades were essentially all A's, I was placed in the "B Section" of the 11th grade in the Athens High School. When, after the first semester, I had made all A's, I was asked if I did not want to transfer to the "A Section." I very proudly announced that I was quite happy to remain where I was, thank you! So, in spite of being named by my classmates in the senior class as the most studious, most scholarly (and incidentally, the quietest), I graduated from the "B Section." I had not been in the school long enough to be considered for valedictorian or salutatorian but that did not bother me at all.

Our house was on Milledge Avenue, only two or three doors from "five points" in Athens and about a two-mile walk to the high school on Prince Avenue. (The school has since been moved, and the Coca-Cola bottling plant is on the old site of the high school.) Almost every day I walked both ways. The walk was, for the most part, along Milledge Avenue that was then a perfectly beautiful avenue lined with wonderful homes, many of them quite fine and a great number ante-bellum. It distresses me when I go back today to find so many of those splendid homes replaced by apartments or even commercial establishments. Fortunately, some of the old, large, ante-bellum homes have been preserved by fraternities and sororities. On the whole, I enjoyed the walk because I enjoyed looking at those lovely places, many with their great columns, some of Doric, some of Ionic, and some of Corinthian design. My study of these homes made me appreciate architectural periods as well as the difference between good and poor design.

Though I had many friends, I could be quite satisfied alone. This made it easy to study without distraction and so, in my adolescent way, consider the meaning of life.

In Athens High, as in Thomson, I had a marvelous teacher of English. As I recall, the teacher was a Miss Thompson, and she had a sister who also taught in the high school. She was particularly adept at involving students in reading and even acting out the literature. I remember that I had to read and act out a passage by Bernard Shaw. Shaw was still living at that time, and I had seen him and heard him in some Movietone News items. So, I knew how he sounded and how he looked. I think I gave a very good imitation of him and was properly rewarded by the applause of my classmates and teachers.

Perhaps, it was because of this and other such opportunities to read in class that I was asked to try out for the senior play. This I did, and was given a fairly significant part. Unfortunately, I now do not remember the name of the play, though I do remember that I was a movie director in it. I thoroughly enjoyed the experience and was successful enough to cause me to try out for a college play the next year. Though I did not get a part at that time, I was encouraged to try out for the next play. By that time I realized that I did not have time to do justice to my studies and other responsibilities, and to the theater.

By the time I graduated from Athens High in 1936, I had become a person who thoroughly enjoyed studying and learning. It was a great adventure to me. Though I had the usual misgivings about going to college, on balance, I truly looked forward to it.

Though I had wanted to go to Furman University, with the Great Depression at its height, it was very obvious that my only possible route to college was to enroll in the University of Georgia and live at home. And this is what happened

CHAPTER V

UNIVERSITY DAYS

I began my studies at the University of Georgia in the fall of 1936 following my graduation from high school in May. Since I lived at home, the transition was not as difficult as it might have been had I been going away from Athens. Nevertheless, it was a rather daunting process for a youngster who turned sixteen on the very day he registered for classes.

One of the things I learned early on was that I was going to be very busy. Too busy, indeed, to pursue my theatrical career!

Some of my time was taken up with music. I had been called upon to sing an occasional solo in church, and I had also joined the men's glee club of the University. This group had become reasonably well known in collegiate circles, not because it contained such great voices, but because its conductor was such a splendid one. He was Mr. Hugh Hodson, who also headed up the music department of the University. Hugh Hodson was an outstanding pianist, but he also was a remarkable person who was completely dedicated to music. His enthusiasm and commitment caught up others, and this was particularly true of his relationship to the men in the glee club. Incidentally, he also conducted the women's glee club of which Margaret became a member after she arrived at the University. Rehearsals and performances took up a good bit of time, making it necessary for me to give up the glee club when I later got a job.

This interest in voice caused my father and mother to locate a voice teacher and to underwrite private lessons for me. The teacher, John Hoffman, came each week to Athens from Atlanta to give private lessons in the University Chapel. Though I learned a number of good solo pieces of music under his tutoring, he did not do much for my voice. In fact, he allowed me to continue in some very bad habits, which I had to unlearn later at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, when I came under two remarkable teachers about whom I will say more later.

In addition to my voice interests, I also had an interest in public speaking, and I joined the Demosthenian Literary Society--the oldest such society in the United States. It was housed in its old building and across the way was Phi Kappa, an equally distinguished (now I am being gracious!) literary society. The rivalry between these two was intense, both for members and for victories when they had debates against each other.

The societies were essentially debating societies, and I remember one debate in which I participated. It was a debate concerning the open range law in Georgia. This law permitted a person to allow his domesticated animals, particularly cows and hogs to forage anywhere they wished without regard to property lines. The counties in North Georgia had all adopted closed range laws. But South Georgia was almost entirely open range territory. This included the fact that if a hog or a cow, foraging along a road or crossing it, were killed by a car, the fault was the motorist's, not the animal's! So, the debate was really a debate between North Georgia members of the society and South Georgia members. I think this topic was on the list of topics to be debated each year in the society.

It is hard now to think of a time when an open range could be possible in Georgia, but one must remember there were then vast areas in South Georgia that were sparsely populated, and the average income of farmers in the area was very low. The piney woods and swamps in South Georgia covered vast acreage. This was also before

Herty had caused a revolution in the production of paper from pine trees. The only use for pine was for lumber and for naval stores extracted from the sap of the pine.

It was not long after our debate that Georgia did pass a closed range law, but I am quite sure that our debate had nothing to do with it. On the other hand, I must point out that many of Georgia's finest political leaders received their honing in the debates in the Demosthenian and Phi Kappa literary societies. One of the foremost of these was my classmate, Earnest Vanderver, who became one of the best governors of the State of Georgia.

In addition to the activities related to music and debate, I was elected to several organizations, including Biftad, which was a freshmen honorary leadership society. These meetings did not take up a great deal of time, but all together these extra curricular activities were sufficient to make me realize that the theater, which requires almost all one's extra time, was not for me.

When I joined Biftad, I got a taste of the hazing that went on at that time within colleges and universities. I had not been interested in joining a fraternity. I suppose that one reason had to do with the fact that I did not have the financial resources to do so. I really did not have an interest in them anyway, particularly, since I lived at home, and residence in a fraternity was not something I could manage.

Freshmen in those days (this was in 1936-37) were the chattel of sophomores. Not only did they have to wear their beanie caps everywhere they went on campus, or off campus for that matter, until after the Georgia Tech football game, but if they were found without them they could be subject to various humiliations. It was also a task to keep one's cap, particularly around football games, because it was a trophy that an opposing team's fans would like to have. As a matter of fact, someone stole mine from off my head in the midst of a crowd leaving the first football game. Since I lived in town, I decided to try to get by without buying another one--I hated it anyway. Somehow, I managed without getting caught.

The Biftad initiation was a much more serious matter. First of all, we were required to come to the initiation banquet in formal, black tie, apparel. I neither had a tuxedo nor money to buy one. I managed to borrow one for the occasion. After the banquet in the Georgian hotel, Dean William Tate, who in time became a legend at the University, then the first year Dean of Freshmen, spoke to us. He was very impressive in terms of speaking of our responsibility as prospective leaders at the University and in the State of Georgia. Tate was a Southerner and Georgian to his bones. He taught us clearly that the pronunciation of Georgia was "Gaw-gaw!"

After he left, the "fun" began. This was to be a "smoker." This meant that everybody smoked cigars and sat around and told dirty stories. I did not smoke, and I somehow managed to evade smoking on this occasion, though I was practically choked with cigar smoke that filled the room. I did not plan to tell any dirty stories, nor did I. A large cake was brought out, out of which arose a beautiful, scantily clad girl, much to delight of most of the fellows. All this was new to me, and I was not liking it.

This went on till about 10 p.m. when we, the freshmen initiates, were told to line up with our hands on each others back. We were then blindfolded and led through downtown Athens where we were pelted with eggs and occasionally struck by belts. We did not know where we were, but when we arrived at our destination, and the blindfolds taken off, we found ourselves in the City Jail in very filthy circumstances. All of this was

a part of the initiation and had been planned with the jailer. We were locked in cells and all the other members left.

You can imagine the noise that a bunch of freshmen could make under these circumstances. We banged on the floor, on the bars, and yelled that we wanted to get out. The "legitimate" prisoners were legitimately unhappy about the fact that we were disturbing them and their sleep. Finally the jailer could stand it no longer and let us out about 3 a.m. We learned that in previous years, they had been kept until morning. Thus, we felt that we had been triumphant and that our outrage had paid off. I walked home, about two miles, rather dismayed and disheartened in a borrowed tuxedo which had been made filthy with eggs and other dirt. I must have been a sad looking sight. You can imagine the concern that my mother and father had had, even though I had told them that I might be late getting in.

I continued my membership in Biftad, but rather half-heartedly. I did not participate in such activities as those that marked my own initiation. My memory might be incorrect, but I think I recall that our group was so incensed by what we had been put through that most of the initiation activities, which could be called hazing, were dropped the next year.

I tell this story primarily to illustrate the fact that hazing was a very accepted part of college life in the days I came through; and, certainly, my experience with Biftad could not hold a candle to some of the experiences my classmates had to endure in connection with the hazing done by social fraternities.

Much of the first two years of study in the University System of Georgia at that time was taken up by "core curriculum courses." These were "survey courses." They were required courses that surveyed the major fields of knowledge and not with any great depth in any of them. Not only were the same courses required of all students, but the same texts or syllabi were used in all classes and sections throughout the University System. At the conclusion of each course there was a common examination, which was given to all students in those courses in the University System. These examinations were all multiple choice, and the answer sheets were packaged and sent for grading to the testing center, which was housed at the University.

I had no great difficulty with the core courses, including "human biology" which so many students thought was very difficult. I particularly enjoyed the science surveys. My father, though a minister, had a great interest in science; and he had taught me a rather large number of things, particularly in the physics and astronomy areas. I had not taken any science courses of consequence in high school.

The courses which gave me difficulty that first year were my French courses. I have never been very adept in learning languages, and I realized when I got to college that my two years in high school French were not top of the line. Nevertheless, because of these high school courses, I was put in intermediate French, and I struggled. I think I wound up making a B and the only C I earned during my college days.

I also had some trouble making a top grade in psychology, though I liked psychology very much, and I learned a great deal. I wound up with a B or C. As I recall, in all my other courses I had final grades of A.

My greatest triumph came in one of my chemistry courses taught by a man named Professor Coggins, who was regarded as quite tough. My final grade in that course was 99 1/2. Dr. Coggins told me that he did not find anything wrong with my tests and examination, but he knew that no undergraduate student knew everything there

was to know about any particular course, so he couldn't give me 100. I used this excuse on two or three occasions during my own teaching when students had really answered everything about as well as I could possibly expect them to answer it. I never had the feeling that any student knew everything about a course, so I never gave 100 as the final grade of a course.

When I started college, I was in a quandary as to what I would do with my life and, consequently, as to what I would major in. I have been interested throughout my life in many different things. Therefore, it was very difficult for me to choose any one direction. I admired my father greatly and appreciated what he did. I also was quite active in the church and felt truly to be a committed Christian. At the same time, I did not think that I could ever go into the ministry. The demands were too high, and I saw the many heartaches that the pastorate brought.

Early in my freshman career, I took vocational interest tests. I was very surprised with the results. In my mind, I had no interest in following the lines which the vocational interest tests indicated for me. At the top of the list were such things as YMCA director, Boy Scout executive, minister, and teacher. Of all these, teaching appealed to me most, but I still did not know in what field.

As a result of my core courses and the instruction I had received, I found myself most attracted to the physical sciences, and particularly to physics. So, since I had to major in something, physics fell to me as the kind of major in which I could be successful and in which I had great interest. I liked the professors in the physics department. They were solicitous of me in terms of wishing me to major with them, and I found that I already knew much about that subject.

It was a small department in which I could get very personal attention. But, of course, the entire university was small by modern standards. When I entered the university, I think there were about 2900 students, and when I graduated, about 3600. In addition, the freshmen and sophomore women took most of their courses and resided on the Coordinate College campus, which was several miles away from the main campus. So, the number of students on the main campus was probably not many more than on the present Stetson campus. These were spread among a number of schools and programs, including the Ag campus that was separated by a ravine from the so-called academic campus.

There were few automobiles except those, which the professors sometimes brought to campus. Those were parked on the roads within the campus which were being paved during my first year. Just before I graduated, the first real parking lot for the University was constructed in back of Moore Hall, the physics building, and we thought it was tremendous--even over-built. Today it looks like a postage stamp.

I walked the two miles to the campus and back for lunch and back again for afternoon classes. Frequently, I would catch a ride with other students or with kind people who would pick up college students when they would congregate on major corners seeking a ride. At some point in my college career, I do not remember when, I managed to purchase a bicycle, which had three speeds. But even with it, the hills were steep enough and long enough that I usually ended up walking instead of taking the bicycle.

All of the male students were enrolled in basic ROTC their first two years. I enrolled in the cavalry, which in those days meant riding horses. These were not the smooth, multi-gaited horses of riding schools. They were big, strong, and rough. They

had minds of their own. I had never ridden before, so this was a new experience, but one which I enjoyed. There were two aspects, which I did not enjoy. One was riding in formation with eight horses abreast. The problem was that some of the men could not control their horses too well, and they tended to crowd together making one feel that one's legs were going to be mashed. The other was trying to get these old army nags to jump. Fortunately, I was never thrown, though some of my fellow students were. After basic ROTC, I was invited to enroll in the senior program leading to a commission. I did not have that much interest, but the main reason I did not enroll was the fact that I had become too busy, having taken a job in the physics department, plus other commitments.

Except for the small amount of exercise which I got in my ROTC drills, my only exercise was my walking. So, I suppose, it was very fortunate that I lived as far away from campus as I did. I established a pace which many of my friends later thought was too fast a pace for their walking. Denton Coker used to complain about it all the time!

Back to the physics department. The head of the department was "A+" Dixon. "A+" was a nickname, which he had received when he was in his own undergraduate days. The story goes that he never received a lesser grade. Whether true or not, we were quite impressed with Dr. Dixon's knowledge and sharpness. He was a very demanding but kind professor who also had the gift of raising very probing questions. Many of these concerned physics, but just as many were theological or philosophical. He was always challenging me, because he knew my father was a minister and that I was very devout. Dr. Dixon taught a very large college class at the First Methodist Church, so he was no irreligious person himself. As I look back on it, I realize that I was much more narrow in my theological outlook at that time that I later became, and Dr. Dixon helped to open up my mind or at least to face issues which would be important as time went on.

Dr. Dixon's primary interest was in electricity and magnetism. (The word electronics had then a very restricted use.) I was very attracted to this particular area, though should the University of Georgia have had a specialty in astronomy or meteorology, I would have probably followed one or the other of those lines. Before my time was over, I am sure that I took all the courses available in electricity and magnetism.

Dr. Rufus Snyder was of German extraction; and, though a native-born citizen, he had been reared in a family that also spoke German, so he had an attractive German accent. He, more than other person in the physics department, took an interest in the personal lives of his students. He and his wife had no children, but they loved young people in an extraordinary manner and opened up their home to them. He was an excellent teacher who was able to explain difficult concepts in very simple terms. I think his teaching method was influential upon me in developing my own. He tried to take into account all levels of students in his class, and he would go to great lengths to explain those concepts which some students had not understood. His teaching fields were sound, heat, and light.

The assistant professor was a Mr. Henry. He never achieved the doctorate and so never went beyond an assistant professor level, but he was a very able man and a hard-working teacher. His field was mechanics, the field that I liked least.

And then there was Dean Hendren! Dr. Hendren was a physicist of some note. He had been head of the department but had been made Dean of the University and taught only a graduate course or so. He had written the textbook for the introductory course and was highly respected. I had nothing from him until I was into my graduate

work. His specialty was atomic physics, which was at that time just beginning to develop.

In order to major in physics, one had to take work in mathematics, chemistry, and biology. In each of these cases, it was necessary to get junior level courses as prerequisites to those at the upper division. When it came time for me to apply for graduation, it became clear that I was not going to be able to get enough upper division hours to qualify for graduation under university rules because of all the lower division requirements. As a consequence, I had to appeal for a special exception. I was able to show that the University itself had imposed upon physics major these requirements, which caused that major to be in conflict with the upper division requirements of the University. Fortunately, my case, which turned out to be a test case, was decided in my favor. The requirements were such, also, that by the time I had taken all the necessary mathematics courses, I had a double major in physics and in math.

As I contemplated my career, I felt that my role would be to pursue a doctorate and go into some research laboratory either of the federal government or of industry. I was still resisting any idea of Christian ministry or of teaching. Nevertheless, we were in the midst of the Great Depression, money was scarce, and jobs were scarcer. Therefore, I hedged my bets by taking enough courses in education to get a teacher's certificate in case I had to fall back upon teaching in the public schools.

I have to say that my experience in education courses was anything but exciting. The worst course I had in my whole academic career was in the education department. It was taught by a man well past his prime and whose tests and examinations were a series of matching questions. What he did was to take a sentence out of the textbook and split it into two, putting one part of the sentence on one side of the page in a list and the other part of the sentence in a list on the other side, and the student was to match them up. Not only was this terrible pedagogy, but it often occurred that one could match the first part of a sentence with more than one second part or vice versa. In spite of arguments along this line, the professor was adamant. If it didn't match the sentence in the textbook, it was wrong!

The only education course, which I remember with some pleasure, was the course in educational psychology taught by a young man who was completing his doctorate. I will give him credit for being a good teacher to a very large class and credit to the course for its having been very constructive and useful. I thought that the course in secondary education was a disaster. I am glad to believe that courses in education have greatly improved since those days, and I certainly hope that the teachers of prospective teachers are better than they were when I was enrolled in the University of Georgia!

On March 28, 1938, I went to the first University of Georgia baseball game of the season. I was even then an avid baseball fan. I walked back to our home on Milledge Avenue knowing that my father and mother were having dinner at a parishioner's home that evening. Dr. and Mrs. Tippet were to be the other guests. Dr. Tippet had preceded my father as pastor of the Prince Avenue Baptist Church and was at that time executive head of the Sunday School Department of the Georgia Baptist Convention. On arriving home, I found that my mother had fixed me a sandwich and perhaps something else for my supper. I started eating it while listening to the radio. Shortly after, a knock came at the door. I went to the door and found there a rather excited person, who told me, "Come quickly; your father has been taken very ill."

Naturally, I was greatly concerned. (My state of mind as I set out was reflected in my discovery when I returned that I had left the radio on and front door open.) I had reason to be concerned, for my father—only 54 years old--was almost never ill. He had walked to town, perhaps two miles there and two miles back, that very afternoon. He had undergone an insurance exam the day before and had been pronounced in good health.

Somehow on our wild ride to the house where he and mother were to have dinner, I became reasonably sure that I would not find him alive. When we arrived at the home and got out of the car, there were some little children standing around in the yard, and I heard one say, "He is dead." My worst fears were realized. Indeed, inside I learned that he had been in good spirits and had gone to the dinner table with the rest. Dr. Tippet had been asked to lead the grace, and when he had finished, my father never looked up. His death was labeled a coronary thrombosis. Whether he could have lived given the present environment of emergency treatment for such events, I have no idea. In any case, it was for me a great shock and a time of reevaluation of my plans. For some time, I did not mention to anyone the serious thoughts I was having concerning the direction of my career, but I began very earnestly to think of the Christian ministry as a real option. I was only seventeen years old, but I had just that quarter begun my junior year, having done summer school the previous year.

For some time, I did not mention to anyone the serious thoughts I was having concerning the direction of my career, but I began very earnestly to think of the Christian ministry as a real option.

My mother remained in Athens through the academic year 1938-39, but it became more essential than ever that I help myself get through college. I was fortunate to obtain an assistantship in the office of Dr. Beers, the testing office of the University System, through the summer of '38. This turned out to be a very significant time for me, because I learned a great deal about the scientific approach to testing. Dr. Beers, as I have mentioned, was nationally known, and he explained to me in some detail my efforts in the office.

It was my job to take the test answer sheets of the 100 top, the 100 middle, and the 100 lower students and analyze each test question by coding with punch cards the answers given to each of the multiple choice questions. I then sorted the answers (IBM had recently developed an automatic sorting machine) on each question by the categories above. Each question could then be analyzed as to whether it discriminated between the best and poorest students and how the middle range of students did on each question. This was heavy work for a 17-year-old, and I enjoyed it thoroughly.

The other reason this experience was worthwhile was that I came to understand the nature of the test-grading machine that IBM had developed. It used a graphite connection made by a lead pencil to determine whether individual questions had been properly answered. The machine was exceedingly expensive and could not be used in every school. As a consequence, I made up my mind to try to develop a machine which could be placed in every school and which could be based on a less expensive technique. That became the basis for my master's degree thesis. I used a punched hole mechanism and an optical scanning device. Later that became the basis for grading machines (as well as for many voting machines). Unfortunately, I did not have the resources nor, by that time, the interest to try to patent my idea or to try to see it commercially developed. But I did get a master's thesis out of it!

I could have continued working in the testing office, but I got a better opportunity that fall (1938) as a lab assistant in the physics department. I thoroughly enjoyed my activity as a lab assistant, and that year began to make me aware of the fact that I had the ability to be a teacher.

I assisted in several labs, but the one I enjoyed the most, was the advanced electricity and magnetism lab, though I have to admit that I got a real kick out of assisting the section of elementary physics which was made up almost entirely of home economics majors--all girls! I was amazed when some of the girls had to be told when the water was boiling in their calorimeters!

Because I went to summer school in the summer of 1938, I became a senior after the fall term of 1938. This meant that with another summer school, I could finish my degree by August of 1939--before my 19th birthday. As it occurred, I could not get one of my required courses until the fall of 1939, so I did not complete my undergraduate work until Christmas of 1939. At the same time, by petition I was allowed to enroll in graduate work creditable toward my Master of Science degree in the fall of 1939 while I was taking that last required course as an undergraduate. By the same token, I was now employed as a *graduate* assistant beginning in the fall of 1939. This meant a bit more money and prestige, though my duties changed very little.

Beginning in 1936, I had gone each summer to the student week at Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly in North Carolina. This always came between the end of spring quarter and summer school. This was a very meaningful time for me, and I became acquainted with and heard some truly remarkable people. I sat in class under B.B. McKinney, the hymn writer; and I also sat in class under Dr. Harold Tribble, then professor of theology at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Dr. Tribble later became President of Andover Newton Theological Seminary and still later of Wake Forest College, now Wake Forest University. As it happened, Dr. Tribble became a very important figure in my life.

First of all, he was a speaker at a Religion in Life Week at the University of Georgia (then a very significant week for the whole campus). I persuaded the physics department to have him as a guest speaker at our Friday morning colloquium, a time normally reserved for a presentation by one of the members of the physics department. Dr. Tribble handled himself exceedingly well in that setting and I think impressed the entire faculty and those of us who were graduate students.

I was struggling mightily with my own personal decisions, and I sought a conference with Dr. Tribble. I told him about my concerns and that I was not sure whether I was experiencing a call to the ministry or just a reaction to my father's death. He gave me very wise counsel. He said, "Pope, you are still very young. Why don't you determine to come to seminary for a year? The experience should help you make a determination as to whether or not you should go into the Christian ministry. If you decide that you should not, then the year will still be of great help to you, because you will always be an active churchman even, if as a layman." Ultimately, of course, that is precisely what I did. I am not sure whether I would have done that without Dr. Tribble's wise counsel.

I still had told no one of my concerns except Dr. Tribble. I certainly had not boasted of it in the physics department. Late in that year of 1938-39, Dr. Dixon had a conference with me in which he indicated that he felt strongly that I should go on in physics and that I would be able to get a fine scholarship at a prestige university to do my

Ph.D. work. Incidentally, two other of my classmates, Henry Ivy and James Hackey both received offers of excellent graduate scholarships at several major universities. Hackey chose to go to Columbia University, and Henry to MIT. My record was quite as good as theirs, perhaps better, so I could have gone to Chicago, MIT, Columbia, perhaps even Harvard or Yale. As Dr. Dixon talked to me, he also said that he wanted me to stay during 1940-41, both to complete my master's degree and to teach as an instructor in the department.

This forced me to face the issue of my career, and with great trepidation I told Dr. Dixon of my struggle and wondered if he would still be interested in my teaching if there were a strong possibility that I might go to seminary rather than to graduate school in physics.

Though I could tell he was somewhat disappointed, he was most gracious and told me that he still wanted me to do the teaching and that he would support me in whatever decision I should make. His stock in my eyes rose greatly with that conversation.

Not only did I think it would be wise to finish my master's, but I knew that I would need to have some money to go to the seminary, and I thought that I could save some money in the year that I taught and which might get me through at least a year at the seminary. It was exactly how things worked out.

My graduate work was enjoyable, but it did confirm one thing. Advanced physics was not the direction in which I wanted to go. I found it becoming increasingly highly theoretical and mathematical, and I was much more interested in the more practical aspects. Perhaps, I should have been an engineer!

The course which most demonstrated to me the theoretical nature of modern physics was one taught by Dean Hendren and simply called, Atomic Physics. When I think about the advances which have been made in that field since those days, my mind is boggled. But at the same time, we already knew enough about atomic particles that the course was highly mathematical and theoretical.

Dean Hendren was a well-known physicist and knew all the people who were doing important things in the field. He and Dr. Dixon told us about the experiments which were being done at Columbia and other places in terms of the transformation of matter into energy. In fact, one of the stars of a previous class of the University of Georgia Physics Department, Dr. Booth, was one of the principal investigators in the Columbia project, and he kept his mentors well informed. We even contemplated the possibility of one day being able to put the energy released by the transformation of matter to work usefully, but we had no inkling that such strides would be made in the next three to five years that would result in the atomic bomb. We were also quite well aware of the principle of being able to orbit the earth and propel ourselves out of earth orbit toward the moon or other celestial objects; but, again, we had no idea that within our lifetimes we should see such things happening.

Dr. Hendren was very hard of hearing, and his class came just before the lunch break. Classes on the academic campus were ended and begun on the ringing of a huge bell in a tower just in back of the chapel, very near the physics building, so the sound there was very loud. Regrettably, Dr. Hendren could not even hear this, and he frequently lectured on and on, well past the ending time of the class and into our lunchtime. There were only four or five of us in the class, but no one of us dared to let Dr. Hendren know that he had gone past the hour. Therefore, we were always very

happy when he brought his big collie dog with him. She would lie on the floor near him perfectly still, but when the bell rang she would arise and bark, and Dr. Hendren would know that it was time to go.

My teaching meant that I had to carry a reduced load, so I did not finish my master's work until the summer of 1941. I came to thoroughly enjoy my teaching, and the decision then became another one. Was I to give up teaching to go into the ministry?

At that time, I perceived a call into the ministry to be only a call to the pastorate. So, it became necessary to make a decision as to whether I could give up teaching. As much as I hated to do it, I resolved that the Lord wanted me in his ministry and I would follow that call, even though it meant giving up teaching.

I have thought many times since how marvelously and mysteriously the Lord does work. For, by being willing to give up teaching, I literally opened the door to my having a career of teaching and working within the educational institutional framework.

The highlight of my teaching at University of Georgia was getting to be instructor in the course Electricity and Magnetism, for this was an advanced course. The fact that Dr. Dixon would allow me to teach his famous course using his own book was a compliment which I shall never forget. I actually was teaching two or three people in that course who were classmates of mine in high school. One whom I remember especially, Goodloe Ervin, became a very prominent physician in Georgia.

The other memory which I treasure from that year of teaching, is a class in introductory physics in which most of the students were freshmen football players. Included among them was Charlie Trippi who became one of the most famous football players that the University of Georgia has ever produced. He for many years was with the Chicago Bears and, eventually, retired from professional football to Athens. I felt rather sorry for these men, because they were worked very, very hard every afternoon in practice during football season. Most of them had a very difficult time keeping up with their work. In fact, out of 19 students in that class, 11 of them failed the course. I must say that Trippi was not one of these. He was a very conscientious student. On the morning after the final examination, he was at my doorstep asking me how he did on his examination and course. I was happy to tell him that he passed.

The previous year I had done some coaching of football players for the athletic department, so I knew them fairly well. As a matter of fact, my academic coaching physics that year paid more money per hour than anything that I had done or would do for a long while. I remember I got a dollar an hour for coaching, and that was two to three times more than I could possibly have made in any other way. The going rate at that time was about 25-35 cents an hour for most jobs those students could ever hope to have.

During my days at Athens, I saw a number of people who might be regarded as celebrities, but two of them stand out--one of whom I actually did not see.

When I was a senior in Athens high school, the LSU football game was in Sanford Stadium at the University of Georgia, and I went to see it. Huey Long was at his zenith as Governor of Louisiana. He was a most flamboyant and colorful person. The LSU football team was one of his great loves. He saw to it that the State funded it well and that there was enough money to have one of the largest marching bands of any team in the country. Georgia was not having one of its better seasons, so its stands (the stadium then seated only about 30,000) were not full, and there were perhaps more fans from Louisiana than from Georgia--at least they made more noise. The infamous Huey

Long had chartered a special train to bring the Louisiana fans to Athens, and they came by the thousands. That, together with the huge marching band and the rather easy victory of the LSU football team, made for a very colorful day in Sanford Stadium, though not a very happy one for the University of Georgia! It still was quite a show, and one I shall never forget.

The other person of note whom I remember particularly was President Franklin D. Roosevelt. I think it was in the summer of 1940 that he came to deliver the commencement address to the graduates. The commencement was held in Sanford Stadium with perhaps 15-20,000 people present. I was a great admirer of FDR, and, as he left the stadium, I was able to get within a few feet of the car which carried him away and saw him wave to everyone as he left. I do not remember the content of his address, but I do know that it was a very inspiring one. I also remember the event of the day that got the greatest laughter. The graduates were seated on the football field, all properly robed and with great decorum. They, the faculty, and the platform party had marched in solemn procession. Just after the program had started, a lone graduate who had not made it in time, came running in from the west gate across the huge expanse of grass with his robe flying to take his appropriate place among the graduates. As it was said then, "There is always one in every crowd."

The last year I was at the University, my mother had moved to the old home place in Bowman. She lived there with her sisters until her stroke in 1959. I, in turn, found a room in a private home on Lumpkin Street near Five Points and shared the room with another student, K.D. Marshall. K.D. and I rented the room for about \$7 each per month and we could eat for not more than \$1 a day at various restaurants. We could have a hearty breakfast of egg, toast, grits, and bacon for fifteen or twenty cents. Lunch and dinner would cost around 30-35 cents depending on whether we had dessert. Of course, one must always put these prices in the context of what people were paid as hourly or salaried people. I remember that my first assistant's job paid \$30 per month, and my graduate assistantship paid about \$40. As I recall, the year I was instructor at the University of Georgia, I was paid about \$1600 which I counted as an excellent salary in view of the fact that public school teachers in Georgia were getting about \$60 per month. As I remember, my father never made more than \$3600 a year, and that was only for a very few years of his life. On the other hand, he never paid a penny of income tax during his whole working life--and there was no sales tax in Georgia at that time.

My mother never could quite comprehend in the late 40's and 50's why Margaret and I were having a hard time living on the salary I received as a teacher. I remember at one point in the late 50's when I told her that we were making \$4800 a year, she thought we must be getting fabulously wealthy. When I graduated from the seminary in the late 40's, I was quite certain that I would never make as much as \$5,000 a year in my whole life.

K.D. Marshall, my roommate, was a remarkable young man. He had come from Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, to the University of Georgia with \$5 in his pocket and with no prospects of getting anything from home. When he graduated from the University, he had what was for a student a substantial sum in the bank. K. D. was a very hard worker, but he was also a very astute person when it came to making money. He majored in agriculture and received a commission in the Army upon his graduation. I regret to say that I have never heard from K.D. since, and I have seen no mention of his name in any alumni material, so I fear that he was a casualty of the Second World War.

Another Marshall who figured prominently in my life in those days was Mac Marshall from Greenwood, S. C. His father was mayor of Greenwood for many years, and Mac came to room with mother and me after my father's death. This was 1938-39. Mac was majoring in forestry and had great difficulty handling the mathematics involved in surveying. Since mathematics was a major of mine, I managed to help him with his surveying problems, and we became fast friends. I think I learned as much of the theory of surveying as Mac did. The only difference between us was that I did not have the field experience that he received. It was a fascinating study to me, and I could see how one could become very attached to it as a career. These were the days before the modern instrumentation that has changed much of the practical side of surveying.

I visited in Mac's home in Greenwood and found his father and mother to be wonderfully delightful people.

Mac and I were members of the Prince Avenue Baptist Church. Every Sunday afternoon, he and I dated girls who were members of that church. I dated a girl who had a boyfriend to whom she was rather deeply attached. I never did understand why she would date me on Sunday afternoon, unless it was simply to make her boyfriend jealous! (Incidentally, she later married him.) She and Mac's date, Mildred McCormick, were very dear friends. Mac and Mildred later married and had a child. Unfortunately, that marriage in time went on the rocks, and they were divorced. They were both splendid people, and I was very distressed at this divorce. To make matters worse, their daughter was then killed in an automobile accident. They asked me have the funeral at the Prince Avenue Baptist Church, which I did and hoped that experience would bring them together again, but it did not. Later each married again. I think they have had very happy lives.

I visited Mac in Greenwood after his remarriage and enjoyed seeing him. He had become a fan of the Western novel and a collector. He took me into his basement, which he had outfitted with shelves in rows like a library. These were completely packed with copies of Western novels. I have often wondered what happened to that collection. It must have become very valuable in time.

I finished my master's degree in physics in the summer of 1941. I had determined, as indicated earlier, that I would go to seminary. By this time I had little doubt that I was being called into the Christian ministry. As a consequence, the Prince Avenue Baptist Church wanted to ordain me. (By this time I had become Director of the Baptist Training Union at the Church.) A plan was agreed upon by which the Prince Avenue Baptist Church would examine me and recommend me to the Holly Springs Baptist Church, where my father had been ordained. That church would hold the ordination service. And that is what happened.

I must recount an incident in connection with the questioning by the ordination council at Prince Avenue Baptist Church. Normally, such a council examines a candidate in a private setting, but the church wanted to have this opened to the public, so it took place at the evening service and there was quite a crowd present.

I was rather theologically naive, but I had read several books on Baptist doctrine to prepare for the ordination examination. I did not have too much difficulty with questions along those lines, but one question took a different tack. It was, "If you were asked to supply the pulpit of a church which you knew would not pay you anything, what would you do?" I answered to the delight of the crowd, "Under those circumstances, I would go, unless I received an invitation from a church that would pay." I have not to

this good day quite understood why the good brother asked his question, but I don't think he asked any more questions during the examination!

CHAPTER VI

SEMINARY STUDIES

Late in August of 1941, I started on a whole new episode in my life. Here I was, a newly ordained twenty-year-old man, not quite of voting age (then it was 21) with a newly awarded Master of Science degree in Physics, catching a train from Elberton, Georgia, to go to Louisville, Kentucky, a place where I had never been, to begin studies at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. I had some money that I had saved from my year of teaching, but not enough to make it through the whole year. For this and other reasons, I was filled with considerable trepidation.

I had put all my worldly possessions into two suitcases and a steamer trunk and boarded a coach of the Seaboard Airline Railway passenger train that went through Elberton to Atlanta. By chance, I sat down next to another young man who turned out to be going to the same place, and he had about the same amount of trepidation. His name was Paul Deaton; so, throughout Seminary days, our names were frequently next to or close to each other in the roll call. We never became close friends, but I always had a soft spot in my heart for him because he was the first seminary classmate that I met.

In Atlanta, the train pulled into Terminal Station. We had to transfer, not only trains, but stations. Also, there was a rather wait involved. Somehow, we managed to get to the other station from which the L&N and NC&L trains ran. When we arrived, we soon discovered other persons waiting to go to seminary. I remember, particularly, that Dr. Ellis Fuller, then pastor of the First Baptist Church in Atlanta and later President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and Mrs. Fuller were waiting with her sister, Catherine Bates, who was going to the Women's Missionary Training School in Louisville. Another one present was Edwin D. Johnston. Ed would figure significantly in my life at the Seminary and later. Indeed, he became my best man when I married Margaret. I had known Ed slightly before in connection with the State Baptist Student Union, but he had been a student at Mercer, and I had been at the University of Georgia.

After a seemingly interminable wait, the train which was to carry us a part of the way on our journey arrived, and we boarded. It was then early evening. Most of us could not afford to take the Pullman which would be switched to the second train and which would permit us to sleep without a care until we reached Louisville. We were all a bit jealous of Cathrine who boarded a Pullman car. Many, many years later Catherine told me that Dr. and Mrs. Fuller had insisted that she ride the Pullman.

So, the rest of us started our long journey in a coach car, and none of us would do a great deal of sleeping that night. About 2:00 a.m., we were awakened (assuming that we were sleeping) by the conductor who informed us that at the next stop we would have to get off the train and get on another. We would be transferring from the NC&L (Nashville, Chattanooga, and Louisville) line to the L&N (Louisville and Nashville).

Soon we came to Corbin, Kentucky. It was a little place that seemed like nowhere, but it was the junction of several railway lines. We sleepily alighted from the train. I shall never forget Ed Johnston with his several bags and a lamp shade which to carry he had put on his head like a hat. Finally, we boarded the L&N and early in the morning arrived at the bustling Louisville Terminal Station.

The big city was new to me, and I felt again almost like a freshman on his first day in college. I was lucky to hitch a ride with a student who had come to pick up a friend who was arriving on the same train. We were crowded on the several miles ride from the station to the campus of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. The car was loaded with six or seven of us including our bags! I was thrilled as the beautiful "Beeches," as the campus was known, came into view as we traveled up Lexington Road in a beautiful residential part of Louisville. This was long before a severe tornado destroyed many of the magnificent beech trees that gave such character to the Seminary grounds.

With the usual kinds of difficulty one has when moving to a new place, I got settled in a room on the third floor of Mullins Hall. The room was furnished in a rather Spartan way, but at least it was mine. I did not have to share it with a roommate. It possessed one straight back chair, one rather substantial armchair, a small but adequate desk, a cot-like, uncomfortable bed, and a sink. It had linoleum floors, and a single bulb in the middle of the ceiling.

Most of us on that third floor wing were first year students, and it was a splendid group. My next door neighbor was Carmen "C" Sharp. He became a very dear friend and, much later, a very prominent Louisville pastor and one of the founders of the Baptist Peacemaker organization. Down the hall at the end was Austin Roberts, a well-endowed, jolly young man who submitted to a great deal of teasing on our part. Austin became a successful Kentucky pastor. Across the hall was our songbird, _____, who later headed up the Georgia Baptist Music Program. He had a marvelous tenor voice and frequently sang the Star-Spangled Banner at the opening of the Atlanta Braves baseball games. Another friend up the hall was Charles Talley who eventually wound up in California with the American Baptist Convention. It was a very warm, congenial, and extremely bright group.

It was not long until the upperclassmen let us know that we had better visit the rooms where our classes would be held in order to get the assignments for the first day in class. So we dutifully journeyed to Norton Hall and made the rounds of the classrooms. Sure enough, written major assignments for our first class meeting were there on the blackboards. There was nothing to do but to buy the books and get to work. It was a great shock to me to find assignments of 30 or more pages for each class to read and understand overnight. As I have indicated before in these pages, a physics major was not used to that kind of reading, and I spent most of the night trying to come to grips with this new way of studying. Not only were we expected to have the assignments mastered, but we were expected to be able to recite, and students were called upon to do just that in those first class meetings.

I found my seminary work very stimulating and exciting. Even though I had gone to church and Sunday school all my life, I very quickly came to realize that I had a very superficial knowledge of the Bible, almost no knowledge of theology, and almost less than none of church history. Not so exciting was the fact that I had to take three years of Greek and two years of Hebrew. Languages had never come easily to me, and Greek and Hebrew were certainly no exceptions. Apart from these, I did not find seminary work to be intrinsically difficult. What I did find very difficult was the amount of material that had to be mastered. I also discovered that one could get by with passing grades with reasonable attention in class and some work outside the class, but if one should have the ambition to excel, seminary work was very demanding indeed. Since it

was my intention to excel, I worked extremely hard and found almost no time for activities other than those that were required by my studies and by service in churches on weekends.

At the time I went to Southern Baptist Seminary, the faculty was very small--I think only about twelve in number--and the classes were quite large. As I have observed through the years the way law schools usually operate, I find there is great similarity to that which we experienced in my days at seminary. Even the length of time to earn the first degree is the same--three years.

Not only was there a great amount of reading to be done and mastered, but also almost every course required one or more papers to be written. Also, after the first year, the language courses required detailed exegeses to be written on various passages in the Bible. An exegesis involves an analysis of every word in the Greek or Hebrew passages, an analysis of the grammatical structure and how that bears upon meaning, and finally a translation and a paraphrase. The paraphrase seeks to make evident the meaning, which the student has derived from the exegesis.

I did find this type of work interesting. I suppose, in part, because it had some similarity to the approach, which one takes in the sciences as one engages in experimentation. Similarly, I was greatly intrigued by textual criticism (lower criticism), which is quite scientific in its approach to the recovery of the original Greek or Hebrew text through an analysis of the various manuscripts and other relevant documents, which bear upon any passage.

We had some slight introduction to the modern approach to higher (literary) criticism. My professors were very leery about these issues in the light of the treatment that Southern Baptists had given to those who had dared speak of such matters in the past. I regretted this then, but I have regretted it even more in retrospect, because I think generations of Southern Baptist students were deprived of the opportunity of making their own judgments about such issues. They were not given the tools necessary for this.

A reverent but unafraid approach to the literary criticism of the Bible is a liberating approach to one's faith not a destructive one.

In spite of this shortcoming, I am basically very positive in my view of my professors and the insights, which they brought to bear upon Scripture and upon the entire structure of Christian life. Several of these men (and they were all men at that time) had significant influence on my way of thinking and, indeed, on my life in general.

One of the most creative minds and one of the freshest teachers was William Hershey Davis in New Testament. His insights into the interpretation of Scripture were so striking and original that I can remember most of them even to this good day. He punctured many a balloon and challenged us to think in new ways about passages which had become rote to us. Unfortunately, he did very little writing except in dealing with Greek grammar. He said that he was not going to throw his pearls before swine! I think he was really unwilling to face the inevitable criticism he would have had, both from his academic peers and from the less creative and less open minds in the Southern Baptist Convention. In part, because we could not buy a book by Hershey Davis on the interpretation of the parables or some other aspect of the New Testament, his graduate students made extensive and almost verbatim notes on what he had to say and published these in mimeograph form for fellow students. I secured as many of these as I could lay hands upon and have referred to them over and over through the years.

Another favorite of mine was J. McKee Adams. Dr. Adams taught what could have been the duller of all courses but which under his remarkable teaching became one of the most exciting and delightful of all courses. His field was Biblical Introduction and Archeology. He was a most colorful person with penetrating eyes and a theatrical manner. His classes were always large, usually ranging from about one to two hundred. In a large classroom he had painted colorful maps of Palestine and the Biblical world on the walls. He had a long pole with which he would dramatically point out places and routes on these huge maps, but he would also use the pole to point at one of us to recite. Usually, in doing so, he would flex his knees and bend over and, with his penetrating gaze, ask a question. One had to rise and give the answer. No one came lightly into his classroom without having studied. As a matter of fact, this method of recitation was so pervasive that one dared not to take the chance of failing to study the assignment in any subject.

He and most of the professors also used brief pop quizzes quite regularly at the first of the hour. Frequently, these were exchanged and graded by fellow students as the answers were given, and then they were handed in to be recorded. In most classes the final grade depended upon some kind of balance struck among the grades on pop quizzes, major tests, a paper or papers, and a final examination.

During my first two years at the Seminary, John R. Sampey was President. He was nearing retirement and decided that during his last year he would teach senior Hebrew as he had done for many years earlier. It happened that I and those second year men at the time had the privilege, or perhaps I should say the unlucky chance, of having Sampey in his last year of teaching. Dr. Sampey was truly of the old school. He had known most of the original professors of the Seminary; his great hero was Robert E. Lee; and he was stern and demanding. There is no question but that he was a splendid Hebrew scholar. He had written an excellent grammar, which we had studied in the first year, as well as a syllabus for use in the study of the Old Testament, which we had also used in our English Old Testament work. But, unfortunately, those of us in senior Hebrew had studied the previous year under a very mild and undemanding professor. Leo Green, a young and very gracious individual. We truly were not prepared for the Sampey approach to Hebrew. His assignments were backbreaking, and we had to prepare an exegesis every week. There were at that time along the edges of the roads within the Seminary campus white concrete boundary markers placed about ten or twelve feet apart. It became the saying of our class members that these were really not boundary markers for the road but tombstones for students who had had senior Hebrew from Sampey!

Somehow, most of us struggled through the year and passed. We understood why all of his previous students had given him the private nickname of Tiglath Pilezer--a very strong and cruel king of the Assyrians. Sampey was well aware of this nickname and in his heart was rather proud of being called old Tiglath.

Harold Tribble, Professor of Theology, possessed one of the most brilliant minds of anyone on the faculty--perhaps the most brilliant mind. His lectures in systematic theology at times were truly remarkable. I greatly admired Dr. Tribble and during my graduate work chose him as one of my minor professors. I have recounted previously how he had already influenced me while I was in college. This friendship, which was begun there, continued throughout his life. Before I had finished my graduate work, he had become President of Andover-Newton Theological Seminary, and he went from there to become President of Wake Forest College. It was during his presidency there that I

came to know him again when I became Professor of Church History at the Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary in Wake Forest prior to the move of the college to Winston-Salem and its becoming Wake Forest University.

Dr. Tribble was another person who had a penetrating gaze and who could go to the heart of an issue very quickly. One did not want to be unprepared in his class. On one occasion, he called upon a student to recite. This was an individual who was rather cocky and sure of himself. In response to Dr. Tribble's question, the student replied, "I am sorry Sir, I do not know." In a flash, the professor remarked with that penetrating gaze upon the student, "Why, Mr. _____, I thought you knew *everything!*" There was general agreement that the student deserved it, but it also served as a great motivation to the rest of us!

There were other faculty members whom I admired, but the one who had ultimately the greatest influence on my life was Dr. Sydnor L. Stealey.

Dr. Stealey was Professor of Church History at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and in my graduate study was my major professor. As we frequently said about Dr. Stealey, "They broke the mold when they made him!"

He was a native of Oklahoma, born while it was still a territory and matured in the days when it was emerging into statehood. The frontier spirit was not dead, and Syd Stealey very much shared in that spirit. His father was the editor of *The Oklahoma Baptist*, and Syd developed views which differed considerably from those of his father, though he remained throughout his life very much under the influence of "Pa" who must have been a colorful and remarkable man. The feeling was so intense between father and son that Syd was disinherited and had to make his own way in the world.

Stealey was a graduate of William Jewell College and of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary where he majored in Church History. He had come from the First Baptist Church, Raleigh, North Carolina, where he was pastor, to be Professor of Church History at Southern Baptist Seminary during the second year that I was there.

Prior to my taking General Church History and Baptist History from Dr. Stealey, I had no particular interest in history as a discipline I might pursue. Dr. Stealey's unique manner of presentation, punctuated by pithy statements and innumerable stories coming from his own life experiences, served to whet my interest. He had a unique way of summarizing extensive material in a very few well-chosen words. He was capable of presenting the framework of issues in distinct outlines, all of which enabled the student to comprehend the essence of the accounts and to remember the material which otherwise would have been overwhelming.

Dr. Stealey never became a leading scholar in his field with numerous articles and books to his credit--perhaps he got started too late for that. But he was a prodigious reader. He introduced his students to the right books and articles and challenged them to become scholars. Many of them did. Many more went out of the Seminary with an enlarged point of view of the Christian world and a perspective on human nature that could have been received only at the feet of this great teacher.

Stealey was always quoting his Pa. One of the stories I remember best concerned the occasion when Syd came into his father's study and found him reading in the Book of Revelation. Syd said, "Pa, Why do you read Revelation? Do you understand all those symbols and what it is saying?" Pa replied, "No, I don't understand a great deal about the book. But it is rather like reading a novel. You read along and about mid-way the hero is in tremendous difficulty and the villain is about to get the best of him. It is then that I

have to turn over to the last chapter to find out what has happened. There I find that the villain has somehow been overcome, and the hero has won. I can then go back to the mid-part of the book where I was reading and finish the book with a confidence that no matter how many scrapes the hero gets in, he will ultimately win. That's the reason I read the book of Revelation. When things get tough, when it looks as if the devil is going to win out, I read this book and learn that in the final roundup of things, the devil is going to be overcome, and the Lord is going to be victorious. Then, I can go about my daily living with the great confidence that no matter how dark things appear, ultimately, righteousness is going to win."

The Seminary professors had graduate students to assist them. These assistants were given the title of Fellow and often taught for the professor when he or she was away or for some reason could not meet class. They also sat in on all the classes for which they were responsible, took roll, and graded papers and tests. Dr. Stealey was very fortunate in having some very brilliant Fellows. For at least one year, Theron Price served him. Theron was later himself professor of Church History at Southern Baptist Seminary after additional graduate study at Yale. He was one of 13 professors who were fired at Southern Seminary because of their conflict with the administration under President Duke McCall. The controversy was not theological but had to do with the governance of the Seminary. Theron then, after a period as a pastor, became Professor and Head of the Department of Religion at Furman University.

Another Fellow was Guy Ransom. Guy, too, did additional graduate study at Yale under Kenneth Scott Latourette, who became something of a hero to Guy. Guy even said at one time that he would, like Latourette, never marry and be a "eunuch for the Kingdom's sake." However a young woman changed his mind about that, and Dr. Latourette performed the wedding ceremony for them. Guy became a very influential professor at Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas.

When Theron finished his doctoral work, Carlile Marney became fellow for Dr. Stealey. Carlile was one of the most colorful individuals ever to emerge from Southern Seminary. He was also extremely brilliant and perhaps the most voracious reader that I have ever known. He became a preacher of great note, a lecturer of remarkable ability, and a successful author. After an extraordinary period of ministry at the Myers Park Baptist Church in Charlotte, North Carolina, Carlile had a heart attack and had to leave the pastorate. He became a kind of counselor to ministers through an institute that he headed at Lake Junaluska.

With these men as examples of the kind of fellow which Dr. Stealey sought, it is no wonder that I was quite flattered when, during my last year at the Seminary, Dr. Stealey asked me if I would consider doing graduate study and serving as his Fellow in Church History. I was quite excited about the possibility, though I had one reservation. America had become embroiled in World War II in December of my first year at the Seminary, and numbers of my classmates were enlisting as chaplains in one of the military services. I wondered if I should not do the same. I talked to Dr. Stealey about this, and he persuaded me that persons prepared to teach would be greatly needed following the war. So, I accepted his offer.

Thus it was that in the fall of 1944 I joined Carlile, Henlee Barnette, and O. Lafayette Walker in a large office for Fellows in Norton Hall.

Henlee Barnette and his wife lived at and operated the Long Run Baptist Association Mission in one of the worst sections of downtown Louisville. He was

somewhat older than the others of us having received a late start in his higher education. He had been reared as a textile mill worker in North Carolina and could identify with people of little means and those who were down on their luck.

It was an interesting part of our daily routine every morning to hear Henlee's report of what happened at the mission or in its environs the night before. He and his wife Charlotte, seemed to take it all in stride, even the drunks, the shootings, and the noise.

We all worked hard. In essence, we each had two jobs in addition to our graduate study, the fellowship and the pastorate or in Henlee's case the Gospel Mission. This meant that there were classes to meet and sometimes to teach, papers to grade, and sometimes students to counsel. It meant two sermons to prepare each week, visits to be made over the weekend on the church field and sometimes in two hospitals in Louisville when parishioners were there. There was also the occasional funeral or wedding to conduct and other church business to care for. In addition to all this, there were graduate seminars to attend, to study for, and to prepare papers for. We were required to keep a log of the time we spent on graduate study, which had to meet a minimum of 40 hours per week.

I sometimes wonder how we did it as I look back on it. I realize that we did it by doing nothing else and by studying into the wee hours of the morning and getting up very early. Only very young persons could survive such a schedule. We almost never went to any function that was not a part of this routine. Only in the rarest circumstance did we ever go to a movie or eat out. Even if time had not been a problem, our financial situation would have created a problem. Our only source of income during our undergraduate days at the seminary was the student pastorate. It paid \$100 per month, but it did supply a house on the church field, and we commuted to the Seminary in a car pool. When I became a fellow, we added that stipend to the other. I do not recall its exact amount, but I think it was in the neighborhood of \$50 per month.

With this bonanza, Margaret and I moved into Louisville and took a tiny apartment consisting of a bedroom, a bath shared with another family on the floor, and a very teeny kitchen. If we ever had any guests for a meal, we had to schedule it when the other family was going to be away, and they would let us use their small dining room.

On one occasion--a vivid memory--we invited Professor and Mrs. Stealey to have dinner with us. We had cleared the date with the other family on the floor and could use the dining room. Margaret was becoming a very good cook under the tutelage of those great Kentucky country cooks on our church field, but she had never made biscuits. She decided that this occasion deserved biscuits. She set a very fine table. It amazes me that she could cook anything in that small kitchen on a very old gas-burning stove. Dr. and Mrs. Stealey arrived and trudged up the long flight of stairs in this old house to our minuscule second floor apartment. All went well until we tried to bite into the biscuits. They were hard as rocks for whatever reason, perhaps the very imperfect oven. They were not the biscuits that Margaret later learned to cook. Fortunately, Dr. and Mrs. Stealey were good sports, and they bragged on the dinner. They were very down-to-earth and understanding people. There was not a haughty bone in either one of them, certainly not in "Doc," as we affectionately called Dr. Stealey.

Dr. Weatherspoon was my minor professor in the history of preaching with greatest attention to the American period. He was a splendid person with a great sense of humor and a hearty chuckle. He had a breadth of knowledge which went far beyond the

area of homiletics. He had a dynamic view of the nature of inspiration of Scripture, which would be anathema to the modern brand of fundamentalism. He later became a colleague of mine at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary, and his presence in any group was always a plus.

Perhaps Weatherspoon's greatest contribution was in a thorough revision of John A. Broadus's great text, *The Preparation and Delivery of Sermons*. Broadus, who had been a member of the original Southern Baptist Seminary faculty, had, in the early years, a class in which there was only one student, and he was blind. The great teacher prepared just as diligently as if he had 100 students and delivered his lectures to this one student. These lectures became the basis for his great book that has sold more copies in its original and revised forms than any other text dealing with the method of preparing and delivering sermons. In fact, in a later revision, it is still in print and in use.

I have already mentioned the fact that Dr. Harold Tribble was a minor professor of mine. The seminar under him had to do with the doctrine of sanctification. This had been a doctrine that he had investigated as a part of his own graduate study and dissertation. He caused us to read extensively and to stretch our minds in ways we had not considered.

My major was church history. It was necessary for me to have a grasp of the whole sweep of Christian history, but my major emphasis was upon the Reformation and, through my dissertation, on the early years of Baptist history. Through having to sit in on all of the undergraduate church history courses as Dr. Stealey's fellow and by keeping up with extra readings for those classes and through teaching some of them when he was away, I managed to secure a rather broad understanding of the field.

The concentration of my reading, thus, was on the Reformation era, and this was augmented by a year-long seminar which Dr. Stealey taught on the Reformation. We would meet on Thursday evening at his home and there was no limit on the time we spent. Mrs. Stealey always had some refreshments ready when we had concluded our seminar.

Earlier I mentioned my struggle with foreign languages. I think it would be appropriate to point out that to enter graduate work at Southern Seminary, it was necessary to be able to read Greek, Hebrew, Latin and one modern foreign language. The fact that I had studied two years of Hebrew and three of Greek in my Th.M. degree work, qualified me in those two languages, but it was necessary to read Latin and French for Dr. Hershey Davis who was Chairman of Graduate Studies. I had chosen French because I had studied it in high school and in college. Unfortunately, my Latin reached back to my high school experience, for I had not studied it in college. Consequently, for months a group of us met together to study Latin, and I also tried to review my French before reading for Dr. Davis.

One afternoon, three of us who had been studying Latin were walking down the hall after such a session; and one of my colleagues said, "I see Dr. Davis's light is on, and I am going in to see if he would not let me read Latin for him." We were somewhat shocked, because we didn't think we knew enough Latin to do this at this point, but he was determined. In he went, and we waited outside. Shortly, he came out smiling. Dr. Davis had taken the book we had been working in and opened it up to a passage we had just read and asked him to read it. Of course, he had no difficulty, and Dr. Davis gave him credit for knowing enough Latin to qualify him for graduate school. This having been done, my other colleague said he was going to risk it. I was still skittish about this

whole matter. Nevertheless, he too came out beaming, for essentially the same thing had happened. Dr. Davis had taken another passage, which, fortunately for my colleague, we had read recently.

So, I gathered up my courage, and in I went. In his gruff manner, Dr. Davis said, "What do you want? I am in a hurry." I rather timidly said, "Well, Dr. Davis I had hoped to get an opportunity to read Latin for you, but if you are in a hurry, I will come back some other time." He replied, "No, come on. Let's see what you can do?" He asked for my book of readings, and I handed it to him. To my consternation, he turned to the very back of the book to a passage we had never read. It was a passage about Ulysses. He handed it to me, and I started in with great difficulty. I would come to a word which I didn't know, and he would say, "Go ahead; skip it!" I would plod on. I obviously did not do too well, but after a time, he said, "Oh well, that will do." And he wrote down "passed" beside my name. I had previously read French for him, and he had given me a pass on that.

I recognized that I needed German more than these other languages if I were going to become in any sense of the word a Reformation scholar. As a consequence, in addition to everything else that I did during my freshman graduate year, 1944-45, I studied German in a group taught by a German speaking Brazilian.

As that year came near to a close, I received a letter having to do with the possibility of teaching and serving as Director of Religious Activities at Mercer University. This threw me into quite a quandary. Dr. Stealey advised me to look into the situation. He said that teaching jobs were hard to come by; and, if I wanted to do that, I should go ahead and work out other ways to finish up my degree. Suffice it to say here, I did take the job at Mercer with the proviso that I could take my summers back in Louisville to finish my degree work.

As it happened, I did not get to teach but did take the job as Director of Religious Activities. Margaret covered for me beginning in April, and I spent April through August of 1946 at the Seminary.

A series of events I shall speak of later brought me to Stetson University to teach in the fall of 1946. I was back in Louisville at the end of that academic year and managed to complete my doctorate, taking my examination in early September. I was granted the Th.D. degree (later exchanged for the Ph.D.) in a brief ceremony in connection with a chapel service in November. I wanted to receive the degree in absentia, but the Seminary would not allow this. Therefore, it was necessary for me to take time off from my teaching at Stetson to travel by train to Louisville for that very brief ceremony and immediately turn around and take a train back to DeLand. I never quite forgave the Seminary for such treatment.

This ended any work toward a degree on my part, though I did engage in studies at universities at later dates. I will tell the story of those events in connection with other chapters.

One thing I should mention. A number of years after I received my Th.D. degree, the Seminary began to award the Ph.D. degree for the same type of work, which I had undertaken. It gave Th.D. holders an opportunity to swap their Th.D. for the Ph.D. This I did, mainly because by that time I was engaged in work within university settings, and my colleagues better understood Ph.D. than Th.D.

CHAPTER VII

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE



Girls did not occupy a very large part of my life or thoughts in my earlier years. When I was about ten or eleven, I remember a little girl in Muskogee named Mary on whom I had a mini-crush, but we soon moved from Oklahoma back to Georgia and that ended that. I do not recall any girl in whom I had any particular interest throughout my residence in Thomson, which meant through the tenth grade. If I had a single date, I do not remember it.

I spent the eleventh grade (my last grade in high school) in Athens, Georgia. There, I did go to the senior prom but with whom, I do not recall. I have already mentioned the double dating that Mac Marshall and I did on Sunday afternoon with two girls from the Prince Avenue Baptist Church. And, while I enjoyed these occasions, I had no serious intent or interest. I do remember having one or two dates as a freshman in college, one with Wiggie Cavendess, later the wife of Noah Langdale, a long-time President of Georgia State University.

It was not that I was antisocial, though I was rather timid in those days--one has to remember that I graduated from high school at fifteen. Neither did it mean that I was anti-girls. It was simply a combination of being very busy and lacking self-confidence in so far as the opposite sex was concerned. I think it also had to do with the fact that I was reared in a very strict environment in which my father and mother were opposed to my participating in dances. My mother looked with disfavor upon even a kiss before one was engaged.

My principal social outlet in my early days in college was the gathering of Baptist Student Union students at the home of D. B. Nickolson, the Baptist Student Union (BSU) Secretary, each Friday evening for Bible study and a pleasant time together. Brother Nick, as we called Nickolson, was also very conservative in his views relative to boy-girl relationships, so this only added to the strictness of my social environment.

During my sophomore year, I became aware of a chubby, bubbly, freshman girl from Brunswick, Georgia, who also attended the gatherings at Brother Nick's house. Her name was Margaret E. Flexer, though her nickname among the students was "Two-Ton" Flexer. As cruel as this may seem, it was not done in bad spirit. She was very popular, had a good sense of humor, and did not let the nickname bother her one bit. On one occasion, we had a BSU picnic, and she asked me if I would escort her Brunswick friend who was visiting over the weekend. This I gladly did, though it occurred to me at the time that I would have enjoyed the picnic more if I had been dating Margaret.

It was not until my junior year that we began to see each other with any frequency, and it was not until her junior year, 1939-40, that we began to date often and seriously. By that time, we were both smitten! As much in love as I was by this time, I had great difficulty knowing how or seeing how we could ever be married. I knew I had graduate work ahead of me, and I knew that neither of us had any money or prospects which would enable us to be married in the foreseeable future.

One of the activities in which I engaged in college was leading the music in student-led revivals in various churches in Georgia. One of my very dearest friends was Robert C. Norman, later a prominent attorney in Augusta. Bob, as we knew him, was an excellent speaker. He would preach and I would lead the music in these revivals. Other young people would participate in other ways. In the summer of 1940, we completed our schedule in a revival in the First Baptist Church of Cairo, Georgia. At the conclusion of this meeting, we drove to Brunswick, and I met Margaret's family for the first time--with the exception of Winebert (Bubber) who was a freshman at the University of Georgia and whom I knew. Billy, Julian (Sonny), and Sue were all in school in Brunswick.

Margaret's father, Elmer J. Flexer, had a meat market in downtown Brunswick, and her mother, Susie, looked after the family. They lived in a big brick house, which Margaret's father had designed at the corner of London and Newcastle Streets in Brunswick. It had an ample porch on three sides, and it was there that people sat and talked in the evening after the chores were done. One has to remember that there was no TV and no air conditioning in those days in homes, so the porch was the place to be on summer evenings.

As an only child, to go into a house with five children, all rather assertive extroverts, was something of a shock. Nevertheless, I liked what I saw.

It was my habit since beginning college to attend Student Week at Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly in North Carolina. (Incidentally, this was when I began to fall in love with the Western North Carolina mountains.) In June of 1941, Margaret and I were in

attendance at Student Week; and, with others in the Georgia delegation, we shared cottages on the south side of Highway 70 at Ridgecrest and ate our meals together as a Georgia group in one of the cottages. Walking back from one of the evening meetings, Margaret and I took the long way around and walking through the woods on a rather romantic path, we came to a little bridge across a stream, and there I proposed. I had to say very frankly that I did not know when or under what circumstances we could be married and, that being the case, if Margaret did not want to commit herself, I would understand. Happily, she was as willing as I to face the possibility that it might be several years before we could marry. I had no ring to give her, and we could make no announcement. We both knew it would be hard to wait, but we were both committed.

That fall, after receiving my Master's degree at the end of the summer, I was off to Louisville. Margaret and I corresponded virtually every day. In those days, people did not make long distance telephone calls except in the direst emergencies, and neither of us could have afforded it, had it been the usual practice. So, our continuing courtship was almost entirely by mail. Margaret had taken a job with Southern Bell in Atlanta, but she soon left that for a job as Dr. T. W. Tippet's secretary. Tippet was the Executive Secretary for the Sunday School Department of the Georgia Baptist Convention.

Margaret was full of self-confidence in those days. When Dr. Tippet offered her a job as his secretary, she told him she would need a couple of weeks before starting in order to learn to type and take shorthand (this was before dictating machines were in vogue)! Remarkably, he did not withdraw his offer, and off to Brunswick she went to learn typing and shorthand--with only books to tutor her! She not only learned enough about typing to get by, but enough shorthand as well--fortunately, he was a slow dictator.

As soon as a field job came open (that is what she wanted when she originally applied to Dr. Tippet), he gave the job to her. She was delighted--and I imagine he was too! This job took her all over the State of Georgia. She stayed in mountain cottages and in coastal mansions and can tell fascinating stories about some of her experiences during that year.

We were corresponding almost every day, but we had little opportunity to see each other. By this time, World War II was on, and travel was difficult. Gas was rationed, buses and trains were jammed with passengers; and, furthermore, neither of us had any extra money for travel. Margaret was trying to pay off a college debt, and I was trying to keep my head above water financially. We saw each other very little during these days. She did make one trip to Louisville for a brief visit, and at Christmas time I did get to see her in Atlanta for a few hours.

During the summer of 1942, I worked at Belnap Hardware's warehouse in Louisville, putting up stock at 35 cents an hour (the minimum wage in those days). I received a request from Brother Nick to be the preacher in several youth revivals in the late summer. I readily accepted as this would mean that I could earn a little more money than my stockroom job. It also meant that I would have opportunity to get to Georgia and see Margaret, as well as my mother and other kin.

During 1942-43 Margaret taught in the high school in Gainesville, Georgia--all this time on a very small salary--paying off her college debts. We decided to get married in the summer of 1943 and live on my salary from the River View Baptist Church where, by this time, I was pastor.

This proved to be a long year for me. I was much in love, and there was really no way to be with my love! One good thing did happen. As I have written in another place, the money to buy the ring we had picked out on faith came as if by a miracle.

Gas was rationed, and I did not have enough to go to Georgia and back to get married, but my rationing board took pity upon me and gave me enough coupons to make it. So, I set off in the old Nash LaFayette which dad had bought before his death and which my mother had given me after I had been called to the church. Mother could not drive--had never learned how--so she had the car simply stored in the garage. It was a godsend to me.

Before I left for Georgia, the people in the church were very curious about this young lady I was to bring back as the pastor's wife. The ladies were especially anxious to know if she could cook. I told them, "No, but she loves to eat, so I expect she will learn to cook." And, indeed, she did with their great help.

The wedding was scheduled for the 30th of June, 1943, in the First Baptist Church of Brunswick, Georgia. (In those days, one could not get credit on the income tax unless the dependent was such by June 30, so I often kidded Margaret by saying I waited until the last possible date to marry her.) I arrived the day before--and, my, was it hot! Brunswick was sweltering; the humidity was as high as the temperature. When I saw Margaret, I was amazed--she had lost 30 pounds. We now weighed the same--130. She had weighed as much as about 160, and I was a skinny guy around the 130 mark. She was beautiful! She had not told me about all the dieting she had been doing. I was overwhelmed.

Everything was wonderfully arranged for the wedding. Edwin D. Johnston, my great seminary friend, was to be the best man. The wedding itself was to be reasonably simple. The men were to wear navy blue suits. Apparently, Ed did not know what navy blue was, and he turned up at the church with a light blue suit on. It was too late to do anything, so I simply put it out of my mind, knowing that it would be all right anyway. As we waited in the pastor's study, I saw the assistant pastor come in and then realized that both he and Ed had disappeared. A few minutes later, Ed reappeared wearing the assistant pastor's navy blue suit that fit him perfectly! The Lord had provided!

The wedding now went off without a hitch, though it was a bit late starting since Margaret's mother was a few minutes late getting to the church. Nor could she be blamed in view of all the work she had to do to get all things in readiness for this event. Brother Nick, our beloved BSU secretary, spoke the wedding ceremony, assisted by the local pastor, Dr. Haldeman--later a prominent pastor in Miami.

After the reception, we journeyed to Savannah to spend our first night in the old DeSoto Hotel. We returned the next day to pack the car for the long trip to Kentucky. With the wartime speed limit of 30 miles per hour, it took us several days to make it. The trip became our honeymoon. The nicest stop was in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. This was well before Gatlinburg became a tourist trap, and the little motel we stayed in was comfortable and rustic, built virtually over the beautiful stream that flows through the village.

On arriving at River View rather late one day, we looked forward to several days of leisure--this was summer, remember, and we were not enrolled in seminary studies. It was the very next morning that Mr. Ferd Lloyd woke us up early telling me that I needed to take the son (probably 25 years old) of an old couple in the church to the county seat to commit him to the state mental health institution. You can imagine our consternation--

especially that of Margaret. Here she was a new bride who knew no one. She was to be alone in a house she had seen for the first time the night before and with a husband going somewhere with a man regarded as insane! Thankfully, it all worked out. Margaret soon came to love River View and its people--and they loved her.

As I write this, we are getting ready to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary in five months. It has been a marriage full of love, and I don't believe either of us has ever had a moment's doubt that we did the right thing that day in Brunswick, June 30, 1943!

CHAPTER VIII

OUR DAYS AT MERCER

When Margaret and I arrived in Macon, Georgia, in late August of 1945, it was very hot! The little apartment, which we had been promised in a new faculty apartment complex, had not been finished. So, we rented a room for a few days with a family who lived near the university. Privacy was not one of its benefits. It was on the front of the little house, itself almost located on the sidewalk; and to have any semblance of comfort, it was necessary to keep the windows open wide with the little sheer curtains blowing with whatever breeze there was. If anyone had been interested, it would not have been difficult to observe whatever was going on in that little bedroom.

In the meantime, what little furniture we possessed arrived from our parsonage at the River View Baptist Church, and we had to store it in an old house which was on the campus and which during term was used by students. We had been fortunate to persuade a local farmer to bring our furniture in his farm truck with the idea that he could get a load of fresh peaches from nearby orchards to carry back to Kentucky. This was probably the least expensive long distance move that anyone has ever made. In light of the fact that Mercer was not paying our moving expenses, such an arrangement was not only beneficial, it was absolutely necessary!

After a few days, the University permitted us to live in one of the small dormitories for girls while waiting the completion of our apartment. The dorm had been vacant since June and was not only filthy, but also the big South Georgia cockroaches and ants had taken over. It is an understatement to say that we were happy when we were finally able to move into our little new, one-bedroom apartment on the campus.

These little apartments were a godsend to young faculty who were being paid near starvation wages, and we certainly did not complain. Nevertheless, they were not worth bragging on either. The walls between apartments were not soundproof, and it was not difficult to hear whatever was going on in the next apartment. We used to kid our neighbors by saying it was not necessary to talk with each other over the telephone, all we had to do was simply talk into the wall. Our neighbors became very dear friends. They were Hugh and Verna May Brimm. Hugh had been Executive Secretary of the Christian Life Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention and had come to Mercer to teach ethics. We found ourselves doing many things together, even including a little business adventure.

Hugh and I discovered that there was to be a war surplus property sale at the Warner Robbins base, and we decided to go. This particular sale was open to the public and samples of large lots of material were placed around on tables and a silent-bid type auction was held. Hugh and I did not have much money to invest, but we did discover a group consisting of large quantities of photographic paper and film. We put in a very low bid that resulted in our getting the lot. Hugh managed to peddle this to a local photographer for a considerable profit. Our little experience made us realize that we, like some others, might have been able to parley our profits into quite a sizable sum if we should have had the time to become buyers and sellers of surplus war property. There were a number of small and large fortunes made after World War II in this very way.

The principal reason that I had decided to come to Mercer was the fact that, in addition to my duties as the first Director of Religious Activities for the University, I was to have the opportunity to teach at least one course per quarter. After I arrived, President Sprite Dowell discovered that the half of my salary, which was to be paid by the Student

Department of the Southern Baptist Convention Sunday School Board, would not be paid if I taught. Dowell was not willing to lose those funds and informed me that I would not be able to teach. Naturally, I was quite disappointed and let him know as much.

The irony of the situation was demonstrated a few days after the fall term began. The newly employed physics professor, after about a week, simply failed to show up; and it was discovered that he had left town to parts unknown. Dowell remembered that I had two degrees in physics and had taught a year at the University of Georgia, so he called upon me to take over this man's classes until a replacement could be found. In fact, Dowell asked if I would be the replacement, but I was not willing to do this.

I did realize that it was rather important to get someone in quickly, or I would be saddled with teaching physics for the whole year. I remembered that Dr. Rufus Snyder who had been one of my good professors at the University of Georgia had gone to Oak Ridge to help with the work which led to the development of the atomic bomb and that he was longing to get back into teaching. After calling him and finding that he did have some interest, I put Dr. Dowell in touch with him, and he and Mrs. Snyder were able to move rather quickly. I was off the hook!

Dr. Snyder stayed at Mercer for several years and then took a position in the physics department at North Carolina State University where we were able to renew our acquaintance with them while we were in Wake Forest.

One incident in connection with the Snyders is worth mentioning. They bought a small, but very nice, cottage several miles from Macon in a wooded and beautiful area as a kind of retreat and vacation home. Later, when I had returned to Mercer to teach, we were their guests there for a day, and they were bringing us back to the city when Dr. Snyder turned on the radio in his car. We were shocked beyond belief as we listened to the apparently authentic account of the atomic bombing of Washington and New York. While we were struck by fear at the beginning, we soon realized that it was a fictional account. It created some of the same alarm that Orson Welles' 1938 broadcast of "War of the Worlds" had done.

One of the most fascinating individuals that it has been my pleasure to know was President Sprite Dowell. I came to have a rather close relationship with Dr. Dowell, because, as the first Director of Religious Activities at Mercer, I represented an interesting development at the University and one in which he was quite interested. Further, he tended to use me as a kind of ersatz dean of men since he did not have the genuine article. He did not want to admit to visiting dignitaries that he did not have a dean of men, so he would frequently introduce me as one who was filling that role. At any rate, it gave me a chance to have access to him on a number of campus issues. I came to admire him greatly.

Dr. Dowell was a small, thin, wiry type of person who had enormous energy and who defied the idea that one should exercise to be in good health. He did walk from his office across the street to the president's home, but as far as we ever knew, that was all the exercise he ever took. He had been president at Auburn University but had become embroiled in controversy over the football team which he felt was extremely expensive and which the alumni thought was essential to the university's program. In these circumstances, he came to Mercer in the midst of the Great Depression. Miss Lucy, his long-time secretary, told me that in those days Dr. Dowell would not put a stamp on a letter if it were going across town. He would wait until someone was going near there and could deliver it without the expense of the postage. Mercer was in such bad financial shape when he arrived that they did not even have the funds to keep the grass mowed.

Dowell knew how to be frugal, and he certainly practiced frugality, but he also knew how to raise money. By the time I had arrived at Mercer the financial condition was beginning to turn around. Dowell was out raising money a good part of the time.

There is no question but that I learned many things about administration through this close observation of President Dowell. On one occasion the student newspaper took Dowell to task in a very degrading way. I happened to know that many of the reported facts in the article were incorrect. There had obviously been little or no effort to verify the basis of the evaluation. I was incensed by the whole matter and went in to see the president and told him that I thought he should answer this libelous article. He looked at me with the little half smile that was so characteristic of him and said, "No, I do not think I will do that. You see, Pope, you and I will still be here when those students are gone." I learned several important lessons from that experience.

I mentioned Dowell's half smile. The story in back of that is an interesting one. He was a terrible driver. Margaret and I can attest to that fact. The day before our first child was born, he and Mrs. Dowell took us several miles for dinner. On the way, he was looking around at us in the back seat gesturing with one hand and speeding at that. Except for a taxi driver in Cairo, Egypt, I think I have never been more frightened by anyone at the wheel of a car, and we were both so happy to get out alive that we agreed that no matter how urgent, we would never ride with him again.

As a result of his reckless driving, he had had several accidents. One of them had left his face largely paralyzed. Thus, his face could show little or no emotion. Dr. Hansford Johnson, head of the Religion Department, always maintained that this was one of the reasons he was such a good fund-raiser. He could be turned down and yet his disappointment, consternation, or anger never showed on his face. The story that was told to me was that on one occasion, he was driving to Columbus, Georgia, with several other people. One of his missions was to see Mr. Columbus Roberts, the great benefactor of Mercer and the President of RC Cola. Several miles before arriving at Columbus, the President ran off the road into a ditch and overturned the car. He was thrown out and appeared to be dead. Another car came along and managed to get the other passengers in that car to get them to the hospital but left Dr. Dowell lying in the ditch thinking that there was no hope for him anyway. Shortly, he revived, crawled up the bank, waved down a passing motorist who got him to Columbus in time for his appointment with Mr. Roberts. After this, the Board of Trustees decreed that he should not drive any longer and employed a driver for him. If my informant was correct, he rode with the driver once and then was back at the wheel. Incidentally, he survived until he was over ninety years old if my memory serves me properly.

One of the controversies, which swirled around Dowell at the time we were there had to do with the issue of football. Mercer had fielded a football team prior to World War II, though it was never very successful and lost money every year. During World War II the team was suspended as in many colleges and universities during that period. After the War, Dowell refused to revive the team. Many students and alumni were incensed and carried on a very vigorous and vitriolic campaign against Dowell because of this, but he stood his ground. He, of course, had the support of the faculty, who never were very pleased about having the football team anyway and who saw the football team as absorbing money that could have been better used in other ways.

On one occasion when the Trustees met, the students went on strike. It was a fairly effective strike, and the students swarmed around the building where the Trustees were meeting. The room was on the ground floor. The weather was warm; the windows

were open. (One must remember that this was before the days of the air conditioning of such places.) I saw students with plaques which read, "Down with Dictator Dowell." They put these on long poles and stuck them through the windows into the room where the Trustees were meeting. Dowell survived this as all other efforts to unseat him. When the late 60's and early 70's came, I was already acquainted with student strikes and opposition to administration!

On the whole, my year as Director of Religious Activities at Mercer went well. In effect, I was simply the Baptist Student Union director. Someone else looked after the Chapel service, and other religious groups on campus had their own ministers to whom they looked.

We did have a very large group of Baptist students and a very active group in the Baptist Student Union. There was certainly enough work to keep me busy, and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience, though I would have liked to be doing some teaching.

Because I had to return to the Seminary to work on my doctorate, I made arrangements to have Margaret act as director from about the first of May through the school year in June. Margaret did a better job than I did. She took students on deputations to hold services at churches on the weekend, and she stirred up enough enthusiasm so that Mercer had one of the largest groups of students among all the colleges represented at student week at Ridgecrest.

Margaret joined me at the Seminary in mid-June having been offered a ride by Dr. Harold Tribble, my minor professor. A favor from my major professor, Dr. Syd Stealey solved our housing problem for the summer. Dr. Syd Stealey, was the interim minister at the First Baptist Church in Knoxville, Tennessee, in the summer of 1946, and he and Mrs. Stealey lived there during that time. They kindly let us occupy their nice home, and all we had to do in return was to keep the lawns and the house in shape.

O. Lafayette Walker, who had become a good friend while we were office-mates as fellows at Southern Seminary, had taken a position at Stetson similar to mine at Mercer as Director of Religious Activities, so he, also, was spending the summer of 1946 in Louisville working on his degree. We renewed our friendship and saw each other daily in the library graduate study room. May Will, his wife, and their new daughter, Carolyn, were with him. Margaret and I spent some very happy times with them that summer.

If this sounds as if we were doing nothing but enjoying occasions with our friends, nothing could be further from the truth. We were putting in sixty to seventy hours per week of intense study, and I was beginning work on my thesis, *A History of Baptist Thought, 1600-1660*.

It was about mid-summer when Lafayette received a call from President Allen at Stetson telling him that he had fired the head of the religion department, and he wanted Lafayette to fill that position. He also indicated to Lafayette that he should find another faculty member for the Department of Religion. With the returning veterans, one faculty member, along with the part-time instruction that Dean Garwood gave in the department was not going to be enough. Lafayette turned to me and asked if I would consider serving with him in the Department of Religion.

Of course, I was thrilled. I had wanted to teach from the beginning. So, I was quickly on the train to DeLand to interview for the position. President Allen met me at the railroad station, some four miles out of town. The drive back, especially through the then oak-lined New York Avenue and Woodland Boulevard convinced me that this was paradise. After spending a day on campus in various interviews, especially Dean

Garwood and President Allen, I went into President Allen's office for the verdict. His statement was as follows, "Well, everything looks good. Your only problem is that you are very young, but time will take care of that!"

Now, my problem, before I could accept, was at Mercer. I caught the train to Macon and there talked to Dr. Hansford Johnson, head of the Religion Department who had become a very good friend, and to President Sprite Dowell. Both of these men were quite unhappy about the prospect of my leaving after being at Mercer such a short time. I assured them that I would not even be considering such a position had I been allowed the opportunity to teach, as I had been promised when I made the decision to come. There was little that they could answer in that respect, for it was clear that my employment was not as it had been agreed upon. So, I tendered my resignation from Mercer and went back to Louisville to complete the summer there.

After spending a couple of happy years at Stetson, I was over-persuaded by Dr. Hansford Johnson to return to Mercer as Roberts Professor of Church History in the summer of 1948. Johnson had never truly accepted our decision to leave Mercer, and when Dr. Theron Price left his endowed professorship at Mercer to go to Southern Baptist Theological Seminary to teach church history, Dr. Johnson saw the opportunity to bring us back. It was a very attractive opportunity to teach almost exclusively in my field of church history and to occupy an endowed chair in that field.

I enjoyed my year of teaching at Mercer, 1948-49. I had excellent classes, and I was able to do a great deal of studying and teaching which enhanced my understanding of my discipline.

Unfortunately, in other respects the year was a disaster. When we arrived, we found that Dr. Johnson had gone outside of regular channels to secure an apartment for us in the excellent older faculty apartment building when there was a long waiting list of faculty wanting to be in that building. Further, I found that he had put me in an office with a connecting door to his, which was roomier and better located than the offices of other members in the Department of Religion. Other signs of favoritism toward us were unmistakable. Dr. Johnson was an older person who had lost his wife some years before and had no immediately available family and came to think of us almost as if we were his children. Not only did that not sit well with other members of the faculty in the Department of Religion, but also it was most uncomfortable for Margaret and me.

It was also in July of 1948, shortly after we had arrived, that our first child, a daughter, was stillborn. This too was a great blow to both of us, particularly because the child was beautifully formed and was almost certainly stillborn as a result of the doctor's over-anesthetizing Margaret, combined with a breach delivery that was difficult.

It was also a year in which I spent several days in the hospital with an appendectomy. In this case, I did make the *Macon Telegraph*. Margaret and I had bought one of the first wire recorders (this was before tape recording) the previous year; and, as soon as I was able, I recorded my lectures during the time I had to be away from the classroom. Margaret would take the recorder to the class and play back my recording for the class as the lecture of the day.

In spite of the difficulties of that year, there were the bright spots in addition to my teaching. Dr. George Buttrick, the famous preacher and biblical scholar, came to Mercer and gave a series of sermons that were outstanding, and we were able to entertain him in our home. Truly one of the highlights of our young lives! The same could be said with respect to a visit from Kenneth Scott Latourette, the great church historian from Yale. Margaret and I had the audacity to invite him for a meal during the time that he was

giving some lectures at Mercer. We found both of these men easy to entertain and delightful in every respect.

Another bright spot was that we continued friendships with several that we had known before and made other good friends while there. One of these was Dorothy Treuex. Dorothy was Dean of Women and later took the same position at the University of Oklahoma and still later the position of Vice President for Student Affairs at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock. She was a very bright young person whom we found to be exceedingly congenial to our own spirits. Several years later, while glancing at the *Today Show*, when it was in the studio with a large plate glass window on the street at which people would stand and watch the show and often be scanned by the cameras, I called out to Margaret, "Come quickly. I do believe this is Dorothy Treuex." Sure enough, we found out later that she was finishing her doctorate at Columbia University and did, indeed, look in upon the *Today Show*. (In 1991 we renewed our acquaintance with Dorothy while visiting Little Rock for the retrospective show of the work of Louis and Elsie Freund.)

Our friends at Stetson had never let us entirely go. In fact, Lafayette and Hugh McEniry, then Dean of Arts and Sciences, had said to us when we left that they thought we would be back and that they would consider this as a kind of leave of absence. When it became evident that the situation at Mercer was not going to improve, we were offered our Stetson position again. This had been made possible by the fact that the department was enlarged once again. In the meantime, Henlee Barnette had been added to the Stetson Religion Department. The knowledge that we were going back to Stetson in the fall of 1949 made our last months at Mercer much happier. Another happy event was that just slightly over a year from the time that we lost our first child, Mary Margaret was born (July 23, 1949). She was a healthy baby who looked as much like the first child as anyone could. Margaret and I were extremely elated over this event.

So, with a tiny baby in tow, we moved back to DeLand and Stetson University with a very happy spirit.

CHAPTER IX

TEACHING AT STETSON



I have always thought that I was very fortunate to come to Stetson at the time I did. It was in the fall of 1946. President Allen was still vigorous, and I had opportunity to observe his wonderfully enthusiastic personality and his effective administrative style. In addition, Stetson was about to experience an explosion in student enrollment as a result of the returning veterans with their GI Bill support permitting them to afford the college experience.

I was working as diligently as I could on my graduate work at the seminary, so Margaret made the train journey to DeLand to see if she could find a place for us to live. Mrs. Allen was quite helpful in the process, and Margaret looked at several possibilities, though none seemed to be really satisfactory. We did need to move our furniture from the apartment in Macon, and the Allen's very graciously allowed us to use their huge attic, three flights up, in the President's home (later called Holmes Hall, standing approximately where the duPont Ball Library stands today).

Dominic Vitsaris, who had a wonderful Greek restaurant in downtown DeLand, was building two small concrete block houses and two garage apartments behind them on East Voorhis Avenue. We decided on one of the houses, though there was a likelihood it would not be completed when we arrived. This proved to be the case, and for several days we stayed with the Grady Snowdens (the pastor of First Baptist Church), who occupied a large frame house on Michigan Avenue, situated about where the parking lot of the Lynn Center is today.

When the new house was ready, Lafayette Walker helped me move the furniture from the President's attic. It was a typical, hot summer's day in Florida, and I shall never forget the heat in the attic and the difficulty of getting even what little furniture we had down those three flights of stairs. Lafayette has never let me forget the weight of our old couch that we had to move!

Our house, which still stands, was brand-new. It had two small bedrooms, a bath, a fair-sized living/dining area, and a small kitchen. The floors were concrete, and space heaters were used to keep the place warm. Margaret persuaded Dominic to buy some paint, and she painted the floors a nice bright blue!

Dominic was a wonderful landlord. He lived next door and was quite helpful to his young renters. Margaret and I rode bicycles to our work and around town, and one

day Dominic said to me, "What you and Margaret need is a car, a house of your own, and a baby." I had to agree with him with respect to all three.

Not only was I teaching at the University, but also Margaret was teaching at the high school. The various religious denominations in the city had developed a program that was started that fall providing funds for a teacher who would teach Bible in the public schools but whose salary would be paid by the churches. Margaret had applied for it and received an appointment as this teacher. She had some very wonderful experiences in this role during the year 1946-47. The program was a great success, though later it was abandoned.

Since the University was expecting a very large increase in enrollment, it had been necessary to employ a number of new faculty members. When the traditional reception for new faculty was held in Chaudoin Hall at the beginning of the fall quarter, there were more than thirty of us, if my memory serves correctly. A number of these were extremely able people who stayed with the University for many years. Those who were a part of that entering group of faculty came to have an especially warm feeling toward each other. Many of these, like Bryon Gibson and Gilbert Lycan, have continued to be our dear friends across the years.

As I have often said, Lafayette was head of the department, and I was the foot! We were the only full-time teachers in the Department of Religion, though Dean Garwood taught his course in Christian ethics on occasion. We usually had one or two others teaching RN101-102, the introductory Bible courses, on a part-time basis--notably Etter Turner, Dean of Women, and Grady Snowden, Pastor of the First Baptist Church.

The University was at this time on a quarter schedule. Most students carried three courses of five quarter-hours each, plus physical education in the first two years. Our teaching load was fifteen quarter hours--three courses.

Lafayette was the New Testament expert and taught all those courses plus an occasional course in preaching and one in religious education. That left all the rest of the courses up to me. The first quarter I taught Old Testament history, Old Testament prophets, and Christian doctrine. The latter course was not too difficult, since I did have a minor in historical theology and since church history was full of studies in the theological development of the church, but my expertise in Old Testament was greatly lacking. I had taken only the general survey course in the seminary. It was therefore a major task for me to keep a bit ahead of my students in the two courses, Old Testament history and Old Testament prophets.

I suppose I have never worked harder than I did that first quarter of teaching. Lafayette was working hard too. We were in our offices until ten o'clock in the evening every school day trying to get ready for the next day. About mid-way through that fall quarter, I began to have palpitations of the heart from time to time. This naturally frightened me, but I did not say anything about it to Margaret until one Sunday morning when we were walking from the house on Voorhis to the First Baptist Church, then located on Church Street and Woodland Boulevard in downtown DeLand. Just before we came to the Volusia Pharmacy at the corner of Indiana Avenue and the Boulevard, I began to have some very serious palpitations, which thoroughly frightened me, and I told Margaret that we would have to go into the drug store and secure some help.

At the time, the Volusia Pharmacy was a typical drug store of the period with a splendid soda fountain and little tables with chairs at which one sat to eat sandwiches or the wonderful concoctions developed by the soda jerk behind the fountain. We sat down, and Dr. Langston, the pharmacist, came up and asked what my difficulty was. I told him,

and he summoned an old doctor who had his office just above the drug store and who happened to be there at this hour of the morning on Sunday. He came down, looked at me, took my pulse, and announced that I was having a heart attack. As one can guess, that did not do my palpitations any good! Someone who was in the drug store at the time said he would drive me to our house. I somehow managed to get to the car and then into the house.

Margaret summoned Dr. R. L. Hahn, whom we had heard was a wonderful physician. He came very shortly and, after a quick examination, assured me that I was not having a heart attack but rather a warning. He asked me if I was under great stress. I had to admit to him that I was working very hard and was, indeed, at a very stressful time in my life. To satisfy me on the issue of whether or not I had experienced a heart attack, he did do a cardiogram that proved to be normal. He also told me to stay in for about a week, relax, and try to decrease my stress level.

In retrospect, this was probably the best thing which ever happened to me from the point of view of my health. I did take it as a warning, as Dr. Hahn asserted it was, and it caused me to put many things into better perspective. I do not think I have worked any less, but I have tried to worry less. With a few exceptions, I have been able to move through some very difficult times without subjecting myself to the kind of anxiety which is so destructive to one's mental and physical well-being.

One of the things that had led to my distress, in addition to my relative lack of knowledge in the courses I was trying to teach, was the situation among the ministerial students at the time. Stetson then had a very large number of ministerial students, and many of them had come out of very narrow, fundamentalist backgrounds. A number of them had been steeped in dispensationalism and in the Scofield Bible. Also, the previous professor of religion, who had been fired, had used books of very mediocre quality and of much less than college level difficulty in his teaching. Additionally, he had let the ministerial students know that he did not think they should have to take such things as the laboratory sciences.

One of the first things that happened to me was to be called upon in my office by a delegation of ministerial students who wanted to know whether I thought they should be required to take laboratory science courses. My answer was that they should know that I majored in physics in college, had received a master's degree in that discipline, and had taught in that department for a year at the University of Georgia. With that, they gave up trying to persuade me that they should be exempt from science.

In the course in Christian doctrine, as well as in the Old Testament courses, some were always putting me to the test. I remember on one occasion a young man, who later became a very close friend, challenged me when I said that it was impossible for humans to adequately explain the mystery of the Trinity. He asserted that he could do that quite well. I asked him then to do what theologians had never been able to do. He said the Trinity was like the fact that he was a husband of his wife, a father of his child, and a student in the university. Therefore, he was three persons in one. I responded that was a very interesting explanation and I assumed, then, that he was a modalistic monarchian. Well, of course, he had never heard of a modalistic monarchian and wanted to know what that was. I replied that he should look it up in an encyclopedia of religion before the next class and let me know at that time whether he was indeed a modalistic monarchian. To his credit, at the next class he admitted that he had been, without realizing it, a modalistic monarchian, one of the ancient heresies in the church, and he wanted to be better instructed.

As this illustration indicates, Lafayette and I gradually won over most of these students, and they became increasingly true students, opening their minds to that to which they had never been exposed. There were, of course, a few who continued to seek to trap us. I frequently remarked that if students went out from Stetson and reported on what I had said with as little accuracy as was evident in some of the answers to questions on their examinations, I would have to live with the dread that people would be greatly misinformed about my own approach to the Scriptures and Christian doctrine.

On occasion I was saddened by the precarious nature of a student's faith. I recall that a student came to me after an Old Testament class and said, "Professor Duncan, sometimes I have to almost admit that there are contradictions in the Old Testament, but if I did, my faith would be gone." I turned to him and said, "John, I feel very, very sad for you. If my faith were based upon the fact that there could be no contradictions in the Old Testament, or the New Testament for that matter, I would be frightened indeed. You see, my faith does not depend upon such matters as this but upon the fact that I have had a personal experience with Jesus Christ, and that cannot be taken away from me, no matter how many contradictions there might be shown to be in the Old or New Testaments."

On other occasions, I found myself being amused, even in the midst of concern. In one of the early classes in Old Testament, I gave a little pop quiz (I frequently gave pop quizzes), and the question was "Identify the Fertile Crescent." That night when I began grading these papers, I found that one girl had written, "The Fertile Crescent was the rainbow which God put in the sky to tell Noah that there would never be another flood." I had to laugh about that. But the laughing matter became somewhat serious when I graded the paper of the girl sitting across the aisle from the first one who also wrote on her paper, "The Fertile Crescent was the rainbow which God put in the sky to tell Noah that there would never be another flood." I had no way to know which one had copied from the other, so I called them in, told them what I had found, and indicated that any repeat of such an event would bring swift and severe discipline. I think I made my point with these two young ladies!

I received another fright that first year I was at Stetson. In those days, well before there was any concern about the effects of radiation and while tuberculosis was still a major health threat, there were mobile X-ray vans which were used to screen as large a portion as possible of the population for tuberculosis. One of these vans came to Stetson, and I obediently went in for a chest X-ray.

I had forgotten all about this event until I received a postcard saying that the X-ray (they were on 35mm film and not sufficient for a complete diagnosis) showed a possible positive for tuberculosis and that I should immediately see my own physician. This naturally struck terror into my heart. Here I was, a 26 year old just getting my professional start in teaching, facing the possibility of long-term rehabilitation or even death.

Once more I went to Dr. Hahn. He took an X-ray, and I waited several days for that to be processed and for him to give me his opinion. When he called me in, he showed me on the X-ray a spot on one of my lungs. He indicated that he thought it was calcified and not active, but that he wanted to send the X-ray to the University of Florida for expert evaluation. Once again, there was a wait, this time of several weeks, while I was under a great deal of tension as to the verdict. Once more I was in Hahn's office where he told me that the evaluation at the medical school was the same as his. That is, the spot represented a calcification of some disease that was not now active. Though this

made me feel better, the good doctor went on to say that the experts had said that my situation should be followed closely with an X-ray every three months to be sure that activity did not resume.

So, dutifully, every three months, Dr. Hahn would give me another X-ray, and the verdict was always the same. After several of these, he gave me a TB test. Incidentally, I had taken a tuberculin test several times in the past, and none of them had shown positive, which in effect meant that I had not even been greatly exposed to tuberculosis. This tuberculin test again was negative. Inquiring about my places of residence, Dr. Hahn discovered that I had lived in the mid-west, and he came to the conclusion that I had some kind of fungal infection, which had calcified, and that I had never had tuberculosis. He then concluded that there was no reason for me to continue to take these X-rays.

The sequel to all of this is the fact that every time I have had a physical examination with a chest X-ray and have forgotten to remind the doctor of this old calcified spot, each one gets very excited, and I have to go through the long explanation.

Neither Margaret nor I were very unhappy to see that first year come to an end, for both of us had to work very hard getting our courses in order and doing all the other things that are necessary during one's first year at any place. But the year did not end on an unhappy note. Quite to the contrary: in the third quarter of that first year I finally had the opportunity to teach a survey course in church history, my major field of study. What a relief it was to have a course to teach that I knew enough about to feel extremely comfortable!

As I have indicated in another place, we spent the summer of 1947 in Louisville where I was finishing my work on my dissertation, *A History of Baptist Thought: 1600-1660*. By the time school started in late September, I had completed the dissertation (Margaret valiantly typed the first draft; Roger Crook, now professor emeritus at Meredith College, did the final typing), had passed my oral examination, and had come back to Stetson as a fresh holder of a doctorate.

We were still on the quarter system and had a commencement exercise in Elizabeth Hall at the end of each of the quarters--four a year. Since I knew that, with a schedule like that, renting academic regalia would eventually cost more than purchasing, we managed to pool our funds sufficiently to buy a new doctoral robe. Margaret persuaded me to have the divinity scarlet used for the velvet trim on the robe, and through the years I received many compliments on the appearance of that regalia. I shall always remember sitting as one of the new members of the faculty on one of the back rows during a commencement service and looking at the rather, well-worn robes of my colleagues who had been around a long time and thinking that they should buy them new ones like mine! I later came to be aware that such patina was a sign of long and, we would hope, distinguished service. Many years ago I joined that illustrious group of the faculty wearing worn and almost shoddy regalia.

Though I continued to work very diligently during the second year, the tension and strain were not nearly so great. First of all, I was teaching courses which, for the most part, I had taught before; and second, I was much more comfortable with my students.

There was a sadness that overtook the Stetson campus that fall. President William Sims Allen resigned because of his health, and the Trustees accepted his resignation on Friday, September 19, 1947, just prior to the first faculty meeting on Monday, September 22. Dr. Allen and Mrs. Allen had been on a trip to Copenhagen,

Denmark, to attend the Baptist World Alliance when on his way home in Brussels he was stricken by a heart attack. He did come back to DeLand but decided that he could no longer carry the burden of the University's presidency. Even though the Board sought to persuade him to stay under modified circumstances, he was not swayed from his intention of resignation. The Allens moved back to San Antonio, Texas. He had been president since 1934 and was greatly loved. Margaret and I were especially grieved, because his buoyant spirit and the warmth of Mrs. Allen had made us feel very much at home.

I, like so many others who shared in the experience, have never forgotten the way President Allen presided over the Chapel services each day. Most frequently, he was himself the program. His insightful short messages, often based on a comic strip as well as a biblical text, were memorable.

Chapel was required of the students, though with the large numbers, they were divided into two groups, and so each student was required to come only twice a week. Faculty no longer sat on the platform as in the days of Hulley, but there was a section left vacant for faculty, the first section to the far left of the speaker. Dr. Allen had an uncanny way of knowing who had come to Chapel and who was absent. Any time that I had to be absent, I could count on Dr. Allen saying to me if he saw me in the hall the next day, "I missed you at Chapel yesterday." With such attention, I did not miss many chapels!

Upon Dr. Allen's resignation, Dr. Harry C. Garwood, Dean of the University, was made acting president and served until Dr. J. Ollie Edmunds assumed the presidency in January of 1948.

Dr. Garwood had for many years taught in the Religion Department and continued to teach a course in Christian Ethics. Nevertheless, with the load that had descended upon him by the influx of so many new students, he asked me to teach the course on Christian Ethics. This I did, in spite of my poor preparation in that field. Fortunately, the University let us add another faculty member for the fall of 1947, and we once more robbed the office where Lafayette and I had been fellows at Southern Seminary and brought Henlee Barnette on board. Actually, Barnette had the previous year taught at Howard College, now Samford University. Out of the four of us in that office, only Carlisle Marney never taught at Stetson. He did appear on a pastor's conference schedule on one occasion!

Margaret and I started on the route suggested by Dominic. During the summer of 1947, while in Louisville, we obtained an old A-Model Ford at a ridiculously low price. We soon found out the reason. While the engine was fine, and generally everything else about the car was in good shape, the main bearing leaked, and we had to put in a quart of oil about every twenty miles! I also learned that on an A-Model Ford this bearing had to be poured, and that was a very expensive job. So, we shortly managed to sell the old Ford and then bought a war surplus Ford Jeep. Margaret painted it a bright blue. No other jeep ever looked quite like ours! As a war surplus jeep, it had none of the comforts associated with the modern jeep. We bought some cushions for the seats, but it was still a rough rider! On the other hand, it was a tough vehicle, and never gave us any trouble. We drove it all the way from Louisville to DeLand. It was no worse for the wear, though I cannot say the same for us.

On the way back to DeLand, we had every inch of space in back of the seats filled and a large cardboard box of my notes under the seat on the passenger side. It never occurred to me that the exhaust pipe and muffler were directly under that floorboard which was simply a sheet of metal. Late at night, several miles outside of

Brunswick, where we were to spend the night with Margaret's family, smoke began to rise from under that seat. My thesis notes had caught on fire! We pulled up on the road by a "roadhouse," and Margaret ran in to see if she could get some water to put out the fire. In the meantime, I managed to smother it with South Georgia sand. We were soon on our way with a charred set of notes. Fortunately, I had already completed my thesis, so there was no great loss.

The second thing we did in trying to fulfill Dominic's list of needs was to buy an old house in Glenwood on a small dirt road well off the main street, Grand Avenue. This old house needed much repair and decoration that we began to undertake. It sat on about twelve acres of nice hammock land that culminated in a small, shallow lake on the rear of the property next to the railroad tracks. It was quiet, very peaceful, and the surroundings were beautiful, even if the house lacked much.

The third item on Dominic's list was a baby. That, too, was in process; Margaret was pregnant.

Margaret had given up her teaching in the high school, because we wanted a baby. Stetson was so overwhelmed by the student population that she was asked to teach a course in English Composition, so she became an instructor in English at Stetson during that second year.

I continued to do a great deal of supply work in churches on Sundays. However, the occasion involving preaching which I remember most vividly came at Easter when I spoke at the sunrise service in Sanford, Florida. The service, held on the banks of Lake Monroe, was broadcast. The crowd was quite large. We were, at that time, just becoming very much concerned about the nuclear threat from the Soviet Union, and I used a reference from a current Time magazine relating to the critical nature of decisions which the United States had to make. I talked about the nature of crises and how Jesus faced a crisis in Jerusalem leading to his crucifixion and resurrection.

Little did I know that there was a young man, just returned from the military service, in the audience who would remember that sermon and who would speak of it some thirty years later. This young man by that latter time was the Chairman of the Board of Stetson University when I was being considered for the presidency--his name is Douglas Stenstrom, Sanford attorney.

I have already recounted how we were over-persuaded to go back to Mercer in the fall of 1948. After that disastrous year, we were extremely happy to get back to Stetson and DeLand.

On returning to DeLand, we rented a large, old house on North Florida, not far from the back of Stover Theatre and two doors from the home of Dr. Irving Stover on the corner of North Florida and West Minnesota Avenue. We rented this big place from Charles Tom Henderson who had been a professor in the Law School but had moved to Tallahassee as Attorney General. Charles Tom had fashioned rooms on the second and third floors for students and had built an outside stairway for them. From student rentals we were able to almost cover our rent and the cost of someone to clean the entire house. Most of the students to whom we rented were law students who were very responsible and hard working. We heard very little from them, and, as I remember, most of them paid promptly. We thoroughly enjoyed having the space and the convenience of location of this old house.

Mary Margaret was a tiny baby when we moved from Macon. She was born on the 23rd of July, and we came back to DeLand in the latter part of August. She had colic almost from the moment she was born. Nothing the young pediatrician in Macon did

seemed to help. We bought all kinds of exotic formulae preparations that we tried without seeing any great improvement. He finally resorted to giving her some kind of medication that we soon realized might have been helpful to us in small measure but was keeping her drugged.

Shortly after our returning to DeLand, Margaret took her to Dr. Charles Tribble, the brother of Harold Tribble who had taught me in Seminary and who would later become President of Wake Forest. Dr. Charles Tribble, later Mayor of DeLand, was a wonderful family physician. He immediately took the baby off of those exotic formulae, put her on regular milk with dark Karo syrup as the additive. This immediately did the trick, and there was no more colic. Not only did she and we get relief, but also the difference in cost to a young, financially struggling couple was significant. It is no wonder that we and so many others almost idolized this good doctor.

Dr. Tribble also looked after Margaret in her next pregnancy that began shortly after we returned, and he delivered Laurie in March of 1951. Thus, Margaret had borne three children in less than three years. It is quite understandable that there was then a lapse of over seven years before Kathy was born.

One of our vivid memories of the time in the house on North Florida was experiencing a hurricane. This, I believe, was in the fall of 1949. It must have been in September before the return of the students, because I remember going up on the second and third floors of the house to check them out while no one was there and looking out upon the street, watching large limbs and trees fall. DeLand was without power in most parts of the city for several days, and the clean up was a major job. Fortunately, most of the damage was to trees and cars upon which trees fell.

My position now gave me a little more opportunity to teach in my field. The course in the history of Christianity was expanded to two. I also taught a course in history of American Christianity along with courses in the History of Christian Missions, Religious Cults and Sects, History of the Baptists, The Reformation, Christianity and Current Thought. As a service to our students I also taught the course History of the Ancient Near East in the History Department.

We had a large number of ministerial students, probably more than a hundred. Because of this and the fact that all students were required to take a course in religion, our classes were well filled. Many times I would be teaching from 100 to 130 students.

Among the committee assignments that I had, three stand out.

The first is the committee which Dean Garwood appointed to study the issue of general education and which eventuated in the creation of a series of general education courses. Though Walker was the official member, I sometimes met for him. Anyone who had not already received an education in inter-departmental politics in the development of curriculum would have soon learned what that is by having served on this committee. The committee met frequently and for long periods of time. Fortunately, there emerged from the debates and discussions a comprehensive set of courses, which would be required of every undergraduate student at Stetson. For the most part, these general education courses were truly new and not simply a rehashing of something already in the curriculum. That is certainly not to say that the essential content of the courses was new but that the approach was different in that there was a real effort to provide the student with an understanding of the fundamental nature of the discipline, including the methods by which one learns the discipline and researches it. In addition, there was some attempt to give the students an experience with the discipline much as in the natural sciences laboratory. For example, the humanities courses included three hours

of lecture and two hours of laboratory per week. This meant that students actually did some painting, involved themselves with music, and so on. There was also a capstone course, *Capitalism and Democracy in Crisis*, which sought to integrate what the students had learned in the other courses and apply it to contemporary America.

The responsibility for developing the two courses in religion fell to Lafayette Walker and me.

I was fortunate to receive a Carnegie Grant for the Improvement of Teaching in the summer of 1951 which gave me the opportunity to study in some depth the nature of general education as well as what other institutions were doing. It also enabled me to construct and write a large portion of a syllabus, which we then used, for our courses. Lafayette wrote the section on the New Testament era and I wrote the rest.

The fundamental nature of the course, *Christianity and Western Thought* was to follow the development of Hebrew religion and the teachings of the New Testament and to show how this stream of thought has been influenced by other theological and philosophical systems. Special attention was given to the ancient and medieval syntheses, the Reformation, and the impact of modern philosophy. We later revised and enlarged the syllabus, and it became a standard for the course for many years. Occasionally, even today, I will have persons tell me that they still have that syllabus and refer to it on occasion.

A second committee, which had great significance for the University, was one that sought to develop a statement about the nature of a Christian college. It eventuated in a document, "What is a Christian College?" This committee, like the one on general education, met weekly in long sessions and many debates.

One of the great debates was between me and Professor Roy F. Howes of the Law School. Dr. Howes was an extremely able mind, a feared professor by law students, yet greatly respected by them, and a fine person. His religious views were what were then called modernist. I had written for the committee's consideration in the section for which I had responsibility that God had revealed himself in Jesus Christ. Howes objected to the word "revealed." After a bruising debate, the committee voted to leave my word in. At the very next session of our committee, Howes brought in a statement that was identical to mine, except that he had used the word "manifested." I told him that if he had proposed that change in the past session, I would have been the first to make the motion that we accept it. I proceeded to make a motion for reconsideration and the word manifested appears in the final document.

Sometimes one could not help believing that Howes enjoyed argument for argument sake! His son was in an Old Testament history class that I taught, and sometime later he told me that my lecture for the previous day was always on their breakfast menu. Apparently, Professor Howes engaged me in debate more frequently than I realized.

When the committee work on the paper was completed, the document did not read smoothly because it had been put together in a cut and paste fashion. So, it fell to Hugh McEniry, John Hicks, and me to edit it for a final draft. I recall a very long, night session at John Hicks' house when we did the editing--I should say when Hugh and John did the editing. I was a minor participant in that exercise. Both Hugh and John were English professors, and who was I to challenge their editorial prowess?

In any case, our final edit was adopted, and the paper was used for a very long time at the university as the defining document of our university's Christian commitment.

Indeed, every faculty member who was recruited was asked to read the paper in order to understand the nature of the institution to which they might be coming.

The third committee, and one which I chaired, was appointed by the president to suggest a location for a new library that might some day be built. Our report suggested that the best place for the new library would be approximately where Holmes Hall then stood. Holmes Hall, formerly the president's home, was at that time the art department's quarters. I am not sure that our report had any influence at all on what eventually happened, because the library was not built for another ten years. Nevertheless, when it was built, it was built precisely where our committee had recommended.

Henlee Barnette was offered a professorship at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He left the religion department in 1952, and John William "Bill" Angell came as assistant professor of religion. Bill later left to go to Wake Forest University where he became one of the influential persons in that faculty. Though retired from teaching, he presently heads the Ecumenical Institute sponsored by Wake Forest and Belmont Abbey College.

In the meantime, Margaret and I made another move late in 1950 when Margaret was pregnant with Laurie. This time it was from Charles Tom Henderson's big house on North Florida to a new development called Pine Hills. Pine Hills was the first large development of modest homes in DeLand. It bordered the eastern side of Amelia from Pennsylvania to Minnesota and extended back to Boston Avenue. We bought a tiny new house on University Circle. As I remember, it cost us just over \$5,000.00. The land had been cleared of most trees. The house had two tiny bedrooms and a very modest living room open to a small kitchen and dining area. It did have a very small utility area attached to a carport. The lot was of reasonable size, and I fenced the backyard.

In spite of its small size, we thoroughly enjoyed the little house. I could still walk to my office, and several other faculty members bought houses in the same development. I mention three who have remained good friends through the years.

George Hood and his first wife, Fronia, lived nearby. Fronia was the daughter of the famous American educator, Robert Maynard Hutchins. Hutchins, who had been President of the University of Chicago, was now the head of the Ford Foundation. George had met Fronia when he was a graduate student at the University of Chicago. I remember Fronia telling us that the task of her father was to give away a million dollars a day. This was rather mind-boggling to people who were living on salaries below \$5,000. Dr. Edmunds did manage to get Hutchins here for a commencement address. (Commencements were now being held in the early morning in the Forest of Arden.)

Another family close by on East Pennsylvania was the Chauvin family. Robert S. Chauvin had come as Assistant Professor of Geography in 1950. He and his wife, Della, became good friends. I especially remember many discussions that Bob and I had over coffee in the "slop shop," technically, the soda shop. It and the post office were located in the building that is now used for the print shop. Dr. Allen had built this little building just after World War II. I later had the very great privilege of baptizing Bob when I was interim minister of the First Baptist Church.

A third family in Pine Hills was the Johns family. They lived in a corner house at East Pennsylvania and Boston Avenue. John E. Johns came as instructor in history in 1948. He and Martha became some of our very best friends. Their children were the same ages as ours--theirs boys and ours girls. John and I had adjoining offices on the third floor of Elizabeth Hall. I shall not forget the fact that the first year they were in their new home, a warm spell came the first part of February. Martha had John take

down the little stove which sat in the hall and warmed the whole house (apparently all of the houses in this development were heated in this way--certainly ours was). True to form, the warm weather did not last and poor John and Martha suffered through some very cold days without any heat. Suffice it to say that John did not remove the stove as early in the succeeding years! I also remember well John and Martha coming to our house to watch the election returns on our new television set in 1952. This was the race between Eisenhower and Stevenson. It was one of the first elections that were carried in such detail by television. Unfortunately, the nearest station to us was Jacksonville, and the reception was very poor. Nevertheless, it was a new toy to us, and we sat up into the early morning to see the returns.

The mention of that election reminds me of one of my favorite stories. Dr. O. P. Chitwood, who had retired at 84 years of age from forty years of teaching history at the University of West Virginia, had come on the Stetson faculty. He was a delight. Margaret and I thoroughly enjoyed both Dr. and Mrs. Chitwood. We had them for our Thanksgiving dinner guests since they were so far away from their own families. But, now back to my story. Dr. Chitwood was without compromise a Democrat. On one occasion, several of us were sitting around a table in the soda shop talking about the coming election. There were a great number of 'A Democrat for Eisenhower' bumper stickers. When this was mentioned, Dr. Chitwood said, "I was born a Primitive Baptist and a Democrat. As time has gone on, I have become a Missionary Baptist, though I enjoy going to the little Primitive Baptist Church up the street and hearing a real sermon, but I have never stopped being a Democrat. I have voted in fourteen presidential elections and always for the Democratic candidate. I came very close to voting for Herbert Hoover when he ran against Al Smith. However, when you go down to the polling place and get in that little telephone booth, and there is nobody in there but you and your God, it is awfully hard to do anything but vote the Democratic ticket!"

Incidentally, Dr. Chitwood after three years went back to the University of West Virginia where he continued his writing and remained a familiar figure on that campus until he was about 100.

One of things that happened in those years at Stetson was that the University employed several outstanding persons who had retired, sometimes early, from other institutions and who made a significant contribution while in their latter years. Another one of these was Douglas Rumble in mathematics. He had been a well-regarded Emory professor.

One of the most remarkable of these was Dr. Leonard J. Curtis, visiting professor of law. He had come to Florida from New York to die. His doctor had told him that he did not have long to live and that maybe Florida would lengthen his life somewhat. When the University decided to open the Law School again after the war, Dr. Allen was trying to get a faculty together and learned that Curtis was in DeLand. He asked him to teach in the school. He did and remained active in that role for many years. In fact, he lived to be over 90!

Still another was Dr. Ezra Allen, a well-known biologist, who continued his research and publication after coming to Stetson. Dr. Allen was a small man in stature but large in experience and mind. He was also the curator of the Monroe Heath Museum that had exhibits of Florida plant and animal life as well as certain arts and crafts of the North American Indians. After I came back to Stetson when we were renovating Flagler Hall, I discovered the museum to be in disrepair and no longer being used. We put the specimens on permanent loan to the Museum of Arts and Sciences in Daytona Beach.

There were a great number of very interesting people on the faculty at that time. A couple whom we thoroughly enjoyed and whose friendship we have continued to cherish is Elsie and Louis Freund. In 1949, when Dr. Edmunds was looking for someone who could head up the art department and bring some attention to it, he sought out Lamar Dodd, a well-known painter and head of the art department at the University of Georgia and, incidentally, a friend of ours. (Margaret had worked for him as a student when he first came to the University of Georgia.) Dr. Dodd could not be persuaded to have interest in the position, but he did suggest that a person who would do an excellent job for us was Louis Freund.

Now, Louis did not have a degree of any kind, and Dr. Edmunds knew that it would be very difficult to persuade the faculty to accept a person without such a credential. As a consequence, he made this presentation to the committee of the faculty making a decision on this position. In his inimitable way, he said, "How would you like to have Lamar Dodd as head of the art department?" They all responded with great enthusiasm. Dr. Edmunds went on, "Well now, you know that Mr. Dodd does not have any academic degree." "Oh," they replied, "He has the equivalent as a splendid artist. That would not make any difference to us in his case." President Edmunds had them trapped. "Now, unfortunately, Mr. Dodd cannot come, but he has recommended one about whom he thinks very highly and who is a well-known artist, Louis Freund. Now Freund does not have a degree either, but I am sure you would not let that stand in his way." Louis was hired!

Stetson faculty frequently had offers to go elsewhere at better salaries, and some did, but most did not. Byron H. Gibson, who had joined the faculty in 1946 when we did, was one of those who received such an offer. The Florida State College for Women had become Florida State University, and it was trying to build a faculty as its student population increased rapidly. Byron was offered an excellent job there, and as I remember, accepted it, went to Tallahassee to look for a house, then gave them his regrets and came back to Stetson.

One of the true "characters" on the faculty was Hubert William Hurt, professor of education. Dr. Hurt had come here in his mature years after having done a number of things. One of those was being the author of one of the first Boy Scout handbooks. Another was developing the College Blue Book, which was a kind of Bible for college administrators at the time. He was an effervescent, delightful character. His methods were somewhat unorthodox. I often saw him on a nice day with his class out under the trees in the Forest of Arden. He also had the reputation of giving A's to all the girls and B's to all the boys. Whether that was true or not, it was a well-known fact that he seldom, if ever, gave any grade below B. C. Howard Hopkins, who was dean of the University, lectured us at the beginning of every year at our faculty orientation to the effect that the faculty's composite grades were skewed to the upper end of the scale, and that we should be more careful in our evaluation and not be handing out so many A's and B's. At this point, Dr. Hurt would always arise and in his best oratorical fashion exclaim, "There is a flaw in your reasoning Dean Hopkins. If one is a good teacher, he or she can motivate students to such an extent that they will all do well." None of us missed his point that he was a great teacher!

One of the stars on the faculty was Harold Giffin, professor of voice. Harold was famous for his glee clubs. They did produce wonderful music. He took an annual tour up east and performed in very prestigious places. Margaret and I never missed one of their concerts if in any way we could help it. At Christmastime each year, the glee club

performed Handel's *Messiah*. If one was to get a seat in the chapel, it was necessary to be in place several hours before the concert began, for people came from long distances to hear this performance.

Warren Stone Gordis, professor of Greek, emeritus, was still in and about the campus. He had come on the faculty in 1888 and knew everything there was to know about the history of the university. He lived in a house on the southwest corner of Hayden (now Bert Fish) and Pennsylvania; a house later occupied by the Freunds and still later by Carl "Doc" Johnson and Kathleen. It no longer exists, having been torn down to make room for the Rinker parking lot.

Gordis had come as a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in the days when Stetson and the University of Chicago were in a kind of partnership by which students could come from Chicago to Stetson for the winter quarter (or for that matter for any other quarter) and return to Chicago without loss of credit or time.

Much, much later, United States Supreme Court Justice Stevens told me that his father was one such student and that is the reason he allowed the Stetson College of Law to bestow upon him the only honorary doctor's degree he ever permitted himself to receive. I found his father's name in one of the catalogs and sent Justice Stevens pages out of that catalog, including a picture of the hall in which his father had lived.

Doc Johnson was another one of the "characters" of the time. He taught geography and also coached baseball. He was extremely hard of hearing, and all kinds of stories went about with regard to how the students would take advantage of that disability. Later, when I returned to Stetson, I could hardly believe it when I found that Doc Johnson could hear as well as anybody. The secret was that an operation had been developed in the meantime which had restored his hearing to him.

Another person who had given his life to Stetson was Harry S. Winters, professor of history and political science. Professor Winters had received the first degree that Stetson ever gave and taught at Stetson for many, many years. He and Dr. Chitwood, whom I previously mentioned, were exact opposites in their political affiliations. Winters was a died-in-the-wool Republican and fiscal conservative. Before coming to class each morning, he would check in the Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union* (this was *the* newspaper in the Central Florida area then) to find the amount of the national debt, which he would then memorize. When he arrived at his first class early in the morning, he would put at the top of the chalkboard as the first item of business the figures representing the national debt, and that would stay on the board until the next morning when he replaced it with the updated figure. Winters was also an inveterate golfer. He and Dean Garwood would golf together on most afternoons. Winters was short and Garwood was tall. They made quite a pair. Garwood normally would carry only two clubs with him, a two iron and a putter. He could beat most of us with little trouble with those two clubs while the rest would be hauling around a whole bag full of clubs.

I suppose the person who of all the faculty members was most respected in those days was Irving C. Stover, professor of speech. Dr. Stover had come to Stetson in 1908 at the urging of President Hulley. Stover was not only a splendid teacher of speech and debate, but he was a superb director of plays. One of things I shall never cease to marvel at is the fact that with little help and with poor facilities, he produced a play every month of the academic year with the exception of September, December, and June. Not only so, but the plays were remarkably well done. His students idolized him, and with good reason. He was a pioneer in speech and drama in Florida and was the founder of the state

organization in this field. He taught at Stetson for fifty years (a record matched, as far as I know, only by G. Prentice Carson and, perhaps, Gordis).

Stetson has been remarkable in its ability to keep good people through hard times and good times. As I look over the list of persons who were teaching when I was here as a teacher, I am reminded of so many who spent essentially all their careers at this place. In addition to ones I have already mentioned, there were Don Yaxley, Lafayette Walker, Elmer Pritchard, Maxine Patterson, Ray Jordan, Eleanor Leek, Curtis Lowry, Annie N. Holden, George Hood, George Jenkins, Sara Staff Jernigan, Ed Furlong, Dorothy Fuller, John Conn, Roger Cushman, Frances Buxton, Emmett Ashcraft, Doris Arjona, Keith Hansen, Richard Feasel, Dick Morland, and other faculty members whom I am sure I have overlooked. There were administrators, too, who have given their lives to Stetson. As I think of the ones who were here when I taught, I think of Barbara Rowe, Etter Turner, and Graves Edmondson.

I must say something about other administrators. Dr. Edmunds brought C. Howard Hopkins to Stetson as Dean of the University. I knew of Dr. Hopkins before he came. He was the author of *The Rise of the Social Gospel in America*, which was a classic in its field. He later wrote the major history of the YMCA movement as well as a definitive biography of John R. Mott. He was an excellent scholar and a splendid gentleman. He made a real contribution to the upgrading of the academic quality of the university.

Unfortunately, Hopkins had a knack of antagonizing people when they really should have been grateful to him. For example, we had gone too long without any raise in our salaries, and with the rising costs after the War most of us were hurting. I happened to know that Hopkins had gone to bat with the president to try to get some significant raises for the faculty. He called a faculty meeting and made the announcement that faculty raises were in the budget and that they were significant. Instead of leaving it at that and getting the plaudits of all of us, he immediately went on to say, "Now, this means that we need to work harder so that we can deserve these raises." Well, most of us were greatly overloaded to begin with and had worked our fingers to the bone. So, when we were dismissed, most people went out grumbling when they should have gone out with hilarity. Now, there is no doubt that there were people on the faculty who needed to work harder, who may have been shirking their duty, but somehow he tarred all of us with the brush that should have been reserved for a few.

I liked Dean Hopkins very much, and I could not help but feel pain that he did not get the credit with the faculty that he should have. Somewhat later he left the University and went to Westminster College in Pennsylvania. It was my very great pleasure to recommend that the University confer an honorary degree upon him while I was President. I was most delighted to welcome him back to the campus and to find that the years had been kind to him.

The other person about whom I must speak is Hugh McEniry. When I came to teach, Hugh had just come back from the war to teach English. He was one of the most remarkable teachers I have ever known. His American literature courses were without question some of the best that were offered at the University. I used to say that the best religion courses were not in the department of religion but were Hugh McEniry's courses in American Literature. He was a person of tremendous integrity and courage.

Dr. Edmunds quickly recognized Hugh's great abilities, and made him Chairman of the Graduate Council. (He was then head of the English Department.) This was the way to bring him into the administrative group, since Edmunds already had a Dean of the

University and Dr. Garwood was Dean of the College of Liberal Arts. Hugh's relationship to the president became very close, and with Dr. Garwood's retirement from the deanship, Hugh was made Dean of the College of Liberal Arts. Later, when Dr. Hopkins left, he became Dean of the University.

When Hugh was made Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, I went to him--he was a good friend--and said, "Hugh, why did you let them take a great teacher like you and ruin him by making him a dean?" Hugh's immediate answer, which I have never forgotten and which I used frequently after I became an administrator, was, "Well, Pope, you wouldn't want a sorry teacher as your dean would you?"

One of the things that Margaret and I did was to feel responsible as faculty members to support as much as we could all the activities of the University. Consequently, we attended lectures, concerts, special events, and sports. We learned a great deal as a result of our participation, the music events being especially important for our education.

There were a number of excellent lecturers who came to campus, but I mention three whose presence I remember especially. One was Drew Pearson, the famous news columnist. He was controversial, but always fascinating and worth reading or hearing. One was Dorothy Thompson, one of the most erudite authors and newsmen that America has produced. I remember especially her talking about Switzerland as a model for international cooperation. She pointed out that here was a little land that had within its small borders three very different groups, German, French, and Italian, all speaking different languages, yet cooperating in a way as to make Switzerland wealthy and strong.

A third was John R. Mott, the great missionary spirit, and the soul of the YMCA movement in this country. I recall that I was invited to a dinner prior to his speaking. There were probably twenty or so persons at the dinner, and many rose as the opportunity was given to speak a word of appreciation to this great world figure. I recall my saying that it is very infrequent that one ever has the opportunity to be in the presence of a person who is already a part of history. Even at that time John R. Mott's name was prominent in any history of American Christianity.

If I am not mistaken, all of these were brought under the program funded by Charles Merrill of Merrill Lynch fame. They were simply the Merrill lecturers. Merrill had been a student at the Academy. He did his collegiate work at Amherst. He continued to have a very warm spot in his heart for Stetson and later would give funds towards setting up a program in American studies.

Yes, there were great faculty members at Stetson, great administrators, and great visiting lecturers; but there were interesting staff persons as well.

One of these was a Mr. Fussell (pronounced, Fus'sell). There is a great story involving him. It involves a conversation with Dean Etter Turner who at the time felt rather responsible for the appearance of Elizabeth Hall. On the first floor of the north wing of Elizabeth was an art gallery and in it were two life size reproductions of nude women (Roman or Greek, I always supposed). The trustees were coming, and Etter was concerned because the statues were dusty. She said to Mr. Fussell as she pointed to the nudes, "Mr. Fussell, I want you to wash those statues before the trustees get here." Mr. Fussell, a true Florida cracker, looked at them and then said, "Miss Turner, that ain't no fittin' job for no man!" So, the maids did it!

One of the most exciting and fulfilling experiences, which I had during these years at Stetson, came in the summer of 1952 when I had opportunity to study in England, particularly at Regents Park College, Oxford University.

I had long wished for the chance to be able to get to the Angus Collection at Regents Park, a magnificent collection of seventeenth-century material relating to Baptists and other dissenters. My interests were by this time turning even more to this period of study. But I saw no way to finance this dream. Stetson at that time had no sabbatical program and, except for the small amount of funds available through the Carnegie Foundation with their program for the improvement of teaching, no grant programs.

I assumed that my chances of getting a second Carnegie Grant for the Improvement of Teaching would be impossible. I also felt that it would not be right for me to have a second one when so many of my colleagues had not had the first one. Thus, though I knew what I wanted to do, I made no attempt to apply for a second Carnegie Grant until a strange thing happened.

Just before lunch on the day that had been announced as the day the committee would make decisions on applications for Carnegie Grants, I saw Dean Garwood in the hall. He chaired the committee, and I said to him, "Well, Dr. Garwood, I suppose you and the committee members have some very tough decisions to make this afternoon as to which faculty members will get the Carnegie Grants." Dr. Garwood replied, "No, we won't. As a matter of fact, we do not have enough applications to use up all the money we have been allocated." I replied, "You will before two o'clock," and I ran up the flights of steps to the third floor, called Margaret not to wait lunch on me, rushed to my office, and began furiously to prepare a proposal for a grant to take me to Oxford and the Angus Collection. I had it in the hands of Dean Garwood before his two o'clock meeting, and later that afternoon I received word that my proposal had been approved. I had been granted \$1,200 instead of the \$1,000 I had requested. (They knew that I was very modest in my requests.)

Margaret and I began immediately to make plans for the summer. She decided she would take the children, Mary Margaret and Laurie, with her to Brunswick and stay with her family there. I quickly dispatched an air letter to the principal at Regents Park College, Oxford, indicating that I would like to work in the Angus Collection during the summer and also asking his help in finding some place to live. Not long after, I received word back that I would be welcome. His assistant, Joyce Booth, had located a room with Mrs. Agnes Sharp at 19 Frenchay Road, which would be available to me at a very modest cost. I immediately wrote Mrs. Sharp accepting the room, which I learned, included a good English breakfast.

I had decided to concentrate attention in my research on Hanserd Knollys, a prominent Baptist of the 17th Century whose life spanned most of the formative years of English Baptist development. As important a figure as he was, very little had been written about him.

In the meantime, the very necessary travel arrangements had to be made. As much as I had traveled around the South, I had never been to New York and certainly not to the British Isles or to the Continent.

Travel agents were not so common as they are now, but there was a lady who operated alone in a little building still existing, and which has become the home of a travel agent again, just across from where the Barnett Bank is presently located on North Woodland Boulevard. I laid all of my plans before her and asked for her help in making my arrangements. She suggested that I might want to fly; but, having never flown, I was not about to start my flying by winging my way across the Atlantic. So, we settled upon making the Atlantic journeys on the Cunard Liners, the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen*

Mary. She secured all of the tickets necessary for me, including a voucher for the hotel in Paris and one in London. I also bought vouchers for tours in and around Paris during the several days that I had decided to stay there on my way to Oxford.

CHAPTER X

STUDY AT OXFORD AND THE FINAL YEAR OF TEACHING AT STETSON 1952-53

It would be hard to exaggerate the excitement, along with some concern, that I had as the time drew nearer for my journey to Oxford and, especially, as I boarded the train to go to New York. Not only was this great adventure into uncharted territory for me, but I also dreaded the thought that I would not see Margaret and the children for more than three months. I knew it would not be an easy time for me nor for them.

I packed judiciously; but, for a trip of the duration of this one, I had all of the luggage that I could carry and, undoubtedly, more than I could handle now. The largest bag was one that Madame Dr. Thornton of the French department had loaned me. Her husband, who had been a world traveler but was now deceased, had possessed a large leather bag now quite old but precisely what I needed. Since this was not long after World War II and Britain was still short of a number of things, particularly meat, I loaded up the bag with several cans of Spam and boxes of tea.

The trip to New York was uneventful. As an ordained minister, I had a "clergy permit" which enabled me to ride in a Pullman car for approximately the same price as a regular coach, so I had a good night's sleep on my way up.

I stayed in the Taft Hotel, which at the time was one of the premiere hotels in New York City, but I certainly did not have one of the premiere suites! In fact, I had secured the cheapest room they had which turned out to be but a little bigger than the double bed that was in it. Nevertheless, I did not spend much time in the room, for I wanted to see as much of New York City as I could in the few hours that I had. One of my greatest thrills was to see Perry Como walking through the lobby of the Taft Hotel. I was not in the habit of coming face to face with such notables.

New York in 1952 was a marvelous city. I felt perfectly safe walking all over central Manhattan even at night. I remember, especially, looking in windows of jewelry stores with all of the diamonds and jewels displayed there after hours. When I arrived in Paris with its steel shuttered windows at night, I thought of the contrast with New York, and I rejoiced that our country was one in which we did not have to take jewelry out of the windows or put steel shutters over them. How things have changed!

Another way the world has changed is in the method of transatlantic crossings. As I have already indicated, air travel was available, but most people still went by steamship. I shall never forget the excitement of boarding the *Queen Elizabeth* (the original) watching as she pulled away from the dock with friends and relatives waving to the passengers on the rails as they set off on this transatlantic venture.

I shared a cabin in cabin-class with a Puerto Rican doctor and a young Jewish man who was on his first trip back to Europe after the War. I never heard the full story, but he apparently had escaped with his life from Germany just prior to or during the War.

At any rate, his experiences must have been traumatic. We would be awakened by terrible screams that came forth from his nightmares. The doctor and I hardly knew what to do, but we would finally awaken him much to his embarrassment. He kept very much to himself during the journey. He was single and had recently lost his dog. This must have been a very serious blow to him. He showed me pictures of the grave of his dog in a cemetery for dogs. He said he visited it almost every day. Otherwise, he shared with the two of us almost nothing about his life.

The Puerto Rican doctor was a great contrast to my other roommate. He was very outgoing, very intelligent, and very delightful. We ate at the same table and had chosen the same serving so became fairly well acquainted before the trip was over.

I think all of the others at our table were from the continental United States. I noticed that my friend from Puerto Rico ate with his fork in his left hand and his knife in the right. My grandfather had done that, but we always thought that my grandfather was benighted in that respect. In my superior American fashion, I thought the Puerto Rican was very backward. What I did not realize then was that most of the rest of the world eats the way the Puerto Rican did and not the way we do. I soon found this out when I got to France and England. I began to realize that I was the one out of step with the world rather than he. Our provincialism often makes fools of us.

A great floating hotel like the *Queen Elizabeth* had something going on all the time, and you were being fed large meals three times a day and served bouillon in the middle of the morning and English tea in the afternoon.

The weather was good and the crossing uneventful. We docked in Cherbourg, France, in the late afternoon, went through immigration and customs, and boarded a boat train for Paris.

Somewhere along the journey, I do not remember where now, I had secured some French currency. So soon after the War, there were no coins--or at least very few--in circulation, so I had all of these little, tiny notes which were the equivalent of coins. Most of them were extremely well worn and dirty. A porter helped me get my bags into the train compartment by handing them to me through the window. I had to wrestle them up into the luggage carrier's overhead. There were signs on almost every post along the station saying that we should not tip the porters. I had been informed better about that, so I gave the porter some of these small French notes. I shall never forget his holding them up in front of my face saying, "Petite, petite!" I acted as if I did not know that it meant "tiny" and simply shrugged my shoulders and sat down as the train pulled off.

I thought I had seen confusion when we disembarked from the ship and went through customs. But I had seen nothing like the scene which occurred when the boat train emptied nearly 2,000 people at the station in Paris and all of us were trying to get taxis. I was not prepared for the shoving and pushing and could hardly participate anyway with the amount of luggage I had to look after. After a very long time, I gave up on ever being able to get a regular taxi and, in spite of knowing better, hired a driver and car. Though it cost me more, I still suppose I did the right thing.

The driver spoke no English and my French was essentially useless. I told him the name of my hotel, later to realize that my pronunciation was such that he understood it incorrectly, and we ended up at a hotel other than the one where my reservation was. I did then what I should have done in the first place and wrote the name on a slip of paper and gave it to him. We finally arrived at the good but modest hotel that I was to occupy.

One of the bright spots in my travel from the station was seeing a sign painted on the side of building advertising Suchard chocolates. I felt a little more at home, because Stetson trustee Walter Mann was president of the Suchard Chocolate Company in America. I had not only met Mr. Mann, but also he frequently brought chocolates to the trustee meetings and faculty.

One of my early concerns at the hotel was the fact that on checking in I had to leave my passport with the concierge. I felt that I was somehow naked without that precious document. I soon learned that this was normal practice, but I have never become comfortable with the idea that someone else has custody of my passport.

The hotel was modest in size. I was on the fourth floor which I learned in Europe is what we would call the fifth floor, since our first floor is their ground floor. I had

reserved a room with bath, and I learned immediately that was essentially what I had. There was a nice tub, a sink, a bidet (something I had never seen before), but no toilet!

The hotel was old, though very well kept and clean, so there was no closet in the room but a very large antique wardrobe. The bed was like those that I would frequently see on the Continent. The mattress was in two parts with the upper half being elevated by a triangular piece placed under it. I had frequently wondered about pictures of dying famous men propped up on a bed, and now I knew why and how that was done. I knew I couldn't sleep with such an arrangement, so I managed to drag the triangular piece out and stand it against the wall. I am sure the maids thought, "He is just another one of those crazy Americans."

The price of the room included a continental breakfast that was served in a small room on the same floor. This was another new experience for me. In those days, I was used to my eggs, bacon, toast or biscuits, and often grits. It was hard for me to get used to a very hard, cold roll, butter and jam. The more difficult thing was to get used to the French coffee which was very strong and which did not have the taste of Maxwell House!

During the several days that I was in Paris, I took a guided tour of the city that was one of the more exciting things that I had ever done.

I soon became accustomed to seeing the circular men's urinals every few blocks in downtown Paris. Since the enclosure left the heads and below the knees of the men visible, it was a little difficult for me to get used to them. I was especially intrigued by the fact that the women accompanying the men usually stood outside and talked to their companions while the men were using the facility. It was just as difficult for me to get used to going into a men's toilet area and finding a woman sitting on the side dispensing little towels and expecting a tip. I finally decided that since it didn't bother the French, it shouldn't bother me.

On one day, I visited Versailles, on another, Rheims, and on another, Chartres. I thoroughly enjoyed each of the places, but the one, which left the most lasting impression, was Chartres. The Cathedral represented to me the very greatest aspect of the Middle Ages, and its impressive beauty was quite overwhelming. Each time I have been to Europe since, if at all possible, I have gone to Chartres. I think now five times in all.

I shall never forget the meal that I ate in an outdoor cafe in Chartres. The setting was quite nice. It was a shady, garden-like enclosure. I was sitting at a table with a young English couple who were on the same tour. We soon noticed an odor that was quite unpleasant. After a while, the husband said to his wife and me, "Well, you know these French, they are not always careful about sanitation." So, we sat there rather smug in our knowledge that neither in England nor America would we have such odors permeating a place where people were eating only to discover that it was coming from the soft cheese which was sitting on a nearby buffet and which was served to us at the end of the meal!

I was learning the lesson rather rapidly that I should never judge another nation or a culture without all the facts.

I had intended to go to the opera, but I was persuaded by my travel agent in Paris that the French opera was not all that great. (I had seen the marvelous opera house on one of the tours.) He said that while in Paris I should see the show that represented French entertainment at its best--the Folies-Bergère. So, one evening I took a taxi to the follies, which did not start until about nine o'clock in the evening. The staging was elaborate, the routines were perfect, the music was delightful, and the nudity was not a little shocking to one of my rearing. About mid-night there was an intermission. I knew I had to arise early the next day for a tour, so I decided it was time to go.

When I left Paris, I left as a much more confident person than I had been when I arrived. I took a boat train to Calais from which we embarked upon a channel steamer to Dover. By the time we were crossing the Channel, it had become dark and rather stormy. The Channel lived up to its name. The crossing was very rough. Fortunately, I was not one to have a queasy stomach and enjoyed the fact that I experienced the Channel as it should be experienced. Though I could see them only dimly, I was inspired by the White Cliffs of Dover. They represented to me everything that England had been, particularly in World War II.

During the crossing, I had sat by an English woman, and we had interesting conversation as she sought to introduce this American to her country and some of its peculiarities. When we boarded the boat train to London, she ordered coffee and introduced me to English coffee that was the worst concoction I had ever tasted. I can see why most of them drank it "white," "half and half." It would take that much milk to make it bearable. Suffice it to say I soon came to understand why the English preferred tea, and I became an inveterate tea drinker as a result of that experience.

I had planned to stay in London several days before going to Oxford and had reserved a room at a little hotel where Dr. Stealey had stayed on one occasion and which was owned and operated by Baptist people. The small hotel was about half the size it had been before the War since a bomb had made a hit on it. Nevertheless, it retained the kind of genteelness that was characteristic of England in those days. Shoes put out of the door in the evening would be waiting in the morning cleaned and polished. The maid would bring tea, if you wished, early in the morning, as well as in the evening. The breakfast that was included in the price was an English breakfast, not continental, starting off with kippers, which I had never eaten for breakfast and which I found very difficult because of all the little bones. I watched the English deftly manage to get the meat and leave the complete skeleton. After studying their technique and working on it, I finally managed to do the same reasonably well.

London was wonderful. I learned to use the Underground to get around, and I felt confident enough (since I could communicate in the English language) that with a small guidebook I was able to thoroughly explore the great city, including its splendid museums and churches.

The evidences of the bombing were everywhere. The rebuilding was only in its infancy.

I was soon off to my final destination at 19 Frenchay Road in Oxford. My landlady, Mrs. Sharp, was a widow, and her sister, Eddy, lived with her most of the time. Her home was a small row house in good repair and immaculately kept. In typical fashion, the house sat nearly on the sidewalk in front, but in back there was a narrow garden area in which Mrs. Sharp raised apples and vegetables, principally runner beans.

Mrs. Sharp and her sister seemed to be rather elderly to me, though when you are 31 years old, most people past fifty seem to be elderly. They were some of the sweetest and kindest people I have ever known. I would eat my lunch downtown, and most of the time I would eat a piece of fruit or something of this type in my room as my supper. I found they felt sorry for me and began to ask me down to share their supper of some very delightful little sandwiches. I knew that I could not keep this up. I was paying only for bed and breakfast. They had also invited me to go with them to church on Sunday and then would ask me to have a Sunday meal with them. So, I asked them to allow me to pay them a little more, which they let me do. I then ate the Sunday mid-day meal and the sandwich suppers with them most of the time.

The breakfasts were good, hardy English breakfasts, including cereal, which brings me to a little story. On one occasion, I rode the bus to Cambridge to do some

work in the University library there. On my return, the good ladies wanted me to tell all about my trip. And among their questions was, "Did you see the beautiful corn on the way?" I said, "No, I am afraid I did not see any corn at all." "Oh, you must have seen the corn. It is everywhere along the road to Cambridge." We were having this conversation at breakfast, and my eye fell upon the corn flakes. I noticed on the side in small type the phrase "Made from English maize." My mind immediately went to the King James version of the story of Jesus' disciples pulling the "corn" on the Sabbath and rubbing it between their hands and eating it. I knew, of course, that this "corn" was grain and not what we in America call corn. I then explained to the ladies why I had not realized that I had seen "corn" and assured them that I had seen plenty of "corn." The corn flakes gave me the perfect illustration.

I always looked forward to the Sunday meal. Mrs. Sharp was an excellent cook, and she almost always had a "joint" of beef (we would say a roast). She also cooked Yorkshire pudding for it, and we usually had runner beans and potatoes.

Generally speaking, English meals in the restaurants were not anything to write home about. Of course, I could not afford to eat at the finest restaurants where the food might have been somewhat better, but I did find a few things that I could count on. One of these was the dessert called "trifle." In those days, the English trifle was absolutely first class. I also enjoyed the English high tea that I occasionally had. In those days, high tea was a fairly substantial meal in the late afternoon, primarily made up of little sandwiches and plenty of tea.

While I am speaking of food, I will recount two small incidents to illustrate how difficult it is sometimes to understand another culture, even one as similar as that of the British.

I kept seeing bottles of Coca-Cola in the window of a little shop. It made me very hungry for a Coke, but I had no ice available. I mentioned to Miss Booth one afternoon how much I would like to have a Coke but that I had no ice for it. She said, "Oh, do you use ice with the Coke?" I said, "Oh yes, it has to be cold to be really good." "Well, I have never liked Cokes. Maybe the reason is because I have always tried to drink them at room temperature." I laughed and said, "I doubt there are many people who like Cokes at room temperature." She managed to get some ice from the kitchen; I went and bought a couple of Coca Colas; and we enjoyed them. She for the first time.

Another incident occurred when I was supplying the Baptist church at Erdingham in the Birmingham area. I was staying with a very excellent couple (he was a funeral director), and she was serving us tea. I made the remark that I understood English people would never use tea bags. That would be out-of-character. She said, "Oh, a cousin of mine in Canada sent us some tea bags once. I thought the tea was quite all right. But, I have never understood why they put it in those little bags. It is so much trouble to get the tea out of them."

One thing is certain; I did not put on any weight the summer I spent in England. I loved England, and I greatly admired and appreciated the English, but I was not tempted to overeat. On two or three occasions when I was in London, I did find a few very good places to eat at a reasonable price, particularly those that served Italian or French cuisine. English food and English plumbing left much to be desired.

Though the food and the plumbing might not have been great for me at that time, everything else at Oxford was a historian's paradise as was all of England. I suppose that I toured on my own every college in Oxford, lingering long in several of the quads and gardens.

I spent hours in the great bookstores in the city, notably Blackwells; but there were others, not as well known and smaller, which I thoroughly enjoyed. Dr. Edmunds

had given me \$100 to buy books for Stetson. A core of books on Baptists in the Baptist Collection of the Stetson library today came from those purchases. It would be inconceivable to a modern, 30-year-old professor what \$100 would buy in England in those days.

Two legitimate theaters, which frequently had the plays trying their wings before going to London, brought me a number of delightful evenings. And I remember a great concert in the Guild Hall by the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

One of the most notable trips that I made was to Edinburgh in Scotland. There I stayed with a wonderful Baptist family of Pringles, a very common Scottish name. But these were very uncommon people. Miss Booth had given me an introduction to them. One daughter, who happened to be in the home at that time, was a missionary in Africa. Another kept the home fires burning for the father who was a remarkable gentleman in his eighties, and I cannot now remember what the brother and his family did. They treated me as if I were a very special person. They lived in a very nice section of the residential area of Edinburgh. I recall that there were tennis courts across the street, and after 11:00 p.m., when I had gone to bed, I heard the courts still being played upon--and there were no lights illuminating the courts. In other words, the days were so long that one could still see well enough to play tennis at 11:00 p.m.

Edinburgh was an enchanting city to me. I think, in part, it was because I could think of some of my more remote ancestors visiting this great capital and gazing up at the very same dark castle that I was seeing and riding a horse by Hollyrood Palace where Mary Queen of Scots and her successors had lived. Surely, also, they had worshipped at least once in the church where John Knox had preached his powerful sermons that had turned Scotland into a Protestant stronghold. I was also fascinated by the University of Edinburgh where a number of my friends and acquaintances had done graduate work.

I made a number of other side trips during the summer that I thoroughly enjoyed and which were very instructive. One of these was to the lovely Cotswold village of Bourton-on-the-Water. Another was to Plymouth, and still another was to Norwich. The area around Norwich, and especially the villages of Scroby and Gainesboro, was interesting as centers of 17th century Puritan and Separatist activity, including early Baptists. Of course, I made a visit to Canterbury with all of its historical associations.

One of my most memorable trips was to London to see President and Mrs. J. Ollie Edmunds of Stetson who had arrived from the States to tour England and who had invited me to join them for a couple of days. I do not now remember what Mrs. Edmunds might have been doing on that first day (perhaps, she was simply resting), but Dr. Edmunds was ready to go!

He hired a taxi and we two toured London in style in the taxi. In a day, I saw more than anyone has a right to see in such a short time!

One of the most memorable aspects of that day was when Dr. Edmunds decided he wanted to see a cricket match. As I recall, England was playing India at Lords (the famous stadium where many matches are played). He bought us tickets and in we went to see the cricket match. Here were thousands of people sitting around watching a game that we knew nothing about. They were as silent as a tomb except when some great point was made, and then the applause with clapping hands was very polite indeed. Dr. Edmunds possessed the greatest curiosity of anyone I have ever known. So, of course, he began immediately to quiz the nearby Englishmen about the game and what was going on. The greatest show in Lords that day was Dr. Edmunds and the English spectators trying to answer his questions. Since Dr. Edmunds was in a hurry, since neither of us understood much of what was going on, and since the game moved so slowly, Dr.

Edmunds was soon ready to move on to other things, so we left cricket and resumed our taxi tour.

President Edmunds had come to know one of the members of Parliament--how, I do not now remember (perhaps he had spoken at Stetson). At any rate, this man gave us a tour of the Parliament building that we could have received in no other way. The House of Lords was not sitting that day, and we were able to walk onto the floor of the Lords, even to the extent of walking up to the throne. We were taken into the areas reserved for the members of Parliament including the area where some of the most valuable of British historical documents are kept in cases. Finally, we were given a pass to the small balcony from which the visitors may observe the House of Commons in action. We remained there long enough to get a flavor of what goes on in the House of Commons, observing it at close hand.

The Edmunds insisted on my staying overnight and going with them and other tour members to Stratford-on-Avon, Windsor Castle, and Oxford where I left them the next day.

I think the thing I remember most vividly about that particular day was our meal in a lovely, but small, upstairs restaurant in Windsor. After a very delightful meal (especially by English standards), we came to dessert time. Mrs. Edmunds took the safe route with ice cream, but Dr. Edmunds and I decided that we would risk and took the gooseberry pie that neither of us had ever eaten. It was quickly obvious that Mrs. Edmunds had made the right choice! I like sour things generally, but this undoubtedly was the sourest food item that I had ever had in my mouth. Neither Dr. Edmunds nor I could finish our "dessert." I have been told that gooseberry pie does not have to be so sour, but I have never had the courage to try it again!

When we arrived at Oxford, even though it was not on the regular tour, Dr. Edmunds insisted on seeing Regents Park College, the Baptist college, and the one in which I was working. I was happy to show it to them. Generous as always, they insisted that I come with them and the group to the Randolph Hotel, the finest in Oxford, for high tea. This was quite a treat for me since my budget would never have allowed such an extravagance.

Most of my research was done in the Angus Collection of the library of Regents Park College. Since the college was not in session, I had the collection and library almost alone. The Angus Collection is a magnificent collection of seventh century books, pamphlets, and broadsides, which is concentrated in the area of the writings of dissenters. I found my work to be exceedingly interesting and valuable.

Miss Joyce Booth, who was the secretary to the college and librarian, was of great help and extremely cooperative. I had worried about this because Dr. Syd Stealey, previously my major professor at Southern and now President of Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary (where I later taught), had spent some time in the Angus Collection and had warned me that Miss Booth was not very friendly or cooperative. I had great difficulty understanding this, since she was quite the opposite in her treatment of me. One day, after we had come to know each fairly well, she asked me about Dr. Stealey. She indicated that she did not understand him. After telling me some of things that he said to her, I realized that he had been betrayed by his sense of humor, which was very subtle and could sound as if he were fussing at someone. Joyce Booth had missed this humor entirely. I pointed out to her that he was really a very warm-hearted and wonderful man and that he had been kidding her in these statements and certainly did not mean in any way to be offensive. It illustrated to me again how frequently we can misunderstand people, especially in slightly different cultures. Here was Stealey,

misunderstanding Miss Booth entirely, and Miss Booth, misunderstanding Stealey entirely. Both of them were wonderful and gracious individuals.

Miss Booth always had to have her "elevenses" and her mid-afternoon tea. Since frequently, I would be the only other person in the library, she would bring me a cup of tea at both times; and, thus, I learned to enjoy my morning and afternoon tea as much as the English--a habit which I have continued to this good day. I must say that the English usually made their tea a bit stronger than I make mine now.

Most of the materials, which I wanted, I found in the Angus Collection. For those things that I could not find there I worked in Bodleian Library of the University, the University of Cambridge Library, and libraries in London, particularly the British Museum and Dr. Williams's Library.

After an intensive period of study during that summer, I had notes that should have enabled me to do a significant amount of writing. I finally did manage to complete a small book on Hanserd Knollys, which was published by the Broadman Press, but I soon after became engaged in administration, and the work that I had done never came to fruition in articles or additional books. At one time, I thought that when I retired I would get back into my notes and do some writing, but I realize now that I have been out of touch with the field for so long that it would be virtually impossible to do this. Also, since I have so many other things that I find worthwhile to do, I doubt that I will ever do more with my extensive notes than I have already done.

One of the very fascinating things that occurred during the summer I was at Regents Park was that the College received the Library of Benjamin Beddome who had been the pastor of the Baptist Church at Burton-on-the-Water in the seventeenth-century.

This remarkable man had been a hymn writer and a very highly educated and intelligent individual. So much so that he ran a kind of seminary for young preachers out of his home in Burton-on-the-Water. In the process he collected hundred of books and pamphlets of the Puritans and Separatists. After his death, his library lay in the attic of one of the members of his church and his succeeding family until Ernest Payne found it over two hundred years later and managed to get it put on permanent loan at Regents Park College.

Dr. Ernest Payne had been principal of Regents Park College and was at the time the executive officer of the British Baptist Union in London. Payne continued to take an active interest in Regents Park and in scholarship. His rescue of this library was certainly important. The library had never been cataloged nor really had it been closely examined when I was given a chance to work in it. I went through most of it fairly carefully in terms of seeing what was there. I found it to be a remarkable collection that had several first editions, some of which were not otherwise known to exist. Again, I wrote this up and planned to publish it and never got around to it before I moved into administration.

When Margaret and I visited in Oxford in 1961, approximately nine years later, I found the library of Benjamin Beddome in the same room apparently having been untouched in all of those years. I do not know what has happened to it, but it is a gold mine waiting to be discovered if it has not been so up to this time. More than likely it has, since a splendid church historian, Barry White, has been a recent principal of Regents Park College.

When the time came for me to return to the States, I was very happy with the prospect of getting back to my family and my work at Stetson, though I had made some very close friends with whom I regretted having to part.

Mrs. Sharp and her sister insisted on my bringing some of the apples from her tiny orchard back to Margaret. I put a few around in my suitcase, which was a mistake. I had no idea that there were strict laws against the importation of fruits that had not been

cleared through the U.S. Department of Agriculture. When I got to the customs area in New York City and opened my bags, the eyes of the inspector went wide as he saw those apples. I think he realized that I was innocent in my effort to bring them in the country or else I would have tried to hide them. He immediately gave me a good talking to and sent for the agricultural inspector who came and put them in a bag to be destroyed.

My return trip was on the *Queen Mary*. This time I was in the cabin with a New York broker who took his vacation each year in England--a thing I could only marvel at. He told me a very interesting story, which illustrated so well the English character of the period. He recounted that the previous summer he had taken a leather belt to a shop for some repairs and, for some reason, he had not had a chance to pick it up before having to leave for America. A year later he went into the shop, told the shopkeeper his name, and his belt was immediately retrieved without a word being said about how long it had been since it had been left.

We had a very excellent voyage until the night prior to our landing the next afternoon in New York. During that evening, we came into a great storm, which turned out to be a hurricane moving up the Atlantic. I found it quite fascinating to stand up on the deck and watch the huge waves and feel the mist and wind in my face. There were several of us who stayed there for a long while.

Finally, the winds became so strong and the ship was rolling so much that we were ordered off the deck and into the lounges or our cabins. Since it was about midnight, I decided to go on down to our cabin. It was an inside cabin, and very shortly after I entered it, I began to feel as if I were getting sick. It was a relatively small space and the ship was rolling very severely by this time. I had never been seasick. Certainly, up on the deck I was feeling great. I now jumped into my bunk with shoes and clothes on to save myself from really becoming ill. Almost immediately, after I had gotten in, I heard a tremendous noise, felt the ship shudder, and the engines go quiet. It appeared that we were simply adrift. I lay there expecting any moment to hear the sirens sound ordering us to our lifeboats. Fortunately, nothing like that happened, and eventually I went to sleep--still fully dressed.

The next morning, I found out what had happened. The ship was lifted so far out of the water that the propellers came out. When they did they, of course, ran away, making a tremendous noise. Immediately, the captain shut the engines down to the extent that the propellers were only moving at a very slow rate. This accounted for the fact that from my vantage point in the cabin it seemed its engines were no longer operative. Incidentally, I was in cabin class that is in the stern of the ship over the great engines.

By the next morning the storm had abated, though there were tremendous swells, which were rocking the ship in a very regular manner, up and down, up and down, up and down. More people got sick under these conditions than had experienced seasickness with the very rough movements of the previous night. Fortunately, I managed to get to the deck. As long as I stayed on the deck holding on the ropes that had been placed to keep people from sliding off the deck, I was fine. I even recovered to the extent that I went to breakfast. I was one of the few hardy souls who decided to eat that morning. The dining room was almost vacant, and I did feel sorry for the waiters trying to carry the food. Each person had to hold on to his plate or else it would slide across the table.

All of this was a great adventure to this young professor. By noon the waves had pretty well ceased, and by early afternoon we were docking in New York harbor.

My adventure was not yet quite over. After clearing customs with its attendant excitement, I caught a taxi to Pennsylvania Station. First of all, the taxi driver let me out in front of the station on the sidewalk when he could have taken me down into the station at a much more convenient place for me. When I paid him, he fussed considerably about

my small tip, and I knew I was back in New York of the U.S.A.! (The English had been so genteel about tips that no indication of displeasure was ever noted; and, furthermore, I even had a porter give me back some money on one occasion telling me that the tip was too much!)

I managed to get all my bags together, no small feat, and started down the long hallway and long series of steps into Pennsylvania Station. About half way down the steps, the old leather bag which Madame Thornton let me use broke open, and my dirty things went sliding down the steps. If I had been the only one on the steps, things would not have been quite so bad, but there were crowds of people going both ways up and down these marble steps. After heroic effort, I finally managed to get everything back in the bag and somehow by putting my arm around it struggled down with all the others things I had to the bottom of the steps where I paused to try to get my bearings. I thought if I could only locate a Red Cap, but none even came near me, and I dared not leave my things unattended. After a great while, by some miracle, the nature of which escapes me now, I managed to get a hold of a piece of heavy twine which I wrapped around the old bag and struggled until I found a Red Cap. By this time, it was time for my train to leave, and I was not even close to the track.

The Red Cap sized up the situation and let me ride with him in the freight elevator down to the track area. He and I ran as fast as we could to the train. I jumped on as it was moving, and he ran along beside passing me bags until I had them all on. I honestly do not remember how I managed to give him his proper due. I suppose I had given him some money when I first found him, seeking to get him to make every effort to get me on the train.

After finally settling in my roomette, I had a very pleasant journey. Margaret and the two children met me at the station near Brunswick. I was never happier to see anyone in my life. We soon journeyed with our car back to DeLand in order for me to begin what turned out to be my last year of teaching at Stetson.

I must admit that my memory of experiences in the classroom during 1952-53 is vague. I suppose the reason is that I was so preoccupied with being interim minister at the First Baptist Church in DeLand.

I do remember enjoying teaching our new general education course that we had developed, Christianity and Western Thought. It was a very challenging course for our students, and the syllabus that we had prepared served very well for many years after a revision that we made and published in 1954.

I remember, also, that I had some wonderful students at that time, including George Shriver who taught at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary and teaches now at Georgia Southern University; William (Bill) Self who was the pastor for many years at the Wieuca Road Baptist Church and now at the John's Creek Baptist Church, both in the Atlanta area; John Howell who was an outstanding minister at the First Baptist Church in DeLand, the First Baptist Church in Washington, D. C., and the Crescent Hill Baptist Church in Louisville, Kentucky; Jack Morgan who tragically died with leukemia during his seminary career; Charles Granger who has been Baptist Campus Minister at Stetson for many years; and many others.

Even though I had been assured that my service to the First Baptist Church would be limited to preaching twice on Sunday morning, once on Sunday evening, and speaking at the prayer service on Wednesday evening, that simply could not work. Since I lived in the same town, whenever events transpired which needed the presence of a pastor, I had to respond. Thus, I conducted many funerals, several weddings, and attended many meetings. It was not at all easy to develop new sermons for Sunday and words for Wednesday prayer service while trying to teach in the religion department at

Stetson. I felt the pressure of the pulpit very strongly, since each Sunday I was speaking to townspeople, professors and other Stetson employees, and a multitude of students. It is no wonder that 1952-53 proved to be one of the busiest years of my life.

It also became apparent that the church was not going to secure a pastor in any reasonable time span. Though there was a pulpit committee, which traveled about the Southeast rather diligently, the church appeared to be in no great hurry to find a successor to pastor Snowden. As a matter of fact, it was nearly a year after I had left--a year during which O. Lafayette Walker supplied the pulpit--when the church finally secured a minister.

It is not surprising, then, that I responded favorably when my former major professor and now president of the fledgling Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary, asked me if I would come to be on the faculty of that seminary concentrating my teaching in my major field of church history.

Perhaps, if we had already built our new house, and if I had not been overwhelmed with the prospect of having to continue as interim minister of the First Baptist Church, our decision might have been different. That possibility I cannot rule out, but I cannot be assured that I would not have gone to Southeastern even under these circumstances. I did find myself wanting to try my hand with graduate students exclusively and in my major field of study. In addition, I had great respect and affection for Dr. Stealey, and he apparently very much needed me.

It was with great difficulty, particularly for Margaret (she who had "400 intimate friends" according to one of them), that we pulled up stakes at Stetson toward the end of the summer of 1953 and moved our belongings to the small town of Wake Forest, North Carolina, where we had purchased a new home and where Southeastern Seminary was ready to enter its third year of existence.

I must recount a couple of instances concluding this chapter on teaching at Stetson.

When we were ready to leave, Hugh McEniry, who by this time was Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, prophesied, "Pope, we hate to see you go, but you will come back." For twenty-five years, I thought his prediction was in error, but Hugh was right and I was wrong!

The other, more trivial event occurred on the day the moving van was parked in front of Elizabeth Hall and the movers were bringing boxes of books from my third floor office to pack them in the truck. I was standing in the hot, late August sun near the truck when Mr. Fussell, the janitor for Elizabeth Hall about whom I wrote in an earlier chapter, came down the walk to speak to me.

Mr. Fussell was a character! He said to me, "Well, you're leavin'?"

I replied, "Yes, we are going to Wake Forest, North Carolina." Mr. Fussell, "How long have you been here?"

"About seven years, Mr. Fussell."

"Well, that is long enough!"



CHAPTER XI

SOUTHEASTERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, THE GOOD YEARS, 1953-1960

When we arrived in Wake Forest, North Carolina, in the middle of August in 1953, we came into an entirely different setting from the one we had left in DeLand. Though DeLand was not a large city, only a small town, Wake Forest was a village. Two things, especially, kept it from being an ordinary village. First, it had Wake Forest College, which would not move to Winston-Salem for three more years, and the Seminary, occupying a part of the college campus and beginning in 1953 its third year of existence; and second, it was only a short drive of 16 miles to the state capital, Raleigh. Nevertheless, it had a village mentality, and those who had lived there all their lives did not always accept newcomers with warm cordiality. To make matters worse for the new seminary faculty people was the fact that the resentment that the town had over the move of the College to Winston-Salem, shortly to take place (1956), was somehow transferred to the Seminary and its people. This, in spite of the fact that the coming of the Seminary was to be the salvation of the village.

The church, too, represented a much more formal worship structure than had been true of the church in DeLand. Its coolness seemed to match the weather outside which tended, during the fall and winter, to be rainy or overcast and cold, at least for people who had become acclimatized to the sunshine and warmth of Florida.

The truly bright spot in all of this was the seminary faculty and the excitement which we all felt as we were challenged by the opportunity to build something great and something new on this old campus.

When we arrived, the Seminary was getting ready to begin its third year. It had opened its doors in the fall of 1951 as a seminary supported by the Southern Baptist Convention to serve an area which possessed a higher percentage of Baptists in the population than any other in the world. Its newly formed Board of Trustees had elected Dr. Sydnor L. Stealey, then Professor of Church History at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, as its president. He had brought with him from that seminary two of the more prominent faculty; namely, Olin T. Binkley, Professor of Christian Ethics; and Edward A. McDowell, Professor of Greek and New Testament. Leo T. Green, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament, had also taught at Southern but came now from the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Gainesville, Florida. From Southwestern Seminary Stealey had recruited two of its most outstanding faculty members, Stewart A. Newman, Professor of Philosophy, and Robert T. Daniels, Professor of Old Testament. He had added to these William (Bill) Strickland, with a recent Th.D. from Southern Seminary, to teach New Testament and Greek, and Marc Lovelace, who was on the faculty of Wake Forest College, to teach Biblical Introduction and Archeology. Stealey, himself, in the first years taught Church History. He brought M. Ray McKay out of the pastorate to teach preaching and worship. J. Burder Higgs, who had been with the University of Shanghai for many years, was brought in to teach missions, and Joseph Robinson was used as a kind of utility person, teaching a bit, looking after the library, and doing whatever financial accounting needed to be done at that time.

This was a very strong faculty and one that was sincerely dedicated to creating a great seminary. There was a camaraderie and common purpose among them which made working with them in these early years unbelievably rewarding.

The college had vacated its music building to give the seminary a place to start. This served reasonably adequately the first two years. When I was brought on board, other faculty members were also added, including Garland Hendricks in fieldwork, Ben Fisher in public relations and as administrative assistant, and Dick Young to direct the pastoral counseling area. (His headquarters was at the Baptist Hospital in Winston-Salem.) With the Seminary having a need for new space, the college took a part of Tom Turner's laboratory in the old physics building and made offices which Marc Lovelace and I occupied. Many years later when Tom became Provost at Stetson, I found that he still bore some resentment that his lab had been taken to make offices for us! Nevertheless, on the whole, we had excellent relations with Wake Forest College and with the Wake faculty. In fact, we made friends among faculty members and wives who remained good friends through the years.

The college was in some degree of turmoil throughout the years prior to its move to Winston-Salem.

First of all, and perhaps most damaging to morale, was the fact that many faculty members had not ever been in agreement with the idea of the college's moving; and, especially, they did not relish the idea of their having to pull up stakes from the secure spots that they had in the village of Wake and move to the City of Winston-Salem. Additionally, the college had not yet matured its plans as to how the faculty would be moved and how their property would be handled. As it finally turned out, the faculty were treated wonderfully well. In fact, the members were given opportunity to sell their own property if they wished or, if they did not wish to do so or could not, the college would pay them the appraised value of the property. Furthermore, the college would provide a building lot at a very reasonable price on beautiful land adjacent to the new university site in Winston-Salem. Further, all of their moving expenses would be taken care of, including packing. Margaret and I well remember neighbors of ours who did not pack a single item, unless it was a suitcase for overnight. They got in their car and left after breakfast with the dirty breakfast dishes still on the table.

President Harold Tribble, who, incidentally, had been my minor professor at Southern Seminary during my doctoral work, had been brought in after the decision to move to Winston-Salem had been made, but the dirty work fell to him, and the resentment of faculty and students to the move was laid upon him. He proved to be a very tough-skinned individual who managed to survive under the most adverse conditions of attack by both faculty and students and many trustees. In fact, we were told on good authority that the trustees came within one vote of firing him on one occasion.

One evening when I was in my office in the old physics building, I heard shouting and looked out the window to see a mob of students running rampant across the quadrangle toward the president's home. There they shouted and burned the president in effigy.

Ultimately, Dr. Tribble managed the move successfully and built the little college into a great university and today his memory is greatly honored.

One of the very great pluses in the early days for the seminary was that Tribble knew the needs of a seminary, having served for many years on the faculty at Southern and having come immediately to Wake Forest from the presidency of Andover-Newton Theological Institute. Also, he and Stealey were long-time acquaintances and friends.

There were many issues that had to be thrashed out in the faculty with respect to the direction the seminary would go. Many curriculum issues had to be discussed. And

almost immediately plans had to be developed for the renovation that would necessarily need to take place when the college made its move.

With reference to this latter, I always had a great interest in such matters and some intuitive feeling for the way space could be divided. Fortunately, President Stealey let me participate rather actively in the development of these plans for the physical plant. I had considerable input with regard to the renovation of the library, the major classroom building, and the student center.

Some others and I argued for developing an office building so that no one faculty member would feel that a particular classroom area was his alone and also to enable an interaction among faculty which would be intellectually stimulating. Having won that battle, Marc Lovelace and I undertook to develop a plan for what had been the college's administration and classroom building in the center of the campus, Wait Hall, later Stealey Hall. He and I measured and experimented with floor plans. Our final proposal became basically that which was adopted. One thing we had determined was that there should be offices of generous size so that faculty would have room for their books as well as room for their graduate seminars if they so desired.

My involvement with preparation for the Seminary's occupying the entire campus concluded with my spending the summer of 1956 in directing a crew cleaning the buildings and making smaller repairs in preparation for moving in the furniture for the Seminary's use in the fall. The college had taken much of the furniture with it in its move, though a great deal was left for the junk heap. Once the new furniture starting arriving, it was my crew's responsibility to get it to the right rooms and set up properly.

This kind of experience was a new one for me and quite instructive. I found that people making minimum wages are not always anxious to work as hard as I had been accustomed to working! I am not sure at all that my group was pleased with my efforts to keep them busy. They probably thought of me as a very hard taskmaster. At any rate, we had much work to do and a short time to do it in. I am happy to report that we had all things in readiness by the time school was to start.

I thoroughly enjoyed my teaching at the Seminary. First of all, I had the opportunity to teach exclusively within my field of expertise; namely, church history. Second, almost all of my students were college graduates and, thus, rather mature. Third, I had the opportunity to develop my courses along lines that were particularly congenial to my own approach.

I had some extremely able students whose brilliance and preparation always challenged me. At the same time, I was amazed at the poor preparation which some of these students exhibited. Even though they were college graduates, many of them had to be almost artificially motivated, and I did that by giving pop quizzes fairly regularly and calling upon them for comments and answers to questions during class.

One of my aims was to have students doing at least one research paper in every course. I had already learned that to get good papers one had to start asking for elements of the paper early in the semester. Early on, the students would have to submit for my approval topics, proposed outlines of the treatments of the topics, and preliminary bibliographies. These I commented upon and returned. I also checked references (at least three) in the final papers. I inveighed long and hard against plagiarism and tried to make the students aware of its seriousness. In spite of this, I would occasionally find some rather blatant instances of it.

I shall never forget checking the references of one apparently very good paper from a senior woman student just prior to the day she was scheduled to graduate. Much

to my dismay, almost the entire paper was quoted verbatim without showing that fact and without proper documentation. I had no choice but to fail her on the course, which prevented her from graduating at that time. I felt very strongly that no student who would so blatantly steal material should be given a degree from, of all places, a seminary. This was an especially difficult situation for me, for in every other respect the student seemed to be both able and possessing of excellent qualities.

The Seminary had a certificate program for students who had never graduated from college; indeed, many of them had never attended college at all. Most of them were older men who were serving churches--usually small rural churches. I quite frequently taught a very elementary type course in church history for them.

Most of the students in this program were very conscientious and very excited about the opportunity to attend seminary at all. As a consequence, I enjoyed teaching them very much because of their enthusiasm and their desire to learn. I found quite early that I could not expect very much from them in the way of scholarship. Since they were not receiving any seminary degree, only a certificate, I tried to be very relaxed in my grading of them. A few could have been excellent students had they had the opportunity to attend college. The majority of them were not in that classification.

As with any student, I would try to give time to those who were not doing well if they were at all interested in improving their study techniques or understanding what we were doing at the time. Very few of them proved to be lazy or uninterested. One great exception to this rule stands out in my mind. This particular man was probably in his thirties, but he had not learned the lessons of diligence or responsibility. In fact, he missed many classes without any real excuse. Though I almost never failed anyone in this certificate course, I did find it necessary to fail him, since he had essentially nothing right on his examination and since he had missed so much of the work. He was very angry with me for having failed him. He apparently thought that the world owed him something even if he did not make an effort to deserve it.

In spite of his attitude, I knew that he needed the course in order ever to achieve a certificate. So, I agreed to meet him once a week during my lunch period and tutor him throughout the semester. I told him that if he then passed the final examination, I would give him credit for the course. I was always present in my office waiting for him at lunchtime, but he seldom showed. At the end of the semester, he wanted to take the exam. I relented and let him take the exam, but it was as poorly done as the first one he had taken, so I had to give him a failing grade.

Prior to his having received his grade in the mail, I saw him in the rotunda of the Stealey building as I was leaving one day, and he asked me what grade he had received on the course. When I told him that he had failed it again, he apparently fainted and fell straight back on the terrazzo floor! Fortunately, he was not seriously injured. Not only were there some people standing around in the rotunda, but I was with a fellow professor, so the story of my treatment of this poor student soon became well known across the Seminary campus, and I was razzed a good deal about how tough I was as a professor. On one visit to DeLand, I remember for some reason telling Andy Powell this story, and he never forgot it, and frequently told it the rest of his life.

Through most of the early years that I taught at the Seminary, the course in general church history was a rather traditional one. I used the well-known, standard text, Williston Walker, *A History of the Christian Church*.

I began to compare in my mind the integration of material that we had achieved in the Stetson general education course, Christianity and Western Thought. So I

proposed to my colleagues in historical theology and history of Christian missions that we somehow pool our resources and develop a major introductory course in the history of Christianity, and that is what we did.

We developed a syllabus but used Latourette, *A History of Christianity*, as the base. By combining the credit that we had available in the general course in Church History and that in History of Missions, we had two full semesters available for the course. The professor of historical theology, John Steely, would teach the section in the course dealing with the history of ideas (theology or doctrine), and the professor of Christian missions, Luther Copeland, taught the sections dealing with the expansion of the Christian church. I taught all the rest which basically consisted of the history of the institutional church, including worship, art, and architecture, and the political and social involvements of the church.

This proved to be a very stimulating exercise for those of us who were teaching. I am not sure that it accomplished for the student what we had intended, but it was a noble experiment!

I taught advanced courses on the ancient church, the medieval church, the Reformation, and the modern church. I also taught courses on Baptist history and the history of American Christianity. Toward the latter part of my experience at the Seminary, I taught a course on modern Roman Catholicism that I enjoyed very much. It required a great deal of study and effort on my part, but I found it to be something that was very worthwhile. After my sabbatical in Switzerland, I also taught a course on the Swiss Reformation with particular attention to the Anabaptists.

At the graduate level, I conducted several seminars over the years. One, which I enjoyed very much, was on the history of dissent. Though there was a major stream of Christian thought through the centuries, there were always the dissenting minds and groups. They hold a particular fascination for me, and I found that my graduate students did some excellent work in the preparation of papers in this course. George Shriver, in particular, continued to have an interest in this area, and his doctoral thesis at Duke had to do with the Cathari.

I had some excellent students at the graduate level, several of whom majored with me in their master of theology programs. Notable among these, in addition to Shriver, were Bernard Cochran, who received his Ph.D. from Duke and has taught at Meredith College for many years, and Tom Austin, who has been a very successful pastor and splendid preacher. James Jordan, who earned his doctorate in church history at Duke, was also a protégée. He served as president of North Greenville Junior College in South Carolina and Shorter College in Georgia.

I had many good friends among the faculty, but three stand out in special ways.

John Ed Steely, Professor of Historical Theology, was a friend, not only because he was one of the finest persons who ever lived, but also because his field and mine were so closely related. When John Ed came to the Seminary, I immediately found him to be one whose thoughtfulness and integrity made him a person whom I wanted as friend. He was a tall and somewhat ungainly individual, not at all handsome, but possessing one of the sharpest minds I have ever known. He was also an extremely hard worker, always ready to go the second and third mile.

When John Ed was trying to decide whether to buy a big old house on North Main, he asked me to go with him to look it over. It was a wonderful place, well-built and very large. It had a lot that ran all the way back to the next street. I told him that if he liked a house of this type, he could not go wrong. He did buy it, and he and Donna,

his wife, did a great amount of work on it themselves to make it into a very livable and wonderful place.

John Ed was from Arkansas and possessed the kind of dry humor, down-home stories, and graciousness which I have found present in so many of my acquaintances who are Arkansas natives.

When I found my sabbatical delayed because of my mother's stroke, I saw no way that I could in the near future take a sabbatical since she was confined to a nursing home and had no other kin in the area. Good, unselfish, John Ed urged me to go saying that he would look after my mother and take care of any other interests that I might have that would be difficult for me to handle from abroad. In spite of my hesitancy to permit him to undertake such a major responsibility, he insisted. We did go, and he visited with my mother as regularly as I had done and looked after her as if he were her son.

Of course, there was no way I could ever repay John Ed, but I did have the opportunity of taking care of his business concerns while he was away on sabbatical in the Netherlands.

When I went to South Georgia College as President, I tried to persuade John Ed to come with me as a kind of administrative vice-president. Though he considered the opportunity seriously, he felt that his ministry was there at Southeastern.

John Ed worked very hard during the last several years of his life. In addition to his usual load of teaching and study, he would get up at 5 a.m. or earlier each morning and put in two or more hours of work on translating. He translated from several languages, and several books were published in this country which he had thus completed in the early morning. Whether this contributed to his early death, no one will ever know. But in any case, I do not expect ever to know a better person than John Ed Steely.

I have already mentioned the friendship of Marc Lovelace. I had known Marc casually at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary when we were there as students, but I did not get to know him well until our paths crossed at Southeastern, and we occupied adjoining offices in the old physics building. I soon came to value his friendship and to admire his ability, especially his remarkable originality.

Marc was a great teacher. Incidentally, that was recognized by his colleagues after he had come to teach at Stetson University (prior to my arrival) when he was made the first recipient of the McEniry Award for Excellence in Teaching.

I have never known anyone with a quicker or sharper wit and whose repartee could move from irony, to ridicule, to humor more readily or easily than his.

Of course, I came to know him best in connection with our touring together in the Near East and Europe. I speak of this in the latter part of this chapter.

One of the delightful aspects of my coming back to Stetson as President was to have the opportunity to renew friendship with Marc who by that time was a member of the faculty of the University.

A third very close friend that I made at Southeastern was Denton R. Coker. Denton was professor of religious education and evangelism. He and Octavia lived just around the corner from us. They were childless, and one day very shortly after Kathy was born, I was going into the little Wake Forest post office and Denton was coming out.

He said to me, "Congratulate me! I am a father too." It took me a bit of time to take this in, for I knew that there were no signs that Octavia had been pregnant, and I certainly did not think that Denton had a girlfriend somewhere else! He quickly explained that Octavia and he had applied some time before for a child to adopt, and quite unexpectedly as to timing, they were now the possessors of a baby, Anne. Once notified they had to

quickly visit the shops and buy a baby bed and all of the equipment which goes with having an infant.

Since Anne and Kathy's birthdays were only a few days apart, they grew up in Wake Forest as closest of friends. And, though Denton and Octavia had been close friends already, this new arrival brought us even closer as families.

Denton has always been a very delightful person with his George Gobel type wit-droll humor, indeed!

Though, my later story will recount further involvement with Denton, let me record here that he succeeded me as Dean at Brunswick College and as President at South Georgia College, and he came, for three years before his retirement, as Provost at Stetson while I was president. He has been a friend like a brother.

There were other dear friends, for example, R. C. Briggs, Gordon Funk, Bill Strickland, Stewart Newman, Jim Tull, and, of course, Ben Fisher and S. L. Stealey about whom I have written in other places.

It was during these years in Wake Forest that our children were growing up and starting to school. One of the most delightful memories I have is of our walking together each morning to the Seminary campus, first Mary Margaret, then Laurie, and finally Kathy. From there, the children would walk on to their schools not too far away. Often, the big friendly shepherd dog who lived behind us would accompany us to school. These were some of the happiest days of our lives.

One of the things which has been most pleasing to us is the fact that our daughters have been very congenial and have seldom been involved in jealousy among them or fighting among themselves.

Kathy was born during this time (1957) and was a great joy to us all. I remember so very well the night that Kathy was born. Margaret waked me up in the middle of the night, and it was soon evident that the pains were coming at very regular intervals. I called the doctor in Raleigh, and he told us to get on our way immediately. In the meantime, we called the Funks (Gordon was Seminary Business Manager), and Melba came over to stay with the two girls.

I am not one for speeding, but that night I broke all the limits, especially as it became more and more evident that the time of birth was getting close. I remember pulling up at the hospital in Raleigh and getting Margaret into the emergency entrance. By the time I had parked my car and had checked her in and had reached her floor, I found that she had already been taken into the delivery room. By the time I had been settled in the waiting room, the doctor came to give me the news that we had another baby girl. He seemed very hesitant to tell me that the child was a girl; and, then, he asked, "Aren't you disappointed?" I immediately replied, "Of course not. After losing our first child, I am simply elated at any normal birth with a healthy child, regardless of sex. In fact, I do not know what we would do with a boy. We know how to raise girls."

With Kathy's coming, it became more imperative that we complete the job of finishing our upstairs rooms. I had already framed two rooms and a bath there and was working on finishing the hallway and a bedroom. Though I had never done this kind of thing before, I did know how to handle tools. So, by getting books on electrical wiring and carpentry, I managed to wire the entire upstairs, put up the framing, put down hardwood floors in the bedroom and hall, put in drywalls, frames and doors, and finished the walls and floors--all by myself. I did most of this work on Saturdays and some of it in the evenings.

This gave us a room where Mary Margaret and Laurie could sleep, and Margaret made the hall into a sewing room. I did not get around to finishing the rest of the upstairs before we left.

In spite of the fact that I was preaching almost every Sunday and received honoraria, and in spite of the fact that we lived in a very modest home, we found it difficult, without being very abstemious, to make ends meet on the Seminary salary. This was not all bad. We certainly could not spoil our children with things, and they came to be very appreciative of small favors. We have always been grateful that our children have been willing to work hard, to be careful in their expenditures, and to always express gratitude for the things that they do possess, all qualities that are frequently lacking in today's generation.

I remember so well the first fast food hamburger place that came to Raleigh. It was called Chips, and the hamburgers cost the big sum of fifteen cents. We celebrated significant events in our lives by splurging on fifteen-cent hamburgers and cokes at Chips. To eat out was almost unheard of. Margaret was an excellent cook. Soon, Mary Margaret and then Laurie were helping her in the kitchen. We had good, wholesome meals, and all of us thrived.

Three family traditions, in this respect, were religiously observed. Saturday noon we ate Margaret's wonderful vegetable soup to which she had added some hamburger meat. All of the juices and leftover vegetables from the previous days showed up in that delightful meal. Saturday night, I cooked hot dogs and hamburgers over the charcoal grill, and we watched the Jackie Gleason show, the Show of Shows, and Perry Mason. Sunday noon was the day we had Margaret's great roast beef. Unfortunately, most of the Sundays, I had to be away from the family.

Whether I was away or at home, Margaret and the children went to Sunday school and church religiously. Margaret taught a Sunday school class most of the time, and the children participated in other activities of the church designed for them.

In 1955 and again in 1958, I participated in leading study tours to the Near East and Europe, and the following chapter recounts these in some detail. I must here tell of one experience that I had upon returning in 1958. It was the result of something that happened during my extended trip.

Southern Baptist Theological Seminary had during the previous academic year experienced a very turbulent period with thirteen members of the faculty challenging the authority of the president, Duke McCall. As a result of this controversy, these thirteen were fired. Among those who were dismissed was Dr. Theron Price, Professor of Church History. During my time out of the country, I received a letter from Southern Seminary, which had been forward to me. This letter inquired of me as to whether I would accept the position of Professor of Church History there. The offer was a very attractive one, but I was not tempted at all. First of all, I was sympathetic to those who had been fired. (Though in later years as I have reflected on that situation, I am convinced that they were wrong.) Second, I knew Margaret shared my dislike for living in a large city like Louisville and, particularly, disliked the weather that Louisville has. Third, I was extremely happy at this time at Southeastern.

The word had gotten out among my faculty colleagues at Southeastern about my having been invited to go to the faculty at Southern. So, when I returned, I found boxes full of my books stacked in the hall outside my office with a Southern Seminary address on them. Furthermore, when I arrived at our house, there was a big real estate sign in the yard with "For Sale" on it. I found our next door neighbor was in a state of distress,

because she thought when we moved out a Black family would move in. She was not the most liberal minded person that I have ever known! I have never known whether some of my faculty colleagues had implied to her that this might be the case. I would not have put it beyond them--they were great kidders!

In 1959 I had another job offer. This one I took much more seriously. The Historical Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention was headquartered in Nashville, Tennessee. Dr. Norman Cox, whom I had known for a number of years, was Executive Secretary of the Historical Commission but retired in 1959. His commission was chaired by Jacob (Jake) P. Edmunds, Stetson's Chancellor Ollie Edmund's brother.

I was invited to come to Nashville to consider assuming the position left vacant by Dr. Cox. I was met by Jake and given the royal treatment. After we discussed the opportunities involved in the job, including salary--which was certainly better than what I was then making at Seminary--I was rather thinking that this might be what I should do. Jake then took me on a tour of Nashville. All this happened in the winter. All the leaves were off the trees (there were not many pines or other evergreens in Nashville), the day was overcast and dreary, and the city was big and impersonal. By the time I left, in spite of the very excellent sales talk that Jake and others gave me, I was much less inclined toward the position than I had been earlier in the day.

Once I was back to Wake Forest I was even less inclined as I looked at all of the green pines that dotted the hillsides and as I contemplated the life of a full professor with tenure (in many ways, the best job a human being can have).

Margaret and I discussed the situation very seriously, but I could find no real enthusiasm on her part, though she was willing to undertake the transition if that is what I wanted to do. I soon came to the conclusion that I should stay at Southeastern and so notified Jake. He was distressed, and again tried to persuade me, but I was definitely set in my course at that point. He and the Commission turned to Davis Wooley of Alabama, a friend and the brother of Ed Johnston's wife. Davis did an excellent job as Executive Secretary of the Commission.

The years, 1958-59 and 1959-60, were among my happiest and most productive years at the Seminary. Not only did I enjoy my teaching and, especially, my graduate students, but I also wrote for Sunday School Board literature and for other publications. The most significant thing I did was to write a book entitled *Our Baptist Story* for Convention Press in its study series. This was a brief history of Baptists in the South with the greatest attention being given to the development of the Southern Baptist Convention. This book was widely used among the churches in the Southern Baptist Convention for study, and in a revised form (1972) has been in almost constant print ever since. I was paid a one-time fee of, as I remember, \$500. There were no royalties, even though I would guess that it has probably sold as many as 50,000 copies over the years.

I had also become active in the American Society of Church History and had been placed on the Brewer Prize Committee in 1957. Together with Dr. Stealey, we had invited the Society to meet on our campus in the spring of 1959. As a consequence, I was on the Society's Committee on Program and Local Arrangements for that meeting. It was well attended and proved to be a very successful meeting of the Society. In these years I also served as President of the Wake Forest Civic Club and of the Wake County (North Carolina) Phi Beta Kappa Association.

I was a busy person, but I was enjoying it all.

Another aspect of the ethos of the place had to do with the fact that the history of the village and the college went back to the early nineteenth century, and many of the

families had roots which went well back into that century. All this was quite a contrast with the place we had just left, DeLand, which had a late nineteenth century founding and constantly was being renewed by people moving in from various parts of the country. Few people were truly native to that area.

CHAPTER XII

TOURING THE NEAR EAST AND EUROPE

Once we had our itinerary developed, we added other specifications and sent proposals out to numerous travel companies for their bids. We received, as I remember, some thirty bids ranging from a high by American Express to a low by a young Korean War veteran, Tom Maupin, who was just beginning a brilliant career as the head of his travel company. We accepted Tom's bid, developed a brochure, and began to publicize our plans.

One thing we never told Tom. He had sent in a very low bid that we liked, and we had talked to him about it. Then at the last minute another came in lower. We called Tom and indicated that we would rather deal with him, but he would have to meet this lower bid. He said he would, and we agreed to use him. The very next day, we received a wire from the company with the lower bid saying that a mistake was made and their bid had not included certain items we required. As a consequence, I am quite sure that never since has there been such a bargain in travel. From New York to New York, those sixty-two days, including transportation, lodging, three meals a day, and instruction, cost only \$1,785.00.

A number of our seminary students went with us, but the largest number of our tour members were pastors and their wives. A few lay people went, including a 70-year-old couple and a teenager who was a local doctor's son.

One day before we left, I was coming out of our village post office when this young man's father, Dr. Mackey, was going in. He stopped me and said, "I need to know how much cash I should give to my son to take on the trip? I don't want to give him too much. Would \$1,000.00 be enough?" I quickly told him it would, knowing that I was going to take only \$300.00, and probably no one else was going to take as much as \$1,000.00, in those days an enormous sum. I was glad to know if we had a money problem, one of our tour members had some cash.

It turned out just as well, because the doctor's son became ill in Tel Aviv and had to stay a day or so after we left, as well as to pay an exorbitant amount to the local Israeli physician. The youngster complained mightily about that doctor's charges, and Marc and I could but think of the irony of a doctor's son being the one to complain.

Marc and I went by train to New York where we met our tour members for one night in New York. We had dinner together and then provided them with an orientation session. Tom Maupin also came from Lawrence, Kansas, where his company was located, to help with the orientation. This was the largest group that he had to this time, almost sixty. He saw us off the next day on our TWA Constellation flight. We almost filled up the plane with our tour members. One must remember that the old Constellations, propeller driven, held somewhat less than 100 people.

This was the first time that many of us had ever flown overseas, and it was quite an exciting time. As was normal in those days, we landed in Gander, Newfoundland, for refueling. The Gander Airport was isolated in rather wild country. The airport building was primitive by modern standards. Our next stop was the Airport at Shannon, Ireland, for another refueling. For many of our tour members, this was their first sight of Europe, and excitement reigned. From Shannon we flew on into Paris. After changing planes, we flew to Rome. There we had a half-day touring the city, then flew to Cairo arriving at about 1:00 a.m.!

Our bus from the Cairo Airport to the hotel, the Victoria, disgorged us into waiting hoards of beggars, including small children, who thought these Americans fair game. We had been warned that this would happen, but we were hardly prepared for the cries of "baksheesh" which arose all about us. Even when we managed to get into the lobby of the hotel, the beggars were leaning in the windows (one must remember there was no air conditioning at this time, and June is a very hot month in Egypt).

In spite of the problems with beggars at every stop, the tour of Cairo and its vicinity was stimulating indeed. The Cairo Museum with its marvelous material, including the loot from the Tomb of King Tut was well-nigh overwhelming. One of the vivid memories that I have is of the fact that virtually everything in the Museum was covered with a layer of dust common to Egypt, set as it is in the midst of desert. Of course, we had to do the usual tour of the pyramids and take a ride on a camel.

After Cairo there was a train ride up the Nile the several hundred miles to Luxor. And what a train ride this was in spite of the heat and the dust (one had to have the windows open--for there was no air conditioning). We saw ancient methods of irrigation and farming being carried on in the lush valley that ended abruptly in the sand of the desert.

It was still early in June; there were almost no tourists in Luxor; and we had a grand old hotel almost to ourselves. But, my, it was hot! The temperatures during the day rose to over 110 degrees, and the sun bore down in all of its strength from a perfectly clear sky.

Marc and I shared one of the large old bedrooms of the hotel; and, in spite of the open windows, the heat was almost unbearable, especially, since we had to sleep under mosquito netting. We shared a double bed, and neither of us was getting any sleep. Then it occurred to me that as a physics major I should know that evaporation was a process of cooling. So, I arose, got a glass of water and sprinkled our mosquito netting and hopped back into bed. The water evaporated rapidly in the extremely dry air. Almost immediately we had an air-conditioned space, and we fell into a good sleep. Not long after, we were awakened again by the heat, and I told Marc that it was his time to get up and sprinkle the mosquito netting. This went on several times during the night, but we managed in this way to get a better night's sleep than any of our other tour members.

All the problems were worth it when we were able to tour the great Temple of Luxor and the Valley of the Kings. There is truly nothing equivalent anywhere. The magnificent underground tombs were breathtaking to us.

The train ride back to Cairo was mostly at night, and we were on a sleeping car. But again, it was so hot that sleeping was difficult. Marc and I resorted to sprinkling our sheets that helped to some degree.

We were to arrive in Cairo the next morning at about 8 a.m. When eight o'clock came, we were still a long way from Cairo. I walked down to the end of the car where a guard was always sitting, and I asked him, "Is this train frequently late?" "Always!" was his brief and pointed reply.

From Cairo we flew to Beirut. Lebanon at this time, in 1955, was the Switzerland of the Near East. Its beautiful mountains, its lovely seacoast, and its fine cities gave it a unique place in that region. As a matter of fact, it seemed to be a perfect example of how Muslims and Christians could co-exist in every way, including in government. It was the place where those with wealth came in the summer to vacation. The cool of the mountains made it very attractive. This would be one of the last years that such idyllic

circumstances would exist. Three years later when I returned to the Near East, Lebanon was already a place of conflict.

Beirut was a striking city, and our hotel was a very nice one overlooking the Mediterranean. A good little combo played American music in the lounge. One of our tour members, the son of Wake Forest physician, Dr. Mackey, joined them for awhile on the bass violin.

Touring the attractive city, we saw the American University, a lovely oasis of calm and of learning. I have thought of Beirut and the American University so many times since and virtually have wept over the destruction and hatred that overtook them.

We were scheduled to cross the mountain pass into Baalbeck to see the marvelous colonnaded ruins there. Our caravan of automobiles started up the mountain and climbed past some beautiful cedars of Lebanon, finally arriving at the pass only to find some twenty or thirty feet of deep snow blocking our way. We thought of the contrast when less a week before we had been in temperatures over 110 degrees in Luxor, and now in the snow! Unfortunately, the snow was too deep for us to go through. (We had been told in Beirut that we could get through.)

We now had to make our way back down the mountain and around through another lower pass but one that did not allow us to get into Baalbeck. I have always been disappointed that I was not able to see that magnificent site.

After this delay we finally reached Damascus and our brand-new hotel, the New Semiramus. Apparently the hotel had been open only a few days, and this was not the season for tourists in Syria, so we had it almost to ourselves. We were welcomed with open arms, for we represented about the only money that the hotel was going to take in for these days.

It happened that the hotel had employed the same little combo that we had heard in the Beirut hotel. They knew that nearly sixty Americans were coming, and they surely would want not only to imbibe generously but also to dance. Unfortunately, for the hotel, neither of these things were true of our group! Marc and I felt sorry for the little band playing away in a vacant ballroom and lounge, so we went in and sat awhile, listening to them, and applauding them, and asking them to play our favorite popular songs.

Another event, somewhat related, occurred while we were at this beautiful, new hotel. The chef had fixed us a wonderful meal that we ate together in one of their dining rooms. It truly was one of the better meals that we had on our tour. Shortly before I had finished eating, the chef came over and beckoned me into the kitchen. There he told me that they had learned that it was Dr. Lovelace's birthday and that they had prepared a surprise. The chef had baked a beautiful cake and they had champagne on ice for us. I was in a dilemma. I did not want to make these very thoughtful people upset or to think that we were not grateful, but I knew that our group with almost no exceptions would not drink their champagne, so I did the best I could. I said, "You are so very gracious and thoughtful, and we do appreciate it. We shall certainly eat your cake with great pleasure, but you must understand something about our particular group. You know, of course, that Muslims, as I suppose you are, are forbidden to drink alcoholic beverages. Well, there are Christian groups that also do not drink alcoholic beverages and this group happens to be one of those. So, rather than embarrassing them and you, I propose that we serve them coffee or some such beverage, and Dr. Lovelace and I will join you for a toast afterward." This seemed to satisfy them perfectly well, and so we had our birthday dessert in honor of Marc.

After touring the museum, major mosques, and other interesting features of Damascus, we proceeded with our caravan of cars into Jordan, noting various major ancient sites as we went, especially the magnificent ruins of ancient Jerash.

We came into Amman in the early evening. We were tired and dusty from our long, but eventful, journey from Damascus. We were to be in the Hotel Philadelphia, the only major and reputable hotel in Amman at that time. As the nearly sixty of us walked into the hotel lobby, I sensed immediately that something was wrong. The hotel manager was wringing his hands as he came to Marc and me as we tried to check our group in and said to us, "Oh, I greatly regret the situation which has arisen. The King [Hussein] has just called the Parliament into session and has commandeered almost all of the rooms of the hotel for the members. We have only two rooms left. We have made reservations for your group at other hotels in Amman."

The upshot of it was that we allowed two of the older couples to stay in the Philadelphia Hotel, and the rest of us spread across the city in little flea-bitten places.

Marc and I were in the Palace Hotel. After observing what the "palace" hotels look like in the Near East (and frequently even in Europe), I decided that one should never make a reservation in anything called a palace hotel! This one, undoubtedly, was the worst place I have ever stayed in. First of all, there was no way to lock the door; as a matter of fact, it wouldn't even stay well closed. Second, the room and bedding was dirty. Third, a tiny little stream of water came out of the basin, certainly no hot water was available. As I remember, there were no clean towels or soap. The shower was non-existent, and the toilet on the hall consisted of the "bear claws," typical of the Near East.

Marc and I decided that we would sleep with our clothes on to avoid the dirty linens on the bed. This worked out reasonably well since we had to arise about 3:00 a.m. anyway to get on the way to Petra the next day. I do not think that either one of us got much sleep, for we had little faith that we would not be robbed during the night.

Fortunately, all of our party made it safely through the night in spite of the poor accommodations. One thing that Marc and I did that evening which had interesting consequences was to visit the United States' representative to Jordan, about whom we had known previously, Dr. Paul Geren. Though at that time, the United States did not have an ambassador in Jordan, Geren was the highest ranking diplomat and lived in a home furnished by the United States Government on embassy row not far from the King's palace.

We had a very pleasant evening visiting with the Gerens, and during the evening they told us a very interesting story. King Hussein, at this time, was only 19 years old. His grandfather was assassinated in 1952 in Jerusalem. His grandfather's only son was mentally disturbed, and so Hussein assumed the monarchy when he was only sixteen. This teen-age king was living it up. He loved fast cars and airplanes. He would race down the road from the Palace in front of the Geren home at breakneck speeds, so the Gerens would not allow their children to play in their front yard out of the fear that he would careen off the road into them.

A footnote to our visit was that 13 years later Geren brought Lovelace to the Stetson faculty.

A sequel to the story about the King came the next day when our long caravan of Chrysler products was on the road to Petra (about the only vehicles on the road) and this small royal plane buzzed us several times. It was undoubtedly piloted by the young king.

It was a long and difficult journey to Petra from Amman in those days. This is the reason we had to get up so early and leave so early. The first part of the journey was

relatively easy over a fairly level and paved road through the desert. After traveling for some number of miles, we came to our first rest stop which was a fortress manned by Jordanian troops. In the process of leaving, we came through a tiny village. There a large number of young boys and girls ran alongside our cars and spat upon us as we crept along with our car windows open. (Again, I remind you that there was no such thing as air conditioning.) There was also some degree of rock throwing. I could not help but remember that from Biblical times the Near East has expressed disdain and displeasure toward others by spitting upon them and throwing stones.

Today, one can go along fine, paved roads out in the desert to Ma'an near Petra, but in those days one had to go through two great wadis which are canyons somewhat on the order of the Grand Canyon, not quite as deep or spectacular as that but very wide and deep. The winding road through the canyons was a single lane, narrow, dirt road with shoulders quite unprotected and drop-offs of hundreds of feet. The drive was spectacular but also very hazardous. I have often wondered what would have happened if we had met anyone coming in the other direction. Fortunately, at the time, we were absolutely alone in those great canyons. I had known that there was rugged territory in that part of the world, but I had not the slightest appreciation of how rugged it was until this experience.

After this torturous drive, we arrived in late afternoon at Ma'an and Alja the nearest little villages to the entrance to Petra. There we had to take horses for a ride of an hour or so into Petra itself. This ride was one of the most spectacular that I have ever been a party to. We went through the famous sike that serves as an entrance. At places it narrows to only a few feet and its perpendicular walls rise on each side, perhaps, 200 feet. As we turned the last corner and saw the exit, we had the magnificent view of the "Treasury" of the "Red Rock City half as old as time." The Treasury was an ancient temple that the Nabateans had carved out of the red rock of the canyon wall. The view was breath-taking and indescribable. This was only the first of many such scenes, including the "high places," which we were to feast upon in the next day and one-half.

Though there are permanent accommodations for tourists now in this region, there were none then, so a team had preceded us and had erected tents and had brought in stoves and food. Many of our group were assigned tents to sleep in; others of us were assigned tombs (now empty, thank goodness) carved out of the solid rock. Marc and I slept in one of these. It was probably 8' x 10', or some such dimension.

The Arab cook had laid out a good feast for us, but almost immediately I became terribly ill.

Marc and I had warned our people before we left on our tour to be very careful about what they ate, for example, never to eat uncooked food items of any kind, certainly not lettuce or salads of that kind. The only uncooked food would be those that could be peeled. We also warned them about drinking water unless it had been purified in their canteens with purification tablets that we had supplied them. We insisted that they not even brush their teeth with water out of the faucet while we were in the Near East. Generally speaking, our group did very well, but several of our people had become ill in Damascus. I never knew just what they had done to bring this about, and I never knew what I had done. I knew that I had never violated our stringent food and water rules.

An incident that had occurred when we were in the beautiful hotel in Damascus now became significant for me. One of our tour members was Marse Grant, editor of the North Carolina Baptist paper. Marse was a teetotaler and one of the leading opponents of alcoholic beverages. In fact, he had written an editorial that he sent back to his paper

about American air lines which offered alcoholic beverages for sale, including ours which brought us across the Atlantic.

Marse was one of those who had become ill in Damascus and when Marc and I were sitting in the lounge listening to the band, we noticed Marse and two or three others slipping into the bar and coming out with a bottle of something. We discovered that they had bought a bottle of cognac to help with their stomach distress. Paul's admonition to Timothy, "Take a little wine for your stomach's sake," had come into their minds! (I am not sure brandy was what Paul was talking about!)

At any rate, when I became so ill, lying in my tomb in Petra, I remembered Marse's cognac. I struggled over to where he was quartered, and he kindly let me have some. Quite honestly, I had never tasted cognac before, nor have I been given to cognac since! It truly was strong enough to save my life! So, I was very thankful that Marse had brought the cognac along.

The next day both Marc and I were still sick. He decided not to go climbing up on the surrounding hills (or, perhaps, I should say mountains) to the high places and other interesting sites. In spite of the fact that I was so weak and ill that I could hardly move, I was determined that I was going to go, since I would probably never again have the opportunity--I was right about that. Marc knew that he most likely would--and he has. At any rate, I managed to make it, and I have always been glad that I did.

The next night we had to get up by the full moon about three o'clock in the morning and leave. We were both still not feeling well at all. In fact, I have said that if it had not been for the old nag that I rode out of Petra, I might have just stayed and died in that tomb. However, Marc and I were afraid that some future archaeologists would find our bones and identify us with the Nabateans.

Marc disliked horse riding very, very much, so he walked the full distance in spite of the way he felt. I do not think I could have made it if I should have had to walk. I do have enough memory of the occasion to recall how very beautiful these great stone temples were in the moonlight. I only wished that I could see them again when I were not so ill. At Ma'an we picked up our caravan of cars once more.

I was still feeling miserable. We had an extra passenger in our vehicle going back. A young British man was traveling on his own. He had shown up at Petra, and we had agreed to let him ride with us back to Amman. He was a very interesting and nice young man. When he saw my distress, he took out of his knapsack a wash towel which he folded and wet from his canteen. I put that on my brow which gave me some comfort, even if it did not heal me.

When we came to that remarkable spring, Jebal Musa (the Spring of Moses), out in the desert gushing forth wonderfully cool and pure water, our caravan stopped. I did not have the energy to get out of the car and drink from the spring. One of our couples was the Perry Crouches. He was then the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Asheville, North Carolina. They were very wonderful and thoughtful people, and Perry came over to the car, opened the back door where I was and solicitously asked me how I was feeling. Whether it was his question or something else, I suddenly had to lean out of the car, and I lost whatever was still on my stomach on the ground at his feet. Perry's comment was, "I have had many answers to my questions, but never have I had one so eloquently stated."

After this incident, I did feel somewhat better, and we made it safely back into Amman from which we traveled across the Jordan River to one of the several spots where tradition has said Jesus was baptized.

The seventy year old man who was a member of our party was so excited about being at the possible site at the baptism of Jesus that he jumped in the water fully clothed. Two or three others of the group did the same, though with not the same relish as our older friend. His wife said that he had looked forward to that moment more than any in the whole trip; and, indeed, it was one of the principal reasons that caused him to come on the tour. He had a small flask which he filled with water from the Jordan to take home with him. As I remember, he got one of the "preacher boys" to baptize him.

If one should wonder about the wisdom of these traveling with wet clothes, there should be no worry. The temperature was so hot and the air so dry that within a mile or two after we had left the Jordan, their clothes were completely dry.

After passing by the Dead Sea and the site of ancient Jerico, we made the ascent to Jerusalem.

It is not difficult to imagine the setting of the parable of the good Samaritan, for the climb to Jerusalem is steep and winding, going through rather barren and waste land. Within a few miles one goes from 1,292 feet below sea level at the Dead Sea to about 2,500 feet above sea level, a climb of nearly 4,000 feet.

The change in the climate is startling. The temperature in Jerusalem is considerably cooler and more pleasant than the very hot conditions around the Dead Sea and Jerico.

We were greatly pleased to be able to make this change and to have as our destination the lovely American Colony Hotel, a fine old establishment which has been there many years. It has a beautiful courtyard with lovely bougainvillea and the amenities that Americans enjoy.

One must remember that in 1955 Jerusalem was still a divided city. The old and most historic part of the city was still in Arab hands as was the so-called West Bank territory where most of the Palestinians lived. Our guide for this Arab Palestinian land was a tall, handsome Muslim, named Macmoud. He was quite competent, and we came to admire and appreciate him. He wore the flowing, white garment of the Arab and constantly fingered his Muslim prayer beads which he spoke of as his "worry beads." Before leaving Jerusalem, I bought me a string of these beads, amber in color, though I am sure they were not real amber. I still have them somewhere.

Speaking of a purchase reminds me of something that Marc and I learned very early on this first tour. It was that travelers on such a tour want more free time than we were giving them, particularly to shop. We were simply not prepared for the amount of shopping and purchasing that tourists do, particularly when they are in overseas places. We also learned that the local guides have long since staked out certain shops to take tourists to, knowing full-well that they get a kickback from anything that is purchased. Had Marc and I been as astute as we should have been, we could probably have had something of our choice from almost any shop we went into as the tour directors who had brought all these many people to them. Fortunately, or unfortunately, we were babes in the woods at this point. Nevertheless, on this and my trip in 1958, I was able to purchase some very nice articles at bargain prices--camel saddle stools, an antique brass coffee pot, and trays. I also tried to pick up dolls dressed in their native costumes for the children in every country where I went.

Our tour took us into most of the West Bank places of interest, including Samaria, Jacob's Well, Bethlehem, Hebron, and many others. Yet nothing was quite as interesting as the old part of Jerusalem. To walk through that ancient city was to walk through history, and one is never quite the same afterward.

The Arab old city was separated from the Israeli new city by wide bands of no-mans-land of destroyed buildings and houses. In order then to cross from Jordan into Israel, one had to pass through this no-mans-land at what was called the Madelbaum Gate. This was nothing more than a Jordanian checkpoint on the Arab side and a Israeli checkpoint with immigration and custom officials on the Jewish side.

We had planned our itinerary carefully to visit all of the Arab countries prior to going into Israel, because once one had crossed at the Madelbaum Gate and gone into Israel, it was virtually impossible to go back into an Arab country, especially should an Israel visa appear in your passport. To prevent the latter, our travel agent had informed the Israeli authorities that we would be coming, and they had a list of our people. They provided us with a visa stamp separate from our passport so it never showed our entrance or exit into Israel within the passport itself.

The procedure at the highly fortified Madelbaum Gate was for the persons crossing to be completely on their own in the approximately one hundred yard distance between the two checkpoints. If one needed a porter, the Jordanian porter would carry one's bags about half way, put them down, go back, and an Israeli would come and pick them up and carry them back to the Israeli checkpoint. Most of us preferred to carry our own bags.

Later, when things became a little more relaxed, one could see the Israeli checkpoint from Jordanian checkpoint; but in 1955 this was not possible. The Israeli checkpoint was off to the left on a trail that was nearly perpendicular to the one coming out of Jordan. Marc was leading the way, when I suddenly realized that he had passed the point where he was to turn left and was heading into uncharted territory. So, I yelled at him and got him back before some trigger-happy soldier decided that he was some kind of spy. At any rate, we all made it safely across no-mans-land through Israeli immigration and customs into the new city.

During our last night at the American Colony Hotel, I bit down on a bone of some kind and broke off a molar. The next day in Israel, our guide found me a dentist who put a temporary filling in. Unfortunately, it came out almost as soon as we left Jerusalem. Later, in Tel Aviv, on the Sabbath of all things, I was able to get a dentist who opened up his office and put in a permanent filling. He, obviously, did not properly do his job, and before our tour was over that tooth was in trouble. After returning to Wake Forest, it was determined that due to his poor work, the tooth was beyond saving. It had to be pulled and a bridge put in.

Not all of our experiences in Israel were so unhappy, though they did not prove to be as happy as we would have liked. We were impressed with what the Israelis were doing with their land, making it bloom again, planting thousands of acres of forests on the denuded hillsides, and carrying out many industrial operations in ways the Arabs had not thought about.

We especially enjoyed seeing the Sea of Galilee and visiting the ruins at Capernaum as well as Tiberias, Nazareth, and Cana. Haifa was particularly beautiful, and we thoroughly enjoyed the Mediterranean coast line.

Our people kept wanting to have a native Arab meal. In the hotels, the dining rooms always catered to the American taste. We had chicken and peas and potatoes almost every day. And our people were tired of this! We talked to the hotel managers, and they indicated that when they did try to serve Arab dishes, the Americans all complained. Nevertheless, we persuaded our tour manager to set out a complete Arab meal on one of the lunch days that we had when we were going from Haifa toward Tel

Aviv. They set up the meal under an arbor close by the Mediterranean. The setting was idyllic. The meal with its several courses was truly Arabic, cooked with olive oil and having as its basic *pièce de résistance* a fresh fish on each plate, presented with the head on and the eyes staring. Incidentally, the eyes are regarded a great delicacy. Unfortunately, our people were not very good sports and did very little eating of this meal, in spite of their having insisted that we have it. Marc and I thoroughly enjoyed it, but we tended to be more adventurous even than some of our students. At any rate, we had no more complaints about not having native meals!

In Tel Aviv, a bustling metropolitan city, we stayed in the Sharon Hotel right on the Mediterranean. It was truly a beautiful hotel, and the hotel and setting would have done credit to Miami.

We were to have only one night there. We were to fly out from Tel Aviv to Istanbul. We learned on arriving that the EL AL Airline was saying that their flight had been canceled on that day, and we would have to stay three extra days. This, of course, would have thrown our itinerary completely out of kilter, so Marc and I spent the entire day, while the others traveled in the vicinity of Tel Aviv, making the rounds of the airlines to see what could be done. TWA which was handling our tour flights overall was helpful, but the people at El AL were determined that we should stay longer. It was our opinion then, and still is, that this was simply a way to keep nearly sixty American tourists spending money in Israel for another three days.

Using all kinds of threats and muscle that we could garner, we managed to get out with a one-day delay. This was bad enough, but it was certainly better than three days. Of course, our tour members did enjoy the extra day of leisure and the beautiful hotel with the opportunity to swim in the Mediterranean, so all was not lost. But for Marc and me it was a miserable time.

I remember well our going to the offices of EL AL in Tel Aviv and talking with the manager. As was Near Eastern custom, he had brought out coffee for us. It was what we would call Turkish coffee. Tiny little cups filled with coffee which had so much sweetening that it was almost like syrup. It is a great affront not to accept the hospitality of a Near Easterner, and I tried with difficulty to sip my coffee. Marc was so upset by this time that he sat without touching his coffee to indicate his displeasure. I immediately wished that I had done the same thing!

Our arrival in Istanbul brought us into another world. In one sense, we were back in America, for we were housed in the new, magnificent Istanbul Hilton. In another, we were in ancient Constantinople, the capital of the Byzantine empire. The city is full of history and magnificent mosques, including Hagi Sophia, the great Christian church of the early centuries, now a museum. Restoration work had just begun to reveal the magnificence of the Christian art which had been covered by Islamic work while it was being used for centuries as a mosque. Islam does not permit pictorial representations in its worship places.

As a church historian, Istanbul fascinated me as much as any place which we visited. The remains of the Byzantine capital were fascinating as were the structures created by the Turks in their days of glory, including the great mosques--the Blue Mosque especially.

From Istanbul, we flew to Athens across the lovely Aegean Sea. While there, we made the trip to ancient Corinth and again were impressed with the city culture of the ancient world.

What can one say about Greece? History simply oozes out everywhere. We held a worship service on Mars Hill remembering Paul's experience there.

A brief flight brought us back to Rome where we had two days of touring the great city. We also took time to see Pompeii, travel the Amalfi Drive, and spend a night in Naples.

Back in Rome we picked up our big bus to start our long overland journey through the heart of Europe.

We drove from Rome to Florence, and it should not have been a particularly long day; but, as it happened, it was one of our longest. After a pleasant stop for lunch in Assisi, we were to take the "hill town" route on into Florence.

Our driver was from the Netherlands. He spoke no Italian and neither did any of us. He also did not know Italian roads very well. This was still only a few years after the end of World War II, and the Italians had done very little in marking their roads and highways. The upshot of it was that we got lost. If one has not been lost in the rugged hills and mountains of central Italy, one has not lived! There is no telling where all we went and how many times we took the wrong turning. We were on such back roads that there were no filling stations and few houses. Once in awhile, our driver would stop to ask some person along the road how to get to Florence, but they understood no Dutch, German, or English, and we understood no Italian. Though we usually received some kind of directions, it is obvious that they were simply doing what any good European does. That is, he gives directions whether he knows what the question is or knows how to get to wherever he has been asked.

Parenthetically, I learned this so well that I put it to good use when we spent a year in Switzerland. It seemed to me that almost every day when I started walking toward the Seminary, someone would stop and ask me for directions. First of all, it was hard for me to understand their German which usually was the Swiss dialect, but even when I understood it, I frequently did not know where the place was. However, I decided they, in most cases, were going in the right direction. A friend of mine, Theron Price, had given me the clue. He said that he always simply told them, "Gerada aus!" So, I would with a great flourish say "Gerada aus" (straight ahead). I assume that nine times out of ten I was right, and all of us were happy!

In any case, our wanderings on the way to Florence led through such a desolate area that we could find no rest stop. Marc and I were sitting in the front of the bus, and word was passed to us from the back of the bus to stop at the next place that had any prospect of rest rooms.

On and on through the hills we went with no such place in sight. The word came back from the rear, "Never mind; I couldn't have made it anyway."

With that, we decided to stop alongside of the road, and told them to go into the woods, the men to the left and the women to the right. And so they did.

When we finally reached Florence, it was about ten o'clock in the evening. The manager of the small hotel where we were to stay was almost devastated before we arrived. We were supposed to arrive in the late afternoon and have dinner. We represented almost the entire clientele for that little hotel that evening, some sixty of us. Nevertheless, they had kept the food they had fixed for our dinner, and though not as good as it might have been earlier, it was still extremely satisfying to people who were by this time virtually starved.

Florence was another high point to all of us. It is useless even to begin to describe the glories of this wonderful city. Needless to say, there was a great deal of

shopping on the part of our tour members in Florence. Incidentally, our bus driver spoke no English; but before the journey was over, he did learn one word very well. It was the word "shopping." When we would stop, he would turn around with a smile and say, "Shopping?"

I shall not try to describe our journey through Europe. Suffice to say that it was exciting throughout. We visited such marvelous places as Pisa, Genoa, Avignon, Geneva, Berne, Strasbourg, and Heidelberg.

One of the delightful experiences was a trip by boat on the Rhine from Weisbaden to Cologne. In Cologne we stayed at a hotel which barely accommodated us. It was situated across a great empty space near the railroad station and the cathedral. The owner and manager was a Baptist. Before the war his hotel was a large one. We were staying in what was left after the bombing. All that empty space had been occupied by buildings prior to the war.

When Margaret, the children, and I were touring Europe in 1960, I told them about this little hotel and said that we would stay there. When we arrived in Cologne, I could not believe my eyes. That empty space was full of magnificent buildings, and I had a very difficult time in finding the hotel. When I did, I found a brand new, large, very eloquent hotel. When I went in to see about rooms, I found the concierge to be in tails, and most of the clientele were obviously wealthy Germans walking around the lobby in fine suits and dresses. I was in traveling clothes and felt quite out of place. I soon discovered that this was not the place we could afford, so we drove on to find a trusty inn in the country.

The great cathedral in Cologne had been damaged in the War, but the remarkable thing to all of us was that it still stood among the desolation about it which had come as a result of Allied bombing. The railroad station was very near by; and, since Cologne was a major transportation hub, the area around the cathedral was very heavily bombed and damaged. In 1955, the lack of any buildings of consequence in and around the cathedral caused it to stand out more majestically than it otherwise would have.

From Cologne we once more made our way to Paris. After touring the city and visiting Versailles and Malmaison, we took the train, Channel boat, and train to London.

We spent a good part of a week in London both sightseeing and attending the meetings of the Baptist World Alliance.

Marc and I were not as faithful in attendance upon the meetings of the Alliance as some of our people. We took the opportunity to make some other trips, one being to the vicinity of Birmingham where we visited the church at Sutton Coldfield where I had preached when I was doing my work at Oxford. We went into the church building and found the organist rehearsing. He was delighted to see us, and I introduced him to Marc. He immediately said, "Oh, I have some of the anthems of your brother." How he knew that Austin Lovelace, the great sacred music composer, was Marc's brother, we never knew. At any rate, he went into the music which he had and pulled out one or two of Austin's anthems. We do live in a small world, do we not?

With the group, we toured Warwick; Stratford-on-Avon where we saw a play; and from Oxford we took the night train to Edinburgh.

After a trip through the Highlands, we experienced one of the most interesting events of our tour. We traveled by boat from Oban on the coast of Scotland to Iona. This ancient site of early Christian monasticism is a place that few American tourists visit, but it is a glorious place indeed. The crossing was rather rough, and I will never forget our

amazement at the ability of our male waiter at lunch to carry six or eight plates on his arms and in his hands as the ship ploughed through those turbulent waters.

A visit to Glasgow and environs concluded our tour except for a brief stop in Dublin. We flew out of Shannon back to New York, and consequently, scattered to our various places of abode. Marc and I were extremely happy to get back to Wake Forest and to our families.

In the process of the journey, I had grown a mustache--so had Marc. Marc shaved his off, but when my neighbor (Mrs. Binkley) asked me when I was going to shave my off, I determined that I would keep it on--and I have.

It is true that at the time of our return, I thought I would never be willing to undertake to direct another such tour as the one I had just finished. Marc and I had certainly earned our keep! But it was not long before I was longing to go back, and I knew that I was not likely to have the opportunity without getting another group together, which we did in 1958. The Brussels Worlds Fair was to be held in 1958, so Marc and I decided that would make a good event to plan a travel seminar around.

Again, we made plans for a two-month trip with approximately one-half in the Near East and one-half in Europe. Our itinerary and format were essentially the same, though we lightened up our schedule somewhat in order to give more time for shopping! Also, we utilized the stopover privileges of the air transportation to enable us to visit places in Europe on the way to the Near East and on our way from the Near East, thus obviating the necessity for long stretches of bus riding. Again, Tom Maupin was our tour agent, and the price this time was \$2150.00.

The recruitment of travel members went along very well. As I recall, we had something over thirty definitely planning to go when fighting in Lebanon broke out. This not only meant that we would not be able to go into Lebanon, but it so frightened many of our prospective tour members that they canceled, and we were left with only ten. This obviously was not a sufficient number to enable both Marc and me to go. Since Marc had been in Jerusalem the year before on sabbatical, he suggested that he should drop out and I would take the group. This I did.

I must recount a few incidents which I remember well. First of all, our tour members were together in New York as in the previous time. One of these members was a young lady who had just graduated from Coker College in South Carolina; and, apparently, she had never ventured much beyond the borders of that state. In any case, she requested that someone meet her at Pennsylvania Station to see that she made it safely to the hotel. This I was glad to do.

When I met her, I knew that it would be some little time before her baggage, which she had checked, would be available. I knew also that the luncheon which we had planned for the tour members would be over by the time we could get to the hotel. As a consequence, I suggested that we walk around the corner and get us a hot dog or hamburger at a short order place to tide us over until evening. The little hole in the wall cafe near Gimble's had a young man waiting on customers at the counter--there were no tables. It was obvious that he was from Brooklyn or the Bronx, because his accent was extremely strong. When our little South Carolina girl opened her mouth and gave her order, he had no idea what she had said, and when he asked her to say it again, she did not understand him. I then became their interpreter, relaying his words to her and hers to him!

We flew to Paris, and after several days there, went on to Geneva and across Switzerland to Zurich. From there to Florence, Rome, and Athens where in each place we spent some time. This time we did not get lost on our way from Florence to Rome!

From Athens we flew to Cairo to Luxor, back to Cairo, and then to Amman, Jordan. We did get to stay in the Hotel Philadelphia on this occasion. In Amman, we were advised that the situation in Damascus was very tense, especially as it related to Americans. The last group of Americans out of Damascus had their cameras confiscated at the border. I talked to our group, and we agreed that we would make the trip to Damascus in spite of this concern.

Our driver and guide who went with us was experienced in crossing the Syrian border and was supplied with enough cash to cross the palms of the officials in charge. While in Damascus, I do not remember our seeing a single other American. Our local guide seemed to be constantly fearful about conducting an American group to the various places of interest.

I was especially anxious to have our tour members visit the archeological museum in Damascus which contains artifacts of great interest. It is a fairly extensive museum with numbers of rooms. I had been there before and knew precisely what I wanted to see and had a good idea of where the items were located. No one else, except guards, was in the museum. Tourists were simply not present in Syria at this time. It was obvious that our guide knew very little about the museum, so I basically served as the guide at this point. While we were still in the museum, we heard what sounded like a rather large explosion outside. Our poor guide almost jumped out of his shoes. I have never seen anyone more frightened. It turned out that this was the cannon going off marking the beginning of a holy season on the Muslim calendar. We were rather pleased to shake the dust of Syria off our feet after crossing the border back into Jordan.

One of the high points of our visit in Jordan was being able to climb into and around the caves from which the Dead Sea scrolls came. At that particular time there were no restrictions on this kind of activity as I understand there is now. This was a very exciting experience to me to be able to climb into one of the caves in which some of the major documents had rested for these couple of thousands of years before being discovered by the Bedouins. The caves are on the side of a rather steep precipice, and in climbing around I fell on my arm and sprained my wrist. It proved to be quite painful, and I even feared that I might have fractured a bone.

Our Christian Arab guide was very solicitous, and after we arrived at the American Colony Hotel in Jerusalem, he came to me and said that he knew a lady who could heal my arm and that he would take me to her early the next morning. Quite frankly, I did not know what I was getting into, but I had come to appreciate this young man and felt I should at least humor him to the extent of going with him. So, early the next morning we traveled to the bombed out no-man's-land that separated the part of old Jerusalem that was under the control of Jordan at the time from the new part which was under the control of the Israelis. We walked then through rubble until we came to a structure which had been destroyed except for the ground floor.

Going in, we found in an outer room perhaps two dozen women, some with their children, waiting to see this person. I had learned from Gabriel, our guide, that the lady in question was an English nurse who had lived in Jerusalem for many years and who had made a practice of relating to the Arabs in such a marvelous way that she was greatly beloved and respected. Gabriel had made arrangements for us before coming, as I learned, so we were ushered very shortly into the presence of this remarkable lady.

She was probably in her sixties at the time, and after a brief conversation she took my arm and very quickly discovered the point of my distress. After massaging it very tenderly for a time and saying a prayer, she told me that I would have no more difficulty with it--and I did not! As a matter of fact, when I walked out it was completely healed. It is hard to imagine at this distance how very happy I was at this turn of events, since I had worried about what I could possibly do for this and whether or not I was to have to put up with a painful arm the rest of our tour.

I do not know how this healing took place, but I must say that I have been much more willing to believe that a person, so full of love and the spirit of God as she, can bring some miraculous healing on occasion.

Our crossing at the Madelbaum Gate on this trip was not so difficult as on our trip in 1955. The distance between the checkpoint for the Jordanians and Israelites was now closer, and one could actually see one point from the other. From Israel we flew to Istanbul and from there to Vienna where we did the usual things that tourists do there.

After a flight to Frankfurt, once again we drove to Wiesbaden and journeyed down the Rhine on a steamer to Cologne.

One of the delights was getting to see Margaret's sister, Sue Flexer, who was at that time an Army nurse officer stationed at the American base near Wiesbaden. In fact, I arranged for her to take the steamer with us from Wiesbaden to Cologne, from which she returned by train. Not only was it a delight to be with Sue whom I had not seen for some time, but I think she thoroughly enjoyed the trip down the Rhine.

After visiting the great cathedral at Cologne we had a flight by helicopter to Brussels. Upon leaving our hotel at Cologne, I told the drivers that we were to leave from the heliport, but apparently they did not listen. I knew that it was very near to the center of Cologne, yet we drove and drove, and I realized that we were out in the suburbs when I finally was able to sufficiently get the attention of the driver to make him understand through his broken English and my broken French the problem. He then turned around and raced frantically to the heliport, for we were now nearing the time of departure. I realized later that the helicopter was not going to leave without us, since we completely filled it. In fact, two or three of our members had to travel by train because the helicopter would hold only eight and there were ten of us. We found two who preferred to go by train.

When we finally arrived at the heliport we were probably not more than five or ten minutes from the hotel from which we had departed. As we hurried to check in, the girl from Coker College, South Carolina, suddenly found that she did not have her ticket or passport. I had her empty all the contents of her large pocketbook on the grass while we made sure that neither of these items was there. Fortunately, the driver had not left, so we sent him back to the hotel where he found that the hotel had discovered her lost items. They were willing to hold the helicopter until he returned with these, and our trip was on.

Most of us had never ridden in a helicopter, certainly not a passenger helicopter this size--incidentally, a regular scheduled flight from Cologne to Brussels by Sabina Airlines. The noise was deafening, but the trip was marvelous. Not only did the helicopter fly rather slowly, but it also flew at a rather low altitude, so we were able to see all the beautiful countryside that we passed in this relatively short space from Cologne to Brussels. One of the most exciting parts of the ride was the landing of the helicopter right in the middle of the city. I shall never forget the thrill of putting down amidst the ancient buildings of central Brussels.

We had a very nice hotel in Brussels, and our stay of nearly four days was delightful.

Outside of the tour of the city, most of our time was spent independently exploring the many exhibitions at the World's Fair. I have been only to two World's Fairs, one in New York and the one in Brussels. I must say that I enjoyed them both, but the one in Brussels was to me much more delightful--perhaps because I had more time and was able to go at the visit in a more leisurely fashion than the one in New York.

I remember, especially, the lovely Swiss exhibit which consisted of several attractive smaller buildings all tied together in a very delightful manner. I was greatly impressed by the statement of a Swiss man who was kind enough to show me around the exhibits. He said, "We Swiss have no natural resources to export, so we export quality." I have come back to that thought many, many times in my life and continue to believe that kind of attitude, if put into practical effect, can be the secret of great success for any nation. I think this is what we in America forgot for many years until we were reminded so strongly of it by the Japanese.

After our stay in Brussels, except for a day in Amsterdam, the remainder of our tour was very similar to that which we had taken in 1955. Again, I had enjoyed the trip and profited greatly from it in terms of the experience of it, but I was very pleased to get back to Wake Forest.

CHAPTER XIII

SABBATICAL YEAR UNIVERSITY OF ZÜRICH AND RÜSCHLIKON SEMINARY



I made contact with Dr. John Hughey who taught church history at the Baptist Seminary in Rüschtikon. He put in me touch with John Moore, Professor of Missions there, who was planning to be in the United States for a furlough during 1960-61. The consequence of this was that the Moores and we swapped living quarters--a nice apartment in Rüschtikon and our house in Wake Forest (he to pick up my house payments and I the apartment rent)--and cars for the year. In the case of the cars, we actually swapped titles so that there would be no questions concerning insurance or other matters during that time. After the year was up, we swapped titles again and discovered that each of us had put almost exactly the same number of miles on our respective automobiles during that year.

I had applied for and received a faculty fellowship through the Rockefeller Foundation, which supplemented my salary during the

sabbatical year, providing enough funds for us to pay for our transportation.

When we arrived in New York at mid-morning, two of my former students met us at the train, Tracy Early and Tom Frazier. It was wonderful to have these young men who knew New York well to help us. It was necessary for us to stay overnight in order to get on the Holland-American line steamship, the *Maasdam*, the next morning. These young men saw to it that Margaret and the two older children got a good tour of New York City while I looked after Kathy. I had been to New York on several occasions, not only when I studied at Union Seminary, but also when I would go to meetings of the American Society of Church History and the American Historical Association. These meetings usually came immediately after Christmas and were not always in New York (often in Washington), but were there enough so that I had opportunity to get well acquainted with the City.

The next day Tracy and Tom took us to the dock and on to that wonderful ship, the *Maasdam*. We will always be in debt to these wonderful friends.

Our family "had a ball" on the trip across the ocean. We shared a small cabin but found ourselves outside of its confines most of the time. Margaret and the children found congenial families with children, and we enjoyed the various activities on ship.

I particularly remember the meals. They were elaborate and delicious. A young, handsome man waited our table (we were assigned to the same table for all of our meals), and he insisted on bringing us not only the dessert of our choice but also most of the

others on the menu. Suffice it to say, we were heavier when we left the ship than when we boarded.

Unfortunately, Margaret had some difficulty with seasickness--not severe, but just enough to keep her with a bit of a queasy feeling most of the way.

After disembarking at Rotterdam, we found an agent waiting for us. (I had made arrangements with a travel agent to have us met at the port.) He was to take us to the hotel. Our reservation in Rotterdam had been canceled, and he had to take us to The Hague. To further complicate matters, he had a very small car, and I could not imagine how we could get all of us and our trunks and bags in and on that car. Nevertheless, he did. He was very adept in this sort of thing. He had bags and trunks stacked on top of that car until it looked to be as tall as a large truck.

After one night in the Netherlands, we boarded an express train and greatly enjoyed the scenic route alongside the Rhine River to Basel, Switzerland, and then across Switzerland to Zürich. There we changed and took a local that carried us to the station in Rüslikon where we were only a short distance from our apartment at 14 Bahnhofstrasse. In fact, as we were soon to learn, all the trains went by the back of our apartment, perhaps thirty or forty feet away. Fortunately, we soon became used to this almost constant noise. During the day and early night, we probably averaged a train every ten to fifteen minutes. It was also fortunate that the line was electrified, so the noise was not so great as if it had been diesel.

The apartment was a very pleasant one with a good-sized living room and dining room, an adequate kitchen, and three bedrooms. It also had a tiny balcony, which we never used to sit on, though it did make a nice place to hang clothes to dry.

About one block away were the garages that served the apartment. I was delighted to find that these were heated in the winter, so we had no difficulty in starting our car.

The apartment and the garage were built to last, as was everything that we saw in Switzerland. No shortcuts or shoddy work was evident. The heat was provided by electrical coils in the ceiling and was the most perfect heat that I have ever known in terms of its maintaining a constant temperature and being equally distributed throughout the apartment. The only trouble was that the apartment owners did not turn on the heat until the first of October, and by this time things were getting pretty cold in Switzerland. As a matter of fact, I do believe that we and the other people in the apartment managed to get them to turn it on a little early. The only time we suffered from the cold was in the summer and early fall when there was no heat. I was pleased that we did not know too many people to talk to on the telephone, because the local charges were based on the number of calls you made and the length of time you talked. This would be a disaster for us now!

The apartment was on the ground floor, and the only other ground floor apartment was occupied by a Jewish couple who had spent a good bit of time in the United States when the husband had taught at Cal Tech. He was an engineer of considerable ability, and we found them to be very delightful and friendly. The other inhabitants of our apartment building were Swiss; and, like most Swiss, they were rather cool toward anyone not a part of what I called the Swiss Club. The Swiss language is a dialect of German, but it is so different from High German that even those who speak good High German have difficulty with it. I often kidded one of our Swiss friends that this was a club language. They do not teach it in the schools, and only the "initiated"

really come to understand it. High German is the language used in the schools after about the third grade.

We had one difficulty that we had not anticipated. Our family has always loved cats, and we have usually had one. So, when Mrs. Moore wrote and asked if we would be willing to look after Bitso, their cat, while we were there, Margaret without any hesitancy wrote back that we loved cats and would be glad to do so. When we arrived, we found that Bitso was unlike any cat that we had ever seen before! He was a big Siamese cat that had obviously had been in many fights and had lost a big part of his tail. He was also the master of the apartment building. A lady in an upstairs apartment had a little dog that she always carried in her arms when she was going out of the apartment because Bitso would attack it. We learned that we had to keep the door to the balcony open enough for Bitso to come and go, no matter what the weather. Furthermore, we had to buy special meat and cook it at home for Bitso. The cat was not happy that we were there and made his feelings known.

We might have been able to manage all of these things, though with difficulty, except for one other thing. It became obvious that the other apartment members were simply waiting for the Moores to get out of the country before making their complaints to rid themselves of Bitso. The complaints came in the form of maintaining that Bitso was spreading fleas throughout the apartment building to the extent that they had to have their apartments fumigated. I have no doubt that Bitso had a few fleas, but the complaints were greatly exaggerated, even to the extent that they took it before the local town council; and we were ordered to rid ourselves of Bitso.

One of the Swiss secretaries at the Seminary said that she would take Bitso. So, one night we put Bitso in a box put him on the floor of the back seat and drove several miles to the home of the secretary, a place where Bitso obviously had never been. This kind lady had a pen in the backyard in which she placed the cat, and we returned home giving thanks!

About two o'clock in the morning, I heard wailing outside of our apartment, only to find that Bitso had somehow dug under the pen and had found his way back to our apartment. How we shall never know. I must say that I had to admire the miraculous in Bitso, but I was also faced with an impossible situation. I quickly dressed and carried the cat the block or so to the enclosed garage, put him in it, and closed the door for the night. The next day it became necessary for us to have Bitso put to sleep, since we had run out of all our options.

The morning after our arriving in Rüschtikon, our doorbell rang, and a beautiful young girl about the age of our Mary Margaret was at the door asking me in German if our children could come and play with her. My spoken German was still in its infancy, but I did understand enough to know what she was talking about. Mary Margaret and Laurie went to play with Susie, and she became a fast friend, especially with Mary Margaret who has kept up with her through the years. Susie learned a great deal of English from our children, and they learned a great deal of German from her. By the time we left Switzerland, Susie was using quite good English.

Not too many days after we arrived, another person appeared at our door. This time it was someone I had met, though I did not know him well. He was Dr. James Price who was head of the Department of Religion at Duke University. Jim was also on sabbatical. He had been in Zürich alone trying to find a place he could rent for his family who were coming over soon.

It was obvious that Jim was at his wit's end, and he hoped that we might be able to help him. Fortunately, we had just become aware of the fact that one of the Seminary families was moving out of an apartment which was situated over Migros--the nearest thing to a supermarket which Switzerland had. This led to the Price's moving into this building where Margaret shopped almost everyday. Also, we were soon to go on a trip into northern Europe; and, while we were gone and he was waiting on the apartment, he was able to stay in our place. These fortunate circumstances led to our becoming very good friends. We introduced Jim and his family at the Seminary; and the Tom McCulloughs, who were teaching there (formerly on the faculty at Stetson), soon took a position in Jim's department at Duke where Tom continues to teach.

Another very interesting family who became a great friend of ours during our stay was the family of Governor Witt of Palm Beach. He was a pediatrician and had come for the year to study at the medical school of the University of Zurich. Margaret met Mrs. Witt in Migros. Their children were approximately the age of ours and enjoyed being together. We also introduced them to the Seminary church and Sunday school which they seemed to enjoy. We have visited with them on one or two occasions since coming to Stetson.

Margaret and the children knew no German, so the Seminary recommended a tutor, Frau Landolt. She became not only a marvelous tutor, but also a very dear friend. Margaret and she corresponded for several years until her death.

By the time the children's school opened, they were able to handle enough German to get along with some difficulty. They truly had a wonderful experience in what was an unusually fine school. Mary Margaret and Laurie had heard that they would have men for teachers, and this somewhat frightened them, but they found their teachers to be some of the best they ever had. On the playground they learned the Swiss dialect, and in the classroom they learned the High German. Laurie took to the language and its pronunciation like a duck to water. By the time we left Switzerland our Swiss friends said that they could not tell her accent from that of a native Swiss child, though, of course, her vocabulary was not as rich as if she had been reared in Switzerland. Mary Margaret, too, learned the language well, though her accent was never as perfect as Laurie's was. Kathy was too small to go to school, but I think her exposure to people speaking German led to her later enjoying the study of German and studying it to the point of being certified to teach it.

Before the University opened its term and the schools started, we decided to take the children on a tour of much of Europe. Our intention originally was to camp, because we certainly did not have the money to stay in hotels and eat in restaurants. However, Dr. Nordenhaug, the President of the Seminary advised us that if we were not used to camping, Europe was not a very good place to begin. He said that we would encounter a great deal of rain and cold weather even in the summer. His suggestion was that we stop at the little inns that were in the German speaking area called Gasthaus and Gasthoff. On the ground floor, these were basically a kind of pub. On the upper floor or floors there were always two, three, or more bedrooms. We were advised to stop by five o'clock in the afternoon in order to be able to rent a room before the Germans filled them up, and in this way we could travel very inexpensively.

This is what we did, and we had one of the most delightful tours of Liechtenstein, Austria, Germany, Denmark, the southern portion of Sweden, Belgium, and France that any family ever had. We usually bought bakery goods for breakfast in the room and

picnicked for lunch and supper. Normally we had one meal in a restaurant every other day. On our return I calculated that we had traveled with three children, including gas and oil for \$16.00 per day!

During the summer, Dr. Nordenhaug was elected Executive Secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, which meant that he would be leaving the Seminary almost immediately. In turn, Dr. J. D. Huey was appointed President of the Seminary in Dr. Nordenhaug's stead. Huey needed some relief from his teaching schedule and asked me if I would teach General Church History. I agreed to do this if he would let me have my class at eight o'clock in the morning so that I could go on down to the University of Zürich for the rest of the day. This was agreed to, and the Seminary paid me enough money to take care of my apartment rental.

A more important outcome of this was the fact that it put me on the faculty of the Seminary, and I could introduce myself at the University and other such places as a professor at the Baptist Seminary (Baptisten Seminar). The Seminary was well respected in Switzerland, and the position of professor was one of great prestige. So, doors were open that otherwise would not have been opened to me. Still further, the opportunity meant that I was given an office--in fact, Dr. Moore's office at the Seminary. Access to his books proved valuable, for he was in the area of History of Missions and had many books of great usefulness to me, the church historian. It also gave us an immediate group with which to share socially.

Teaching at the Seminary was an experience that could be replicated nowhere else. As I recall, there were nineteen different nationalities in my class. English was used, because this was the only language which all of them understood. I had learned from my experience at the University of Zürich how European professors acted, so I acted in the same way. As a consequence, I was well received by my students. The European professor came into the class like a lord, immediately began to lecture, and at the end of the lecture closed his notes and strode toward the door.

The Seminary faculty and student body were small which made for a family-like atmosphere on campus. The campus was itself very beautiful, and it was located in an ideal spot overlooking the lake and having a magnificent view of the Alps on a clear day. One could hardly imagine a better setting for an educational institution.

The students were, on the whole, very conscientious, and most of them were bright and intellectually curious. For the most part, they represented the best young people that their respective Baptist conventions could supply.

I was made to feel a very real part of the faculty and attended faculty meetings and was accepted as one of the group.

Margaret, the children, and I especially enjoyed our experience in the Baptist church that met on the campus. The Sunday school classes met in the classrooms of the Seminary, but the worship services were held in a beautiful, very modern, chapel/church building with its bell tower and bells.

One of the things we most enjoyed about Switzerland was hearing on Sunday morning the bells of the churches. Virtually every church had its own set of bells, all of which seemed to be in tune with each other as they pealed forth their call to worship.

The church at Rüslikon was unusual in that the pastor, Dr. Arndt, a German, used German for the service one time and English the next. There was simultaneous translation of the sermon, which was made available to the English speakers through

headphones when German was used and to the German speaker when English was used. Professor Günter Wagner was the usual translator for both.

Arndt was a splendid preacher in the German mold. His unfolding of the scripture was extremely edifying. He did a thing I greatly appreciated. On Saturday evening he would meet with a group of us who were struggling with the German language and would go over the main points of his German sermon for Sunday explaining to us any of the unusual aspects of words which he was going to use. Many times he did make a play on words which we might well have missed in their subtlety without his instructions.

When J. D. Huey was elected President of the Seminary, we celebrated by going to the Dezeley, a restaurant famous for its fondue in the old district of Zürich, just back of the Grossmünster. Margaret and I had first made our acquaintance with Swiss fondue upon being invited to dinner in the home of Professor Eduard Sweitzer of the University of Zürich. Professor Sweitzer had been a guest lecturer at Southeastern Seminary, and we had become acquainted then. We immediately came to think that Swiss fondue was about as good as anything we had ever eaten. But, back to the Dezeley. Everyone had a great time feasting on the fondue except the little lady librarian who would not eat it because it was made with white wine and kirsch. We assured her that the alcohol was evaporated through the cooking, but she still would not touch it. After we had eaten and had a very hilarious time, we crossed the Limat River to the parking area where our cars were, and in front of old St. Peter's Church, in his exuberance, Hughey danced a little jig. I am sure that the straight-laced librarian could never ever have been convinced that the fondue had not intoxicated us!

We had another episode of interest involving the Dezeley and Swiss fondue.

President J. Ollie Edmunds of Stetson and his wife Emily had toured Europe a few years before her tragic death from cancer. He decided that he would like to make the same trip with his children, Jane and John. He wrote to us in Switzerland asking if we could reserve rooms for them in Rüslikon while they visited in the area for several days. We were very fond of the Gasthaus Rosa in Rüslikon. It is a very ancient inn and one that served wonderful Swiss meals. We often ate there on Sunday as a family treat. I learned that the Gasthaus Rosa had three bedrooms upstairs which could be rented, and I reserved them for Dr. Edmunds and his children. They thoroughly enjoyed the area. We took them around to see those things that had been particularly of interest to us, and they, on their own, made numerous side trips.

One evening we had a schedule conflict for dinner and could not be with them. They asked for a place that would be characteristically Swiss, and we sent them downtown to the Dezeley. We told them how much we enjoyed the fondue. On returning, they, too, exclaimed on the wonderful meal they had eaten, and then Dr. Edmunds handed us the recipe for the Dezeley fondue in the handwriting of the chef. In his typical style, he had managed to secure this best of all recipes for Swiss fondue. I did not ask him and I never knew how much, if anything, he had to pay for this information. Throughout our time in Switzerland and for some years after we returned to the States, we quite frequently made Swiss fondue using the Dezeley recipe.

One thing that I had looked forward to doing during my sabbatical was attending the American seminar that Karl Barth taught each year. Günter Wagner, a professor at Rüslikon, and I went regularly to the seminar in Basel, occasionally accompanied by Tom McCullough and later a few times by Joe Dick Estes.

We would go over on Thursday evening. As I remember, the seminar began about 7:30 or 8:00 p.m. It was held in an upstairs room of a large restaurant (the Brüderhof, if I remember correctly), and all of those attending would sit around the tables set up in a kind of horseshoe fashion. The waiters would take our drink orders, and then the great man, accompanied by his secretary, would enter center stage. We would applaud in European fashion by pounding on the table, and he would take his seat. For the next couple of hours, we hung on his every word. He would also take questions and answer them in a very constructive fashion. I do not remember his getting upset by any of them, though I am sure that some of them were rather inane from his point of view. We studied the volume in his *Dogmatics* that dealt with election. This whole experience was one that has stayed with me through the years as one of the high points of my life.

I must recount one little incident that had to do with Estes. He had arrived from a pastorate in Kentucky where he had been a very strong leader of the temperance forces. When we started giving orders for drinks, he noticed that most of the fellows were ordering wine or beer, and he made some remark about that. I did not want Günter to be embarrassed, so I said, "Yes, that is the custom and I suspect Günter, a good German, will order beer." Neither Günter nor I usually did. Rather, we generally got Apfelsaft (a wonderfully carbonated apple cider drink, unfermented); but, I think just to humor my point, Günter ordered beer that particular night.

All of this reminds me of another little excursion on the subject. R. C. Briggs, a colleague of mine in New Testament at Southeastern, spent his sabbatical in Rüschtikon, and upon returning told me this story. Briggs had a very fine command of the German language, and he preached one Sunday at a small Baptist church in southern Germany. He was entertained afterwards in the home of a German family who had some other guests. Afterwards, they were sitting around talking, and the host said, "I understand that some of your preachers in the Southern Baptist Convention smoke." "Yes," said Briggs, "That is true." The host replied, "Oh that is terrible! Our pastors would never do that." And Briggs added to me, "As they sat around drinking their beer!" All of which simply goes to point up that cultures do differ in their apprehension of what is appropriate and what is not.

As much as I enjoyed my teaching at the Seminary and my weekly seminar with Karl Barth, my major reason for being in Zürich was to engage in Anabaptist studies at the University of Zürich.

I decided that I would do three things. First, I would sit in on lectures from Fritz Blanke on church history, lectures by Rudolph Pfister on the Swiss Reformation, and lectures in theology by Professor Ebling. Of course all of these were in German, and my German needed additional work. I managed this, in part, by taking a fine university student to lunch each day at the engineering school (E.T.H.) across the street from the University. There we would converse entirely in German, and he would try to help me understand some of its complexities and niceties. In the late afternoon, back at the Seminary, I would have an hour or so with a graduate student at the Seminary, Wiard Popkes, who would help me with the German grammar and vocabulary. Incidentally, Wiard is today the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Baptist Seminary in Rüschtikon. He was a scholar of the first order and in time received his doctoral degree from the University of Zürich.

The second thing which I determined to do was to study materials that were available in Zürich, as in no other place, on the Swiss Anabaptists. Some of this was

available in the library at the Seminary, but most of it was to be found in the University library.

The third thing was to become acquainted with the sites that were significant in the developing Anabaptist movement in and around Zürich. In this regard I became something of the local authority before the year was out and would often be called upon by the Seminary to take visiting dignitaries to the various Anabaptist sites in the area.

All of these things I greatly enjoyed and benefited from. Though, when I returned to Southeastern, I taught a course in the Swiss Reformation, giving major attention to the Anabaptists, I never had opportunity to do the writing, which I had intended.

I picked out Leo Jud, Zwingli's right hand man, as a character whom I would study in detail and about whom I would write. I still have voluminous notes, but I am sure that I will never fulfill that ambition to write about him.

I found Fritz Blanke to be a very wonderful teacher and a very delightful personality. He was very kind to me and would take time to answer my questions and help me with any problems that I encountered in my study. He was from Prussia and used beautiful High German in his lectures and in his speech. He was easy to follow, and I understood most of what he had to say. When we were in private conversation, I would try to respond in German. I suppose, to put me at ease because my spoken German was certainly not perfect, he would begin to respond in English--beautiful English--so I did not get to practice my German on him.

On the other hand, Rudolph Pfister, a Swiss docent professor who lectured on the Swiss Reformation, did not know any English, and I really learned more German from my conversations with him than from Fritz Blanke. Pfister's lectures were very able, but even his High German had the overtones of the Swiss dialect pronunciation and were much more difficult for me to follow. Nevertheless, I learned much from him and came to have a warm relationship with him. In fact, he and his wife invited Margaret and me to their home for dinner that we very greatly enjoyed.

During the Christmas break in 1960, we decided we would take the opportunity to go to Southern France and Spain. Frau Landolt warned us that this was a dangerous time because of the vagaries of weather, but we knew that it was the only opportunity we would have to make this particular tour, and for the children's sake, as well as for ours, we decided to undertake it.

As I recall, we gave our presents a day or so before Christmas and left on Christmas Eve, spending the night in Geneva. Laurie had received a Swiss watch for Christmas, and she was very proud of it. As we went through customs at the border of Switzerland and France, the agent asked if we had anything to declare. About that time Laurie could not hold her exuberance longer and held up her wrist to the customs agent telling him that she had received this for Christmas. He was French speaking and understood no English and immediately became very agitated that we were trying to go through customs without paying duty. I tried to explain to him that this was simply a Christmas gift, that we would be coming back into Switzerland with it; but I finally had to go inside the customs house to make my point--and that with great difficulty. Poor Laurie, who had been so excited, was now in tears.

After this little crisis, we moved ahead without any great difficulty and were soon driving through mountainous countryside covered with snow. Since it was Christmas day, there was almost no one on the road. Far down in front of us I saw a car going in

our same direction suddenly skid and turn completely around heading back toward us. The lady driving the car apparently was so frightened that she did not try to turn around and complete her journey. I suppose she just simply went on home.

We were somewhat taken aback by the mountains and the height which we had achieved on this road which was skirting the western regions of the Alps. We finally reached Avignon, the papal city when the papacy was dominated by France, 1309-1417. For a church historian this was a place of tremendous interest. We then proceeded to Carcassone, with its ancient walled city almost perfectly preserved. We all, especially the children, thoroughly enjoyed this romantic appearing, medieval fortress city. In addition, its association with the medieval radical groups of Cathari gave it special interest to me.



After leaving Southern France we traveled down the West Coast of Spain to Barcelona where we were to spend a night or so with missionary friends, the Russell Hilliards--he, a former student of mine. We arrived in this huge city of two million just after noon. The streets were absolutely deserted, and all the shops were closed. I had no difficulty driving right down into the middle of Barcelona, but I could find absolutely no one to give me any directions to the address of our mission that I had. I finally found a taxicab with a cab driver in it--asleep. In desperation I awoke him, much to his displeasure, only to find that he knew no English, and I knew no Spanish. But with a bit of gesturing and showing him the address that was written, I made him understand that I needed directions. He got out a map and showed me approximately where this was, and we set off. It probably was a good thing that everything was closed down for lunch and siesta, for it was not an easy address to find. Fortunately, we made it without further significant incident. Our friends were wonderful hosts and gave us a wonderful insight into those things of interest in Barcelona and vicinity. We then traveled down the beautiful coast to Valencia.

We found that we were having real difficulty in adjusting our meal schedule to that of Spain. At that time, for all practical purposes, nothing started up after lunch until nearly four o'clock and then nothing quit until ten or after. Dinner was usually nine or after. This simply did not fit our schedule with small children and with our long-standing

American habits. Nevertheless, we managed--particularly, since we were usually eating our evening meal in the room from things that we had purchased in the market.

We found that, in spite of the fact that few people with whom we came in contact knew English, the Spanish were so hospitable and communicated so well with gestures that we got along quite well.

From Valencia we turned toward Madrid. In many ways we were unprepared for the high plateau over which we traveled for miles and miles. Villages were far apart, and we had to be very careful to get gas well before the tank was showing empty else we could have been stranded on rather desolate roads. The roads were often full of potholes, and there was very little traffic. We were always conscious of Franco's brooding, hard-fisted presence and control. As we would crest many of the hills, we would pass uniformed national police.

One of the most heart-warming experiences started out as a very frightening one. As we came into a little village, our automobile began to steam. I was able to pull into the lone filling station, and when I opened up the hood I found that a hose had broken, and the water was gushing out. I did not know what could be done for me in this tiny little place, but with gesticulation and chattering I was made aware of a tiny little garage a block or so away, but I did not know how I would get there. All of a sudden, a crowd of little boys and men got hold of the car and pushed it into the little garage. One must remember that we were laden with three small children. The Spanish loved small children, and I am sure that they were doing it for them more than for Margaret and me. The car would just barely fit into the narrow garage where a mechanic began to take off the hose and sent one of the little boys up into the loft of the garage to bring back a piece of hose which he then cut to the proper length and installed it, all fairly promptly.

I was utterly in their hands, and I feared that I would be saddled with a very large expense. To my great amazement, his charges were so low that I could not understand how he could have even paid for the piece of hose, so in my gratitude I gave him about double of what he asked, and this was still less than what American cost would have been. Of course, one does have to remember that the American dollar at that time was extremely strong and prices in Spain were very, very low.

With a great many bows and thanks all around--we had given the little village its thrill of the day--we were on the road again to Madrid.

Madrid with its three and one-half million people was a rather daunting experience for our little family, but we found a little hotel, located so that we could walk to some of the major places of interest. From there, we saw much of the historic districts of this great city. We especially enjoyed the great Prado Museum.

We made a fascinating trip to Toledo and then pushed north where we visited the Valley of the Fallen, the vast underground cathedral and burying place for so many of Franco's soldiers who had fallen in the Spanish Civil War. Franco had prepared a magnificent tomb for himself as well.

It was raining by the time we got to Escorial, the site of the Palace of a number of Spanish kings, including Charles I (Charles V as Holy Roman Emperor) and his son Philip II. The old Roman aqueduct there is one of the best preserved anywhere.

It had snowed by the time we had come to the Valley of the Fallen, and as we climbed higher and went over the pass of the mountain range ahead, we came into a great deal of snow on the road. I had been told that I should have chains, so I got them out and put them on the rear tires and we made our way without too much difficulty.

We then headed north through the rain to Burgos. The area is desolate enough in good weather, but in rain it was dismal indeed. We came to the Bay at Biscay at San Sebastain with its beautiful crescent harbor. We then traveled up the West Coast of France through Biarritz and Bayonne to Bordeaux. We then turned inland to go to the caves of Lascaux.

I was very anxious to see these caves with their prehistoric drawings on the walls, which have caused so much interest to anthropologists. Today they are closed to visitors, because the large numbers of tourists were causing the deterioration of the paintings. In 1960-61, they still were off the beaten track for tourists. In fact, we had great difficulty finding them. The road that led to them was crooked and narrow and poorly marked. When we finally arrived, the sight was very unimposing and deserted. The little building, which enclosed the entrance, had a small typed notice tacked to the door. I could read enough French to know that it said the caves were closed for the holidays that extended well up into January. This was a great disappointment, particularly since we had gone many, many miles out of the way to reach the caves.

There was nothing to do now but to plow on toward Switzerland. My plan was to proceed to Lyons and then to Geneva. I had no idea that we were going to get into such a high and mountainous area as the Central Massif. My study of geography had not made me aware of the fact that there were mountain peaks rising up to around 6,000 feet in the area that we were now crossing.

It was not long until we got into a landscape covered with snow. The roads, too, were covered by packed snow, though they were not terribly difficult to drive on.

We were also not prepared for our road to be so sparsely populated and the places to stay so distant from each other. We finally stopped at a little village that had a very nice small hotel where we remained for the night.

I made it a practice to call Rüslikon (as I recall, Tom McCullough) about every third evening to check in and to find out whether we had any news concerning my mother. I always remained concerned about whether I might have to return to the States in case she took a turn for the worse. This was the night I was to make the call. No one in the hotel spoke any English nor did the telephone operator. I found that I could make myself understood in German better than with my very poor French, so I managed.

We thoroughly enjoyed the little hotel and the meals that we had, dinner and breakfast. We were on our way fairly early the next morning driving through beautiful and quiet scenery with ours being one of the few cars on the road for many miles. As we dropped off of the Central Massif into the Loire Valley, we had a beautiful view, similarly as we dropped into the Rhone Valley seeing Lyons in the distance.

We arrived in Geneva in the early afternoon and visited several sites there, including the Reformation Monument and the League of Nations (now U.N.) buildings.

In the late afternoon a few snow flurries began, so we decided we had better get on the road. We anticipated spending the night near Bern, the capital.

As we motored along the road hugging Lake Geneva, the snow was inconsequential. However, as we started the very rapid climb through Lausanne on the road to Bern, all of a sudden, we found ourselves in a blinding snowstorm.

Before I could find a place to stop, we were in a situation where I could see only a very few feet ahead and not enough on either side to pull off of the road, for I did not know what was awaiting me there. As we crept along, I did not indicate to the family

how concerned I really was. For the first time in my life, I became aware of how easily one could be caught in a blizzard and find it impossible to proceed or to go back.

I do not know how long we stayed in this very dangerous set of conditions, but it seemed like an eternity. I suppose most people had sense enough to get off the road before they had become caught as we were, because we passed or met almost no cars or trucks.

Once we got out of the worst of the situation, for many miles we could not find a place where we could stop for the night. Finally, the lights of a Gasthaus just off the highway appeared, and we all rejoiced. We rejoiced even more when we found that a couple of rooms were available in this magnificent, very old inn.

By this time it must have been about 9:00 p.m. We had not eaten, and I was completely exhausted as the result of the tension of the driving snow through which we had traveled. The proprietor told us that they would prepare a meal for us, and I must say that I can remember no meal in my life that I enjoyed more. It consisted of a green salad, typical of Swiss meals, excellent cordon bleu, fixed as only the Swiss can fix it, and fried potatoes. I hesitate to compare them to what we call French fries because the Swiss fresh fried potatoes are such a cut above what we have become used to in our fast food places.

The rooms were very generous in size and contained furniture in good repair but which had to be ancient. The night was extremely cold, and our rooms had not been heated. The stoves in our rooms were the huge porcelain tiled stoves that are fed from the adjacent hall. I had seen such stoves in museums and in pictures from the Reformation times, but I had never been in a room where they were still being used. These were large enough to sit on, and that is the only way we could get any heat at all. I think the only fires they made in them were made with newspapers and that hardly warmed the stoves themselves, much less the rooms. Nevertheless, with Margaret and me sleeping together in one room and the girls together in another, we managed to get warm enough and to have a marvelous night's sleep.

The next morning we found ourselves in a virtual fairyland covered by snow. Obviously, in the days when the Gasthaus was built--I would guess the 16th Century--the road went hard-by, for there was a bridge of ancient vintage, no longer used, over the small stream that ran past the inn.

The trip back to Rüschtikon through Bern was simple enough, and we were a happy family to get back into our warm apartment that had become home to us.

During our year at Rüschtikon, we took one other fairly extended trip in the early spring. This took us to Italy. Our family came alive when we descended from the Alps into sunny Italy. The winter had been overcast for a good part of the time with a considerable amount of rain. We had very little snow in Zürich that winter, and it did not get terribly cold, but the sunshine of Italy was quite a contrast. Also, the warmth of the people, especially toward the children, was welcomed.

We spent a night with missionaries we knew in Turin, and I took a trip with the husband up into the Alps to a Christian lay institute called Agape. This was a very interesting experiment where in a beautiful setting professional people would come for in-depth discussions of how their Christian commitment should affect their professional or business lives, particularly in the realm of ethics. On this same trip I visited a church of the Waldenses who had survived from the middle ages.

We had a wonderful time visiting various sites of interest, including Milan and Florence. One of our most delightful experiences was spending Easter Day in Perugia

with missionary friends who showed us the very interesting archeological and art remains of the predecessors of the Romans, the Etruscans.



Again, in Rome, we visited with a missionary couple, the husband of which I had taught at Southeastern. They gave us good advice relative to our sightseeing in that great city, including a trip to the ruins of the ancient port of Rome, Ostia.

On our way back to Switzerland we decided again to use the Gottard Tunnel, rather than taking the road over the pass at this time of the year. This tunnel is a very long one--perhaps fourteen miles--and cars with passengers in them are loaded onto a flat bed of a long train that pulls them through the tunnel. The Italian side of the pass was full of sunshine and was relatively warm. As we were being pulled through the tunnel, we each guessed what the weather would be on the other side. Somebody guessed it would be raining. Somebody else guessed that it would be sunshiny and somebody else that it would be overcast but not raining. Laurie guessed that it would be snowing. We all laughed at her, because we knew that we were leaving a mild sunshiny day and that the tunnel was only a few miles in length. But, when we emerged from the other end of the tunnel, Laurie had her revenge. The snow was coming down in full force, and one could never believe that just a few miles away the sun was shining. This experience was very symbolic for us of the difference between the German speaking part of Switzerland and Italy.

We had many interesting adventures during the fifteen months we were abroad, but none more frustrating than having to get Swiss driver's licenses. Our American license would have been satisfactory for about three months, but since we were to be abroad for fifteen, it was necessary for us to obtain Swiss licenses.

We were told that there was no point in going to the driver's license examination without being introduced by a driving teacher. This obviously created jobs for many Swiss persons! There were a great number of licensed driving teachers, and we found

one recommended by some Seminary people who had used him. In the first place, he spoke reasonably good English, which was no small matter for us in the beginning of our stay in Switzerland. As I remember, we had to go to lessons a couple of times. They mainly consisted, of course, in teaching us the peculiarities of Swiss law and of driving in Switzerland. I must say that this was worthwhile, since there were many niceties that we had not earlier considered. For example, we found that when those who are going up a mountain on a one-lane road meet someone, they must back down until a wide place is found. Also, since few of the intersections of Swiss roads were marked with stop signs, we were instructed carefully about the fact that the person on the right always has the right-of-way. This is certainly an item not to be ignored. I think today there are fewer and fewer of these types of intersections, but in 1960-61 most intersections were of this nature, even in the cities.

On the day our examinations were scheduled, our driving instructor accompanied us, and he said to us that we would likely have no trouble at all unless we got an examiner named Viverelli. He said there was not much chance of that because they had about forty examiners. Well, as you have anticipated by now, we got Viverelli! He was the most arrogant, anti-American, anti-female, Italian-Swiss whom one could imagine.

The examination was in two parts, a written portion, which we passed without difficulty, and a driving portion.

I had my problems with Viverelli, but he frightened poor Margaret to death and flunked her on the driving test. This was not an easy test. For example, it was necessary to drive on the streets of Zürich, and one part was to back down a hill and turn a corner at an intersection while still backing. This is not an easy thing to do in a city under the best of circumstances, but it was quite unnerving with Viverelli glaring at you and making remarks about how poorly you were doing.

At any rate, I had my license, and Margaret was still covered by her American license until she could try again.

Our driving instructor got her another appointment and told her that this time she could request someone other than Viverelli, by virtue of the fact that she had failed under him. This time she had no difficulty at all with a very pleasant and supportive examiner.

We are quite proud of our Swiss driver's licenses, which, incidentally, are good for life. I have carefully filed them away should by some chance we need them again. Not for just that reason, however. The most important reason is that they are as precious to us as any award that we have ever received!

Our time at Rüslikon went by in a hurry. I had ordered a Mercedes 190D, and it arrived shortly before we were to leave, so we packed it with our belongings and set out across Europe, crossed the English Channel, and made a very delightful tour of Great Britain.

Not long after we started touring the southern coast, Kathy became ill, and we had our first and only experience with the socialized medical system in England. We stopped at a hospital at Chichester where, after a short wait, a young staff physician saw Kathy. He gave her a prescription, which I think cost us twenty-five cents at the time, and there were no charges for his examination or the use of the emergency room of the hospital. His remedy worked, for Kathy was soon in fine shape again. In London we stayed for several days in the apartment of the Principal of Spurgeon's College, Dr. Beasley-Murray. The College was not in session at the time, and the Principal and his family were visiting in the United States.

I was very pleased to have opportunity to show Margaret and the children the place where I had studied at Oxford, Regents Park College, and to have them meet Mrs. Sharp and her sister, Edie, as well as Miss Joyce Booth.

After the swing through England and Scotland, we returned to Dover and once more crossed the Channel and journeyed to Rotterdam where we were to board a freighter (a German ship which made regular trips to Norfolk to pick up coal there). Since its dates of sailing were not precisely fixed, we came in a few days early and rented a little cottage near the beach that we enjoyed very much.

We thoroughly enjoyed the freighter. There were only twelve passengers, and we had wonderful accommodations--much better than on the Maasdam, though the food was not to that standard! Margaret, Kathy, and I had a nice roomy cabin, and Mary Margaret and Laurie shared a somewhat smaller cabin. We ate with the officers in a small dining room that also served as a gathering place for officers and passengers at other times of the day.

The German captain had his wife along on this trip, and they invited Margaret and me to join them in their quarters one evening, which we did. We were able to carry on a reasonably intelligent conversation with our best German.

On the deck the crew had constructed a small swimming pool which was filled with seawater and which was much used by the passengers. It was in connection with this little swimming pool that Margaret and I got our first glimpse of a true bikini. There was a young German couple, just married, from Stuttgart who were on their honeymoon to tour the United States. She was the wearer of the bikini.

Two other items about this couple are worth mentioning. First, several of us were sitting around in the dining room-lounge listening to the short-wave radio giving the news. The major item was the breaking story that the Russians had built a wall to separate the East from West Berlin. This young couple was crushed. He had been studying engineering in Berlin, and just prior to making this trip a very good friend had asked him whether to stay in the eastern part of Berlin or to move. He had advised him to stay. Now our passenger friend was decimated as he thought of this friend who had taken his advice and who now was caught behind the wall. Since this was a German freighter, and many of the crew and all the officers, as well as several of the passengers, were Germans, there was an especially doleful look on all our faces as a result of this news.

The second item concerning this delightful young couple had to do with their honeymoon. The normal German way was to take whatever money was at the disposal of the newlywed couple to buy a house and furnish it. Instead, these two had decided to take their money and make a trip, which they had longed to make, throughout the United States. Their older acquaintances did not know what to make of this, but these honeymooners were as happy as they could be that they had made this choice. They were bringing with them a Volkswagen (the Bug) with which they would tour the country. Their plan then was to sell the car in the United States before returning to Germany.

Margaret and I were attracted to these two and invited them to come by to see us in Wake Forest after they had made their tour, and I would try to sell their car for them. Two or three months went by after we had returned when we received word that this couple would be coming by. We were delighted, and entertained them for a day or two in Wake Forest.

They had experienced a wonderful trip throughout the United States. They had gone into almost every state in the Union. As I told them, they had seen more of the

United States than Margaret and I ever had. They found people very hospitable, and they had nothing but praise for Americans. Finally, I asked them, "I know you must have found some things which did not please you. If you had to tell me one thing, what would it be?" He replied, as he looked at his wife with a smile, "Well, it would have to be that two things of yours are too soft." I asked, "What are they?" His reply was, "Your bread and your toilet paper!"

During their visit, I especially remember our watching a football game on television and my trying to explain what was going on to the young man.

By some good luck, I was able to find someone to buy the car, and then Margaret and I took them to Norfolk to return on the same freighter that had brought them and us over.

Back to our voyage--when our ship docked at Norfolk, we watched the crew hoist our Mercedes out of the hold of the ship where it had been carried with the coal dust that was there. (The ship crossed from Rotterdam to Norfolk empty, except for a few passenger cars.) They soon had it washed and ready to be lifted over the side onto the dock. We then loaded it with our bags and ourselves and started off for the drive to Wake-Forest.

CHAPTER XIV

CONFLICT AT SOUTHEASTERN

When Margaret and I left Wake Forest for our sabbatical in 1960, we left what we thought was an ideal situation. By all appearances, the Seminary was thriving. Enrollments were increasing; able faculty members were being brought on the faculty; most of all, there seemed to be the warmest relationships among the faculty members that we had ever experienced.

When we returned from Switzerland in 1961, all of our illusions had been shattered.

The first inkling I had of problems on the campus came when Professor John Wayland visited us in Switzerland. John said to me in his confidential tone, "You may not be aware of the fact that Dr. Stealey is becoming senile. He is showing many evidences of his age, and there are those of us who are very much concerned about the way he is handling things at the Seminary." This was a total shock to me. I thought John Wayland had integrity, so I assumed that he was telling me the truth. Yet, I could not, deep in my heart, believe that the vigorous and wise man that I had left a few months before had lost it all in such a short time.

Later, Professor Edward McDowell, who taught New Testament at Southeastern, also visited and indicated that he hoped I would join with some of the faculty to see that some changes were made at the Seminary. Again, I was shocked, and these things that I had heard gave me considerable foreboding as I returned to the campus.

I found that a wide chasm had been created between two faculty factions, and emotions were running very high on each side.

As I tried to sort things out, they seemed to run along this line. Dr. Stealey, except for an occasional golf game, had one major way of relaxing and getting his mind off of the problems of the Seminary. That was to play the old game, Rook. He thoroughly enjoyed having some of the faculty members join him for such games. I occasionally would gather with him and others and play some hands of Rook, though I was not a regular. Some of the members of the faculty did not take kindly to this form of recreation for the President, nor did they participate. A few were almost always involved, particularly, William (Bill) Strickland, R. C. Briggs, John Ed Stealey, and Denton Coker. Also frequent players were Carol Trotter and H. H. Oliver.

The group of non-players had visions of these members of the faculty who played with Dr. Stealey plotting the course of the Seminary, leaving them out of the plans. I personally knew that this was a complete fabrication of their minds, but they had become almost paranoid with regard to this assumed plotting. Actually, nothing could have been further from the mind of Dr. Stealey or the players when they were involved in these games of Rook than talking about the future of the Seminary. If anything ever came up about it, it was in a quite innocent manner. The reason Dr. Stealey liked to have these sessions was to get away from Seminary business and Seminary planning. Unfortunately, one of the professional tendencies of university and seminary professors is to believe that somehow the administration is plotting against them. And when they further believe that a small group of faculty members is sharing in this plotting, the paranoia grows worse.

To make matters worse still, in this instance, there was an element of jealousy which entered into the whole case. Eager to learn from other faculty members, several years earlier I had suggested that we have a colloquy on a voluntary basis every Monday morning (there were no classes on Monday) at 10:00 a.m. in the faculty lounge. The

agenda would consist of a presentation by a faculty member as to the latest developments in his or her field with questions and comments from the rest. This seemed to be a welcomed suggestion on the part of most faculty, and while the attendance was not 100%, we usually had a very good representation of faculty members at these sessions.

I, at one time, could date the occasion when the whole controversy originated. It was that day when R. C. Briggs made a presentation about current New Testament scholarship in which he very favorably talked of the work of Rudolph Bultmann in New Testament. There was an immediate reaction on the part of Professor Edward McDowell, also a New Testament professor, and the discussion became rather heated.

A bit of the background for this development is necessary here. Professor McDowell was one of the older professors who had come with President Stealey from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary when Southeastern was begun. He had been a very popular professor at Southern and had directed the graduate study of numerous students there. In fact, he had undoubtedly taught Briggs and Strickland, and other faculty members at Southeastern. His popularity continued at Southeastern, but became greatly diminished as Briggs, Strickland, and Oliver came on board. These three young men were very current in their scholarship. They all were fluent in the German language in which much of the New Testament scholarship was being written and were, therefore, able to talk about developments in ways that were closed to McDowell. Their energy and obvious up-to-date scholarship led many of the students into their graduate seminars, and they were directing more theses than McDowell was.

Dr. Mac, as we fondly called him, was a fine and likable individual, but he was not able to admit that these younger men were passing him by. I believe, also, that he had not really, until that meeting of the colloquy, understood precisely the position of Professor Briggs.

As the controversy developed, one group of the faculty supported Dr. Stealey in his support of Briggs, Oliver, and Strickland. And I do not mean by this that he necessarily shared their views. I mean rather that he believed in their scholarship and in their right to their views. Another faction of the faculty supported Dr. McDowell in his developing crusade against these younger New Testament professors, and this group also came to oppose Stealey as a result of their feeling that he was plotting with these same persons whom they were now opposing.

Thus, when I returned from Switzerland, I came into a situation that was fraught with danger for the Seminary. The group surrounding Dr. McDowell was determined that no one could stay neutral in this controversy, as I had wanted to do. Actually, my theological understandings were closer to McDowell and his group than they were to Briggs, Strickland, and Oliver; but I, like Stealey, believed firmly in their scholarship and in their right to hold their positions within our faculty. Indeed, I thought that these differences were very healthy in terms of producing students who could think for themselves.

I was called upon to bring a message to the faculty at the annual retreat in the fall of 1961 that was held at Camp Rockmont near Black Mountain, North Carolina. I worked very hard on what I would say, hoping that I might say something which would bring some reconciliation between the two groups. I remember that I utilized the story of the "Jerusalem Conference" recorded in the *Acts*. This was the record of the controversy that had fallen out in the church over the issue whether a Gentile had to become a Jew by

circumcision before he could become a Christian. The way the discussion was carried and the solution that was made seemed to me to be a model for our own situation.

Unfortunately, I do not think my statement had any salutary effect. Indeed, it made it simply more difficult for me to maintain the warm fellowship and relationships that I had earlier experienced in the Seminary faculty. As a consequence, I never again felt the kind of satisfaction with the institution and with my position at Southeastern that I had in days prior to 1961.

President Stealey was reaching the age of 65, and he announced that he would be retiring at the end of 1962-63. This represented the fulfillment of a desire on the part of a faction of the faculty to get rid of Stealey, but it also presented them with a dilemma, as it did for all of us, around the question as to who should succeed Stealey. As names began to surface, the most frequently mentioned name was that of Herschel Hobbs, a well-known Baptist pastor who had been president of the Southern Baptist Convention. Hobbs seemed to be the choice of the trustee committee, and he came to the campus and talked to the faculty. In spite of our faculty differences, we became united around the position that we wanted a theological scholar and not a pastor and denominational politician. This made us oppose Hobbs' candidacy.

I remember an illustration that he gave when talking to the faculty about how he would treat theological differences among faculty members. He said that he did not believe in putting faculty members like cattle on a short lease but rather that there should be a generous fence around the pasture beyond which they were not to go.

Both sides in the controversy that was tearing Southeastern apart were concerned about where that fence would be located. So, the faculty came together in supporting the candidacy of Olin T. Binkley who was Professor of Christian Ethics and had been made Dean by Dr. Stealey.

We respected Dr. Binkley for his scholarship and integrity, and we were impressed by his service as Dean. We made representation to the committee of trustees who were to recommend the next president, and Dr. Binkley was elected.

As I reflect on these matters from the distance of time, I am reasonably assured in my own mind that the Seminary would have been better served to have had a good denominational politician like Herschel Hobbs as president. No doubt, Dr. Binkley was sincere, but he proved not to have the toughness and political skills that were needed in a president at Southeastern at this particular time.

I recognize that some of my prejudice may be showing as a result of the treatment which I received from the hands of Dr. Binkley.

After Dr. Binkley had been elected, but before he took office, I was offered a position as Associate to Emanuel Carlson in the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs in Washington. I had gone to Washington and had spent some time with Carlson looking at the role I would play and at the Washington scene. I was discouraged about the issue of housing, but I was excited about the job itself. It was in an area of my interest, and I had always been fascinated by the political scene and the excitement of the United States capital. In fact, one of the career aims that I had toyed with when I was still uncertain about my direction was the diplomatic service. I always felt that I would greatly enjoy that, and I think one of the deterring factors was that I had so much difficulty in learning foreign languages. At any rate, I came back to Wake Forest uncertain about what I should do, but leaning toward going to Washington.

I went one evening to Dr. Binkley's house to get his counsel. In the process of our discussion, he indicated to me that he intended to make me dean after he came into the presidency; therefore, he urged me to turn down the Washington job and to stay with the Seminary. Naturally, this turned the tables, and I remained.

Some time after this, but before Binkley assumed office, he called me in and indicated his regret but, also, that he was not in a position to make me dean. He tried to salvage the situation by talking about some other role such as an administrative assistant, but I felt betrayed on the basis of his commitment. I had remained at Southeastern when I had a good job offer, and now I was left hanging out to dry.

Obviously, Binkley had sounded out the faculty, and had found that the same group who had opposed Stealey was opposing my appointment as dean. This, in spite of the fact that I had tried my very best to remain friendly to everyone and not to take sides, but this group was determined that everyone must be cataloged as on one side or the other.

As one who has served in administrative roles for many years, I can understand the fact that Binkley wanted a consensus dean, but he should have indicated to me in the very beginning that this was the direction he was going and that I might not be acceptable. Also, as it happened, the dean he appointed was not acceptable to the entire faculty.

Other factors were making my remaining at Southeastern a concern. As I have indicated earlier in these memoirs, my mother, after a severe stroke, had been confined to a rest home with constant care. This was very expensive for a family on the less than adequate seminary salaries of the time. As a consequence, Margaret felt that she should go to work again. She took a position teaching mathematics in the high school in Wake Forest. She did an excellent job, liked her principal, Mr. Forest, and in many ways enjoyed her teaching. Nevertheless, with a husband who had to be away most of the Sundays, and sometimes Saturdays as well, and who had little time to do anything about the house, much of the burden of the household and the three daughters fell on her. This burdened my mind and spirit.

In the summer of 1963, Margaret and children went to Brunswick to visit her mother and other family members there. I went to Brunswick later for a brief visit and to collect the family. She told me that she and her mother had gone to the ground-breaking of the new college and that she had seen and spoken with Chancellor Hermon W. Caldwell and Vice Chancellor S. Walter Martin of the University System of Georgia. We had known Dr. Caldwell when he was president and we were students at the University of Georgia. Walter Martin had been a teacher of mine at the University. I said to Margaret, "Why, I did not even know there was a college at Brunswick." She said that this was a new junior college that had been authorized and would be opening in 1964.

In a very off-handed way, even a kidding way, I remarked, "Why don't they get us as president?" We laughed, and she said that would be a good thing. We thought nothing more of it. That evening we had dinner with her brother who was Judge of the Superior Court, Winebert Daniel Flexer--we all called him "Bubba" in good Southern style. In the course of the conversation, I asked him about the new college, and I told him what we had said about being president. Bubba said, "Well, Pope, I never knew that you would have any interest in such a thing." I replied, "I never have thought about such a thing seriously; but, I guess, if I had the opportunity, I would certainly have to give it serious consideration." He added, "Jim Gould is the Regent who got this college here,

and I don't think they have elected a president yet. I know Jim well; if you are willing, we will go by to see him tomorrow and talk about it."

The next day we did go by to see Mr. Gould at his Ford place in downtown Brunswick. Mr. Jim said, "You are right, we have not named a president. We offered it, but it does not appear that the man is in any position to take the job. If you will give me a resume, I will see that your name is given consideration. We would like to have someone with connections in Brunswick."

Mr. Gould knew all the members of the Flexer clan, including Margaret. Margaret likes to tell the story about being employed to hand out flyers concerning a political candidate on the day of election. Mr. Gould came along and said, "You are on the wrong side." As Margaret recounts it, she was.

Gould was not only a prominent Brunswick citizen; he was well respected beyond the borders of Brunswick. His family had been pioneers in the area since the early nineteenth century. Indeed, the Goulds are the principal characters in the trilogy of Eugenia Price who has written best selling novels about the St. Simons and Brunswick area.

Winebert now laid out a plan for me to follow which included getting some of my friends to write letters to the Chancellor of the System on my behalf, and he made some significant contacts himself. Among others who wrote strong letters for me was Robert C. Norman, a prominent attorney in Augusta and one who had been a powerful member of the State Ports Authority. Bob had been one of my closest friends during our days at the University of Georgia.

My letter of application went to Chancellor Caldwell on August 16; and on the 19th he replied that he remembered me, Margaret, and my father who was pastor in Athens at the Prince Avenue Baptist church when Dr. Caldwell was president of the University of Georgia. He also indicated that he and Dr. Martin would be discussing my application with the Committee on Education of the Board of Regents.

I might add at this point that in the year just past I had shared with John Ed Steely the position of Director of Public Relations for the Seminary. My role was principally dealing with student recruitment. Mr. Ben Fisher, who had been in that role, had left the Seminary. Dr. Stealey did not want to appoint a permanent successor but to leave that to his successor. So, while John Ed and I both continued teaching, we also took over the responsibilities of that office. Thus, I had been given some formal administrative experience in addition to the period when I served as Director of Religious Activities at Mercer earlier. I had also held some prominent committee appointments that I was able to note in discussing my experience.

Bob Norman really went all out in helping to get my name before the Regents. He not only wrote a letter to Dr. Caldwell, with a copy to Walter Martin, but he called Caldwell and talked to him directly. His letter to the Chancellor was one I treasure greatly, for I think I have never read any such letter which heaped more praise on anyone--though certainly not deserved.

Caldwell had raised with Bob the fact that my doctorate was in theology. Bob had responded that as he had watched college presidents, and he had found that it did not matter much what the major field was as long as they had the "educational background and the qualities that make a good administrator." Of course, my master's degree in Physics and my teaching in physics at the University of Georgia constituted the most important items in turning aside the question of the doctorate in theology.

Things moved very rapidly. A letter from Walter Martin on September 16 contained an invitation to meet the Education Committee of the Board of Regents on September 30. This I did. I arrived at the Regents Office in Atlanta at an appropriate time and was asked to wait in the Chancellor's office while the Education Committee did some other business. During that time, Walter Martin came in escorting a man named Earl Hargett whom he introduced to me, and we sat and talked for awhile. The reason for this will become evident shortly.

I had what I considered a good meeting with the Education Committee. The Committee was chaired by Howard "Bo" Callaway, a member of the wealthy and highly respected Callaway family in Georgia. In fact, Callaway Gardens is one of their productions. Jim Gould, though not a member of the Committee, was also present.

The developing plan, of which I was unconscious, began to reveal itself when I received a letter on October 4 from Walter Martin saying that they had been interviewing prospects for the presidency at Brunswick prior to my becoming involved and that he would be interested in my being a president at sometime, even if not appointed to Brunswick post. He added, "I believe if you had some experience as a dean, it might help you in getting into one of the presidencies. I am going to keep my eyes open for a top administrative place for you in the System, and maybe you can come back sometime either as a dean or as a president." With that, I rather dismissed the thought of Brunswick.

It was not long until I had a call from Vice Chancellor Martin, explaining that the Education Committee had decided to recommend Earl Hargett for the presidency of Brunswick, but he would not be able to move to the college until June 15, 1964. Only if they could find someone to do all of the spadework and groundwork, which was needed for the opening of the college in September, would Hargett be able to accept the job. It then became clear why they had set up an occasion for Hargett to talk to me. He was enthusiastic about the idea of my being Dean of Brunswick, moving there on the first of January, 1964, and, in consultation with him, do all the spade work necessary for the opening in the college. Dr. Martin also added that assuming I would do this, whenever a good opening in the junior college system in Georgia came, they would be ready to recommend me as the president. As he said in a letter to me (November 14), "this would be a good stepping stone to something better in the University System."

The decision to move from teaching to administration became an even greater decision than the specific one of going as Dean of Brunswick College. I agonized over this more, perhaps, than any decision I have ever made in my life.

We needed more money; that was clear; I felt certain that I could do the job required in administration; yet, I loved teaching and the research that I was doing in my field. I suppose the words of Dean Hugh McEniry of Stetson University were significant at this point. Hugh was a good friend of mine when I taught at Stetson, and I admired him greatly. He was a splendid teacher and served brilliantly as the head of the English Department. When I heard that McEniry had accepted the position of Dean of Liberal Arts, I was distressed, because we were losing such a splendid teacher. I went to Hugh and with my typical faculty prejudices said, "Why in the world did you let them appoint you as dean and ruin a good teacher?" McEniry's reply has stayed with me through the years, "Well, Pope, you wouldn't want to have a sorry teacher for your dean would you?"

I sought out the counsel of the now President Emeritus, Syd Stealey, whom I so greatly respected. He encouraged me to think seriously about moving into administration,

but the finest thing he did for me was to give me his formula for making tough career decisions. It went as follows: (1) Find out everything that you can about the position. Let no stone go unturned in terms of developing information. (2) Talk to your friends. Tell them what you are considering and ask their opinions. (3) After you have done the first two, and never before, do then what your heart tells you to do. I have found this to be absolutely infallible advice.

This is the only time in my life when there was an event about which I was worried enough and distraught enough that I could not sleep and felt it necessary to seek out a doctor. Dr. Mackey was the school physician, and I went by and told him of the trouble I was having. He prescribed a tranquilizer--the only time I have ever taken such medication. It did help, but nothing helped like finally making the decision to leave teaching and the Seminary and, thus, make a radical change in my career direction. I accepted the job as Dean at Brunswick. I informed Dr. Martin of this decision on November 22.

Naturally, there was a great deal of pain involved in the move, but I was convinced, as was Margaret, once the decision has been made, that it was the right one. Too many indicators were there for us to do otherwise. Time proved my decision to have been the correct one, not only in terms of the developing career path that I took, but also in the fact that Southeastern was soon plunged into even deeper controversy, and three of my very good friends, Briggs, Strickland, and Oliver were fired.

Incidentally, all of them landed on their feet. Briggs taught at Vanderbilt for a while and then completed his career as professor at the Interdenominational Seminary in the Atlanta University complex. Strickland became professor and then dean at Appalachian State University. Oliver became professor at Boston University.

Dr. Martin set December 30, 1963, as a date for a conference with him in Brunswick that would include me, Earl Hargett, and other members of the Regent's Office staff. Thus, just after Christmas, I moved myself to Brunswick where I boarded with Margaret's mother, Mrs. E. F. Flexer. Margaret was in the midst of her teaching, and the children were in school, so we decided that it would be better for them to finish out the term. We knew also that I would be overwhelmed with the responsibilities that were coming upon me.

So, I bade farewell to Southeastern Seminary which had been earlier such a great place, and to which I owed a great debt, but which now had involved itself in such controversy that I knew I could no longer be happy there.

CHAPTER XV

BRUNSWICK COLLEGE, 1964

December 30, 1963, brought me into a completely new world. Earl Hargett, the president-elect of Brunswick College, and I received a thorough briefing on the strange and wonderful world of the University System of Georgia with its multitude of rules and regulations--I almost said its multitude of vagaries. Though the latter would be unfair, to one just beginning to get an initiation into these, they did seem so. As I lived with the System, I became aware of the fact that almost every rule and regulation, as it is with any institution, was the result of experience and often of violation by one or more of what should have been simply good common sense and/or integrity.

The campus of Brunswick College was still under construction. The agreement with the state was that Glynn County would furnish the property and build the campus to University System specifications and then turn it over to the System debt free. In the meantime, our operation was to be housed on the campus of Glynn Academy. My office, with an office for a secretary, was in the main building of the Academy; though, as we added staff, our offices were moved to a temporary classroom building that was erected for this purpose on the Academy campus. Later, with the arrival of President Hargett in the middle of June, as well as additional persons on the staff, we rented a building that had been used as studios for a local radio station. This had to serve for administrative offices until a week or two after classes began. Construction, as happens so many times, had fallen behind schedule.

Where in the world does one start to fashion a college out of nothing? Well, the first thing I had to do was to find a secretary--and get a typewriter for her. Perhaps, this is symbolic of the importance of good secretaries to any operation. Gail Williams, whom I employed, was the wife of an engineer associated with Thyacol, which had moved a large core of people to Brunswick to build and test a solid fuel rocket motor for the United States government. Gail was a very competent person, but she was not always as diplomatic in her personal relations as I would have liked.

The night before Gail was to assume her duties, I got word from Margaret that my mother had died in Wake Forest. I made arrangements by telephone for my mother's body to be shipped to Elberton, Georgia, and arrangements there for a funeral home and for funeral services to be held at the Holly Springs Baptist Church, my mother's home church.

I wrote out a long list of things for Gail to be doing while I was gone and left them on the typewriter for her when she arrived. I was off early the next morning to Bowman, the old home place, where my aunts Maggie and Maude Roberts lived. Margaret and the children joined me there. We buried mother beside my father in the Roberts family plot that contained the bodies of my grandparents and my Aunt Lois. Since then my other aunts have joined them.

As quickly as I could, I tied up some loose ends with respect to my mother's affairs including the probate of her will. Her estate was minimal indeed.

When I returned to Brunswick, I was again in the midst of frantic activity. I needed someone to look after the little bit of accounting in which we had already become involved. I learned that Sheley McCoy, Comptroller at Valdosta State College, had a fine young assistant who had just graduated named Faye Barber. I was able to bring her in as acting comptroller until we found a permanent comptroller. She was made assistant to the

controller and later became comptroller of the college, a position that she held for many years. She then became the chief fiscal officer of Southern Tech in Marietta, Georgia.

I also knew that one of the things that needed to be begun immediately was a collection of books and their cataloging so that we would have a library when the students arrived in September. At this time, colleges and universities were beginning a major growth period both in enrollment and numbers of institutions, so librarians and faculty members were in short supply. I was fortunate to obtain the services of a well-qualified person with a degree in Library Science from the University of North Carolina, Virginia Ralston Babylon.

I reached back to Southeastern Seminary and brought in Kathleen Anne McCormick as registrar. Kathy had been serving in the Public Relations office there, so I knew her remarkable abilities. I was also extremely fortunate to be able to lure Gordon Funk from Southeastern where he was Business Manager. He came in as Comptroller having some of the same concerns about Southeastern that I had. (Gordon later became the person in the Chancellor's office heading up all the accounting systems for the University System.)

I also began to seriously recruit faculty members. Three of these I stole from Glynn Academy. All of them proved to be superior teachers, Mary Hart Gash as assistant professor of English, Roselie Sutton Gormly as associate professor of mathematics, and Helen Gillespie Hood as assistant professor of English. Others we obtained from here and there. By the time school opened in the fall, we had a very respectable faculty. On the whole, they were well prepared and were good teachers. In addition, the group was excited about beginning a new enterprise and rallied to undertake anything we asked of them.

Another important step that had to be taken immediately was to provide some information to prospective students and begin the process of their recruitment. Quite early, I produced a small pamphlet that we distributed very widely in the schools, giving the bare facts about the college and its opening in the fall and encouraging students to think about coming with us.

I also began to recruit funds to underwrite some scholarships for needy students. One must remember that at this time there were virtually no federal or state aid dollars available to undergraduate students.

I spoke in nearly all the clubs in the area, and many of them made modest contributions toward scholarships. It appeared that everyone in Brunswick and Glynn County was enthusiastic about the opening of the college and stood ready to be of help to us.

I was very anxious that the college get a good beginning and that we set achievable but high standards of instruction and quality. I wanted to profit by the experience of other colleges in the University System. Therefore, I took about a week and visited a number of the units in the System, particularly the junior colleges, to learn precisely how they operated. The presidents and deans whom I visited were very helpful, and I learned much from this little tour. I also went by the University of Georgia to get their blessings on us, so that we could say in our first publications that the University of Georgia would accept our graduates, even though accreditation could not come until after we had been in business for five years. (The Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools now has a "candidate status" for new institutions, but at that time it did not. A footnote is that Brunswick was accredited in 1967 under a new S.A.C.S. plan.) I received this commitment from the University and used it quite effectively in assuring students that they could come to this new college without fear of loss of credits or opportunity to transfer.

By April, we were able to publish the first bulletin of Brunswick College. This in itself was a quite an undertaking, since technically there were no faculty and no students at this time. Of course, I was consulting with Earl throughout this period. He made another trip to Brunswick, and we had long and effective sessions. It was necessary for us to develop curricula, admission requirements, and on and on.

One seldom thinks of all the things that have to be started from nothing when such an institution comes into being. All of this made for a busy schedule, but it was exciting and extremely stimulating.

I am reminded of what R. C. Briggs told me at the time. Briggs, a colleague at Southeastern, had once been the dean of Union College in Tennessee so, when he found that I was beginning this new enterprise at Brunswick, he wrote, "It must be great to be Dean of a college that has neither faculty nor students!" It is true that consensus is more easily arrived at under such circumstances!

Early in my stay at Brunswick, William Fallis, Editor of the Convention Press, called me and he asked if I would write a brief history of Christianity, which could be put into lay hands and sold for a very reasonable price. Convention Press was sponsoring a kind of book of the month club for Baptists. I knew this would push me to the limit with the other things that I was doing, but I had so wanted to do such a book that I promised him that I would, in spite of the fact that he had a very early deadline.

It had been only a month or two before that I had stopped teaching church history, so I had most of the facts and issues in my mind. As a consequence, I bought a secondhand dictating machine; and, at night, I would dictate what eventuated in a little book, *The Pilgrimage of Christianity*. When Kathy McCormick arrived, I employed her to type the book and edit it for me. She was superior in both of these areas. Thus, I was able to fulfill a long-time ambition while still busy as a beaver getting the college ready to start. The book sold exceedingly well and was received with enthusiasm. Unfortunately, the Convention Press decided not to reprint it. I have thought on occasion that I would bring it up-to-date and republish it. I do think it fills a real need and something of a void.

I enjoyed living in Brunswick, but I was missing the family greatly, so I was extremely pleased when school was out in Wake Forest, and we were able to move the family to Brunswick. In the meantime, I had been looking at lots and houses. Margaret and I finally decided on a lot in a new subdivision near the college. We also worked out a house plan that could be built by National Homes. After stubbing in the plumbing and pouring a concrete slab for the first floor, they brought in on long trucks all the outside walls and roof early one morning. By late afternoon, the house looked very much as it did when it was finally completed. It naturally took several weeks for the interior and exterior finish work, but it was a quick and easy way to get a nice home.

Four days after we moved in, I had a call from Walter Martin asking if I would be willing to consider going to South Georgia College as president. I think Margaret has never quite forgiven all of us involved for that! And I don't blame her! But more of that later.

By the time Earl arrived in the middle of June, the general structure of the college and its faculty was well along toward completion, yet there were many things to do. Fortunately, my work was a bit less frantic since the president was on board, and the administrative staff people were in place.

Earl Hargett was a remarkable individual. He came to Brunswick College from the deanship of the Freeport Community College in Freeport, Illinois, so he was an experienced administrator. Earl was an idea person. I have never known anyone who

could generate so many ideas and things to do. Most of them were worthwhile, though some were "off the wall."

He had two weaknesses. First of all, though he could generate ideas, he was not well suited for their implementation. He had a difficult time following completely through with any plan. His mind would become enthralled with something else before he finished the first. As long as he had a competent staff, this was not too bad. It did put a great deal of pressure on his staff! The other weakness was that he had never finished his Ph.D. In fact, he had completed all of the work except dissertations for a Doctor of Education degree at the University of Tennessee and a Ph.D. degree at the University of Chicago. This was typical of Earl in that he was a hard worker, but he never was quite able to finish what he undertook.

One of the reasons that the Board was so anxious to have a dean who was highly qualified academically was the fact that the president did not have his doctoral degree. It was made very clear to Earl by the Chancellor that he was expected to finish his doctorate; and, if he did not, he could count on having to move from the presidency to some other position. Earl had indicated to that office that he would be able to finish one of these degrees within the next few months. Unfortunately, he never did. Later, he was given a leave of absence to finish the degree, and when he did not, he was brought back into the system to head up Continuing Education at Valdosta State College. He moved from there to the presidency of a junior college, Lincoln College, in Illinois, where he died of a heart attack during the first week of his tenure.

Earl was a lovable and wonderful individual, and he was extremely gracious to me. I shall always cherish his memory, and I have regretted so very much the fact that he never was able to achieve his doctoral degree and that his death took such a young and promising individual.

My secretary, Gail; Gordon Funk, the Controller; and Kathy McCormick, Registrar; all bought houses in the same development where Margaret and I lived, so we had built-in friends near by.

One Saturday, shortly after we had moved into our new house, I decided that I should put a gutter across the stoop, and Gordon Funk was helping me do it. Well into our operation, we found that we were lacking some fasteners and had to call a halt to our work. We had just moved into our new offices in the library-administration building, and Gordon decided he would go over and check the mail. Some time later he returned terribly upset and angry. His story was as follows.

The campus grounds were still under the county's authority, because all of the work had not been completed. A few days before, a hurricane had moved through the islands, and very strong winds were felt at Brunswick. The campus was covered beautifully with pine trees, perhaps twenty or thirty feet high. A number of these were uprooted as a result of the rains and high wind. The county manager had brought a pulpwood harvester in on Friday afternoon and had driven him through the campus. He said to him, "I want you to come and take these trees out."

When Gordon arrived on the campus, he found that all of the trees on the north side of the campus had been cut down, and the pulpwood man was working hard to do the same for the rest of the campus. Gordon was so upset that he drove his car off the road right across the swales and hard up beside where the saw was operating. He jumped out of the car, and with an oath said, "What in the hell are you doing?" Of course, it was quite obvious what he was doing. The poor man replied, "Well, the county man told me to take these trees out." Gordon told him in no uncertain terms that he was to stop right at that point and do absolutely nothing else. Of course, what the county man had meant

was that he should take out the trees which had been toppled over by the storm, but a pulpwood man is used to clear-cutting, and that's the way he understood it.

Gordon got in touch with the county manager, and he was appalled. He also knew that on Sunday many citizens of Glynn County would be driving through to look with pride at the new campus. He managed to get a crew together; and by Sunday morning, one would never know that a tree had ever been in place. All the stumps were out and the ground was smoothed. Not long after, the area was replanted. Today, if you go to the Brunswick campus, you will find that on the north side of the campus the pine trees are not so tall and large as those in the central and southern part of the campus!

A new college is exciting, but it also requires unusual, and sometimes unorthodox, ways of doing things.

The day before classes were to begin, our classroom furniture arrived. We accumulated every staff and faculty person we could, as well as a few other assorted people including students, and worked all afternoon and night uncrating, unpacking, and placing all of the classroom furniture. Somehow, we managed to be ready for the first day.

That first registration and first class day were unbelievably satisfying to those of us who had started working toward that end months before. It was also a culmination of a dream of James Gould and others in the Brunswick area that worked so hard to see this day come about.

As delightful and exciting as the later ceremonies dedicating the campus were, there was a sense in which they were anticlimactic to those first days of operation.

As I have already mentioned, four days after we had moved into our new house, I received a call from Walter Martin telling me that President Will Smith at South Georgia College was retiring because of health. Martin said he would like for me to come to Atlanta and meet with a committee from South Georgia College with respect to the presidency there.

The early part of September, Margaret and I journeyed to Atlanta for this meeting. I met with a small committee from South Georgia, and I also talked with Walter Martin and Harry S. Downs who was coordinator of junior colleges for the University System. I was assured that I would most likely be recommended to the Board of Regents for the presidency if that were satisfactory to me.

Margaret and I had never been to Douglas. We had never laid eyes on South Georgia College. So, on our way back to Brunswick, we drove through Douglas and through the campus. Quite frankly, we were not well impressed with either. I suppose, as much as anything else, it was because the day was very rainy and dreary. In fact, while we had been in Atlanta, a hurricane had come through the Georgia coast, and its remnants were making themselves felt as we drove through Douglas. Nevertheless, we concluded that this was an opportunity that we should not take lightly nor turn down.

I was asked to come to the meeting of the Board of Regents on September 16, 1964, at which time I was elected president of South Georgia College. After the election, I was called into the meeting of the Board and informed. I indicated that I would accept the position. When the Board then recessed, Chairman James A. Dunlap came up to me and said in a very serious tone, "I surely do admire your courage in going to South Georgia College." This somewhat shocked me, since I did not realize that the college had as many problems as he knew it had and as I soon found out. Perhaps, I did not have as much courage as Dunlap thought; maybe I was just possessed of ignorance!

This appointment as President of South Georgia College was one of the strangest on record in that I was to serve there on a part-time basis from October 1, 1964, until I became full-time on January 1, 1965. Had I known the difficulty of such a situation, I am

sure that I would not have agreed. When one seeks to be dean of one college (a new one at that) and president of another (in deep distress) about 100 miles away, he is asking for trouble.

I would spend about two days each week on the South Georgia College campus and the other days at Brunswick. The responsibilities and workload of each was unbelievably heavy. First of all, a new college such as Brunswick deserves to have a full-time dean. Almost every day represented a day when decisions of continuing import would have to be made. At the same time, South Georgia College was in need of strong leadership immediately. More of that in the next chapter.

Finally, sometime in November I told the Vice Chancellor that he would have to either get a full-time dean at Brunswick College or let me be full-time at South Georgia College or a full-time president at South Georgia College and let me dean at Brunswick. I simply could not carry on much longer without having a complete breakdown. He was understanding and worked out an arrangement, which allowed me to begin full-time at South Georgia College as president on December 1 rather than on January 1. In the meantime, Earl Hargett secured the services of my former colleague at Southeastern, Denton Coker, to be Dean, the first of January, if I remember the date correctly.

One of the things that I recall happening after classes began at Brunswick was going with Guy Rivers, Associate Professor of Biology, to Sapelo Island where the University of Georgia had a marine life research station. We wanted to see if there was some way that Brunswick College could relate to that facility.

Sapelo is a very interesting island. It is reached by boat from the general vicinity of Darien and is pretty much unspoiled. Much of its northern portion is in a national wildlife reserve. Guy and I were loaned a jeep to explore the island. It was a beautiful, largely unspoiled, place. We drove down a little trail to the lovely beach on which there was not another human soul. On the way back to the marine life station, we spotted a huge rattlesnake beside the road. He must have been four to five feet long, but the most impressive thing was how big he was around. Four or five inches in diameter. Guy, who was driving, stopped the jeep, jumped out, picked up a twig, and said, "Get that hoe out of the back. I'll keep his attention, while you kill him." While his courage to stand there close to the snake with a little twig in his hand waving it at the snake may have been admirable, at the moment it seemed to me rather rash. With his help I managed to dispatch the snake. Guy then said, "We'll take him with us and clean him. You can take him to your wife to cook."

The snake's head had been severed from his body, but as I held him up by the tail, and Guy skinned him, the part nearest where his head had been still would turn toward Guy as if to strike. I received instructions from Guy as to how to cook the rattlesnake steaks and took it home to Margaret.

Margaret is a great sport about such things. Though we had never eaten rattlesnake meat, nor had she ever tried to cook it, she did both. Neither of us regarded it as being worthy of its claim as a delicacy!

About the time we were eating some of the snake meat, the phone rang, and it was Margaret's brother, Billy, the fisherman and outdoorsman of the family. Billy said, "I hear you have cooked some rattlesnake meat." Margaret replied that she had. Billy said, "I have always wanted to try some; do you have any left?" Margaret told him to come right on over that we had plenty left. He came, and when he sat down to begin to eat, he said, "You know, I was much more anxious to try this when I called you than I am now that I have it before me!"

To start a college from scratch, had been quite a challenge, but it had been accomplished rather successfully, so we could leave it feeling a high degree of

satisfaction with what we had done. We were even then not fully aware of the challenge that we now faced to an old and long established institution.

CHAPTER XVI

SOUTH GEORGIA COLLEGE 1964-1968



From the newest junior college to one of the oldest was the journey that we took from Brunswick College to South Georgia College.

South Georgia had been founded as the Eighth District Agricultural and Mechanical School in 1906. It did not begin its operation until 1908. Several such A & M schools were created by the state legislature at the same time, including those at Statesboro, Americus, Valdosta, Carrollton, and Tifton. Local people supplied the land, and the state built the buildings and operated the institutions. There was obviously an attempt to save money by building the campuses just alike. Each had a central academic building on a circle and a boy's dormitory on one side and a girl's dormitory on the other side. Most were out of red brick, but the buildings at Douglas were made of gray or off-white brick. I am sure that in almost every case the bricks were locally made and, in some cases, I am sure, were sun-dried.

In time, all of these, which I named, became colleges as a part of the University System of Georgia. Valdosta, Americus, Carrollton, and Statesboro all eventually became four-year and even graduate, institutions. South Georgia has remained a junior college, not after the pattern of the later community colleges, but as a residential college, largely transfer in nature.

One of the things that I have often said is that if property is given on which to build a college, most of the time it turns out to have been property that was of not much use to the donor or to anyone else. As a matter of fact, South Georgia College's central campus had been virtually a swamp. There were still cypress trees to be seen on the campus when I went there in 1964. Shortly after I arrived, I was at a meeting with college presidents in Atlanta when a tremendous rainfall came, some eight inches in the course of a few hours. The campus was completely flooded, even to the extent that students used boats to get from the dormitories to classrooms. Of course, this made the AP wire, and pictures of students canoeing on campus went all over the nation. Perhaps

no other single event in the life of South Georgia College has received such national coverage!

I soon learned that one of the reasons for such a disastrous situation was the fact that only a small culvert ran under the fill for the railroad that cut through the campus. I worked during most of the time I was at South Georgia, to persuade the railway to put in a large culvert or at least an additional one. This finally happened, and I do not think the college has had any more such huge flooding, though Douglas has probably since not had eight inches of rain in a very short period of time either!

South Georgia College through the years had a good reputation, and a number of its graduates had become distinguished in later life after they had gone to the University of Georgia and other universities for their four-year degrees. Two of these have been very good friends of ours, Robert and Phyllis Davis, president of Florida Southern College (now retired). Another was Cartha Dekel DeLoach who became second in command to J. Edgar Hoover in the FBI. An interesting sidelight is that after finishing his two-year degree, Dekel went on to Stetson and graduated there. He was president of the South Georgia College Alumni Association while I was at South Georgia College and of the Stetson University National Alumni Association the year prior to my coming to Stetson as president.

As implied above, the Florida connection at South Georgia College was very strong in the years prior to my going to South Georgia and during my time there. A large percentage of our students came out of the Jacksonville area. At that time Jacksonville was without any state community college or university, and South Georgia College was not far away. The same had been true at Georgia Southern College. With the opening of the community college and the State University in Jacksonville this changed rather radically.

Another Florida connection lies in the fact that Bobby Bowden was the last football coach for South Georgia College. For many years, South Georgia College and other junior colleges in the area played football. South Georgia was a kind of farm team for the University of Georgia and had an extremely powerful team, winning the junior college sugar bowl game in New Orleans at least once. Football had ceased to be a year or two before I came to South Georgia College. One Saturday morning early, our doorbell rang at the president's home, and I went to see who was energetic enough to be out at that time on Saturday. A young man said to me, "I am Bobby Bowden, former football coach here, and I was just going through town and wanted to stop by and meet the new president. I am now an assistant at Florida State University." We chatted for some little time. I could have predicted from both his success at South Georgia and his delightful manner that he would do well in his career, as indeed he has!

In spite of its good reputation, and the good service that President Will Smith had given for many years, things had deteriorated by the time I arrived. Unfortunately, President Smith had, probably because of poor health, allowed alcohol to become addictive. He had been seen on campus in an inebriated state. All of this meant that he was not giving the leadership that he had previously provided for the college. It also meant that students had taken advantage of his condition to make the college a party school with drunkenness and disorderly conduct, including some destructive fighting and other behavior. Particularly, groups of students from Savannah and from Jacksonville were leading the pack.

So, I came into a situation where the president had been called upon to resign and where student life was in disarray. I had one concern that never materialized. That concern was that President Smith, who had been at the college for a great number of years and had strong friends among the administration, faculty, and community, would create difficulties for me. Quite the contrary was true. He conducted himself toward me in an attitude of friendliness and, so far as I ever knew, in a supportive way.

I was on campus only a few days when I realized that we would have to be very tough in dealing with student behavior. I knew, also, that to do what had to be done would require the support of those students who were not involved in the destructive behavior. At the time, disciplinary cases were being handled by the Dean of Students, Tom Cottingham, and, if it came to a matter of suspension, by a faculty committee.

I suggested that we put students on the disciplinary committee. This was an unheard of thing in 1964. The faculty members were especially concerned. They thought that the students would not be tough on their colleagues and would cause trouble.

Dean Cottingham and I felt otherwise, and I put some students whom he recommended on the committee. They proved us correct. Indeed, the students were tougher on their fellow students than faculty members. Many a day, this committee would meet all afternoon and up until the early evening dealing with cases. Our enrollment at that time was about 660, and by the end of the academic year, we had suspended for disciplinary reasons over 60 students or 10% of the student body. The message that we sent was clear and was heard. The next year I think the number of suspensions was nine, and the next year three or four.

All of this was not without its pain and suffering. Fortunately, we were in a period when Americans were not nearly so litigious as they are today, particularly as it pertained to colleges and universities. We were in a time when there was still a great deal of support for colleges being *in loco parentis*. Nevertheless, I would occasionally hear from Regents whose constituents had been affected by the suspension of a child. But, I must say, as soon as I explained the situation, they were supportive and did not give me any difficulty. I think, for one thing, they were all acquainted with the problem at South Georgia and expected me to take a rather firm hand. I remember especially, Tony Solms in Savannah who was on the phone more than once. Quite a number of the students we suspended came from the Savannah area.

Naturally, we received angry phone calls from parents, but only in one case did we have a strong threat. A father called and told me in no uncertain terms that he was coming over to see that justice was done to his son who had been greatly misused. When I found out about the case, I knew the son had not told the father all of the facts, as is usually the case. Nevertheless, we prepared for the confrontation. I brought in the Dean of Students, the Academic Dean, and the Comptroller. I also brought in a tape recorder. When the father and the son arrived, nearly an hour late, the father had already been somewhat humbled because he had been caught by a Georgia State Trooper for speeding and had been compelled to pay a considerable fine, which, of course, had resulted in his lateness. He could not very well get out of telling us about this, because he had not even been in a position to make a phone call to us. (This was before the day of cellular phones in most cars!)

As we sat down around the table in the president's office, I said to him, "I know you are as anxious as I to get this issue resolved. I know also that you are as anxious as I

to be certain that any report of our conversation is not distorted in any way. Thus, I am sure you will not mind if we record our conversation." There was little he could do but acquiesce, so I turned on the recorder that was a somewhat daunting experience in itself. He started making a bombastic statement about the fact that if we did not rescind the penalty that his son had suffered (suspension); he was going to have his lawyer sue us for restitution. At this point I remarked, "Well, Mr. _____ our conversation is over. If we are going to court, it is not appropriate for us to say any more about this case without our attorney present. Our conversation will have to wait until the State Attorney General, who represents the college, either comes or sends his deputy." Once again his bravado was somewhat stifled, and he withdrew his threat and desired to discuss the situation.

Once the facts had been laid out as they truly were--and the son could not deny them--the father was as gentle as a lamb. As a matter of fact, as we left the meeting he was all smiles, and we shook hands all around.

Obviously, the new president is always subject to pressures which sometimes catch him from the blind-side, because he does not know the background and what may have gone on previously. One thing I had learned was that part of the property owned by South Georgia College had been given to the county--Coffee County--for the high school building and grounds. I also learned that a part of the property had been deeded to the city for an addition to the airport.

I had just learned these facts when the superintendent of the Coffee County Schools--who, incidentally, was a very fine person--came into my office with a request. The request was that we deed additional property adjoining the high school for expansion of that institution. I remarked to him that like Churchill's position about the British Empire, I had not come to my position to see the dismemberment of South Georgia College and that I had plans for the property involved. On the spot, I determined that we would put a golf course on that property; so, when he asked what I had planned for it, that is what I told him and that is what we did.

We laid out a short, nine-hole golf course--mostly par 3's, but some 4's and no 5's. The property was already fairly well clear of brush and trees and was pasture-like in its nature. Therefore, the main things we had to do were to keep it mowed and build some small greens and tees. In addition, there was an old tobacco barn made of logs sitting close to where the golf course began and ended. It was in reasonably good shape and became the place where we could store our golf equipment.

I was recently on the South Georgia College campus and noticed with pleasure that the golf course is still thriving. The greens have been made larger, and the old tobacco barn is a nice little pro shop.

Another item that faced me at almost the very beginning of my tenure had to do with the new physical education building that had been planned. I was told that the general features of the building had been decided upon, but it was now necessary to decide precisely where it would be located on the campus and to let the architect go ahead with his final drawings.

I would have to make the final decision as to where it should be placed. How was I, a complete newcomer, to know where best to put the physical education building? Obviously, I consulted with people who were more knowledgeable than I about the campus, and I finally made a decision that I think has worked well. On the other hand, I was appalled that there was no master plan of the campus. I made the statement then that

I would never locate another building until we had a master plan that could bring the long-range development of the campus into some appropriate order.

I immediately began to search for a source of funds to employ a first-class planner to do the job that I had in mind. I soon found out that the University System had no plans for campus long-range planning. Again I was appalled. I requested funds so that we might do our own campus plan but got none. In fact, there was some resistance to the idea that the University System should provide funds for planning physical development of the campuses.

So, I turned to another source. At that time, there were federally supported regional planning offices located in most of the congressional districts. Ours was located in Waycross. I found those people very cooperative and willing to do what they could. At the same time, they did not have highly qualified people on their staff who were well prepared for the purpose that I had in mind. We did make some preliminary efforts, and I shared them with the Regents' central office.

Whether because of my insistence or not, I shall never know, but the University System soon changed its tune and began to supply funds and *require* that every institution have a master plan. I suspect my insistence was only a small part of this. I imagine that it was the coming of the new Chancellor, George L. Simpson, Jr., who had been very much involved in the development of the research triangle in North Carolina that really moved the System into this new mode.

Whatever the reason, we were able to employ an excellent planner out of Atlanta, and we laid out a master plan that has been rather closely adhered to through the years. If one goes onto the South Georgia College campus today, one will see a campus laid out in terms of roads and the placement of buildings very much as we had projected. That experience and others have caused me to remark more than once that a good plan has a self-fulfilling aspect to it. I have seen the same thing happen at Georgia Southern and now at Stetson.

There were many other surprises, some good and some bad. I will mention two others. First, I have always been a great advocate of the library. Therefore, one of the places I visited first when I got to South Georgia College was the library. Physically it was tiny--the upstairs of the administration building, Thrash Hall. Fortunately, a library building was under construction that would greatly improve the physical situation. My main shock was to discover the paltry collection of books and periodicals. The latter was minuscule. The only periodicals that the library had at all were several popular magazines such as *Life*, *Time* and *Arizona Highways*! There were absolutely no scholarly journals or even periodicals of a very serious nature. When I confronted the librarian with reference to this, she said, "Well, if we had them nobody would read them." My response was, "Well, we shall never know that, if we don't have them, will we?" After some remark of hers, I continued, "I do not care whether anyone ever reads them or what you think about it, I want you to get some of them on our shelves. At least, they will make a statement to our students and faculty as to what scholarly journals look like and a testimony to the fact that this is an institution of higher education." The reader may be assured that it was not long before we had at least a few scholarly journals on the shelves.

The librarian was nearly at retirement age, and she did not want to go through the pain of the move of the library into the new building, so she retired.

I again raided Southeastern Seminary and brought in Christian Sizemore who was associate librarian there to head our library. Incidentally, President Binkley showed his stripes at this point when he told Chris, "If you leave and go to South Georgia College, I shall see to it that you never are able to get employment in any Southern Baptist college or seminary." (He is now president of William Jewell College!) I think my raiding of his faculty and staff had gotten under his skin. Perhaps, I should not be too hard on him, for I had also stolen his Director of Student Activities, Fred Badders, who came to us as Associate Dean of Students. More about these two later. The reader will recall that I had previously secured from Southeastern the services of Gordon Funk and Kathy McCormick for Brunswick College. Also, Denton Coker of Southeastern succeeded me at Brunswick, though I had nothing directly to do with that.

The second further surprise was without reference to the college. I moved to Douglas full-time at South Georgia on December 1, 1964. The first Sunday I was there I went to Sunday school and church at the First Baptist Church. The class in Sunday school for my age group left something to be desired, and I was wondering what I should do. That afternoon a committee from the church called on me. The teacher of the largest adult men's class had died. He had built this class up to one, which must have had at least one hundred in regular attendance, and it was also broadcast over the local radio station. This committee was asking me if I would teach the class. I was honored that they would have this much confidence in someone that they had not heard or even seen except at a distance. I was also somewhat hesitant to undertake such a regular and significant assignment, especially in the light of the weekly radio broadcast. On the other hand, I wanted to be helpful. I, also, must admit that I thought I would rather hear myself teach than what I might have to listen to otherwise! I took the class and thoroughly enjoyed it through my years at South Georgia College.

Speaking of teaching, I was determined that as president I would teach a course at least once a year. I think every president who in his or her past has taught has this ambition. I started out at South Georgia College to do this. I soon found my time so consumed by other matters, and I had to be out of town so frequently, that I was not doing the job of teaching to which I was accustomed. Also, I was not being fair to my students by having to miss so many class periods. So, I became reconciled to the fact that I would have to regard my Sunday school teaching as my outlet for that need. I did team-teach a graduate course with Dr. Lightsey on several occasions while I was at Georgia Southern. This was a good solution to the problem, because he and I could cover for each other when one of us could not be present.

By the end of the first year at South Georgia, I was almost completely exhausted. The pressures had been even more exhausting than the pace of events. We were looking forward to getting away for a few days to recuperate at our mountain cottage on Lakey Knob near Black Mountain, N.C.

Margaret and I played tennis almost every afternoon, often with others. The courts were just across the street from the president's home at that time. Shortly before we were to leave for the mountains, I began to believe I had sprained one of my big toes in one of our games. It began to hurt more and more, but I was determined that it would not prevent my going to North Carolina, so off we went.

Margaret's sister, Sue, a nurse, joined us for a few days. About the second night we were there, my toe was hurting so much that I could hardly stand it. Sue and I both

thought it might be broken. We had begun to soak it in hot water--not the best idea as it turned out. I finally decided I would have to see a doctor.

The only doctor in Black Mountain was Dr. Arthur Eugene Knoefel, who had been a Stetson student I later found out. He and his wife, a nurse, had practiced in the same place for many years. He was an old-fashioned general doctor. I went into his less than imposing waiting room with some trepidation which became even greater when his wife took us back into a room full of the clutter from the years of his practice--to call it a junk room would be too kind. After awhile the doctor came in. He said, "What is the problem?" I replied, "Doctor, I think I have a very bad sprain or a break in my big toe." He took a look, and in less than about ten seconds he said, "It is not broken nor sprained, you have the gout." I exclaimed, "Doctor, I can't have the gout! I don't overindulge!" "Nevertheless, you have the gout," was his response. And, he was right!

After giving me two medicines and a strict diet, I managed to recover. Fortunately, I have not had another acute attack--and I pray the Lord that I never shall!

I think the pressure of the year; the exhaustion I experienced; and the fact that we had gone to many dinners at the close of the year where we had eaten heavy food, indeed, much steak in those days, had brought on this attack.

I shall always be thankful for Dr. and Mrs. Knoefel. Through the years we found them to be a wonderful team and him a fine diagnostician. We regretted his retirement a few years ago when he was somewhat past eighty.

As a part of the University System of Georgia, the Board of Regents governed both Brunswick College and South Georgia College. One of the excellent aspects of this arrangement lay in the fact that after the debacle under Governor Eugene Talmadge, the Regents had been recreated as a constitutional body in the State of Georgia rather than as a creature of the legislature or the executive branch. The governor, in the time of Talmadge, not only served on the Board of Regents, but the Regents were almost entirely under his thumb. As a consequence, whatever the Governor wanted, he got. In this case, Talmadge was able to fire the Dean of Education at the University of Georgia and President Pitman at Georgia Southern College on grounds that they encouraged the mixing of the races.

This all happened in the early 1940's, and the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools removed all of the institutions of the University System of Georgia from the accredited list because of this high-handed action on the part of the Governor. This issue led to the defeat of Talmadge by Ellis Arnold. When he became Governor, he led in a movement to take the control of the University System out of the executive or legislative branch, so the University System became a constitutional body independent from executive and legislative control. Naturally, it was not completely removed from politics in that the Governor still appointed Regents when their terms expired, though they had to be confirmed by the Senate. Also, the legislature still appropriated funds--but to the System, not to individual institutions. Nevertheless, the University System of Georgia was better insulated from the swing of political fortunes than most university systems in the nation.

The Chancellor, who headed the System, did find it expedient to develop a considerable staff of vice chancellors, and a manual of policy was gradually developed under which all of the institutions had to exist.

While this approach had many advantages, it also had some serious disadvantages. The disadvantages lay primarily in the fact that in many areas there was little room for experimentation or differences among the institutions. The great advantage was in the fact that the Chancellor's office directed the lobbying with the legislature, received the appropriation for the University System from the legislature, and distributed the moneys to the various institutions by formula.

I quickly realized after coming into the System that it was very important to become an expert on the policy manual of the Regents; else one could get into serious difficulty. I was amused at the discomfort of Chancellor Simpson with reference to his lack of knowledge concerning the rules on one occasion early in his administration. Shortly after I arrived at South Georgia College, the library, which was under construction when I came, was completed. We developed a chain of students, faculty, and staff to move all of our books from the old library just across the street into the new one. It worked very well. The carrot was the fact that we gave the students a holiday to do this. We were very proud of our new library and invited Governor Sanders to come to dedicate the new building. Much to our pleasure, he accepted.

Of course, when the Governor comes to an institution, the Chancellor finds his attendance to be almost mandated. In this instance, the Chancellor was new to the State. He was George L. Simpson, Jr., straight from his responsibilities as a major figure in putting together the Research Triangle in North Carolina utilizing the resources, not only of the State, but also of North Carolina State University, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and Duke University, the corners of the triangle.

Dr. Simpson's schedule was tight, so he chartered a plane to fly from Atlanta down to Douglas and to get him back to Atlanta. When he put in for his travel expenses, he found much to his dismay, that the policies of the Board of Regents allowed only the equivalent of a coach-class fare for air travel or the mileage of an automobile. Thus, he was out-of-pocket for a good portion of the expense of his travel to Douglas. This made quite an impression on him, and he never let me forget that he had a personal stake in my administration!

The policies of the Board of Regents, as happens to most such things, continued to grow and become more detailed and frequently onerous. There was an occasional attempt to revise them and put them in better order, but the most extensive and effective revision did not come until after I had left the University System of Georgia. It was done by the work of Dr. Denton Coker about whom much more will be said in these memoirs.

I have already mentioned the building of the physical education plant and the library, both of which projects were initiated prior to my arrival. During my four years at South Georgia College, three additional building projects were undertaken. One was a nice addition to the Science Building. One of the things that I emphasized was the importance of the sciences, and I tried to develop additional resources, adding a position in physics and enhancing the physical facilities. Another building was a new dormitory. This very attractive building was one of the firsts placed according to our new Master Campus Plan. The third building was a college union building, begun but not completed during my administration.

I was very anxious for the Union Building to be a first-rate structure. I learned that the Dean of Students at Florida State University had written his dissertation about such buildings and had served as a consultant on several. As a consequence, I employed

him to help us develop a program for the Student Union Building. He did a very excellent job in surveying the needs of students as well as other members of the college family and putting all of this together in a good plan. I was most anxious to have an architect who could translate such a program into a first-class building that could be a kind of centerpiece for the campus.

The problem of securing such an architect represents the difficulties of being in a tightly controlled system. The policies of the Board of Regents required that the president submit a minimum of three architectural firms to the central office. The decision would be made there as to which firm would be utilized. I very carefully surveyed the ranks of architects and chose three very fine firms, all of who had some experience in this area. I was about to send in my recommendations when I had a call from Mr. Hubert Dewberry, Vice Chancellor for Physical Facilities. He let me know that a particular firm should be on my list, because the Governor wanted to have him appointed. I was not at all happy about this development, because I had already determined that the architect in question was not of the first rank. I also was very much incensed that political considerations were so dominate in this selection. (Incidentally, I must add this was the only time in all of my experience in the University System when I had this kind of pressure put upon me with respect to the appointment of architects.)

I realized that I was in a no-win situation. I reread the policy manual of the Regents very carefully and was struck by the fact that it said a *minimum* of three firms had to be recommended. Therefore, I made a long list, and put the firm in question at the bottom of the list and sent it in. You guessed it; I got the architect at the bottom of my list! At least, I felt that I had made my point.

The architect who developed the plans for this center was a very likable person, but there was not an inventive bone in his body. I soon saw that if we were going to have a building that had any architectural distinction to it, I would have to provide him with the idea. I had driven to New Orleans for some meeting--I think it was the annual meeting of the Southern Association--and along the way had been quite impressed with the beautiful appearance of the new public library in Gulfport, Mississippi. So, the architect and I got into a car and drove to Gulfport. Incidentally, one of the good things that came out of the trip was an introduction to great Gulf shrimp around Apalachicola.

One thing I can say for the architect, he was quite willing to take suggestions. He even went to the point of measuring columns, their distance apart, and all of the other measurements that he could of the building. As a consequence, I think the building worked out reasonably well and remains as a distinctive place on the South George College campus today.

One incident stands out in my mind relative to one of these new buildings, the physical education building. The lengths to which some students will go to try to get an advantage on an examination are both legendary and unbelievable. In this case, a couple of students had managed to hide out within the building when it was being locked up for the night. They found a ladder somewhere and managed to lift a ceiling panel out of the hall next to the faculty office where the examinations were stored. One of them crawled up through this space over to the ceiling of the office area and there tried to pull up one of the ceiling panels, not knowing that in this case the panels were glued or in some way sealed so they could not be lifted up. In the process of trying to accomplish this, he slipped and fell through the ceiling onto the floor of the office. Fortunately, he was not

severely injured, but he was now trapped because there was a dead bolt on the office door! While we had a certain amusement at his predicament, it was not enough to keep us from requiring him and his cohort to pay for the damage done--which was considerable--and to suspend him from the college.

Shortly after I arrived as President of South Georgia College, I had a communication from Dr. L. M. Massey of Rocky Mount, North Carolina, who was on the selection committee and, I believe, chairman of the Board, at Meredith College.

I had come to know Dr. Massey, a pharmacist, quite well when I supplied the pulpit at the First Baptist Church in Rocky Mount during the period the church was without a pastor and I was teaching at Southeastern Seminary. I learned then that Massey and his wife were very devoted to and active with Meredith College in Raleigh.

Dr. Massey was asking me now if I would be willing to become president at Meredith should I be selected. I felt it necessary to tell him that I could not consider such a position in the light of the fact that I had been at South Georgia College less than a year. Dr. Massey was insistent, but I successfully resisted.

It was about this time, also, that President Tribble at Wake Forest University retired. My name became associated with the search that followed. In fact, at one point the *Biblical Recorder*, which was the North Carolina Baptist State Convention paper, indicated that there were three people in the final group being considered. One was President Philpot of Auburn University who withdrew his name. Another was mine, and one the ultimately successful candidate, was James Ralph Scales. I was told on very good authority that my candidacy was derailed by Dr. Elmo Scoggins, a professor at Southeastern, who was one of the those seeking the ouster of President Stealey and the trio of New Testament scholars, Briggs, Oliver, and Strickland. I have no idea whether, even if he had not muddied the water, I would have been a successful candidate, but it does illustrate the fact that the political situation at Southeastern had wide-ranging ramifications.

It was also during my time at South Georgia College that President Noah Langdale, Jr., of Georgia State University (then, Georgia State College), invited me to deliver the Commencement Address at his institution in August of 1967. At that time, he had me meet with his vice presidents and deans and insisted that I come to Georgia State as Vice President for Academic Affairs (or some such title). Georgia State was a large and growing institution with great influence in Atlanta and in Georgia generally, but I had no desire to live in Atlanta or any desire to work under Noah Langdale, as much as I admired him. He was an extremely able president and a person whom I genuinely liked as an acquaintance and friend, but his administrative style would not have been compatible with mine when reporting to him.

At about the same time that the Georgia State offer came, I was asked to meet with a presidential search committee of Stetson University in May 1967. President Edmunds was resigning, and a successor was being sought. I met with the committee in Jacksonville. Charles Campbell was chairman. Bert Reid and Malcolm Knight were the other members who met with me. A letter from Campbell a few days later observed, "[We] enjoyed immensely our conference with you and our exchange of ideas on church related universities." Many letters of recommendation were sent--I know because the writers sent copies to me, e.g., Bob Norman, George Shriver, Bill Self, Ben Fisher, S. Walter Martin. Fortunately for me, they did not choose me. Rather, they chose Paul

Geren, an unfortunate choice for Stetson as it turned out. I was not ready for Stetson at that time, and my later experiences were vital in preparing me for its presidency.

I should comment here that I have never taken the initiative in applying for a job in my life--always someone else has nominated me. My point being that I have been very fortunate in having had friends who put my name before committees, usually without my knowledge. At the same time, I have interviewed for several positions that I did not secure. When one is being considered for a top-level position, there are so many factors that go into a decision, and there are so many highly qualified people being considered, that it is almost a miracle for one ever to be offered the position. It is important for candidates to realize this and not to be discouraged or to feel rejected when they are not selected for such a position. Timing is so very important. I was interviewed on two different occasions for the presidency of Stetson before being interviewed successfully. In retrospect, I fully recognize that the time was not right for me those first two times.

One of the interesting aspects of being a president in the University System of Georgia was being a part of the Advisory Council that consisted of all the presidents in the System, universities, senior colleges, and junior colleges. We met almost every month with the Chancellor and discussed issues of common interest and frequently took actions of great consequence to the System. Of course, the Chancellor had the final word, and some of the things that we advocated, he did not approve. This advisory council had its own committee structure. I was very active in the work of the Advisory Council, and that started even when I was at Brunswick. Before Earl Hargett could arrive, I represented Brunswick College at the Advisory Council meetings, so from 1964 until I left the System in 1977, I was active with this group. Even when I was Vice President at Georgia Southern College, I participated on the Dean's Committee of the Council and even chaired it for a time.

As soon as I began my responsibilities at South Georgia College in October of 1964, Dr. Walter Martin who was then acting Chancellor of the System placed me on the Committee on Educational Policy at the Junior College Level. I was almost immediately made secretary of this group and took an active role. One of the more significant things that this committee did was to become much involved with the issue of articulation between the junior and senior colleges. I believe that as a consequence of this committee's continuing to recommend that there be efforts to facilitate the transfer of courses and programs, the Chancellor was led to appoint a committee to develop a core curriculum for the System.

The Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences chaired this committee at the University of Georgia, John O. Eidson, and I was a member of that committee, vice chair, as I remember. Later when we both moved to Georgia Southern College, we continued on that committee. It proved to be one of the most significant committees the University System has ever had. It developed core curriculum and academic proposals that were adopted by the System. It provided a means by which junior college students could be accepted in the senior colleges of the state with their credits fully acknowledged by the senior college if the core curriculum in their particular junior college had been followed. The core was broad in its nature, and each institution had the opportunity to develop its own core within the broad outline that it provided.

I also became active in the Georgia Association of Junior Colleges, which at that time was a very significant group. The annual meetings were not limited to administrators, but every major discipline had its own section, so that large numbers of faculty members from each college would attend the annual conference. For example, in 1964 thirty-one staff and faculty members from South Georgia College attended the meeting at Abraham Baldwin College in Tifton. Since there were only about forty faculty members at South Georgia, one can see that this occasion was not taken lightly. This association contained not only those members from the University System of Georgia junior colleges, but those private junior colleges that existed in the state. Actually, a few of the senior colleges, also, were members, including the University of Georgia, West Georgia, North Georgia, Georgia Southern, and Mercer. In 1964, there were some twenty-five paying member institutions of the Association.

I, also, was active in the Southern Association of Junior Colleges that met annually in connection with the Annual Meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools.

My feeling throughout the period of my administrations was that it was very important for the college to be represented actively at those meetings of associations that are of significance. One of the unique aspects of the American higher education scene is the voluntary nature of accreditation and of various associations trying to up-grade the work of colleges and universities.

This recital of my activities off the campus, while president at South Georgia College is simply an indication of the busy life that even a president of a small junior college leads. Obviously, the innumerable matters that had to be dealt with locally had to come first, but these external bodies also were very important if the college was to be a proper partner in the University System and also in the larger higher educational community.

Obviously, the daily routine of the president's office involves many interactions with the officers who report to the president. At South Georgia College, I had four such officers who already had long tenure at South Georgia College and were well acquainted with their responsibilities. There was Irby D. Ingram, the Dean. Irby was a kind of "Mister South Georgia College." He had been there for many years and was generally beloved. He and his family lived in an apartment in one of the dormitories. His was a rather paternalistic role, but I found him always cooperative and willing to try whatever I might suggest, though I know sometimes these suggestions might not have been completely to his liking.

Charles Elder was the Comptroller. Charles, also, had been at South Georgia for a number of years. The Comptroller at the institutions in the Georgia System at that time, except in the major universities, was a person who on many campuses would have been called business manager. Charles was completely competent for an operation of the size of South Georgia College. He was also, like Irby, fully cooperative.

Tom Cunningham was the Dean of Students. He was one of the best. He and I generally saw eye to eye. We brought in Fred Badders, whom I had known as one of my students at Southeastern Seminary, as his associate. I was pleased to have Fred available when Tom left to go as Dean of Academic Affairs at a junior college in North Carolina. He later became a professor at Appalachian State University. I was very fortunate to

have a person of Tom's quality in the early days of my administration, especially in the light of the difficulties with students that I have already written about in this chapter.

The fourth of these administrators was the Registrar, Robert R. Johnson. He also served as Director of Admissions. Bob, like the others, was competent and willing to try new things when they might benefit the college. He had come out of a baseball coaching background and continued to be very interested in our athletic program.

I counted myself lucky to have this quartet of experienced, cooperative, and able people. They all loved South Georgia and were committed to its best interests.

My theory of administration was then, as it continued to be, one in which I expected the people reporting to me to do their jobs and to solve the problems that came to them. At the same time, I wanted them to keep me fully informed of what was going on and not allow me to be blind-sided by something of which I had not been made aware.

I will illustrate my theory by an incident that I recounted to administrators whom I either employed or where I was new. When Tom Cunningham left as Dean of Students, I called in Fred Badders and told him that I was thinking about making him the Dean of Students. He was still a very young person, but he had proven himself to be a very able and strong administrator. I told Fred that I knew he was young, and I wanted him to give me his honest appraisal of his own abilities as to whether or not he thought he could be successful in that role. Fred was a rather expansive type fellow, very out-going, and in his typical way, he said, "Oh, yes, I feel that I am ready for such a position." "And," he added, "after all, I have a very excellent boss. I know that if I run into a situation which I cannot handle, I can bring the problem and lay it on his desk, and he can solve it." I leaned back in my chair and said, "Fred, I certainly would not want you to try to deal with a problem about which you knew you were inadequate to handle, and I would expect you to come in here to tell me that. At the same time, I want you to know," and, at this point, I pulled out my little date book, "that I have this little book, and in the back I have the names of those who report to me. And, when one comes in with a problem which he can't solve, a little mark goes beside his name." Fred never forgot this, and when he did have to come in to ask my advice about a particular issue, he would always begin by saying, "Well, get out your little black book!"

I have always thought, and I have often said, that no problem should come to the president's desk from his administrators except those that are insolvable. Administrators are hired to solve problems; and, if they can't or won't, they are not needed. There are certain times when problems have no good solution, and a decision has to be rendered, even though one knows that there is no best action. I think that is what a president is for. I do not think he ought to be too involved in every little decision. He ought not to be a micro manager but a macro one.

It is unfortunate that presidents in today's circumstances have little time to contemplate the big picture relative to educational philosophy or to provide the academic leadership of his institution. The average president is so burdened by the necessity of fund raising and the satisfying of the many constituencies of the university that he has little time for reflection and creative thought. There are a few rare individuals who seem somehow to manage to do this, but they are truly the exceptions.

I always tried to give attention to the academic direction of the institution, though I also frequently felt frustrated by the conservatism of faculty and the in fighting that often takes place among the disciplines and among the schools in the larger institutions.

Those of us in higher education get used to the debate that takes place within the faculty and the political maneuvering which is a part of academic life. Such activities can seem very petty and wasteful to those on the outside or those who are newly introduced to such.

I shall never forget a young man whom we brought into South Georgia College to operate our data processing, a new operation for our small college.

Permit a diversion at this point to set the stage for my story. Computers at this time (about 1966) were still available only to the larger institutions. Even those, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars were not as powerful as those sitting on the average desk today. However, I knew that we must begin to automate our data processing; and, after we had renovated Thrash Hall, our administration building, we provided room on the second floor for a data processing office. We installed a sorter and some other equipment. We employed the young man in question who was a South Georgia College graduate and who had served in the Army in a data processing position. He was enthusiastic about his role and was very happy to get back to his alma mater.

When I was talking with him about the job, I told him that though he was not on the faculty and had no vote. He would be welcome to attend faculty meetings and that I thought it might be even helpful for his understanding of the people with whom he was going to work closely and of their concerns. He attended the first faculty meeting after he arrived. The next day he came into my office with a very distressed look on his face. He said, "Dr. Duncan, I am going to have to ask you to excuse me from attending any more faculty meetings." I said, "Certainly, as I indicated to you, it is not a requirement. But, I am curious as to what has brought on this decision?" He answered, "Well, I have just never experienced anything like that meeting last night, the way those professors talked to each other and the arguments into which they got. You see, I am a graduate of South Georgia College, and I had most of these faculty members as my teachers. I greatly respected them, particularly Mr. McGuirk, and I was simply appalled at the way they acted toward each other. I was greatly disappointed. I was disillusioned, and I do not want to experience that again." I smiled and said, "Well, you know that's very interesting. From my point of view, it was a very ordinary faculty meeting, not any different from most. In fact, I thought it was a very mild kind of one. I assure you that all of the argument you saw was simply a part of the process. Faculty members are trained to be critical; that's their business. I can see how someone coming in from the outside, such as you, might be very surprised and disappointed. But please, do not lose your confidence in these people as individuals." But, he never came again!

The South Georgia College faculty members were, on the whole, competent people in their disciplines though none of them at the time I went to the college held a doctor's degree. Whatever they may have lacked in academic training, they made up for in their dedication to the college, to teaching, and to their students. The core of the faculty had taught there during most of their professional lives and some for very long periods indeed. Most of them had taken considerable graduate work beyond the master's degree, and many of them attended seminars and conferences to keep themselves updated in their fields.

Professor McGuirk, who was head of the Humanities division and professor of English, was an "institution." He was an excellent teacher. He demanded quality work on to better things. One of the most fascinating aspects of his relationship to the students

was that he expected them to become members of the spelling club. Never before or since have I seen a spelling club in a college. But, Mr. McGuirk managed to have a very large one. I think he must have done it by letting his students know that only this way would they ever pass his English course. I honestly did not know just what the from his students, and he took great pride in those students who performed well and went motivation was; but, in any case, few of his students dared not to be members. Of course, he ran it, and he drilled them in spelling in ways one would not believe. In the midst of a time when employers were complaining about the fact that students just out of college could not spell, one could be assured that students who came out of Mr. McGuirk's spelling club could spell.

A very bright and delightful man, Professor E. C. Bradley, headed the social science division. He took great interest in the political scene and frequently wrote on such topics in the local newspaper and in other places. He was a dyed-in-the-wool Roosevelt-Truman-Kennedy Democrat. If there was a true liberal on the rather conservative faculty, it was Mr. Bradley.

Mrs. Coffee, a short, rather dumpy woman who was a "character" in the Southern tradition, headed the business division. Douglas, Georgia, was in Coffee County, and the Coffee's were fairly prominent and numerous in the area, so she was at home. As a sidebar, I should comment that when I arrived at Stetson I found a Dr. Coffee as head of the Education Division. I soon learned that he was kin to the Coffee's of Coffee County.

Mrs. Coffee told the story, without contradiction, that on one occasion she was lecturing to her class when her drawers fell down around her ankles. She simply reached down, took hold of them and stepped out of them, and went right on teaching without missing a beat! She was indeed unflappable!

Professor Barnette headed the science division. He was a chemist, but he obtained his greatest pleasure out of also coaching the golf team. More about that later. The real character in that division was the biology-botany teacher, Mr. Spooner. He was an anti-administration man by nature, and we had several confrontations while I was there, but I still liked him in spite of his quarrelsome nature.

There was no physics teacher at South Georgia College when I went there, and I was determined to have somebody who could do a good job for that discipline. As I did in so many cases where I needed faculty members, both when I was at Brunswick and when I was at South Georgia, I went down to Florida State University, the closest of the major graduate institutions to Douglas, and interviewed prospective teachers. The market for faculty, generally, was very tight, since colleges and universities were expanding very rapidly. It was especially tight in the sciences, and most especially in physics.

I interviewed a young man named Mac Himaya, an Egyptian. He was working toward his doctorate and claimed to have a Master of Science with a major in physics from the University of Wisconsin. He even supplied us with a transcript of that degree from the University of Wisconsin. He came on board to teach for us in 1965 and did quite a good job. He was industrious and built up a physics offering which had been essentially non-existent before the time he came.

One day we had some visitors on the campus from Florida State University who knew Mac, and one said to me, "How do you get by with a professor who doesn't have his master's degree?" I replied, "Well he certainly does; I have a transcript from the

University of Wisconsin saying that he does." They commented, "Well, I think if you will check you will find that he does not."

Naturally, I was quite concerned and went to the files where I found the transcript just as I had remembered. I then called the registrar at the University of Wisconsin to verify the authenticity of the transcript. I was told that while he had been there as a graduate student in physics, he held no degree from the University of Wisconsin. I indicated that I had in my hands a transcript from them with the proper seal that showed an M.S. Their reply was that it somehow must have been forged.

That was one of the times when I decided to let things ride. We had employed him in good faith; we had what appeared to us a legitimate transcript in the files; and he was doing a good job. Furthermore, with the graduate work he had done at Wisconsin and at F.S.U., he had more than enough credits for a master's degree. These things, together with the fact that I had no idea where I could go to find a physics teacher with a master's degree to come to South Georgia College on the salary we had available, dictated my decision. Mac stayed with South Georgia until 1970, had a couple of National Science Foundation grants while he was at South Georgia, and eventually received a Ph.D. from the University of Iowa. The last time I heard from him he was at Northwestern State University of Louisiana. So, perhaps I did the right thing.

The head of the physical education division was George Cook. George had applied for a position at Brunswick College when I was recruiting for the first faculty there. I did not hire him then. There was something about his interview that turned me off. I do not remember now what it was. When I arrived at South Georgia College, it was obvious that our relationship was somewhat strained. However, that did not last long. I found George Cook to be one of the most able and cooperative people with whom I have ever been associated. He not only headed the physical education division, he was the baseball coach and athletic director. Later, I brought him as athletic director to Georgia Southern College. George was a scrounger. He did more things with less money than any person I have ever known. He haunted the federal government's surplus property depots and imaginatively put to good use materials that others would have overlooked. After my time at South Georgia, he discovered an abandoned baseball grandstand, I believe in Albany, Georgia, managed to somehow acquire it, move it, and erect it on a new baseball field that he grubbed out. As a consequence, South Georgia College has one of the best baseball diamonds and grandstands in any small college, junior or senior.

There were two or three programs at South Georgia, which were remarkable in the light of its nature and size. One was the arts program. Professor Truluck headed this up. He was a multi-talented individual, later going to work in Hollywood. He had managed to get the college to require every incoming student to audition for the glee club. As a consequence, he built up a truly remarkable chorus for a junior college with less than 1,000 students. He also was anxious to have an orchestra. Before I left, I was able to employ a violinist who could conduct orchestras, and we actually developed a fairly competent small orchestra. Truluck also directed the theater. We had a small but rather pleasant auditorium in which the plays were produced. I still marvel over what Truleck was able to do. For example, he produced *Brigadoon*, *Amahl*, *Once Upon a Mattress*, *The Fantastiks*, *Lute Song*, *Trojan Women*, *The Sound of Music*, and *Camelot*. He frequently sang in these and used other faculty members, but the basic core of players

was made up of students. He saw to it that the college concert series brought excellent groups and people to the campus, such as the Virginia Symphony Orchestra, the Don Cossack Chorus, and the Savannah Symphony.

I was interested in our adding to music and theater, the visual arts. I had come to know Bill Hendricks on St. Simons Island when I was in Brunswick. Bill had taught at the High Museum of Art in Atlanta and at Georgia Tech, but St. Simons Island had captivated him when on a grant he spent a summer there painting. A group of people came together and formed the Glenn County Art Association, built a studio and gallery, and kept Bill on St. Simons. He was a great teacher. I persuaded him to teach a course at Brunswick and then to come once a week to teach at South Georgia College. He not only taught regular students but also adults from the town of Douglas. His mark is still seen in the art that has been produced by persons in the Douglas area who never would have even thought about painting if Bill and his work had not fascinated them. He was quite a character. At that time he was overweight, very full of good humor, and an excellent painter and teacher.

Bill had a little airplane that he flew over to Douglas and later to Savannah where he began also to teach. On one occasion, Bill and his wife stayed overnight with us at the president's home, since he had to fly to Atlanta the next day. Margaret and I took them out to the airport where he prepared the plane for their flight. He walked around the plane pulling on wires and banging on wings and tail. When he got through, he said in typical Bill Hendricks fashion, "I don't know what all this is about and why you do it, but I was told to do it, so I do it." I always held my breath when Bill was flying, but he apparently was either a good pilot or one who was very lucky, for he still lives.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing that we did in those few years at South Georgia was to inaugurate the Eighth Congressional District Honors Program in the summers. Georgia had a governor's honors program that brought top students in various fields together for an intensive summer program and culturally enriching one. It had a central location at Wesleyan College in Macon. It occurred to me that deep south Georgia was culturally deprived and that many of the top students needed to be given an opportunity to widen their horizons. We applied for and received a very substantial grant to inaugurate and develop this program. Again, I went to Florida State University and found a young man who was very bright and energetic who undertook to put such an honors program together. He did a remarkable job, and we had an intensive program for honor students of the Eight Congressional District of Georgia that compared very favorably with that which was provided at the Governor's Honors program in Macon. In some respects, I think it was even better. Our oldest daughter, Mary Margaret, was selected to go to the Governor's Honors Program in Macon, and it was fine, but I do not think it was any better than that which we had at little South Georgia College in Douglas.

I was also anxious to develop a two-year nursing degree program. I started on this project shortly after I arrived at South Georgia College and soon discovered that this was not a simple thing to do. We worked very hard to get in place the necessary agreements and other requirements that would allow it to begin. Just prior to my leaving to go to Georgia Southern, we received the go-ahead on this program from the Regents and from the hospital in Waycross where our students would take some of their work.

Dr. Denton Coker, who succeeded me as president, has kidded me through the years for leaving him the program to develop with all of the difficulties that it entailed.

For those unacquainted with nursing programs, there is no way that such a person can appreciate the difficulties involved in starting and maintaining an accredited program.

One of the challenges, which I faced when I went to South Georgia College, was the integration of the institution. We knew that this was necessary, inevitable, and right. At the same time, we were in deep south Georgia where blacks were as numerous as whites. Many people thought integration to be the worst possible thing that could happen, and many people were determined that it would not happen. Soon after arriving, I talked to Dean Ingram about the issue, and he made the remark, "Well, Pope, I suppose we can get by having a few blacks in the student body, but we certainly cannot in the foreseeable future ever think about having them in the dormitories." To the contrary, they soon were there. We had blacks both in our classes and in the dormitories within a year. The remarkable thing to me was the fact that we did this without any apparent significant difficulty. Oh, there were people in the community who did not like it, and I am sure there were people in the college who did not like it. Yet, we never had any demonstrations, and we never had any visible signs of great discontent. In fact, South Georgia College became one of the most integrated of all institutions in the University System of Georgia.

I have already mentioned the cooperation that I received from the Regional Planning Commission in Waycross. One of their employees had the responsibility for using federal money to try to help people who were in the poverty status. He was convinced that one of the best things to do was to try to get a good education for young people who were in these circumstances. He came to me and talked about the fact that he would like to bring a group of these students, predominately black, to the institution and let us talk to them and counsel with them about coming to South Georgia College. This we gladly did. As I remember, he brought something like thirty students who had never in their wildest dreams thought that they could ever go to college. Most of them we were able to accept. He found federal monies to help them, and many, if not most of them, completed at least their junior college work.

I shall never forget something that he told me after one of our graduations where several of these had completed their degrees. He noted one particular girl who had done exceptionally well, and he told me her story. He said, "When she came, she came from a home consisting of only one room. The father and mother have several children but only one chair, and when the father or mother sits in that chair, everyone else has to sit on the floor. In that home there is only one knife, one fork, and one spoon with which all of them have to eat." Seldom, if ever, have I been so emotionally moved by any story or any prouder of what we had been able, as a college, to do for a student.

When I look back over the less than four years that we had at South Georgia College, I am amazed that we were able to accomplish as much as we did. It could not have been done without the cooperative and hard work of many, many people.

Douglas was a good place for children to grow up. It was a small city of about 10,000 situated in a rich agricultural area of South Georgia. The total value of farm products of Coffee County in any given year was usually first or second in the state. Tobacco was king, but peanuts and cotton were not far behind. There were also large tracts of timber, especially pulpwood. The city was not an old Georgia city. It had grown up, largely in the twentieth century, from a logging village. Therefore, it did not have the "Southern aristocracy" that many Georgia towns had with families who had

lived in the one place for many generations. It had little of the kind of club society that excludes newcomers. The Elks Club membership was the closest thing to an exclusive set! Douglas really was a kind of country town that was friendly and where people knew each other and performed neighborly deeds.

In such a setting, our children soon felt very much at home and very much accepted.

Mary Margaret was a very good student, and she was also very well liked by her fellow classmates. In fact, when she was in her junior year, she ran for student body president and was elected. So, she served in that position during her senior year at Douglas. I have already mentioned that in the summer, prior to her senior year, she attended the Governor's Honors School at Wesleyan College in mathematics and art. She also graduated as the valedictorian of the Douglas High School in 1966.

I do not now remember how she came to make the decision to go to Furman University. I do know that her mother wanted very much for her to attend Stetson, but Mary Margaret was afraid there would be too many people there who knew us and who would expect too much of her. I had mentioned the fact that I had wanted to go to Furman myself but could not at the time afford it, so that may have been some incentive on her part. One of the ironies about her decision against Stetson, because there would be too many that knew us, occurred when she walked into her advisor's office, Professor Theron Price. He immediately said to her, "Oh, you are Maggie Duncan. I know your father and mother well."

Laurie was also a good student, though academic life was not the thing most important to her. She was much more involved with her friends. When we were at Stetson earlier, someone said that Margaret had 500 intimate friends. It was obvious that Laurie had taken after her mother. To illustrate, when her sixteenth birthday came, her mother and I held our breath, because we knew that she would want immediately to get her driver's license. Days and weeks went by without her saying anything about it at all. Finally, Margaret asked her about this, and she said, "Well I don't need a driver's license; my friends will come by to get me and take me wherever I want to go." When she was made treasurer of her class, her mother and I held our breaths, because we knew that she knew nothing at all about handling money or keeping records. Fortunately, there was not much money and few records to be kept. She wanted to be a cheerleader for the football team, and cheerleader she was. During her junior year, she was about to run for student body president, and I have no doubt that she could have won it easily. It was then that we found we were going to be moving to Statesboro. This constituted for Laurie a very deep disappointment.

At this time in her life, Kathy was a very quiet and shy girl, but she got along fine in her schoolwork and had her own group of friends.

One of the very nice things about Douglas at that time was the fact that there was a good recreation department, and the recreation building downtown became the center for teen activities, including a dance every Friday night. This was a great, appropriately chaperoned outlet for our teenage daughters. Either their mother or I would take them and pick them up every Friday night.

Both the older girls had their suitors. Mary Margaret for a time was much in love with a young man named Mike Mosely. Mike was endowed with a mind that bordered on genius. Unfortunately, he had been told this so many times, that he came to believe

that he did not have to study. In high school that was no problem; but when he got into college, he was not able to do the work in that way. Mike turned out to be academically lazy. He was a wonderfully kind and moral young man, but Mary Margaret realized that she would probably have to be supporting him if they were ever to marry, so she with great regret had to break off their relationship.

A somewhat older boy, quite the opposite of Mike in that he was very hard working, even an overachiever, was Max Harrell. He was a student at Georgia Tech when he began to date Mary Margaret who was still in high school. She liked him very much, but he was too anxious to move the relationship toward an early marriage. Mary Margaret was not ready for that, so that relationship went nowhere.

Laurie had one flame during this entire period at Douglas. That was a young farmer boy named Gregory Pope. He was a wonderful young man who could murder the King's English in great style. He came from a close and very fine farm family, and we all assumed that he would be a farmer as well. Since Laurie knew absolutely nothing about farming and had about that same proportion of interest in farming, we never saw how that relationship could have really worked. We were saved from it being tried by our move to Statesboro.

Margaret and I had many fine friends in Douglas other than faculty members. Perhaps Margaret's closest friend was Oeuda Preston, and we were very fond of her husband, Montgomery Preston, an outstanding attorney. One of the things that we most enjoyed was a dinner club group made up of the Prestons; our pastor and his wife, Bryan and Margaret Kinnerly; the Buick dealer and his wife, Reggie Roberts; a Jewish couple, the "Buddy" Friedmans, who ran the largest department store in town; and a local physician, Tom Parker, who was also the college physician, and his wife. We would eat at one of the homes on a rotating basis each month. The home in which we met furnished the meat, and the rest brought the vegetables, salads, and desserts. This was a most interesting and stimulating group. In many ways it was an unlikely group of individuals, but it worked beautifully.

We did a considerable amount of entertaining at the president's home. One of our major projects was to get to know the faculty and to be sure that they knew each other. One method of doing this was to invite each month a group of faculty to our home for dinner. We chose the faculty by issuing invitations to all of those who had birthdays in that particular month. This served to mix them up in a random way preventing cliques or even departments to dominate. This was one of the high points of the month for us, and I think faculty members thoroughly enjoyed it as well.

I also sought to emphasize the importance of scholarship. One of the ways I did that for students was through what I called Presidential Scholars. These were those students who came into the college with the highest grade point averages and SAT scores. I chose the ten highest of these, and we would have them in our home once a month for discussions and refreshments. I tried to get them involved in talking about issues that they normally might not be exposed to in any depth manner. As a token of their selection, we gave each a copy of the *Columbia Encyclopedia*.

Of course, there were also the "visiting firemen" that we entertained frequently. There was no satisfactory motel or hotel in Douglas at the time, so when we had anyone of any stature visiting the college, it fell usually to us to entertain them. As a consequence, we enjoyed entertaining some very outstanding people. One that I

remember with perhaps the greatest appreciation was Ralph McGill, the Editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. McGill came to campus to speak, and we housed him overnight and after breakfast drove him to Valdosta to catch a plane back to Atlanta. This was for us a very precious time. Ralph McGill was one of the great Southern writers and editors, and he was especially well known at the time as one who sought to build bridges between the races.

Almost from the beginning of my tenure at South Georgia College, I was a member of the Rotary Club. This gave me contact with the leading business and professional men of the community, and I took a very active role in the club becoming the president during my last year in Douglas.

All in all, our stay in Douglas was a very happy one, and we came to love the college, the community, and the people. At the same time, the junior college setting was not one that was most congenial to my spirit, and I was not at all unhappy when the search committee for a successor to President Zack Henderson at Georgia Southern College asked me to come for an interview. I had become very impressed with Georgia Southern and its potential. Dr. Henderson had invited me to give a summer commencement address, and I had at that time seen the vitality and great spirit that pervaded the college. For some reason, also, Mr. Hubert Dewberry, the Vice Chancellor for Physical Plant of the Regents Office, had said to me once when we were traveling together (I cannot remember the occasion) that he thought I should become the next president of Georgia Southern College. I had really dismissed that remark from my mind, but now it became something I thought about.

I traveled to Statesboro and had what I regarded as a very excellent interview with the search committee, though I realized the possibility of becoming president was somewhat remote. Some time later, the Chancellor called me and said, "Pope, the search committee at Georgia Southern has indicated to me that they would be happy to have either you or John Eidson as president. I would, also, but John is older; and I think he ought to be given the chance. You are young and will have other opportunities. I think, however, John will be wanting to talk to you about a position in his administration."

Within hours, Dr. Eidson was on the phone asking me if I would come to Athens where he was Dean of the University of Georgia College of Arts and Sciences. I agreed and made the trip to Athens. I had known John Eidson for a long while. In fact, he had taught me the survey course in the humanities (largely literature) when I was a student at the University of Georgia and he was a young instructor. During my time at Brunswick and South Georgia College, I had served with John on more than one University System committee, and we were now on the core curriculum committee about which I have written earlier. I was very fond of him and appreciated his very kind and thoughtful nature.

In our conversation, he laid out his plan. He pointed out that the Chancellor wanted him to restructure the organization of the college to give it a university-like appearance. The college had grown from approximately 1600 in about 1960 to its present size of about 4600. Yet, it was still organized by divisions and was fast growing out of that as an efficient structure.

In order to do this, Dr. Eidson wanted a vice president who could combine academic leadership with some other qualities. For example, he had little experience with building, and he knew that that would be a major factor at Southern. He had little to

do with what was then called student personnel issues. He knew that I had dealt with all of these at South Georgia College. He wanted me to come as his vice president and, in fact, have everyone report to me except the Comptroller, the Director of Public Relations, and the Athletic Director. Why he wanted this latter, I never understood. He also strongly implied that the Chancellor had given assurance that once we had things properly organized, we could begin to offer the doctoral degree in education. He also told me that he had cleared this offer with the Chancellor.

I went back to Douglas, and Margaret and I talked the matter over, and we decided to take the job.

One little hitch developed. When I called John to tell him that I would take the position, he told me that the Chancellor had decided against the title of Vice President, and I would have to assume the title simply of Dean. I told John that I could not accept that title and could not accept the position under that circumstance. First of all, I was a president, and I did not want to go back to the title of dean. Second, I did not think that the title of dean was commensurate with the job that I was being asked to perform. John then went back to the Chancellor and persuaded him to let Southern use the title of vice president, the first with that title in the System except for the Universities. So, the die was cast.

In many ways we were very sad to have to leave Douglas. We had made many friends. We had become very much involved in the life of both the college and the town. We enjoyed our church, and our children felt very much at home. Nevertheless, at the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1968, we and the moving van made the 100-mile trek to our new home in Statesboro.

CHAPTER XVII

GEORGIA SOUTHERN COLLEGE I THE VICE PRESIDENTIAL YEARS 1968-1971

Though it is now Georgia Southern University, it was Georgia Southern College when we arrived in 1968. In fact, much of the story that I shall tell hinges on our struggle to become Georgia Southern University. As the previous chapter has indicated, the move to Georgia Southern College was on the invitation of the new president, John O. Eidson.

As soon as we knew that I would be vice president at Southern beginning on July 1, 1968, we began to make plans for housing in Statesboro. We looked at several houses and developments in walking distance of the college, but we were intrigued by a new real estate development, Country Club Estates, which provided opportunities to live on lots that bordered the golf course of the County Club.

We knew that we had either to buy a house already built or one under construction to prevent our having to move twice, a prospect that was not at all to our liking. Margaret and the children, particularly, liked a house which was being constructed in County Club Estates but which was not so far along that we could not choose some modifications, as well as the color of the exterior bricks, the colors of the interior, and the lighting fixtures. The president of the Bulloch County Bank, Mr. Cobb, pointed out that a house on the golf course would have less depreciation over time than one located almost anywhere else. With all of these things going for it, we bought the house on the golf course, even though it meant a four-mile drive to the college instead of being in walking distance.

We have always felt that we made the right decision. We enjoyed the privacy the golf course gave us in the back of the house and the small amount of traffic that was generated on the road in front of the house. In time, I also purchased the vacant lot next door to provide privacy on that side.

By the time we moved at the end of June, the house was essentially completed, and we were able to move in without any delay.

The first of July 1968 was a Monday, so Dr. Eidson and I started in at the beginning of a busy week.



My office was the office that Dean Paul Carroll had occupied on the southwest corner of the administration building, and I also inherited his secretary, Miss Lizzy. Miss Lizzy had worked for no one else except Paul Carroll during her entire lifetime of employment. She was an excellent secretary. She knew everybody on campus, and she was very efficient, but I knew from the beginning that she would have a problem with me.

Dean Carroll was a clean desk administrator, and I am quite the opposite. When I had visited Dean Carroll prior to my becoming vice president, I had become aware of the fact that he never had an extra sheet of paper on the top of his desk. I did learn, however, how he managed this. When I moved into the office, I opened up some cabinets that were along the wall; and, like Fibber McGee's closet, papers began to fall out on the floor. Apparently, Paul just stacked everything up inside the cabinets without much rime or reason. I liked to have my problems out on top of the desk where I could be reminded of them.

I could see that Miss Lizzy disapproved of my clutter and of my informal way of working. She never said it in so many words, but she communicated it without much difficulty. It is no wonder that at the end of that year she decided to retire!

I then secured the services of a young lady, Phara Lynch, who was the wife of George, one of the assistant deans of students. She was as shy as Miss Lizzy was aggressive. Nevertheless, she and I worked together splendidly for the two years that remained in my vice presidency. Then, when I became president and Dr. Nicholas Quick became vice president, she became his secretary and remained with him during his years in that office.

Miss Lizzy was a large, somewhat intimidating character, and she had done things her way for many, many years. Anytime that I thought it would be well to change some routine, I could look for an argument from Miss Lizzy to the effect that the way it had been done was the way that it was to be done and should be done. Since I knew she was retiring before too long, I tried to accommodate her concerns as much as possible.

One day soon after I arrived at Southern, Miss Lizzy took a phone call and told me that Professor Walter B. Matthews was on the phone. I did not know Dr. Matthews. I picked up the phone and said, "Yes, sir, what can I do for you?" This strong, deep, booming voice told me whatever it was that the professor wanted, and we took care of the business at hand. When I hung up the phone, Miss Lizzy said, "Don't you know that Walter B. is a woman?" Well, of course, I didn't know, nor did Walter B. tell me!

I came to greatly respect Walter B. Matthews, and we had a very cordial relationship through the years at Southern. She once told me how it happened that she had a man's name. Her father had wanted a son so much that when she came, he was determined that this baby would have the name he had chosen, Walter B. I do not think it ever bothered her one bit. In fact, it may have been a boon. Not only was she a kind of Tomboy, apparently, but also she was a person of great ability and tremendous strength of character. Our daughter, Laurie, who majored in elementary education, which department Walter B. headed, thought that she was absolutely the top. It was not surprising when Laurie came home one day and said, "The new education building should be the Walter B. Matthews building." I told her that I thought it was a capital idea, but I asked if she was thereby wishing for the death of Walter B. Matthews? She looked horrified, as she said, "Of course not what are you talking about?" I responded, "The University System has a rule that no building can be named after a living person."

As a matter of fact, the building remained unnamed until Dean Carroll died, well after the time I had left Southern. Then, much to my delight, it was given his name. At the same time, the library was named after the former president, Zack Henderson, whom Dr. Eidson succeeded. Henderson and Carroll had served together for many, many years; and each deserved such a splendid tribute. In life, they worked side by side; and, now, their buildings are side by side.

Dr. Eidson and I faced a daunting task. The college had grown so rapidly that its organizational structure had become outdated. Also, the physical campus was going to need significant additions. The long-range plan for the campus had become outdated, and a new one was essential. The catalog needed a complete overall. On and on went the litany of needs that must be attended to promptly. It was all very exciting, but we knew that it would take an enormous amount of work, as well as a considerable amount of diplomacy.

I remember the first Saturday we were there, Dr. Eidson and I came together for a long session talking about the elementary things that needed to be done. For example, there was no purchasing agent, no personnel officer, and no one designated to be responsible for auxiliary enterprises. But the biggest overhaul we saw necessary had to do with the academic administrative structure.

The college had operated with a dean and eight academic divisions each with a head. There were no departments (the sole exception was a department of history).

We were convinced that we needed to move with reasonable speed to an organization that included schools and departments. We also knew that this would not be without its pain and difficulties, so we were determined to take some time to try to convince the people who were there that this was the direction in which the institution should go. We also needed time to evaluate the personnel and to make some determination as to which ones might be used in a new organizational structure. The divisions were as follows: Humanities, Social Science, Natural Science, Education, Business, Industrial Technology, Home Economics, and Physical Education. The heads of all of these divisions were fine people and obviously powerful people, but we knew that not all of them could be used as deans of schools. This made for a very ticklish situation.

During the year, we had numerous meetings with these division chairmen talking about the future of the college. We even made a trip to Athens for a conference on organizational structures for colleges and universities. There was considerable opposition to moving to a school and department structure, though the resistance was not at all vicious. It was obviously both as a result of conviction and as a result of a concern, if not expressed, as to what might happen to them in the new structure. All of this was quite understandable.

Dr. Eidson also talked to the faculty about the direction the college should go, and there were expressions of all kinds there.

I was always amazed at the manner in which Dr. Eidson could handle a faculty meeting. He was a person who brought with him a great deal of respect as having been one of the major deans at the University of Georgia for many years. He also had a kind and almost fatherly appearance and manner. Therefore, no one ever wanted to enter the lists against him. In faculty meetings, if some subject was raised or some idea expressed that he did not want discussed, he would act as if he did not understand what was being said or as if he had not heard it. He would either talk as if he were answering the

question when he was on an entirely different subject or simply go on as if he had not known what they were talking about. I would hear faculty members saying how sorry they felt for Dr. Eidson because he seemed to have become confused. Actually, he was as sly as a fox. He knew exactly what he was doing. He was not confused at all. He had understood perfectly well what was being said. He was able to get by with this approach when I or almost anybody else using it would have been crucified.

In any case, before the year was out, there had been enough discussion and enough debate so that we felt comfortable in asking the Regents for approval of a new structure for the college, which included deans and departments. This having been approved, then it became necessary for us to make the decision as to how we were to fill the new positions and what we were to do with the people who had headed up the divisions.

The final shape of the reorganization included four schools and three independent divisions. The School of Arts and Sciences embraced the disciplines that had been subsumed under the divisions of humanities, social sciences, and natural sciences. Departments were now created for each of the major disciplines within the school. We were very anxious to have a person who had worked with such a significant and broad ranging school as dean. We had no such person available within the old structure at Georgia Southern. Dr. Eidson was acquainted with Nicholas Quick, who, after a visit with us, accepted the appointment as dean.

Nick Quick, as he was known, proved to be a jewel. Originally a professor of English, he had become vice president at Midwestern State University in Texas where he served for a number of years. A friend of his who was president at Arkansas State University persuaded him to leave Midwestern and take a senior position in the English department at Arkansas State. Nick tells the story that the very first week after he arrived, a junior professor came into his office and said, in effect, "Dr. Quick, I know you have been a vice president and know a great deal about university administration. I have a problem and maybe you can help me with it." A few days later, the president called him on the phone and said, "Nick, I have a problem, and I need somebody who knows something about administration to head up a committee to deal with it. I am going to appoint you." Nick said he decided that if he were going to have to continue to be an administrator, he might as well be paid for it. So, we got him on the rebound. He brought real class to his position as Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences. We were very fortunate to have Nick in that position.

Both Georgia Southern and South Georgia College had been founded 1906 as agricultural and mechanical schools, but Georgia Southern had fairly rapidly moved to become a teachers college. It had excelled in producing teachers; and, even after it became a multipurpose college and took on the name of Georgia Southern College (1959), it remained one of the major producers of teachers in the State of Georgia. Therefore, it was inevitable that one of our schools would be a large and strong school of education. Dr. Starr Miller was Chairman of the Division of Education, and he was a highly respected figure in the Georgia professional educational scene. Therefore, it was not too difficult for us to make a decision to recommend him to the Regents as dean of this new school.

There was much discussion whether or not the Division of Physical Education should be placed under the School of Education since many of the courses in that division were courses preparing teachers. Nevertheless, at Southern, Physical Education had other

important functions, including teaching the so-called service courses and courses in health. Therefore, it was decided to leave the physical education division as an independent division but one that should work closely with the School of Education in those matters relating to the preparation of teachers. Dr. Douglas Leavitt who was chairman of that division continued in that position.

Another very large segment of the enrollment at Georgia Southern was in the Division of Business. But in the original structural change in 1969, it remained an independent division. We knew that there should be a School of Business and that it should have a dean. We had difficulty in deciding to continue Paul LaGrone, who was chairman of this division, as dean of the new school. Ultimately, however, we decided to do so, and in 1971 the School of Business came into existence. Paul was an excellent accounting teacher, but as an administrator he had problems. We shall say more about this later.

The Division of Industrial Technology was not large and to try at this time to have made it into a school would have run into tremendous difficulties at the Regent's level because of the opposition that would have been generated at Georgia Tech. So, we decided to leave it as it was with Dr. Donald Hackett as its chairman.

Home Economics, somewhat like physical education, helped to prepare many teachers, but it had other functions that caused us to continue it as a division in arts and sciences. It was hardly large enough for us to make a school out of it. Dr. Betty Lane had been the long-time faithful and able administrator of this segment of the college and continued so.

Georgia Southern had for some years been offering graduate work at the master's degree level and at the education specialist degree level. This segment of the college was growing, and we recognized that it was time that we had a separate graduate school. It was not difficult to decide that Professor Jack Averitt was the logical choice to be Dean. Dr. Averitt had been with the college throughout most of his professional life and was head of the only existing department, the history department. He had also been instrumental in helping to get the approval of the Regents allowing Georgia Southern to give master's degrees in fields other than education. No one was more committed to the success of the college or more interested in forwarding the quality and extent of graduate offerings.

In this process of developing schools and continuing three independent divisions, we had taken care of all of the heads of divisions except three--all those in the arts and sciences, Fielding Russell in Humanities, Georgia Watson in the Social Sciences, and John Boole in the Natural Sciences. Russell was made head of the English Department, Watson of the Psychology Department, and Boole of the Biology Department. Later, John Boole would become Director of Advisement in the Vice President's office helping principally with scheduling and advisement. Thus, we had surmounted the problem of what to do with the divisions' heads, and I think everyone was reasonably happy with the outcome. With the assistance of the deans, departments were inaugurated and heads were named.

The college was growing so rapidly and the structure had been changed so significantly that new bylaws were necessary. Not without difficulty, these were developed and finally achieved the approval of the Regents. Unfortunately, this was not a simple process. Not only was there discussion at the college level, but also at the Regents' staff level we had several hurdles to pass.

One of the things for which the faculty pushed was a Senate. This came about only later after I had become president, but the agitation for such a body began well before its approval. Dr. Eidson did not think that we were ready for this step, and I completely agreed. We did, however, develop advisory councils with faculty representation dealing with administrative matters, academic matters, graduate matters, and student personnel matters. Much of the work of the college was accomplished through these councils.

President Eidson and I both were eager to raise the academic standards of the college. One of the steps that Eidson took was to begin to emphasize to faculty the importance of their doing some kind of creative work in their disciplines, in most cases eventuating in some kind of publication. Little had been done in this area. The results of this effort were striking. Over the period of years that I was at Georgia Southern, for I kept up the emphasis, publications by our faculty increased until we were averaging one per faculty member per year. Naturally, some faculty members had several and some had none. Some of the publications were superior and some were poor, but the very fact that faculty was now conscious of the need to stay current in their fields and to add to the body of knowledge that they taught was very significant.

We also tried to be careful in our selection of new faculty. We were growing so rapidly that each year we were adding new positions. These, together with those who were retiring or who moved to other institutions or failed to get tenure, meant that we had a considerable number of faculty to recruit each year.

From the point of view of student performance, we sought to become more selective in our admissions process, and we made several adjustments in the quality requirements for graduation. In addition, we gave teeth to our academic suspension policy. Rather than have all appeals come to me as the chief academic officer, we made the admissions committee into an appeals committee, and while vice president I sat on that committee when appeals were being considered. We had each student make a personal appearance before the committee, and we were very tough in our questioning and very careful in our adjudication of the appeal.

A significant effort at the other end of the scale of student achievement was Dr. Eidson's determination that we should have a chapter of Phi Kappa Phi, the national honor society that inducts students from all schools of the college. He knew that I was a member of Phi Kappa Phi (as he was), so he asked me to undertake the development of the application for a chapter. We discovered that we had a number of Phi Kappa Phi members on our faculty, and we constituted them as the petitioning group to the national organization. After considerable work in assembling information, we made our application and were approved. Dr. Barrs (incidentally, a long-time friend of Dr. Eidson), Vice President of the Eastern Region of Phi Kappa Phi, came as the installing officer. This very fine honor society has continued to be a significant force in helping to maintain the goal of high achievement on the part of Georgia Southern students.

Dr. Eidson knew that there was little chance of our getting a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, so he and I decided to try for an alumni chapter in the coastal region of Georgia and South Carolina. He had been active in Phi Beta Kappa for many years, and I had served as president of the Wake County (NC) Phi Beta Kappa Alumni Chapter in the Raleigh, North Carolina area. There were several Phi Beta Kappa members on the faculty at Georgia Southern. These, the Phi Beta Kappa members at Armstrong State

College, and others in the area formed the petitioning group, and a chapter was established. Dr. Eidson was the first president, and I later served as president, 1974-76.

Dr. Eidson was a great believer in the importance of honor groups such as those I have mentioned. He was also a great supporter of other associations or groups that served to benefit young people. He was active on the Coastal Empire Council of Boy Scouts of America. When he left Southern, I was asked to come on the Council and did so. In time, I became President of the Council for a term, 1973-74, and found it to be a very rewarding experience.

I also became active in the Georgia Education Association (GEA), an affiliate of the National Education Association (NEA). I felt this to be in the tradition of those who were active in the leadership of Georgia Southern because of our great emphasis through the years on the education of teachers. President Henderson had been president of GEA. For several years, I found this to be a very rewarding activity, and I came to serve on the state board. However, when the NEA became essentially a labor union and the GEA began to move in that direction, I felt it necessary for me to resign my position and my membership.

One of my very few confrontations with Chancellor Simpson came over this particular issue. I attended a meeting of the GEA board in which a labor organizer presented his view of what should take place under the umbrella of the GEA. I opposed his views and voted against his being employed, though I was in the minority. The results of this meeting came to be a news item in the Atlanta papers, and I was identified as being on the board and in the meeting. I had an appointment at the Regent's office the next day. When Chancellor Simpson found that I was in the offices, he confronted me and gave me a tongue lashing for being a party to this. It took me some time to convince him, if I ever did, that mine was the sole voice in opposition and that I would no longer have anything to do with it. When Simpson became angry, he could be merciless in his fury. On the whole, I had extremely warm relations with the Chancellor and respected him greatly.

While I am mentioning organizations with which I was affiliated, I should point out that I had anticipated being able to join Rotary in Statesboro. I had come as the immediate past president of the club in Douglas, but I found that there was a rule adhered to without exception that the Rotary Club in Statesboro would accept no one who had not lived there for at least a year. So, Eidson and I both had to wait until that year was up before we became members of the local Rotary Club. It was a very active and delightful club, and I enjoyed my association with it.

One of the responsibilities which President Eidson gave to me had to do with the planning and expansion of the physical plant. As I have indicated, I had some experience with this while I was at South Georgia College. Dr. Eidson as Dean had been little involved with physical plant planning and construction of buildings. I was very happy to have this as an assignment, because I thoroughly enjoyed this aspect of college administration.

When Dr. Eidson and I looked at the existing long-range plan for physical development, we were convinced that it would not serve the long future which involved the rapid growth that we were now experiencing. As a consequence, we set out to develop a new one and employed a planner from Atlanta who proved to be very wise and able. The plan that he evolved has been followed even up to this day. With the recent

remarkable growth of the University, it has been necessary to develop a new plan, but it is, in one sense, simply an extension of the plan that was developed in our years.

One of the problem-points in developing the physical plant plan was where we should place the projected new library. We wanted it to be in a focal position on the campus, but we could not see how that could be done. Someone suggested putting it in Sweetheart Circle in front of the administration building. This would certainly have put it in a very prominent and central spot on the campus, but there was great resistance--which I shared--to the idea of invading the beautiful open space, which was Sweetheart Circle.

The tennis courts of the college occupied the space where the library now stands. In our minds that space was already occupied, and it had never occurred to us that here was a place where the library could be placed. The architect-planner was the one who saw this clearly. He noted that the tennis courts could be replaced on another and more appropriate spot.

Margaret, the children, and I became active in the First Baptist Church in Statesboro. It was a very strong church but, at that time, rather dominated by "the old guard." This later changed, and the church was greatly strengthened as a result.

Again, I faced the issue of my Sunday school class. Here I found the solution in becoming the associate teacher of the class of older men taught by Dr. Paul Carroll. I was not technically old enough for this class, but I got by because of my station as associate teacher. Paul Carroll was one of the finest Sunday school teachers I have ever been privileged to hear. He had excellent insights, and he also had a remarkable ability to get the entire class involved in appropriate discussion. This group of men was completely dedicated to Paul, and they also constituted a very strong fellowship. They periodically had social events, usually dinners or picnics in which, of course, the wives were included. I have never been with a group of men who enjoyed each other more. I taught them occasionally when Paul was away or for some reason could not be present.

Margaret was soon recruited for the church choir. This meant that I could not sit with her during the eleven o'clock service, so I began attending the 8:30 a.m. service that I enjoyed greatly. It also enabled me to have breakfast across the street from the church at Howard Johnson. Members of Paul Carroll's class attended this breakfast, and they came in remarkable numbers. The church has always meant much to us as a family, and the one in Statesboro was no exception. We generally attended the family night activities in the middle of the week including the meal that was served. In time, I served on the Board of Deacons and on the pulpit committee when Robert Smith, who had been pastor for many years, retired, and we called Frank Hawkins.

Frank was one of the best preachers and pastors we have ever had, and the church prospered under his leadership. He stayed for several years, including some time after we left Statesboro. He then moved to become pastor of the First Baptist Church in Kingsport, Tennessee, where he continues to serve. In 1994 he was elected president of the Tennessee Baptist Convention.

The Georgia Association of Colleges, which included public and private colleges, and both junior and senior colleges and universities, was very strong during these years. I was elected vice president in 1967 while I was still at South Georgia College, and I served as president during my first year at Georgia Southern (1968-69). I recall that in developing the program for my year as president, I secured Hugh McEniry, then Vice President for Academic Affairs at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, as the

banquet speaker. Hugh was always very thoughtful and literate in his presentations. The association met at the Continuing Education Center at the University of Georgia. This was a common practice in those years.

During my three years as vice president at Georgia Southern, I served on the Council of Deans and Vice Presidents of the University System. This Council reported to the Advisory Council of the System that was made up of presidents and the Chancellor. I was made chairman of this group in 1970 and served during 1970-71.

As one can see from all of these involvements, I was a very busy person. I have never quite understood the phenomenon, but it appears to me that at every stage of my life I was fully occupied with my job and other involvements, and at each stage I thought I was as busy as one could be. But every succeeding stage seemed to become one in which I was busier than ever before. That held true until I retired from the presidency at Stetson University in 1987. While I have been busy enough since then, my life has finally become reasonably simplified once more.

Opportunities to consider other positions continued to come to me after moving to Statesboro as Vice President of Georgia Southern.

The presidency of Augusta College became vacant, and I was asked to come there to interview. I had a very pleasant time on the campus and in the interview process. However, Augusta College was a very different kind of college from that which I had been involved with at both South Georgia and Georgia Southern. It was a purely commuter college with its students coming almost exclusively from the area around Augusta.

Shortly after my interview, I had a call from the Chancellor saying that the Augusta committee had given him the names of both Dean Christenberry of Georgia College in Milledgeville and me. Chancellor Simpson said that he would be happy with either of us as president, but that he was going to recommend Christenberry because he was older, and I would have other chances.

Quite honestly, I was relieved. I was not enthusiastic about the idea of going to Augusta and Augusta College, though I probably would have accepted the presidency had it been offered. A similar thing happened with reference to West Georgia College where I also went for an interview.

The real excitement began to develop when, in 1971, I was asked once more if I would be interested in looking at Meredith College. President Heilman had left to go as president of the University of Richmond, and Dr. Massey was after me again.

I indicated that I would be interested at this point in looking at the Meredith situation. I was told that the Chairman of the Board, Mr. Cameron, President of the Union Bank in North Carolina, headquartered in Charlotte, would be attending the Southern Bell Board of Directors meeting in Atlanta, and I could meet with him there to begin the process.

I decided that it would be courteous, since I had been a president in the Georgia System, to go by to indicate to the Chancellor what I was doing. When I arrived for my appointment with the Chancellor, I told him that Meredith College was very interested in the possibility of my coming, as president, and I wanted him to know that I was thinking seriously about this opportunity. He startled me with his reply. He said, "Pope, I need to tell you something that has just happened and has not been announced. John Eidson was in my office yesterday to accept the position of Vice Chancellor, and thus, he will be leaving the Georgia Southern presidency. Now, I would like for you to be the next

president of Georgia Southern. At the same time, you know the process, which I follow in such a situation. I appoint a search committee; and, if they were not to recommend you, I would not appoint you."

I was soon to face a very real dilemma.

I proceeded that day to meet with Mr. Cameron and I found him to be a very remarkable gentleman and a very excellent salesman for Meredith. I agreed that I would come to Raleigh and meet with the trustee committee as well as with the faculty committee.

My meeting with the trustee group was very assuring. Bruce Heilman had done an excellent job of letting trustees know that one of their major tasks was helping to raise money. Since the president of Carolina Power and Light Company was a trustee and former chairman, he and Mr. Cameron made a very formidable team. They promised that whenever I should need to go to see a corporation or foundation, they would happily accompany me and take me in the company plane. They gave the example of how Westinghouse had provided for all of the campus lighting, especially in view of the fact that the Carolina Power and Light Company had just entered a major contract with them. I was greatly impressed with the things that had happened at Meredith and was made to understand that very little was needed in additional physical facilities. In fact, a magnificent president's home was being completed at that very time. Dr. Massey and his wife had contributed most of the funds for that.

My meeting with faculty was equally assuring.

It was suggested that I visit again, this time bringing Margaret with me, the visit to be largely one giving us the opportunity to examine more carefully the University and the City. This we did. We were entertained royally, and Dr. and Mrs. Massey proudly took us on a tour of the nearly completed president's residence.

The home was imposing and very large. Two things, however, led to concern on both of our parts. First of all, a large basement area had been provided to be a kind of entertainment area for students with Ping-Pong tables and other such equipment. While we always were interested in having student groups occasionally in our home, we were not struck by the idea of having a kind of constant open house for students to come and go. Second, it was very obvious that the first persons to live in the home would be constantly under the scrutiny of the Masseys who had their ideas of how the house should be decorated and managed. Margaret and I were not sure that we wanted to live under such circumstances and to raise our children in that context.

I had, also, some reservations about being president of a woman's college. With three daughters and a wife, I was already living in a woman's dormitory, as it were, and I had every reason to be anxious for women to have the same opportunities that men have in the world. Nevertheless, an all-girls college was a very different environment from those in which I had been. There was a redeeming feature in that North Carolina State College was just down the street. It was overwhelmingly populated by men, so Meredith was not isolated, as are some women's colleges.

At the conclusion of our visit, we were told that the committee was ready to recommend us to the trustees for election if we were willing to come. I asked for a couple of weeks to consider the matter, and gave them a specific day on which I would let them know.

In the meantime, the Chancellor had appointed me as acting president as of September 1 when John Eidson's term ended. The Chancellor also appointed a search

committee. This committee was to hold its first meeting on the very day I had told the Meredith trustees I would call that evening to give them my decision. Margaret and I had talked about the situation and agreed that we would go to Meredith if the Georgia Southern position were not offered by the deadline we had given to Meredith.

On the day in question, the Chancellor arrived and met with the search committee that was chaired by the head of the chemistry department, Dr. Clair Colvin. I had told the Chancellor that I should like to take him to lunch; so, about noontime, he came into my office. He said that Dr. Colvin wanted to speak to me. The Chancellor went out and Dr. Colvin came in. He said to me, "As you know, the search committee has been meeting. It is obvious that the committee would like to have you as president. However, the committee felt that it should not be so much in a hurry as to make a decision today, for that would not look quite right."

I replied, "Clair, I agree with you and the committee that it is not very appropriate for the committee to make a decision so soon. However, to be fair, I need to indicate to you that you need not consider my name if you wait beyond today to make a recommendation."

With a rather horrified look on his face, Clair said, "What do you mean?"

I replied, "Well, Clair, I have an offer to go as president of Meredith College in Raleigh, North Carolina. I must give them an answer by this evening. Margaret and I have decided that it is better to go there than to take the risk that I might not be selected as president of Georgia Southern. So, if the committee does not recommend me today, and I agree with you that they should not make a hasty decision, I will be going to Meredith as president."

In a very agitated voice, Clair said, "We must not allow that to happen. Let me call my committee back together this afternoon." And with that he hurried out of the office.

The Chancellor and I went to lunch and had a very delightful time.

As I remember, it was reasonably early in the afternoon that Clair was back in my office indicating that the committee had met again and had unanimously recommended to the Chancellor that I be appointed by the Regents as President of Georgia Southern College. I thanked him and the committee very heartily and indicated to him that I would be calling the chairman of the search committee at Meredith that evening to take my name out of their consideration.

Thus, it was that on my 51st birthday, September 8, 1971, the Board of Regents of the University System of Georgia elected me as President of Georgia Southern College. I had experienced about as short an acting presidency as there is on record, September 1 to September 8!

CHAPTER XVIII

GEORGIA SOUTHERN COLLEGE II GETTING STARTED AS PRESIDENT 1971-1974

My presidency began at a very exciting time in the history of Georgia Southern. As I have reread the annual report, which I submitted to the Regents for 1971-72, I am amazed at the things that were accomplished.

The other side of the coin is that these things were accomplished in spite of numerous difficulties that presented themselves to me during that year. First of all, Charles "Chuck" Johnson, Director of Plant Operations, left to take a similar position at Georgia Tech. This left us with the very inexperienced--at that level--Fred N. Schroyer. Though he soon became a very excellent Director of Plant Operations that first year was a very rocky one, and I found it necessary to involve myself with this phase of the operation much more closely than I would normally have done.

In the second place, William Dewberry, Comptroller, became ill and was away from his station for a good part of the year, and I was left to give a great deal of direction to those functions that fell under the comptroller's office. (At that time the Comptroller was the top official in the area of fiscal and business affairs--there was no vice president for business and finance!) To compound the issue, the Chief Accountant, Ralph Andrews, was a very nice and cooperative fellow, but he was completely over his head with the complex financial situation, which this growing institution required. Andrews was not a CPA, and I never knew precisely where we stood during the year in terms of our financial position. This, of course, was exceedingly frustrating to me, particularly, as I soon found that Andrews usually stated our position over-optimistically. I liked Ralph. He was a kind of jack-of-all-trades and master of none. I knew that we had to do something about this position.

A third crisis came fairly early in the year and had overtones that extended throughout the period. A young Black man from New York had been employed in continuing education to help handle a federal grant. He had proved to be unable to do what was expected and was given notice. He immediately began to stir up difficulty in the Black community, especially toward me; and he sought to mobilize the Blacks in the dining hall and in plant operations to strike against the college. He was unsuccessful in organizing the plant operations staff, but he managed to get the dining hall workers to threaten to walk out, and he secured the cooperation of several Black students, as well as a few whites, in his efforts.

The Black workers in the cafeteria, joined with a few others, marched on the administration building. I met them on the steps on the building and assured them that I would look into any grievances, which they had.

This all occurred near the date for my formal inauguration as president of the college, and there was creditable evidence that they planned to disrupt the events related to that program. Fortunately, the three Black presidents in the University System of Georgia, Savannah State College, Ft. Valley State College, and Albany State College, were all friends of mine; and they undertook to diffuse the situation in so far as my inauguration was concerned. I was particularly grateful to President Prince Jackson of Savannah State who met with some of these people. As a consequence, the events of the inauguration went off very smoothly.

Dr. Nicholas Quick, whom I was to name as my vice president, was a man of a great negotiating ability, and I called upon him to help us in this situation. He, joined by an assistant attorney general from Atlanta, met with representatives of those who had grievances and after several sessions worked out an arrangement, which seemed to reasonably satisfy our people.

In the meantime, the young man, who had been at the root of much of this difficulty, had made some very rash statements, which were quoted in the newspaper about the fact that he hoped my heart

would fail. This, of course, did him no good in the community at large. Such a threat was even rejected by most of the Black community.

My secretary, Kirbylene Stephens, one day told me that this young man had made an appointment with me for about nine o'clock the next morning. I did not know what his intentions were and, indeed, did not look forward to the confrontation that we likely might have. At the appointed time, he showed and was one of the most subdued persons I have ever talked with. His arm was bandaged, there were cuts about his face, and generally he was in a sad shape. He indicated that he was bowing out of the struggle, and I never heard any more from him or about any of his activities. I presume he returned to the North.

The interesting thing about his appearance was the story of what had happened to him. He had bragged considerably in the Black community about the fact that he was a Golden Glove champion boxer in New York. He was a very fine physical specimen, and he was very handsome. The Black community had begun to idolize him. He then made his big mistake. He scheduled boxing matches in our gymnasium, and he was to be the major draw. Unfortunately for him, he went up against a very powerful Georgia Southern College white student who almost literally beat him to a pulp. As a consequence, he lost face completely in the Black community, and he had the good sense to realize he was no longer going to be able to develop his agenda.

There were times during these early years that I thought if the life of a college president is going to be as rough as this, I should certainly not stay with it very long. I would attend meetings of the American Council on Education and the American Association of State Colleges and Universities, and everyone would be talking about the problems they were facing, particularly with radical students. The tenure of presidents was getting shorter and shorter. I remember over and over during sessions of these organizations when emergency calls would be made asking a president to call his office. We would find out later that there had been a riot, a sit-in, a building burning, or some other such crises on his campus. In retrospect, we were very fortunate at Georgia Southern to have no more problems than we had in this very volatile period of higher education, but even those which we experienced were enough to give one a great deal of unease.

A further problem for me that first year was the fact that I had to discharge the responsibilities of president and vice president until February when the Dean of Arts and Science, Nicholas W. Quick, was elected Vice President. In turn, he had to carry the responsibilities of both the deanship and vice presidency until the close of the year. As the year closed, there was the satisfaction of knowing that the fall quarter, 1972, would open with a dean of Arts and Sciences, Warren F. Jones.

As I have reflected about my first year as president at Georgia Southern, I have realized that it prepared me for the rest of my presidential career in ways that a calmer year could not have. For example, I had to master quickly the inner workings of college finance and physical plant. I was not unaware of some of these as a result of having been president at South Georgia College. Nevertheless, that was a very small operation in comparison with the situation at Georgia Southern College. Furthermore, South Georgia had very able and efficient people in both of those areas.

One of the Duncan "pithy pointers" which I have defined relative a president's administration is that each year of one's administration there will be at least one major crises with which the president has to deal. It may not be earthshaking as far as the college as a whole is concerned, but it will consume the president's time almost totally for days. I have often said that if that crisis has not come by spring, the president should be on the watch, because it will surely come! Well, that first year seemed to be made up of a series of crises, one after another.

One of those crises which takes time and energy from the president, but which is not so serious as some others, was the period when colleges and universities went through the strange phenomenon of the fad of streaking--and Georgia Southern was no exception. The first streaker we had was a young man who in a state of undress somehow got through the outfield fence during a baseball game and streaked across to the opposite fence and disappeared through it. The next I remember occurred when I was

entertaining guests in the President's Dining Room in the Williams Center. We heard much noise in the hall, later to find that a streaker (or streakers, I do not now remember) had run through the building to the delight of many other students. The climax came one evening when I, fortunately, was in Atlanta for a meeting of the Advisory Council the next day. Apparently, the entire campus and most of the citizens of the town had learned that there were to be many streakers on campus that evening. Much of the student body and half of the town, including newspaper reporters and photographers, and TV cameramen, showed up. They were not disappointed. Streakers appeared on top of buildings, on motorcycles, and just running on the ground--enough to make the front pages of papers and the TV news. The strange fad quickly (though it did not seem quick to me) ran its course (an appropriate phrase) all over the country and at GSC. Thankfully, we had no recurrence there or here during my presidential tenures. Looking back, I suppose no great harm resulted, but it was not a comfortable time for a college president!

In spite of the problems, 1971-72 was one of the most productive years in the history of Georgia Southern. Academic divisions had ceased to exist at the end of 1970-71, and 1971-72 was a year when the new departmental structure was becoming permanently established. The School of Business began to operate in the fall. In student personnel, a new dean of students, Ben G. Waller, began his service. A new organizational plan was developed which was fully implemented in the fall of 1972. Miss Hassey McElveen closed a long and useful career in the library. Four new buildings came into use, the School of Education Building, the Hestor Newton Building, the Physics/Mathematics Building, and the Family Life Center. In addition, plans were completed for the new library and for the home management houses. Construction on the perimeter road began, and plans for a new underground electrical distribution system and a new water tank were ready for implementation. Funds were made available for the air-conditioning of the Hanner Field House.

This latter development almost got me into trouble with the Chancellor. We had requested the air-conditioning over and over. The Field House was used for many events, including commencements, and could be beastly hot. Our local legislator, Jones Lane (brother of Betty Lane, chairman of our Home Economics Division), was a very powerful individual. He determined to get the funds for the project, even if it meant a special appropriation. The Regents did not like special appropriations to individual colleges or universities. The Legislature made a lump-sum appropriation to the System, and the Chancellor and Regents decided how these funds would be used and to which institution they would go.

Jones, as I remember, was chairman of the appropriations committee of the House, and so he got a special appropriation to air-condition the Hanner Field House. I told the Chancellor that this was Jones' idea--which it was--but I think the Chancellor never quite believed that I did not lobby Jones for the special appropriation--a thing forbidden to presidents in the System.

Naturally, we were extremely happy to have the air-conditioning and were indebted to Jones, for I have no idea how long it would have taken for it to come our way via the normal route.

Still further, fall quarter enrollment rose from 5719 to 6156, and fall quarter graduate enrollment rose 43%. Fourteen faculty members completed their doctoral work and were awarded their degrees during the year. Twelve National Merit Scholars were on campus. More than 96 faculty members published books, articles, or read research papers at professional meetings. A second Callaway Professorship was granted, and Lynn E. Dellenbarger became the first occupant of this chair in banking and finance. Several new degree programs were added.

The faculty senate was beginning to come of age. Unfortunately, the Regents required that the president of the university serve as chairman of the faculty senate. Thus, I had to attend all the meetings and chair them. This was one of the more onerous chores, which I had throughout the rest of the time I was at Georgia Southern.

In spite of the student unrest, which showed itself occasionally, most students were bringing honor to the college. Two of our athletic teams competing in the University Division of NCAA went to national tournaments. The gymnastics team secured 8th spot and the golf team tied for 14th. The sorority

lodges were formally dedicated during the year. Students actively participated in developing a very successful homecoming, student pageants, and other extra curricular programs. The drama production of *Blood Wedding* was selected in the Annual American College Theater Festival. This was the third consecutive year in which Georgia Southern had been so honored.

In the midst of all of this activity the college was deeply involved in the program of self-study of the Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. The National Association of Schools of Music reviewed the music department's self-study, and the same was true with reference to the programs in education under NCATE. Additionally, the School of Business was making a considerable effort toward obtaining AACSB accreditation.

The proposal for offering a doctorate in education was revised and was ready to be resubmitted to the Chancellor's office. As well, the faculty was studying its core curriculum and making decisions with regard to it.

The year also marked a rebirth of an organized fund-raising program at Georgia Southern. The Georgia Southern College Foundation was increasingly active in fund-raising. It helped to bring Bob Hope to the college, and proceeds from the show went to the Foundation to underwrite the commitment to the National Direct Student Loan Program. For the first time, contributions to the college exceeded \$100,000 in contrast to the approximately \$57,000 raised in 1970-71.

I have given all of these details to help one understand both the vitality of the college during this period of time and the issues which I faced in my first year as president--and I have not recounted them all by any measure.

There were developments in our personal and family life as well.

Obviously, Margaret and I became even more involved with entertaining and with our community relations. The University System gave the president a small personal allowance for entertaining. No other State funds could be used in this connection. (Later, with the development of private sources of funds, presidents have been able to call upon some of these.) This allowance was far from adequate to do the kind of entertaining which a president needed to do. In fact, the allowance was supposed to cover the entertainment in all areas of the college, a quite impossible assignment. So, as with so many of the presidents in the University System, a number of dollars used for entertainment came out of my own pocket.

Mary Margaret had finished college at Furman the year before and had decided to stay in Greenville and teach school. Kathy started her high school career. But it was Laurie who brought the greatest change in our family.

I had kidded our daughters through the years that when they were ready to marry I wanted them to elope so that their mother and I would not be burdened with all of the problems of planning a big wedding. Well, I had no idea that my kidding remark would bear fruit. One night in February, 1972, Laurie, who had been living in a college dormitory, came by our house with Bill Kelly whom she had been dating. She announced to us that she and Bill had just married. She had been afraid that if she told us of their plans we would try to talk her out of it, for she was still in college. She, Bill, and several of their friends had driven to South Carolina where the marriage had been performed. Naturally, we were greatly surprised and shocked, though we tried to be supportive. We were both very fond of Bill, and we were not at all disappointed that she was marrying him. Their first child, Ryan, was born that September.

Bill Kelly was one of ten children of a rather well known entertainer in the region, Emma Kelly. Emma is a very accomplished, popular pianist and singer who has considerable success and is known as the Lady of 6,000 Songs. All of her children except Bill were musical. During their growing up, they often performed with her in various kinds of combos. Several of the girls were also excellent dancers.

Bill was the black sheep in the sense that he did not fit this musical mode. He was an athlete! As an athlete, he excelled. He could have had a college scholarship either in football or baseball. He chose

the route of football and went to Georgia Tech on a football scholarship. Unfortunately, he was not large enough to have an outstanding career at the collegiate level in football, but he was on the traveling squad. When he married Laurie, he dropped out of Tech and later finished his degree at Georgia Southern College.

Bill is extremely bright, though he had never thought of himself as such. As an athlete, his academic ability had not been emphasized. Margaret and I were impressed with his keen mind and tried to encourage him to recognize this ability. He showed this a bit later when he studied independently for his real estate license and passed on his first try. Laurie also finished her degree, and I had the great honor of handing diplomas to both of them.

For a time after their marriage, Bill and Laurie lived with us. But, when Bill got a position with a local realtor and began to succeed in that area, they moved into a small garage apartment. A bit later, they built themselves a house, which they sold when they constructed their present home on Forest Drive in the Country Club area.

One of the truly fun things, which occurred during that first year of my presidency, was the appearance of Bob Hope in the Hanner Field House. I had the honor of meeting Bob at the airport in Atlanta and accompanied him back to Statesboro on the Morris newspaper corporation plane through the courtesy of Mr. Morris. I also spent considerable time with Hope during the afternoon as he rehearsed. I found him to be a most cordial and delightful person. His manager, Mark Anthony, also became a helpful acquaintance.

As I have mentioned before, this event was sponsored by the Georgia Southern College Foundation, and we put about 6,200 in that none air-conditioned place. Unfortunately, the evening was warm, and before the performance was over, the Field House was extremely hot.

I had the pleasure of introducing Bob to the capacity crowd that gathered in the field house. He was his usual delightful self. The crowd loved every word and every song in spite of the fact that it was extremely hot. One of the most memorable episodes of his appearance came after he had taken off his coat and had made some remark about the heat. One of our students came down an aisle to the stage and handed Bob a tall Coca-Cola. Hope's impromptu remark was, "Bless you! Are you from the Red Cross?"

Later on in my administration, Bob Hope made another appearance at Georgia Southern, this time flying to the Statesboro Airport on an Omaha Mutual Insurance Company plane which was flying his wife back home from her attendance at a meeting of Omaha Mutual's Board of Directors on which she sits. Margaret and I had the pleasure of meeting her briefly and found her to be just as cordial and warm as Bob himself.

Still later, Margaret and I were invited to be Bob's guests when he made an appearance in Atlanta. We were provided ringside seats and were invited, together with Rick Mandes, to be the only guests present after his performance at the suite he was provided at the Marriott Hotel.

One of the delightful and meaningful perks of being a president is the opportunity to meet and be with some extremely important and interesting people. I could not begin to name all of them, but they include such notables, in addition to Hope, as Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, Archbishop TuTu, Margaret Mead, Erskin Caldwell, Dean Rusk, Paul Ehrlich, and many others.

As a president of a significant institution such as Georgia Southern, there are many calls upon one's time which are not directly related to the University but which are important, not only from a public relations view but from the point of view of the service which can be rendered.

During most of the years that I was at Georgia Southern as president, I served on the Georgia Committee for the Humanities and found this to be a very simulating exercise. This was in the early days of the development of such groups under the umbrella of the National Endowment for the Humanities; and we were, to a large extent, exploring means by which we could best use the funds available for grants in the public interest. A number of interesting people served with me on this committee. Perhaps the

most prominent was Eugenia Price, who has written many best selling novels, as well as inspirational books. She and her friend, Joyce Blackwell, also an author, made excellent members of the committee, and I was happy to make their acquaintance.

In connection with my service on this committee, I remember a very interesting incident made possible by my knowledge of the grants of the committee. In an address, I had called upon the faculty to be more diligent in their efforts to find ways by which they could contribute to their fields through research. After the meeting, I was accosted by a young faculty member from the English department who lambasted me for talking about such matters when there were no ways for such work to be supported for persons in his discipline. He complained that all of the grants went to people in the sciences. I asked him if he had made an application for support to the Georgia Committee for the Humanities. Of course, I knew that he had not, since I had looked at all such requests. He admitted that he had not and that he was not even aware that he could. I told him that he ought to be more diligent in seeking such opportunities. I should add that he did, indeed, make such a request. It was granted, and as I recall he went on to get several such grants of support.

I also served on the Georgia Southern Regional Planning Board, was a board member of the Bullock County Chamber of Commerce, served on the Executive Board of the Coastal Empire Council, Boy Scouts of America, and for one term was its president. These are simply examples of the kinds of things that I was doing.

I tried, also, to do at least a little in the way of keeping up my own field of scholarship. For example, I updated my little book, *Our Baptist Story*, and published an article in the *Review and Expositor*, entitled, "The Changing Role of the University in Contemporary Society."

One of the things that I did which gave me a great deal of pleasure was to write a monthly newspaper column, "As I See It." This column dealt with issues in higher education and was widely used in South Georgia by the newspapers, primarily county weeklies.

With Rick Mandes, Director of the Office of College Relations, we set up several regular events, which helped me keep in touch with various constituencies of the college. "Community Update" was one of these. This consisted of a quarterly campus visit by citizens from other towns and cities located near the campus. These people came in mid-morning; I talked to them for awhile about the college. They were then taken on tours during which certain programs of the college were highlighted. Finally, I hosted a luncheon for them as a kind of follow-up during which they had opportunity to make any comments and ask questions.

Another one of these programs had the code name of "Downtown." This meant that I simply scheduled a morning out of the office when I made impromptu calls on businesspersons in the downtown area of Statesboro. We planned very carefully which businesses I would call upon, and I would spend a few minutes with the owner or manager talking about the college and making him realize that we felt that he was very important to the success of the college.

I also hosted a monthly breakfast meeting with young community leaders and campus representatives.

Finally, I had what we called "At Random" at which students chosen at random met with me and with my administrative council. We, thus, had the opportunity to converse with a cross section of our students. I always maintained that the president tended to be out of touch with the cross section of students because those that he saw were either those in deep trouble or those who were the elected campus leaders. The "At Random" group was a very stimulating group, seldom containing either of those two types of students.

The second year of my presidency at Georgia Southern was called a year of self-study and analysis in my annual report. First of all, there was the culmination of the Self-Study for the Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools in the publication of the Self-Study Report and the Committee Visit that reaffirmed our accreditation. Also, the School of Education

concluded its self-study with a visit from NCATE. The Music Department concluded its study with an accreditation visit from the National Association of Schools of Music and their consequent approval of full membership. The School of Business involved itself with a self-study and preparation for an application for accreditation by the AACSB.

Even though all of these studies proceeding at the same time made for some rather hectic activity, it proved to be very helpful. It enabled us to set some goals and provide some direction for the next several years in the life of the college.

Signs of progress continued. The contract was let for the new library and for the underground electrical distribution system, and construction began on both. The air conditioning of the Hanner Field House became a reality with the June Commencement. What a relief!

Enrollment rose slightly overall, and graduate enrollment increased by nearly 11%. As far as undergraduates were concerned, we were feeling the effects of the relatively new community college and the new university in Jacksonville. It became obvious that for the next two or three years any growth in the college would be in the graduate level students. New degree programs were added, an M.A. in Political Science, a Master of Public Administration, Educational Specialist in Business and Education, a M.Ed. in Library Media, a M.Ed. in Exceptional Child, and a Bachelor of Engineering Technology with options in Building Construction Technology, Civil Engineering Technology, Electrical Engineering Technology, and Mechanical Engineering Technology. The Library continued to develop toward the goal of a research library in its collections, service, and attitudes. Over 14,000 volumes were cataloged. The University of Georgia Cooperative Extension Division located its east district headquarters on the Georgia Southern campus.

During the year the college experienced its greatest year to that time in terms of overall success in its intercollegiate athletic program. The baseball team won the District III NCAA Championship and competed in the NCAA College World Series in Omaha, Nebraska, where the team finished in a tie for sixth place. Never before had a team from Georgia competed in the College World Series. Coach Ron Polk was named District III Coach of the Year and the National Baseball Coach of the Year. More season tickets were sold, over 700, than in the history of a college baseball team to that point in time. Every home and away game was carried on radio. This had never happened to a college baseball team before. The golf team went to the National Tournament where they finished 13th. Jim Ellis was selected first team All American and was invited to represent the United States on the Walker Cup Team.

Margaret, Kathy, and I, together with Nick and Penny Quick went to Omaha to see our baseball team perform in the College World Series. This was one of the most delightful experiences that we had while at Southern. Omaha was very hospitable. A civic club was assigned to look after each visiting college team. The Cosmopolitan Club drew us, and we could not have been better cared for. Since Southern was so small in comparison with the large universities represented, we received considerable media attention.

With all of these accomplishments in the academic and extra curricular areas, Georgia Southern was still without a doctorate. No action was taken on the request, which had been refilled for a Doctorate in Education. The fact that, in spite of resubmissions, the Chancellor never took our requests to the Board of Regents became one of the most frustrating aspects of the presidency at Georgia Southern. Toward the end of my tenure there, I asked the Chancellor why he had never submitted our requests to the Board. The Chancellor's answer went something like this, "Pope, had you rather have the proposal be alive or have it submitted, turned down, and dead?" Of course, I had to reply that I had rather have it alive. This confirmed a point of view that I had held for some time. That is, that the Chancellor had sounded out enough of the Board of Regents to know that he could not get such a proposal through the Board. This was the only explanation for his having backtracked on what we all understood was a commitment to Dr. Eidson to see that Georgia Southern gained such approval.

This was not a surprising development when an examination of the individual Regents' college experiences would show that a large majority of them attended a university level institution of the System. Thus, the opposition, which would come to such a proposal from those institutions, would be of considerable influence upon these Regents.

The year 1973-74 was one in which I experienced several disappointments but a number of exciting developments as well.

One of the more disappointing aspects was the refusal of the AACSB to accredit the School of Business. At the same time, this action led to some events that were very positive. When the visiting committee was on campus, the members made an appointment with me and came by to talk with me about a very serious problem that they had discovered. It was, they said, "a problem with the administration." I asked them, "Are you speaking of a problem with the general administration of the College or a problem in the administration by the Dean of the School of Business?" They said quickly, "Oh, we mean the problem with the Dean's administration of the School of Business." I remarked to them, "I have been very much aware of the fact that the Dean had some serious problems in administration, but he has been blaming his problems on 'the central administration.' It is very important that you, in your report, be very explicit and note that the problem is with the administration of the School, not with the general administration of the College. Otherwise, the Dean will tell his faculty, 'See, I have been telling you that our problem is with the central administration.'"

The Committee promised me that they would do that; and, indeed, they did. Very shortly after they made their report, Dean Paul LaGrone came in and presented his resignation as Dean of the School. I was overjoyed to receive it. Paul was almost paranoid with reference to his work as Dean. He was always complaining that we did not understand him or what he was trying to do or the needs of the school. He constantly told his faculty that the administration had it in for the School of Business. My own evaluation then and now is that he was simply not cut out to be an administrator at that level. As a consequence, he was constantly trying to blame this inadequacy on others.

He was an excellent accounting teacher, and he could be a very likable person when he was not under the pressure of the deanship. In accepting his resignation, I told him that we would work out an arrangement by which he would not have a decrease in salary and one in which he would remain as professor of accounting. He seemed to be very grateful for this and relieved to be out from under the pressure. In fact, his whole personality, at least as it related to his relationship with me, changed as of that moment.

Dr. Origin James, who had taught at the College previously, had come to be the head of the Department of Accounting. We now made him acting dean, and later he would become Dean of the School of Business and would lead the School to full accreditation by the AACSB.

Our problems as they related to business affairs were gradually getting solved. Mr. Dewberry, before his retirement, had brought in Buddy Rabitsch as the Chief Accountant. Buddy had served as an auditor for the State and was one of the most competent accountants I have ever known. He kept at his fingertips an enormous amount of information concerning the college's financial status and began to prepare monthly reports for me that I could depend upon as being accurate. I also found that I could ask him questions and get straight answers. He also was able to make suggestions with regard to the fiscal status of the college, which were very useful.

Mr. William Dewberry, who had been a good and faithful servant of the college through many years, retired. He had experienced bad health for several years. I then brought in Mr. William Cook as Director of Administration and Fiscal Affairs. He had been the chief accountant for the University of Georgia. He and Buddy Rabitsch had worked together previously, and I now had a team that was second to none. I was tremendously relieved at having this burden lifted off of me. I wanted to make Mr. Cook Vice President for Administration and Fiscal Affairs, but the Chancellor was not willing. More of this later.

One of the disappointments of the year was the fact that we had a decline of 260 in enrollment. In addition to the opening of other institutions, which drained undergraduates from us, graduate study had been initiated by Augusta College in Richmond County and by Armstrong State College in Chatham County. The decline in our graduate students from Chatham County alone was more than 100. Thus, we could understand where the decline in our enrollment came from and why it came, but it was no less painful.

We had hoped to be able to occupy the new library sometime in 1974, but construction was delayed as it so often is in the building of large (or even small for that matter) structures, and occupancy was put off until 1975.

It was about this time that I chaired a committee of the Chancellor's Advisory Council, which he appointed to study the possibility of testing all undergraduates in the University System at some point in their careers with a common instrument. Our committee did not favor this approach believing that it contained more problems than advantages. It fell upon me to make the report for the committee to the entire Advisory Council. Obviously, our conclusion was not that which the Chancellor had wanted, and he proceeded to give us a dressing down, an attack primarily directed at me. I do not know whether I should have felt complimented that he thought I had the amount of influence which would have led that committee to its conclusion or whether he simply used me to chasten the committee. At any rate, he ignored the recommendation of the committee and proceeded to have a rising junior test developed and implemented in the System.

The Chancellor may very well have been right in his conclusion, and we may have been wrong. We were somewhat disheartened that he lashed out emotionally without really trying to understand our point of view. The Regents' test or tests, which were devised, measured a kind of minimal achievement in mathematics and in English grammar and composition that should mark someone moving from junior to senior college status. It seems to have been a useful device. Many other states have adopted similar approaches in the years succeeding. Whether or not these tests have made any real difference in the accomplishments of students, I do not know. I do think that they served a useful political purpose and continue to do so.

The constant frustration which we experienced over the inability to get approval for the doctorate in education is simply one illustration of the frustrations which frequently came as a result of being in a highly centralized state university system, particularly when the institution involved was not a major state university and was struggling for the recognition which it deserved.

This frustration can be further illustrated in my case when in 1973 I brought William Cook from the University of Georgia to be Director of Administration and Fiscal Affairs. Bill had become one of the mostly highly respected people in the University of Georgia administration. Earlier, he had served as an auditor for the State of Georgia and had been assigned the University of Georgia as a full-time responsibility. The University then employed him, and I was able to persuade him to give up that very important role to come to Georgia Southern as head of all of our business and fiscal operations. I wanted very much to give him the title of vice president for administration and fiscal affairs, but when I presented this proposal to the Chancellor, I was turned down.

The answer I received when I asked the reason for such a refusal was one that I constantly heard, "Pope, if I let you do that, I'll have to let all of the senior colleges do the same." I never did buy that answer, for I always felt that it would be possible to put certain parameters on enrollment, complexity of programs, size of budget, and so on which would allow institutions to qualify for such positions in a very orderly and fair manner. I must admit that it was rather difficult for me to see either any problem in my request or why there was a necessity for letting all the other senior colleges do the same. None of the other senior colleges, certainly, had the enrollment Georgia Southern had or the complexity of operation that Georgia Southern had. Nevertheless, the view persisted that only the major universities should be allowed to have vice presidents.

As I have indicated earlier in these memoirs, I became the first vice president in any of the senior colleges and that only because the Chancellor in a weak moment had promised John Eidson that he could have a vice president. When John told me that the Chancellor was reneging on this promise, I told him that under the circumstances I did not feel I could take the position. John then went back to the Chancellor and persuaded him to stay by his promise. In any case, I had no success in getting any positions designated as vice president in addition to the one that already existed.

In spite of the frustration over the title, the coming of Bill Cook was a godsend to me and to Georgia Southern. He and Rabitsch, who had replaced Ralph Andrews as our chief accountant, had become good friends. Rabitsch also had served as a state auditor. Rabitsch now became Comptroller, a title that was appropriate for his position. These two men soon had our business and fiscal affairs in excellent shape, and I could breathe easily with regard to them, something I had not been able to do since I assumed the presidency.

I now had in place three top-flight administrators in Vice President Nicholas Quick, Director of Administration and Fiscal Affairs William Cook, and Director of College Relations Rick Mandes.

Many positive things occurred in 1973-74. One of the most note-worthy was the additional dimension to continuing education, which the establishment of the East District of the Cooperative Extension Service of the University of Georgia brought. It was this agency that, joining with us, was able to persuade the Chancellor and the Board of Regents to provide money for the building of a continuing education building on the campus. We had tried to get such a building but had failed. Without the presence of the Cooperative Extension Service, it would have been years before the System would have approved such a facility. Before I left G.S.C., the site had been selected, the architect employed, and the plans were nearing completion.

Dr. J. W. Fanning, a vice president of the University of Georgia, under whom the Cooperative Extension Service operated and his immediate associate, Director Ellington, who headed the service, together with the persuasion of Dr. Hilton Bonniwell who was Director of Continuing Education for us, secured this bold move on the part of the Cooperative Extension Service. This was the first time that a district headquarters had been operated away from the campus of the University of Georgia. It turned out to be a boon for both institutions.

One of the things, which excited us so during the year, 1973-74, was the acquisition of a new computer, a Burroughs 2500. The new Director of the Computer Center, Harold Hale, was enthusiastic about this development. As I look back on this now, I realize how primitive the technology was. To install this computer, we had to build a false floor so that we could run all the necessary wiring between it and the original floor. We had to air-condition the area separately from the rest of the air-conditioning in the building so that we could keep it at a constant, fairly low temperature. With all of this, the computer, though costing thousands and thousands of dollars did not begin to have the power of the personal computer that I now use in my office. I was still naive to think that this computer would take care of our needs at Georgia Southern for many years to come.

Also, as I look back I am made aware of how much we have progressed in faculty salaries, as well as how much inflation we have had in this country in the last twenty years. The average faculty salary during 1973-74 at Georgia Southern was \$12,255 with the average for a full professor being \$16,174. I am reminded that when I went as Dean of Brunswick College in 1964, it was at the grand sum of \$12,000, a salary that I had never thought in my wildest dreams I would ever achieve.

In this same year, we began to develop the "Special Studies Program" which the Chancellor and Regents had decreed for implementation in the fall of 1974. This was another one of those programs, which were handed down from above, and which many presidents in the University System opposed and which many faculties resisted. Its purpose was to take students who were not adequately prepared for college work and provide a program of special studies to bring them up to a level that would permit them to compete in the college academic setting. The community colleges generally favored such a program,

but most of the senior colleges and universities did not. There was a strong feeling that this was not the responsibility of the higher education system but rather the secondary system. In addition, many thought that this effort would take resources from the regular college program and thus weaken it. A further objection had to do with the fact that it was believed that its success would be minimal and not cost effective.

In spite of these reservations, all of the colleges and universities in the System were required to institute such a program. I am not in a position to evaluate the results, though there is no question but that it has created a number of problems, including the padding of enrollments in some institutions by the admission of large numbers of students into the special studies program. It also led to the downfall of the president of the University of Georgia in a controversy over its legitimacy in the grading of certain athletes. It is my understanding that it is being phased out of the senior University System units at this time.

One of the lessons which I learned during this period was that one should not say, "I will never do so and so." Earlier I had said, in effect, that as long as I was president of the institution we would not have males and females visiting each other within the dormitory rooms. 1973-74 was the year in which I had to eat my words, and we started what we called inter-visitation within the dormitories in a very carefully and strictly controlled manner. I must say that we did not encounter serious problems. The Dean of Students, Ben Waller, who was very conservative by nature, had come to me and had suggested that we should go to a strictly controlled inter-visitation plan. In addition, one of Margaret's nephews, who was a student at Georgia Southern and who was a very religious young man, had asked me on one occasion why he and his girlfriend could not study in one of their dormitory rooms. He said that it was very difficult to find a place where they could study together, and he did not see any problem about their studying in one of their rooms. These two persons more than any others persuaded me to change my rather adamant position and give my approval to an inter-visitation plan. As is usually the case in such matters, the students almost immediately began to pressure for a more liberal policy, which would include longer hours of visitation than we had allowed!

Looking back, I realize how much civil rights legislation has changed the landscape of colleges and universities. First of all, came the integration of the races with the admission of Black students when I was at South Georgia College. It was, while at Georgia Southern, that the law began to require no discrimination as it relates to gender. This meant that we had to develop athletic teams for women in ways and to the extent we had never done it before. In fact, the first organized season for women's basketball occurred in 1973-74 at Georgia Southern.

Town and gown relationships with the City of Statesboro and Georgia Southern College had always been reasonably good, and they continued so. In fact, one of the things that I undertook was to see that these good relations continued to be cultivated. One of the ways in which I did this was in cooperating with the City of Statesboro on a joint project that produced fenced and lighted softball fields with rest rooms and concession stands on university property. We worked a schedule that enabled both college teams and city recreation teams to utilize these fields. The public relations value of this effort was enormous.

Statesboro has been a very warm and accepting city through the years. The people of Statesboro have seen the college, now university, as its major economic asset, as well as a cultural advantage. Generally, it has accepted university faculty in ways that have permitted them to become a part of the community.

There were times when the desires of the college and of some in the City conflicted, though these occasions were reasonably few and never led to any real break in good relations. During my time at the University, the two points of conflict came over the building of private dormitories or apartments and over the commercial nature of our bookstore.

I had not been in my position as president very long until I had persons calling on me wanting to build private dormitories on university property or wanting us to commit to utilizing private dormitories built off campus in the same way we assigned students to on-campus living (we required all freshmen and sophomore students to live on campus unless with their immediate families). We resisted allowing private developers to build on university property, but we had little hope of controlling the building that took place immediately off campus.

One of the worries about private development had to do with the quality of the buildings. When we built dormitories, we built them to last. We also knew the abuse that they would take from students. Many private developers had the idea they could throw up motel-like buildings, get their money out, and then sell their structures--now in great need of renovation--to the University because they would have become necessary to house the students. This is, essentially, what happened at Georgia Southern. One of the last things I did at Georgia Southern prior to coming to Stetson was to negotiate and close the deal on the purchase by the University of several private dormitories which had been built and which were needed to house our students, and which were in great need of renovation!

A second center of irritation was an almost constant litany of complaint by some merchants about our selling items in our bookstore, which they regarded to be in competition with them. We tried to pacify them from time to time, but it is a problem which rears its head on almost every college campus--particularly, state-operated--and which has no really good answer except the fact that the institution is doing it as a convenience for its faculty and students. Evidence that we surely had no monopoly on such business developed all about us with shops and even a private bookstore on the edge of the campus. All these seemed to do well. The private bookstore was exceptionally profitable.

CHAPTER XIX

GEORGIA SOUTHERN COLLEGE III THE GOOD YEARS 1974-1977

There has been an unfortunate stereotyping on the part of business people in their perception of the college professor and, likewise, a stereotyping of the business executive on the part of the professor. One of the views which I have held for some time is that if each could come to know the other in terms of what they do and what the requirements are for success in each of the areas, there would be a more accepting attitude on the part of both.

In order to begin to help a bit in this area, at Georgia Southern, while I was there, we undertook a program of internships by professors in various businesses and industrial plants, and by business managers in the college. Unfortunately, it was very difficult to arrange for a manager in business or industry to give any extended time as an intern in the college setting. We had more success in terms of putting our people in summer internships in business and industry. We found a number of businesses and industries that were fascinated by the thought and who cooperated, particularly in terms of accepting one of our people as an intern. For example, during the summer of 1974, Dr. Keith Hartburg, Professor of Biology, served with Robins Packing Company, Dr. Richard Rogers with the Savannah Electric and Power Company, and in the summer of 1975, Dr. William H. Bolen of the Business School with Union Camp in Savannah and Mr. Dan Turner with Interstate Paper Company of Riceborough.

Without exception, our people came back from these experiences with a completely altered view of the problems of executives in business and industry and with a sincere appreciation for what they did. By the same token, each of these industries sent a manager intern to our campus. Unfortunately, most of these were able to stay only a week or so, but I think in each case they came to have a new appreciation for the role of the professor and administrator in the university setting.

Such experiences, as these would do wonders for all of us if they could be extended to all.

One of the things that I liked so much about the Marvin Pittman School, a demonstration school on the campus operated by Georgia Southern, was the fact that the faculty in the School of Education had to teach or work in the Marvin Pittman School every few years. This kept them fully aware of the problems and issues of the public school system so that what they were teaching in the School of Education was not purely theory but had real life relevance. I have long thought that one of the reasons that Georgia Southern put out such superior teachers over a long period of time was the existence of the Marvin Pittman School. Most college based demonstration schools have long been closed, but I think that has been a loss to the schools of education across the country.

I characterized 1974-75 in my annual report as, "It Was A Good Year!" One of the reasons for such characterization was the fact that our student enrollment turned around in spite of so many things going against us. Freshman enrollment was up by over 10%, in spite of the fact that we lost out-of-state students with the opening of several new branches of the University of South Carolina and the increasing attractiveness of the University of North Florida. In addition, the State Board of Regents had increased out-

of-state fees, which made it less attractive for out-of-state students to enroll than previously.

Another very positive development was the fact that the new library building was finally complete and was in full use by the fall of 1975. The library building was the largest structure, and certainly the major building in terms of its importance, which came into existence during my time at Southern. Dr. Eidson and I had agreed that this was a building, which we had to have if Georgia Southern was to be an institution of academic quality. The old Rosenwall library building was entirely satisfactory when Georgia Southern was small, but it was rapidly being outgrown, both in terms of the collection and in terms of its seating. President Eidson secured authorization for the building just prior to his going to the Vice Chancellor's position in the System. We had the foresight of asking for a building that could grow with the University's growth. By this, I mean that it was built larger than the immediate needs and included one entire unfinished floor. Even so, today it is fully occupied.

We were determined to have a functional as well as attractive building. We studied other recent libraries picking up ideas here and there. I remember particularly, trips to Baylor University and Clemson University where there were relatively new structures. We wanted to have a dramatic open staircase, but with fire codes as they are, we were permitted to carry that staircase only one story, and even that permission came with some difficulty.

When Miss Hassie McElveen, the Librarian, realized the daunting task of building, moving into, and organizing a new major library, she decided to retire, and we brought Richard Harwell as the Librarian. Harwell was well known as a library designer having written a book on the subject as well as having developed the design for several major libraries. He proved to be invaluable working with the architect on the internal space and its use. One of the things that occurred as a somewhat surprising development was the fact that when the soil tests were made it was found that the building would have to be put on deep pilings. Day after day we heard the pile drivers putting down innumerable pilings. This in itself delayed construction much beyond our original timetable. It was a proud day when we finally moved in to this grand structure.

As I may have said in another place, there was not a day during my entire stay at Georgia Southern that there was not at least one building under construction. Sometimes, we had to resort to innovative approaches to get the facilities we needed. One of the things, which we needed at the Marvin Pittman School, was a gym, but we knew that we would never be able to get the money for a full-fledged structure. One summer when Margaret and I were in our mountain cottage for a few days, we drove to the YMCA Assembly outside of Black Mountain. I noticed that they had just constructed a roof system, which covered a basketball court and other athletic facilities. I decided this was something we might be able to get done for the Marvin Pittman School. It has turned out to be a very useful facility and in the relatively mild climate of Statesboro can be used most of the year.

We kept harping on the fact that we did not have enough classroom or office space since the college had grown so very rapidly. A temporary structure we called the Blue Building was erected, but it did not begin to fill the full needs of the University. Incidentally, like many temporary structures, it has not been temporary and is still in use!

One day the Vice Chancellor for Physical Facilities in the University System, Frank Dunham, appeared at my office. He announced to me that he would see to it that the Regents would authorize a classroom-office building for us if we would build it to his specifications and come within a budget of a million dollars. Even though I was not very happy with his specifications, I was not about to turn down a million-dollar building.

(Incidentally, the same building would today cost, perhaps, four or more million.) Among his specifications was the fact that we would have a hundred office spaces all of which would be in the form of double offices and that they would not exceed, I believe, I remember correctly, 104 square feet. He also indicated what size and number of classrooms we should have. We decided that to get the most for our money, we would put the offices in one building and the classrooms in a connecting building, the two in the form of a tee.

I knew that the faculty was not going to be happy to have two faculty members in a relatively small office, but we had no option at that point. The building was constructed, and when we moved into it, we had enough office space to put only one faculty member in each of the offices, though I threatened to double them up from the beginning knowing how difficult it would be to put another faculty member in an office that had already been filled by the paraphernalia of one. However, under much persuasion, we did begin with only one faculty member per office. I told them at the time that before going in they would have to sign in blood that they would make no protest when we had to move another faculty member in with them. I knew full well that would probably never happen. I do not believe that it ever did, except maybe in a very few instances. As a consequence, we provided faculty in this building with some reasonably roomy offices, which were very quiet, in that they were not adjacent to classrooms.

The list of buildings, which were completed or begun during the time I was at Georgia Southern, is a formidable one. I have spoken of several already. The list includes: The Hatter Field House, the Biology-Physics-Mathematics Complex, the Landrum Center, Hester Newton Hall, the Plant Operations Building, the water tank, the Infirmary, the first phase of the Continuing Educating building, the new dormitory, the education building, (later named for Dean Carroll) the library (later named for President Henderson), the Marvin Pittman Athletic Annex, the Home Management houses, the Home Economics building, the Blue Building, the old security building and the underground electrical distribution system.

There were, also, major renovations undertaken in this period, including renovations in the administration building, the complete renovation of Sanford Hall, the renovation of the Rosenwall building, considerable work on the Williams Center, as well as the removal of the old alumni gymnasium, and a building which stood between the business school building and the chemistry building. I have already mentioned the paving of roads and parking lots.

As one can see, the nine years I was at Southern were busy ones with physical expansion and development, as well as in other ways.

All this kept me very busy indeed. When I look back over the events of the time, I wonder how I juggled all the balls that were in the air. For example, I read in my annual report of 1974-75 that I was Chairman of the Public Services Committee of the University System of Georgia, a member of the ad hoc committee on teacher education dealing with admission requirements to graduate programs in the University System, a member of the Task Force on Vocational Education of the University System and the Department of Education, a member of the state-wide Advisory Committee appointed by the Georgia Commission of the National Bi-Centennial Celebration to assist in wide-spread involvement of the American Issues Forum in Georgia, Chairman of the Council of Presidents of the Southern Consortium of International Education, Inc., President of the Coastal Georgia-South Carolina Phi Beta Kappa Association, and a member of the Committee on Workshops and Conferences of the American Association of State Colleges and Universities. I, also, that year served on the Visiting Committee for the Commission on Colleges of SACS at Christopher Newport College in Virginia.

There was also sadness along the way. I have already mentioned Mr. Dewberry's retirement due to illness. He died, May 31, 1975. J. I. Clements, Director of Athletics, died following by-pass heart surgery in October of 1974. J. I. was one of the early patients to undergo this surgery at Emory University. We were all very concerned because this was the first person most of us had ever known to have this operation, which now has become so common. We had a prayer vigil at the First Baptist Church during the time of his operation and, generally, the college and the town joined their concern. J. I. was extremely well liked by both town and gown. He had been a very successful baseball coach at Georgia Southern for many years and, as Athletic Director, had brought the athletic program from NAIA to the College Division of NCAA and finally to the University Division (now Division I) of the NCAA. Unfortunately, when his heart was taken off the heart machine after the "successful" operation, the doctors were never able to restart it. We were extremely saddened by his death.

The athletic department was also faced with the resignation of J. E. Rowe as the Basketball Coach and Ron Polk as the Baseball Coach. We now had three very significant positions to be filled. A nationwide search, chaired by William L. Cook, recommended George Cook as Athletic Director. George had been my Director of Athletics at South Georgia College. I was pleased to have this recommendation because George had proved to be the only person in athletics that I have ever known who could stay within a budget! I have talked with other college presidents all of whom have agreed that one of the most difficult things in the fiscal affairs of a college is to keep the athletic department, including the coaches, within any stated budget. George Cook was the great exception.

J. E. Rowe had been a very successful basketball coach for us, but he had become discouraged at the direction big-time college athletics was heading in its recruiting. He had worked diligently to recruit "Tree" Rollins from Cordele, Georgia, and thought he had the commitment from him and his mother to come to Georgia Southern. J. E. knew that he could bring the Georgia Southern College basketball into national prominence. Instead, at the last minute, he went to Clemson. Later, there was evidence that the recruitment of "Tree" did not follow the guidelines of NCAA, to say the least. This so soured J. E. that he went into another field altogether.

Ron Polk had been a very successful baseball coach for us as I have recounted before. He became discouraged because it appeared that we would not be able to build the kind of baseball facilities, including a new stadium, which he wanted very much. We had begun a J. I. Clements Memorial Fund for the purpose of building a new baseball stadium in J. I.'s honor, but it was not getting very far. In his frustration, Ron suddenly resigned. He served for a time as an assistant at the University of Miami and then became the head coach at Mississippi State University where he remains as a highly successful baseball coach. To replace Ron, we were very fortunate to get one of the more outstanding college baseball coaches in the nation, Jack Stallings, who had been the coach at Wake Forest University and then at Florida State University. Jack continues at Georgia Southern as a very successful coach.

In the late summer after the summer commencement, Margaret and I, as was our custom, went to our little cottage near Black Mountain, North Carolina, for some rest after a very taxing year. Just prior to leaving, I had pulled a muscle in my left hip area. Dr. Sam Tillman had given me some muscle relaxants and had given me the word that I could go on to the mountains, provided I would rest and not do anything to aggravate the injury. After a few days, I decided I was well enough to walk to the house of our neighbor, Gilbert Lycan. On the way back, walking up our drive, I spotted a rattler. I did not like the idea that he was so near to our house and, on an impulse, picked up a large

rock and tossed it at him. I missed him, of course, so I took my cane and ran to him and killed him. I knew immediately that I had done the wrong thing! By the next morning, I could not get out of bed. I was in great pain. The ambulance attendants had to bodily lift me to the ambulance. In Mission Hospital in Asheville, I was diagnosed as having torn a muscle. I was in the hospital for ten days. After another week or two in our cottage, I finally was able to be driven back to Statesboro. In the meantime, the college had opened. Though I started going to the office for part of the day, it was several months before I was completely healed.

The fall of 1975 brought the largest enrollment in the history of Southern, 6,252. This occurred in spite of decreasing numbers of out-of-state students due to the maturing of North Florida University, the opening of branches of the University of South Carolina near by, and in spite of new junior colleges in the System.

Perhaps the biggest problem of 75-76 was the very low morale of faculty brought on by a cancellation of faculty salary raises as a result of a shortfall in state revenues. Faculties throughout the University System were so angered that they took the State to court. The Georgia Supreme Court upheld their contracts. While this mollified their frustration somewhat, it did not fully alleviate it, for news soon came that there would be no raises for 1976-77. In view of the continuing inflation, this brought additional stress. It was not only the faculty salary problem that created a period of struggle, but also there were severe cuts in other aspects of the budget. It simply meant that Georgia Southern had to do more of what it always had to do; that is, do more with less! One of the things that really dismayed us was that in consequence of the budget reductions, we had to withdraw an excellent application under Title VI for instructional equipment and actually lost the grant already awarded for 75-76 because we could not come up with matching funds.

Budgetary concerns are always at the top of the list of presidential concerns, but they become particularly aggravating when, due to no fault of the college or of the president, slashes have to be made because of policies at the state level. One of the things, which led me to come to Stetson, even though Stetson had severe budget problems, was that I knew it would be our own bed that we would be making, and we would not be dependent upon somebody else's making the bed.

One of the programs that I had started at South Georgia College was one I called the President's Scholars Program. We identified the ten top SAT scorers in the freshman class and identified them as President's Scholars. In addition to a certificate, we gave each of them a copy of the one volume *Columbia Encyclopedia*. Also, we arranged occasions when we would get these students together for discussions of stimulating topics.

To do what I had in mind, it was necessary to have some funds. I asked the president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Brooklet to fund the program each year. He gladly accepted the opportunity.

My last year at Georgia Southern, 1976-77, I characterized as "A Year of Recovery." The budget was better; faculty morale began to recover; the economy in general was recovering; student enrollment was recovering; and with the purchase of Windsor Village (the private dormitory complex off campus), recovery came from the severe housing shortage, which the college had experienced. Another recovery, which was very significant for us, was that of the recovery of Bill Cook, Director of Administration and Fiscal Affairs, from his heart attack, which had led to his being out a good portion of the previous year. Bill was such a key player in our administrative team that we had really missed him during his absence.

One of the very bright spots of the year was the fact that the School of Business became the first senior college in the University System to possess accreditation by the

AACSB. We were also pleased that the Engineering Council accredited the engineering technology and civil engineering options for Professional Development.

Margaret and I were especially happy that, with the complete renovation of the Rosenwall Building, the gallery opened with the presentation of an exhibit by Lamar Dodd and Roxie Remley. Lamar has been a friend since our college days. (Since writing this Lamar has died.) Margaret was his student secretary when he came to the University of Georgia and began to build what has become a great art department. She knew him better than I did, because she was a member of the First Baptist Church in Athens where he and his first wife were very faithful in their attendance and, of course, because she was for a time his student assistant. Mr. Dodd is not only a splendid artist, widely recognized, but he is a wonderful human being. It was quite an honor, also, for our own Georgia Southern artist, Roxie Remley, to share in this exhibit. Mr. Dodd does not permit just anybody showing alongside him.

I have been very fond of Dr. Dodd's work, as well as that of Roxie. One of the things that I have admired about Roxie Remley's work is the fact that she has continued to develop as an artist, using many techniques and styles through the years. While we were at Southern, I bought a large painting of hers, which was in the period of her hard line work, very bright and colorful. We enjoy this in our present family room in DeLand. Also, one of her large pieces hung in the president's office at Georgia Southern, and when I left Southern, the faculty, knowing my appreciation of it and of Roxie, bought it and presented to us as our going away gift.

One of the very interesting coincidences is the fact that when I retired from Stetson, the faculty bought another painting by another artist whom I admire and who was head of the art department at Stetson, Fred Messersmith. We proudly hang that painting in our hall. It is of Elizabeth Hall.

While digressing from the main thrust of this chapter, I shall take this opportunity to say something about the fact that art has been a significant factor in our family's life and history.

Margaret was an accomplished pianist. In fact, she started piano lessons when she was a child and thought she would major in piano when she came to the University of Georgia, though after about a year changed her mind on that. She also began her poetry writing as a teenager and has continued it throughout her life. A small collection of her poems was published under the title, *I Would Bring Stars*. She also became quite accomplished as a painter. I have already noted this in connection with the chapter on South Georgia College where she studied under Hendricks.

Though I began piano lessons when I was about eight or nine years old, I did not keep them up very long. My interest in music matured later when I studied voice, as I have recounted earlier. I became particularly interested in architecture and art through my study of church history.

Our children were exposed to various kinds of art from their earliest days. Margaret was painting and writing poetry in some of their early memories. We also exposed them to classical music through recordings--even using such music to help them get to sleep when they were very small. (I am not sure it helped!) When we were in Switzerland and Europe, they were, of course, exposed to art of all kinds. They went to concerts and opera in Zurich, and we visited almost all the major art museums in Western Europe.

Mary Margaret has always been interested in various forms of visual arts. She has studied ceramics, painting, photography, and became such an artist with a type of batik that she had a show in Greenville, South Carolina. She is now working on a

master's degree in art education. Presently, she is teaching photography and art in high school.

Laurie, though not inclined to make art central in her life, nevertheless had real ability as a painter as shown in the art education class, which she took while studying to be an elementary teacher. Her art has developed primarily in terms of interior design; and, though she has never made a formal study of it, she has become quite adept at it. She also has a fine eye for what is appropriate and beautiful in clothing. In fact, I am quite sure that one of the reasons she enjoyed managing a nice women's dress shop in the mall in Statesboro was the fact that she has this sense of clothes design and color matching.

Kathy has been the one who has made art a career to this point, though she is finding it quite difficult to achieve a career in this area. She majored in art as an undergraduate, took her master's degree from Florida State University in art history, served as Curator of Art in the DeLand Museum, became Curator of Exhibitions in the Polk County Museum of Art, and served for two years as Director of the Hot Springs Art Center. She has proven to be a very excellent writer and critic of art. Her experiences in Hot Springs would make a good novel. She had to fight an entrenched art entrepreneur to keep him from dictating the policy and direction of the Art Center, and she became locally well known as a consequence--but I shall let her write the story of this battle! She is now happily engaged as Curator of Exhibitions at the Folk Art Center on the Blue Ridge Parkway near Asheville, North Carolina, and is very happy with her job and with Asheville.

While we do not have an art collection, which could be considered highly valuable, we have filled our house with original paintings and ceramic pieces. Some of each of these categories contains some very excellent work.

I have no ability as an artist with paint, but I think I can recognize good painting, and I have great appreciation for good music and good architecture.

Back to the last year of my presidency at Georgia Southern. By this last year, we were seeing a significant decline in the number of students going into the arts and sciences and into teacher education, as students became more career conscious. Career oriented fields such as journalism, pre-law, pre-professional, and political science continued to show gains of enrollment, but history, mathematics, English, art, and languages all showed significant decreases. The School of Business continued to experience growth in enrollments as was happening all over the nation at the time.

One of the more exciting developments was the institution of a summer language institute, which brought fifty-four Rotary Foundation Fellows from twenty-one countries to the Georgia Southern campus. This was a program inaugurated by Dean Averett of the graduate school. Averett has been a very widely appreciated and respected Rotarian, including being Governor of the District.

We were also very pleased that the Chairman of the committee that visited from NCATE wrote to Dean Miller, "...there is no doubt in my mind that Georgia Southern College is one of the finest teacher education institutions in the country." In Georgia, Georgia Southern was the only institution under the university level, which was accredited by NCATE through the Educational Specialist degree, also the only one under university level holding membership in the Council of Graduate Schools in the United States. I used all of this information to say in my last annual report (page 54), "This will be my last opportunity to express my continued conviction that Georgia Southern College should be allowed to offer the doctor of education degree. There is every evidence that the oversupply of teachers has never been a major fact in Georgia and that a shortage is developing. Further, regardless of the national trends or even regional trends, the area

south of the fall line in this state is deserving of such a graduate program." As if to underline this assertion, the Dean of the School of Education, Star Miller, was elected president of the Southern Council on Teacher Education in December of 1976.

In spite of many obstacles, including the late summer resignation of the golf coach, Ron Roberts, to take the same position at Wake Forest University; the reduction in the athletic budget; and the severe winter weather, curtailing fuel supplies and necessitating the shutting off of the heating system to the Hatter pool so that neither men's or women's swimming teams could continue to practice, the athletic teams had a good year. The men's basketball team, with its most demanding schedule, still won sixteen games to eleven losses, including a triumph over nationally ranked Southern Illinois and a win over Jacksonville University. The women's basketball team also posted a winning record and the men's tennis team had an outstanding year. Included among the men's victories was one against Florida State, Georgia Tech, the 1976 NAIA Champion, Presbyterian, and the 1976 NCAA Division III Champion, Kalamazoo. The highlight of their year came when in the Georgia Intercollegiate tournament, Southern defeated three strong University of Georgia players in the singles competition, including the tournament's top seed. GSC finished second to the strong University of Georgia team. The golf team capped a fine season with a fifth invitation to the NCAA tournament and placed 14 overall in the nation. The Schinkel Tournament, which was begun during the time I was at Georgia Southern continued to be one of the finest collegiate, golf events in the South.

One of the things which I have enjoyed doing through the years has been serving on the visiting committees of the Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. During my last year at Southern, I served in this capacity at Sul Ross State University in Alpine, Texas. I mention this because of two or three things. First, I had never been that part of southwest Texas and had no idea about the mountainous and rocky terrain of that area. Alpine itself, as its name suggests, is set in the midst of all of this.

Second, Sul Ross University has one of the best mineral collections in the United States. This became particularly of interest to me when I arrived at Stetson and realized that our mineral collection here rivaled that of Sul Ross. Indeed, I have said many times that there is no mineral collection east of Alpine, Texas, or south of Washington, D.C., that compares with the Gillespie Mineral Collection at Stetson University.

The third reason that I remember so vividly my visit to the Sul Ross State University is the fact that it was there that I lost completely my appetite for Mexican food. Members of our committee indicated to the administration that we wished to go as a committee to some place that had truly authentic Mexican food, and we were given directions to such a place. I can assure the reader that the place was authentically Mexican. In fact, there was little evidence of anyone there except Mexicans. The restaurant was contained within a very plain, nondescript building. We ordered and ate what to the palate was a very good meal. Unfortunately, as a consequence of this meal, I became terribly sick. As a matter of fact, I was able to fulfill almost nothing of my responsibilities the next day. Since I am writing this, it is obvious that I recovered, but I never recovered my taste for Mexican food!

Sometime during 1975-76, I was invited by the Presidential Search Committee of Furman University to come to that campus and interview for the presidency. I had not applied for the position, and I do not know who gave them my name or what kind of material they had gathered on me. In any case, I went to Furman and had a very pleasant experience. I remember the interview quite vividly. I received the very strong impression that because I had not been an administrator in a private university, my

chances of being invited to assume the presidential role were very slim indeed. In the process of the interview, I was asked how well I knew Stetson University and John Johns. I was very warm in my evaluation of Johns and of Stetson. I did indicate that Stetson had gone through rough times, that I had not myself been in close touch with the University for a number of years, but that I had been a friend of Johns for many years and thought highly of him.

Not long after that John Johns called me and told me that the committee had asked permission to take his name to the Board of Trustees for election as president of Furman, and he asked me what I thought he should do. I told him that I did not think he should go. First of all, I told John that I knew that he was well known in Florida and that he had been at Stetson for many, many years and could do a great job there. I told him in the second place that, even though Furman was his alma mater, he would have to learn the people not only in the University but also in the state all over again and that would be a big undertaking. Not because of my opinion, certainly, but John did turn the committee down. They were determined not to let him off the hook so easily and came back insisting that he come; and, I am sure, they must have sweetened the pot--the point being that he did reconsider and went to Furman in the fall of 1976.

Soon after that, I received a call from Earl Edington, who was chairman of the Presidential Search Committee at Stetson University. I knew Earl well. I had been with him when he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in St. Petersburg for about a week doing an evening Bible study with his people. Also, he had been on the Board of Trustees of Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary when I had been there. Earl asked me if I would send a resume and a statement of my philosophy of education to the Search Committee. I told him that I would not. First of all, I said that I was not interested in a move. I was very happy at Georgia Southern and expected to spend the rest of my professional life there. I had my good team in place, and I had no reason to believe that we would not continue to make good progress. Also, Margaret and the family were very happy in Statesboro. In the second place, I reminded him that previous presidential search committees had interviewed me when Dr. Edmunds resigned before Geren was elected and during the search period before John Johns was made president. I said that everyone should be very well aware of my philosophy of education as a consequence and that if they wanted to know what I had done, they could go to *Who's Who in America*. After we had talked a bit more, I agreed that if the committee came to the point that other candidates had been eliminated and they still wanted me to consider the position, I would then do it, but I did not want to get into a situation of being in a kind of contest with others for the presidency. I further added that I doubted seriously that I would consider it favorably, even if this should happen.

Considerable time went by, and I frankly thought no more about our conversation. One day I had another call from Edington. He said, "You remember you promised to send us material about yourself if we had eliminated most of the other of our candidates. Well, we are at that point." I replied that I would send the material but that I was not more interested now than I was when he first called. I sent in my resume; and, for my philosophy of university education in a Christian college, I wrote a brief piece and sent with it an article I had written for the *Review and Expositor* and a copy of the statement, "What is a Christian College," which we had written when I was at Stetson before.

I soon had an invitation to come to Orlando to talk with the Presidential Search Committee. We met in a downtown hotel. I had a very pleasant time and spoke very frankly to the committee, pointing out my concerns about Stetson and its future.

I met with the committee again on the evening of the twentieth of January, 1977, in DeLand. I was told that the committee wanted to recommend me to the full board and those they were no longer considering other candidates. I indicated that I would need to make a trip to the University to talk with a number of people. I did that, February 11-13. I talked with numerous individuals, including the deans and other administrators as well as the president of the student government, Clay Henderson. (He has become a lawyer and a political figure in Volusia County.) I collected a great deal of information about the budget and other aspects of the University. Margaret was with me. It was homecoming weekend, and we joined in the barbecue lunch in the Forest of Arden and saw a very exciting basketball game against F.S.U. that was decided in the last moment in F.S.U.'s favor. On our way back on Sunday, we stopped at a restaurant in Bay Meadows, south of Jacksonville, and had lunch with the executive director of the Florida Baptist Convention, Dr. Harold Bennett.

In spite of all of this, I was very tentative. The report on finances was miserable. The value of the endowment was slightly under five million; faculty salaries were very low; the deferred maintenance on campus was tremendous; the faculty-student ratio had increased with the belt tightening which came with the recession we had been in; and faculty morale was at unbelievably low ebb.

As if an answer to my dilemma, Monday I had a call from Stetson's George Painter, the Director of Alumni Affairs and whom I knew from the time I taught him in my previous tenure there. George said he thought I should know that there was great opposition to my coming from many of the faculty who wanted George Borders as the president.

The trustees had assured me that no one else was being considered and that the other two finalists, George Borders and the dean of the Law School, Richard T. Dillon, were no longer candidates. I phoned Dr. Edington that evening and told him to withdraw my name and that I was greatly disappointed to have been put in this situation, since I had indicated from the beginning that I would not consider the position until no other candidate was in the picture. He assured me that the trustees were considering no one else. I felt that this development was one, which said very clearly that I should not take on what in the best of circumstances would be a daunting task, and, with significant opposition, would be an impossible one.

Once again I settled down to my work at Southern with no more thought about the Stetson situation. However, the Stetson people would not let me rest. Before the week was over, Edington had called me again, and then John Pelham, Bob Chauvin, and John Hague all called the next week. On February 24th Chancellor Edmunds arrived. He used all his vaunted persuasion to try to get me to change my mind. The next day I had the pleasure of driving him to see his birthplace at the small village of Higston, Georgia. Margaret and I had great love and respect for Dr. Edmunds, but when he left my mind had not changed.

Other calls came, e.g., Frank Wheeler; but, on March 3, I reiterated my decision not to go to Stetson in a letter to Edington. After Edington called yet again, I wrote in my "Day-Timer," March 8, 10:30 p.m., "Call to Edington--final refusal of Stetson."

On March 16, Margaret and I went to our cottage near Black Mountain, N.C., for a short vacation. That was Wednesday. Mary Margaret came up to be with us for the weekend. On Sunday night we had a big fire going in the fireplace. The rain was coming down hard outside, and we were sitting around the blaze talking. All of a sudden, Margaret said, "Pope you have not been happy since you turned down the Stetson situation." I replied, "I didn't know that! As far as I know, I am just as happy as usual." Mary Margaret joined in, "No, Daddy, I agree with Mother. I don't think you are happy."

Now, one has to remember that Margaret really did not want to move. She was happy in Statesboro and moving has always been traumatic for her--though not to me, for my life has been a series of moves. That being the case, I had to give some thought and credence to her statement. After some more conversation, I said, "Well, I don't know what has happened at Stetson. They probably have elected a president by now. Nevertheless, let's go down to a telephone and call Edington and tell him if they have selected no one, and should still want us, we will go." And that is what we did.

Through the rain, we drove the four miles to town. I got into a telephone booth in front what is now the Chamber building and called Edington. He had just come in from a preaching engagement. He said that Borders had been given an opportunity at the position but chose not to have the trustees vote and, so, had withdrawn, and they were back to square one. He assured me that I had made his day!

Things now moved very rapidly. Trustees Wendell Jarrard and Ken Kirchman flew to Statesboro in Ken's plane and assured me of their support. Margaret, Kathy, and I went to DeLand on Sunday, April 17, 1992, and on April 18, 1977, the Board of Trustees elected me president after I had appeared before them giving them my statement and responding to some questions from them.

Back at Georgia Southern, I wrote a letter to the faculty and staff assuring them that I was not disappointed in them or in Georgia Southern, but that the situation at Stetson was a challenging one and that we were still sentimentally attached by virtue of our earlier tenure there. I pointed out that I felt I had done all the significant things I could do at Southern having been stymied by the Chancellor and Regents in three respects. First, the doctorate in education, which we had worked for nine years to obtain, was being denied. A new communications building with a modern theater seemed remote. Finally, anything, which was innovative or progressive, seemed to be denied by the statement that if we let you do it, we will have to let everyone else do it. I also assured the faculty that I would continue to be the president at GSC in the full measure of that position until the end of my tenure on July 15, 1977.

Though we had many things demanding our attention, we did not in any way neglect our duties to Southern. I hated to leave Southern. It had been a good nine years. We had many, many friends both on the faculty and in the city. Laurie and her family were there. On and on I could go enumerating the reasons it was painful to leave. On the other hand, the challenge at Stetson was great, and I did honestly think that a change would be good for Southern. When I began to realize that I would be president at Southern for another eleven years if I stayed to normal retirement age in the University System--67--and that would mean I would have been there for 20 years, I decided that I should not inflict that on any institution.

I do remember one very embarrassing event, which occurred to me, before I left G.S.C. I was asked to be a judge for the Miss Georgia Teen Age Pageant at Wesleyan College in Macon. I was to bring my tux for the evening festivities. I joined the other judges in interviewing the contestants during most of the day (Saturday, May 7). I returned to my motel for a bit of rest before the public event at seven. About six, I began to dress and suddenly realized that I had not brought my dress black shoes. All I had were some brown, informal ones. The stores were closed; it was too late to try to get some from my friend, Ed Johnston at Mercer. I remembered that there is a side door to the auditorium. I decided I could slip in almost unseen into one of the front rows where the judges were. My shoes would not show, even if we were to be asked to stand, face the audience, and be introduced. This is what I did. All went well until Miss Congeniality was introduced, and I heard the Mistress of Ceremonies saying, "We are honored to have the President of Georgia Southern College as a judge. I am going to ask

him to come and to crown Miss Congeniality." I was caught! There was no way out! So, I brazenly walked up upon the stage under the bright lights and placed the crown upon her head. My only consolation was--and is--that all eyes were upon her!

Also, May 12, Margaret and I were picked up by Richard Beauchamp and his plane and transported to St. Petersburg for a meeting of the Stetson Trustees. This was our first look at the beautiful law school campus, and we were duly impressed.

Additionally, I spent a week at the Army War College in Montgomery attending the War College National Security Forum. I found this very instructive and interesting.

CHAPTER XX

STETSON UNIVERSITY I GETTING STARTED 1977-1978

Our trip to DeLand was an all day one, beginning about 8:30 a.m. and lasting almost until 6:00 p.m. We were pleased that Laurie, Bill, and the grandchildren accompanied us, both for them to get a chance to see our new home and to keep us from feeling lonely when we arrived. July 16 was a Saturday, so Laurie and the grandchildren did not have to miss school.

The reason for our taking so long to get to DeLand was the fact that we took the occasion to visit with Margaret's mother in Screven, Georgia, and with my Aunt Maude Roberts in the Baptist Village in Waycross.

This gives me the opportunity to comment on the fact that Margaret's mother, Mrs. Susie Flexer, had come to the point that she could no longer keep the big house in Brunswick alone. Her sister, Margaret's aunt, Mrs. Eulla Surency, was living in the old family home of the Harrises (Margaret's mother's maiden name) in Screven, and these sisters were now living together there.

My Aunt Maude Roberts was living at the Baptist Village in Waycross. She had lived alone in the old home place in Bowman, Georgia, for several years but finally had to give up that lonesome existence and move to a mobile home in the backyard of my Aunt Orrie Roberts in Royston, Georgia. Later, she came to the point that she could no longer manage that much independence; and, after a brief stay with one of my cousins in Norcross, Georgia, it was necessary for me to find another place for her. Out of all of her nephews and nieces, I was the closest and the one she depended on most.

I made arrangements for her to enter the intermediate care section of the Baptist Village, a very nice life-care facility operated by Georgia Baptists. She was not happy about having to leave her kith and kin, but we all saw no other way. So, while we were still in Statesboro, we had transported her and her meager possessions to Waycross, where I knew that she would be well taken care of. For the rest of her life, I looked after all of her bills and any other little business that had to be conducted on her behalf.

After a visit with these, we finally arrived in DeLand and spent our first night there in what was then "The Chancellor's Cottage." This house on Amelia Avenue later became the Alumni House and more recently the location of Public Safety. When we spent the night there, it was the DeLand headquarters for Chancellor J. Ollie Edmunds.

Dr. Edmunds spent most of his time in his Jacksonville Beach home or in a condominium in Santa Rosa, California, near the Empire Redwoods Corporation in Gualala. Since he was the only surviving member of the original three purchasers, it fell to him to do most of the business affairs for that corporation, and he became well known in Northern California. He spent little time on the Stetson campus, though his faithful secretary, Mary Hood, handled much of his business involvements out of the Chancellor's Cottage. He was not in town when we arrived on July 16, so we had the house to ourselves.

We all went to the First Baptist Church morning worship service on the next day--and all of us were late. We were used to services starting at eleven o'clock, and we found that here services started at 10:45 a.m. We were pleased with the church and were

very impressed with the pastor, Dr. Charles "Chuck" Bugg. He proved to be an excellent preacher, and we came to feel very warmly toward him.

The Graves Edmondsons--he was Vice President for Business and Finance at the University--entertained us for Sunday dinner, and a delightful time was had by all!

After we showed Laurie and her family around the campus and the area, they had to return to Statesboro.

During our first year at Stetson, Kathy was still a student at Georgia Southern. She was majoring in art with a minor in German. At the end of the school year, she returned briefly to DeLand but turned around almost immediately for a trip to Germany. There she studied the German language at Erlangen during the summer with a University of Georgia System group. This proved to be a very significant summer for her in helping her to perfect her German and to come to better understand German culture.

One of the things that I found in our explorations on that first Sunday was that the soccer field was not far away. It would make an excellent place for my early morning jogging, so I was up early the next morning for that, which I have continued until this day.

I remember also that a local reporter had asked to chat with me and to take a photograph for the newspaper. He wanted it on campus, and he took it as Margaret and I walked near the fountain toward Elizabeth Hall. When it appeared in the paper as a large full-length photograph of us, it showed the many cracks in the pavement of the walk. Marvin Emerson, the Plant Operations Director, was horrified and immediately began repaving that walkway!

Monday, July 18, 1977, was my first official day on the job. I was in the office by eight o'clock checking the mail and talking to June Weigel (later June Johnson) who had been suggested by George Borders, Vice President for Student Affairs, to fill in temporarily until I could find a permanent secretary.

The Trustees had depended upon the president's secretary to do the secretarial work of the search committee and had become convinced that leaks had come out of that office. They were determined that this very capable woman would not be in the president's office any longer. George Borders took her for his secretary while June was working in my office.

In the meantime, the movers had come, and I was in and out of the president's home to see that Margaret was getting along all right with the movers.

I tried to visit with all of the major administrators, even if only for a few minutes, and found almost immediately a number of concerns, issues, and problems on my plate!

George Borders, who had been Chief Administrator in the interim between President John's resignation and my coming, was of very great help in filling me in on a multitude of things. Though, as I have written earlier, George was a very significant candidate for the position of president, he was always supportive of me, and I could not have asked for better cooperation than he gave. In fact, when later he was considering the position of president at Palm Beach Atlantic College, I very sincerely tried to persuade him to stay with us. I had come to greatly appreciate him and his abilities. As I became better acquainted with the work that he had done in the interim and as I had read some of his memoranda, I came to a very high appreciation of how well he had performed in those months of his administration.

One of the things about which I was concerned from the very beginning was the fact that Stetson did not have, at least in written form, long-range goals and a plan by which to achieve them. In fact, on my very first day, I put in a call to Dr. Ticton, who had developed a very useful device, called the Ticton Plan, for such long-range planning.

I wanted to get a copy of his forms, as well as to explore the possibility of his visiting our campus to talk with our people. As things progressed, we did not use the Ticton Plan, but I did get busy with some of my own planning.

I realized from the beginning that we had a big job before us. Three things stood out. First, the physical plant needed an almost complete renovation. Most of the buildings were in a deplorable state. Second, faculty salaries were dangerously low and the scale from instructor to full professor was badly compressed. Third, our endowment of about five million dollars was greatly out of line with institutions with which we were competing and far below what was needed for us to be the institution, which we were committed to be. All these things would take money and lots of it. Thus, we would have to undertake a major campaign for funds and put in place a continuing fund raising program of high quality.

That first week on the job was exceedingly crowded. In addition to everything else, Marc Lovelace had put my name up for Rotary and I was inducted--there was no wait as there had been at Statesboro. Mike Chertok, Vice President for Development, had set up a luncheon with leaders of the community. John Pelham, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, came and we had a long discussion of various items, one that was very painful.

The previous chapter has detailed the fact that George Painter had greatly miffed the Trustees by calling me in Statesboro to try to discourage me from coming, which had resulted in my withdrawing my candidacy. They had told me that George would have to go. I had told Dr. Edington that if the Trustees felt this way, they should see that he was gone before I got there. It would not be fair for me to have to convey this message to George, since it was the Trustees, not I, who wished him removed (incidentally, the same thing had occurred with the president's secretary). Unfortunately, nothing was done about Painter before I arrived; yet his position was untenable. I told Pelham that I would be glad to sit with George as we told him the situation. This we did on Thursday after I arrived on Monday.

On Friday, I made one of the most important calls of my administration. Doyle Carlton, Jr., had stopped coming to trustee meetings and was about to accept a position on the Board of the University of Tampa. I knew that he was one of those who was very essential to our progress. Doyle was a very influential person as well as a wealthy one. His father had been governor, and Doyle, himself, had run, though unsuccessfully, for that office. I needed a trustee to represent us on a matter, and I called and asked him to do it. He readily agreed. I found that he was simply feeling that Stetson did not need him. I assured him that we needed him desperately. He subsequently became one of the keys to our success in the fifty million-dollar campaign.

On Saturday, we had parent's orientation and a concert. In addition, Margaret and I had taken in a play, had gone on Wednesday to Richard Martin's home for my instructions for Rotary; on Thursday night there was a Rotary meeting at the Country Club with the Rotary Governor and my induction; on Friday night we went to a play and on Saturday night to another concert. Sunday night the faculty gave a reception for us. So, when I began my second week, I had already been initiated into the life of a Stetson President!

One of the things that John Johns had told me was that I would not have to worry about the Law School. It was entirely self-sufficient, and I could simply let it do its own thing. This possibility was quickly rebutted. Early on my second Monday in the office, Dean Richard Dillon of the Law School was in my office giving me a rundown on all of the issues and problems of the Law School.

It is true that I did not have the daily concerns with the Law School that I had with other parts of the University, but I soon found that it took more than a laissez-faire approach to handle the issues there. One of the first that appeared was a conflict which Dean Dillon had with one of his faculty members who, apparently, was still practicing law in spite of a very strict rule against such a practice by regular, full-time faculty. Both his breaking the rule and his deception with regard to it led Dean Dillon to want to fire him. The faculty member in question was threatening a suit and other dire things. It was a problem that I could not ignore.

Also, it was not long until I had Law School faculty representatives coming to talk with me about their resentment of what they regarded to be high-handed ways of Dillon. As a consequence, I made a journey to the Law School and interviewed every one of the faculty members and gave a general report to the Dean. The fact that I had that much interest in the Law School and was willing to hear faculty out seemed to give some satisfaction to the more out-spoken critics, and matters settled down. I found by this process that the Dean had much more support than I had been led to believe. Nevertheless, I was made fully aware that my responsibility for the Law School was not one that I could simply delegate to the Dean without further involvement.

I wanted to bring the Law School and the DeLand campus into a relationship in which each saw the other as part of the whole and a part of each other. Believe me, this was not easy in the beginning! The suspicion of the leaders of the Board of Overseers and in the Law School administration with respect to the DeLand campus was still very pronounced. The Law School had the impression that the University administration had taken advantage of them financially; and they, therefore, had tried to make themselves as independent as possible from the central administration.

Walter Mann, who was Chairman of the Board of Overseers and a very powerful force, had developed a very bad relationship with President Edmunds over this whole issue. Since he was on the Board of the Dana Foundation and was largely responsible for getting the Danas involved with Stetson's Law School, he continued to harbor the view that the Board of Overseers and the Dean should run the Law School without any interference or direction from the University administration. He saw to it that a law school foundation was set up to handle the Dana money so that the central administration could not get its hands on it!

The process of changing this attitude and bringing a closer relationship between the Law School and the DeLand campus was a slow one but one which was in large measure achieved after the appointment of Dean Bruce Jacob as Dean and prior to the close of my administration. Two or three outward evidences of this change came in the more active involvement of the Law School in the Faculty Senate, the development of a joint MBA-JD degree, and the September meetings of the Board of Overseers on the DeLand campus. Every other year we scheduled a meeting of the Board of Trustees on the St. Petersburg campus.

One of the most fascinating things, which occurred in these early days, came on the second Thursday of my presidency, August 4, 1977. Late in the afternoon, after everyone had left the office and I was working on some of my backed up mail and reports, I received a call from Tom Purdue, Executive Secretary for George Busby, Governor of Georgia. I knew Tom, and he said that my ears should have been burning because they had been talking about me in the Governor's office that afternoon. Of course, my curiosity was whetted. He went on to say that Governor Busby wondered if I had taken up official residence in Florida, because he hoped that I might be available for him to appoint as State School Superintendent.

I told Tom that I did not even know that there was a vacancy in that position. He assured me that it had occurred very suddenly and that the Governor needed to appoint someone and that I was his choice. I could not have been more surprised; for, though I knew the Governor, I had no idea that he knew me well enough to want to appoint me to such an important position. Tom assured me that what the Governor wanted to do was to break with past appointments, which had come out of the ranks of professional educators related to the school system. It was his idea that I might be able to bring a fresh voice to this role. Unfortunately, he said that Georgia law required the appointment to be that of a Georgia resident.

I told Tom that while I did not know the law on such matters, I assumed that since I had moved to Florida and had taken employment in Florida, I was no longer a legal Georgia resident. Thus, I could not be a candidate for the Governor's appointment. Tom seemed disappointed, but he agreed with me that my conclusion was undoubtedly true. He asked me if I would think about other possible persons and give him their names. I called him back the next day and gave him a list of several, none of which the Governor took. He appointed M. F. McDonald who was the superintendent of schools in Clark County where Athens and the University of Georgia are. I think McDonald did a good job. He was re-elected but had an untimely early death.

Had I still been in Georgia, it would have been a difficult thing to turn the Governor down on such an appointment, though quite honestly, I would not have wanted such a position, even though it is one of tremendous influence. First of all, I knew that neither Margaret nor I would have wanted to live in Atlanta. Second, the position did not pay well. Third, it carries no security at all in view of the fact that it is an elective office, and one has to run every four years. I much preferred the reasonable security of the position of president!

I have reminded Margaret more than once that had we stayed in Georgia, we might have had no option but to move to Atlanta. If she ever had any doubt about the wisdom of our making the move to Stetson, this quickly put an end to that!

As I look back on the early days at Stetson, I have a hard time believing how many things I did in a short time that had long-time consequences. But, also, there were things that I wanted to do which proved to be impossible--sometimes because of lack of funds and other times because of the very conservative nature of faculty reaction.

One of the latter initiatives came as a result of the encouragement of Dr. Tiction who thought we ought to investigate the services of the Institute for Professional Development. This was a group, which by contract would supply a number of services to the institution in developing a program that would serve adults in degree granting programs. The general approach was that many adults do not have college degrees but have significant work experience, which should be evaluated, and for which they should be given college credit, enabling them to complete a degree in a much shorter time period.

I had long been interested in continuing education, and Stetson was doing almost nothing in the area at the time. This seemed well worth looking into. Dr. John Sperling and his associate were the principals in this enterprise. They came to the campus and discussed their proposal in some detail with me and Deans Chauvin and Furlong. Their shining example of success was Redlands University, a Baptist related university in California.

Appointments were set up with the Redlands people, and the deans and I went to Redlands to see such a program in action. There was some enthusiasm on my part for our doing a similar thing, and I brought in Sperling and his partners to a faculty meeting in

which the whole project was discussed. It soon became very obvious that it was going to be impossible to move Stetson in such a direction, given the very conservative leadership that we had in academic administration and faculty, so the whole matter was dropped.

Somewhat later, I did manage to get some semblance of a continuing education program started by bringing in, by sheer presidential fiat, L. Douglas Strickland as Dean of Continuing Education and Coordinator for Research and Graduate Studies. Strickland, who came in 1980, had been head of Continuing Education at Georgia State University and was highly respected in his field. He soon found how very difficult it was to sell any continuing education program to the Stetson faculty, as well as any coordination of graduate studies. Fortunately, Strickland was a fairly low-key person who rolled reasonably well with the punches and was able to get a respectable, small continuing education program going. One of his more significant contributions was to bring Elderhostel to the campus, a program that has thrived. Several of his programs, including Leadership DeLand, have remained in place.

Overall, during my administration, I was disappointed in our inability to develop programs which serviced adults to the extent that I thought they were both needed and would also benefit the University. I believed that no university could, in the days in which we live limit its service to the normal, college age cohort of 18-22 year old persons. The longer I live, the more convinced I am of this fact.

One of my predecessors, Paul Geren, had been visionary at this point and had started a graduate program, in business and education, in Brevard County, and this had proved to be reasonably successful. It never reached the proportions that Geren had proposed, and a number of considerations caused us to have to close that program entirely. Among these, was the fact the University of Central Florida began servicing that area and provided a program at a price to the students which was much less than we could afford. I hated to see us have to close the Brevard Center, but factors weighing against our continuation were simply overwhelming.

Another activity of university life, which never pauses, and that demanded my attention almost from the first day is athletics. First of all, athletics always constitutes budget problems. I was confronted from almost the first time I ever talked with Comptroller Darrell Benge with the fact that athletics was an item that had to be monitored very closely. I think every year of my administration at Stetson we had budget overruns in athletics. It was almost impossible to prevent this from taking place. I tried several different tactics, including putting Fred Cooper, who was then Director of Public Relations, in as the budget control officer in athletics--all to no avail.

Early in the second week of my presidency, Coach Glenn Wilkes, head coach of basketball and athletic director, came in to talk about utilizing Bill Alexander, then head basketball coach at Armstrong State College in Savannah, as his major assistant coach beginning in the fall.

I had come to know Bill when I was at Georgia Southern and we played Armstrong State every year. I liked Bill. He was a very able coach and was quite often seen in the area being interviewed on television.

I told Glenn that I would not veto the idea, but I did think it was dangerous and that I would want to talk with the two of them together before final approval. The very next day he brought Bill in, and we discussed the situation. I said to Bill that I did not think that he would be happy. He was a head coach, and now he would be out of the limelight and not able to make the final decisions. He would find himself in a conflict situation or find himself longing to be able to coach in ways that were not permitted as an assistant coach. His rebuttal was that he had for years had the highest respect for Glenn

and his coaching ability, that he felt that he could learn a great deal from Glenn, and that he understood that his own position would be secondary.

I had my very real reservations about the situation in spite of these disclaimers, but I was not going to say that I would veto it. It was their decision.

Things seemed to work reasonably well for a time, but it was not too long before Bill was very unhappy and left coaching all together. My perception of the problems that could occur in such a situation was correct. It is a rare person, indeed, who can with equanimity step back into a secondary position after having been in the limelight!

Another athletic issue arose very shortly having to do with women's athletics. Mrs. Sara Jernigan had just retired. She had been a mainstay in women's athletics at Stetson for years and years. She had brought in a woman to coach women's basketball and generally to look after women's athletics. In almost no time, this person became a problem to the University and had to be terminated. This was not the easiest thing to do, since it could be made to appear that I was insensitive to women's issues or prejudiced against women in leadership roles. Nothing could have been further from the truth, and I think this woman's actions were such that these negative connotations toward me occurred to only a few. It was simply an example of how difficult it has been in the last twenty years to deal with the gender issue in questions of employment. The sensitivity, whenever someone has to be fired, causes questions of prejudice always to be raised, even if there is little or no evidence of such.

I knew that we needed desperately to increase the budget for women's athletics, not only to come into compliance with law but also simply to do what was right. So, in preparing the budget for 1978-79, we gave no increase to men's athletics giving all the increase to the women.

After serving for a time as president of Stetson, friends would ask what differences there were in being a president of a private university and a state university or college. My answer was that internally there were not many differences, except for the fact that there are three positions in the private institution which take on far more importance than in the public. They are admissions, financial aid, and development.

The public university will survive even if there is weakness in all of these areas, but not the private university. The private university is significantly more dependent upon student tuitions than the public. Thus, admissions and financial aid become exceedingly vital. Likewise, since state funds are not available, private gifts and grants are the lifeblood of the private university whereas they are the extra icing on the cake for the public institution.

The other area which can be just as important for the public as the private, but over which the private university generally has more control, is that of the Board of Trustees and its cultivation. Since I had come from a state university system where the individual institutions did not have their boards, the new aspect of board cultivation and dealing with board meetings took on far more importance than anything that I had to do relative to the Regents of the University System of Georgia. The System Chancellor looked after the Board and its meetings. I dealt with the Chancellor and his staff rather than directly with the Board of Regents.

At Stetson, it was my responsibility to deal with my own board. I liked this aspect, because it gave me far more opportunity to put my individual stamp upon the University. As I have noted in connection with Georgia Southern, one of the frustrations I had there was the fact that it frequently became impossible for us to do some of the things that we would have liked to do because of being in a system and not being permitted to undertake those experimental programs which we were anxious to execute.

The independence of the private university permits it often to pioneer in areas when the public university cannot. We can change course quickly. We are like a very maneuverable small vessel as opposed to a very large tanker that can turn only with great effort and in a much longer time frame.

At the time I came to Stetson, approximately half of the trustees were ones who had been "grandfathered in" when it was decided to set up a rotation basis. Therefore, these were people who had long-standing service on the Board and, thus, a sense of institutional history. Generally, they were very strong and useful members. Gradually, this number decreased, with some resigning because of health difficulties and others taken by death. It was not until nearly five years after my term ended that the last of these, Mr. Bob Flippo, died.

I was also very lucky in that the first chairman I had was a former student, Dr. John Pelham, Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Palatka. John was--and continues to be--a person completely dedicated to Stetson and her interests. To my knowledge, he had sent more young people to Stetson from his church than any other single person has ever done in the history of the University. A number of these have become truly outstanding leaders in their particular fields of endeavor. Large portions of them were young people going into some form of Christian ministry. (Incidentally, I was also lucky in that a former colleague of mine, Dr. Marc Lovelace, was president of the Faculty Senate my first year.)

In 1977 the Board of Trustees of Stetson was a very strong board. Among those who were particularly helpful, I shall mention only a few of the life members. Charles W. Campbell of Jacksonville was one of the older members. He had been Vice President of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and we all respected his point of view. He was the Chairman of our Investments Committee, about which I shall speak later.

Another was William J. Clapp. Mr. Clapp was one of the finest individuals I have ever known. Though a Methodist, he was very supportive of Stetson as a Baptist institution. When I came to Stetson as President, he had already been a trustee for twenty-two years. As Chairman of the Florida Power Company, he had been one of the most important figures in St. Petersburg in securing the move of the Law School to that city.

I have already mentioned Earl B. Edington in connection with my coming to Stetson. Earl, like Clapp, was elected to the Board in 1955. He was then pastor of the First Baptist Church in St. Petersburg. He became Chairman of the Board when Governor Doyle Carlton retired in 1969. He was a great stabilizing force in the Board and had also been very instrumental in bringing a number of gifts to Stetson, including the Sage gift that led to the naming of Sage Hall.

Ralph H. Ferrell, who lived to be 99 years old, died in 1985--still a Trustee! Mr. Ferrell had been an attorney in the Miami area. He had been very successful and had successfully brought a case against a federal judge, leading to the judge's impeachment by the United States Senate. I have referred to this incident earlier in these memoirs. Ralph Ferrell believed that the University had violated its Charter when it made an agreement with the Florida Baptist Convention that it would elect only Trustees approved by the Convention. He claimed that all the Trustees elected since that time had been illegally elected. He never passed up a trustee meeting or a meeting with me without talking about this. All of our General Counsels refuted his allegations, but nevertheless he held to his position.

David H. Harshaw who was elected to the Board in 1957 was then President of the John B. Stetson Corporation and later was chairman of that corporation. Though not

a Baptist, he was a very devout individual. He took a great deal of interest in the business affairs of the University and was chairman of the Audit Committee--in fact he was the dominating member throughout the time of his service on the Board.

Arthur N. Morris was one of the most fascinating of all the Trustees. He was elected to the Board in 1955 and died in 1985, still a member of the Board at that time. Arthur was the owner and president of the Rock-Tenn Company and was one of the shrewdest businessmen I have known. Though not a Baptist, he was a devout Christian and very supportive of the church relationship of Stetson. He was particularly active with the Board of Overseers of the Law School and was one of those who helped to see the Law School well established in St. Petersburg.

All of these trustees whom I have named were life members, and all of them supported Stetson with significant financial contributions, as well as by their attendance at Board meetings and their active participation in the business of the various trustee committees.

As I have indicated above, there was an agreement with the Florida Baptist Convention which provided that Trustees would be nominated by a committee made up of three trustees and three other persons appointed by the Convention. These nominations would then be approved or disapproved by the Convention and, in February following the Convention meeting in November, would be elected by the Board.

One of the early actions that I took was to meet with the current chairman of the Nominating Committee, Stan Crews, who was one of the Convention appointees (the chairman always came from this group). Stan and I agreed to have the Nominating Committee meet on the Thursday before the September meeting of the Board of Trustees. That is the schedule that we followed throughout my administration. I also established the procedure of meeting with the Committee along with the Chairman of the Board and presenting my recommendations to the Committee. In all of the time of my presidency, I never had one of my recommendations turned down or substituted for. I found the Committee always to be most cooperative. The Convention approved all of the recommendations that the Committees through the years brought to them. There was never any challenge to any of them on the Convention floor.

Though there were some tense moments before the various annual meetings of the Convention and even during them, we never had a serious challenge to the University from the floor during my administration. On more than one occasion, I did have to put out some fires either before or during the Convention, but never from the floor of the Convention.

The General Counsel for the University when I arrived was attorney David Ward, whose wife was the sister of Doyle Carlton, Jr. He practiced in the Tampa area, and I was confronted very early in my administration by his resignation. The position had always been one that was assumed by a Stetson attorney without pay, and for many years there was little business outside of a few real estate transactions that had to be undertaken by a general counsel.

At this point, I consulted with Chancellor Edmunds, getting his recommendation on whom we might approach to be our next general counsel. He recommended attorney Paul Raymond of Daytona Beach and spoke with him about it. During the latter part of August, I had a meeting with Paul and managed to persuade him to be willing to undertake this responsibility. He served during most of my presidential tenure.

Paul Raymond had earlier been the Dean of the Stetson College of Law and was very supportive of what we were doing. His service as general counsel was remarkable. He was one of those attorneys who would answer my questions promptly and even in

writing! He gave a very large amount of time to this responsibility as our need for legal assistance increased with the passing of years. He never received any monetary compensation for his service.

As president, I was an ex-officio member of the Board of Trustees, but I never exercised my prerogative to vote. I had always assumed that I would do that if the Board came to the position that the vote was tied, but that never happened. Furthermore, almost every vote we took during the whole of my tenure was a unanimous vote or so nearly so as to be without a negative vote. I can remember two or three times when members would abstain for various reasons from voting and one or two in which a trustee may have cast a negative vote; but, at the moment, I cannot remember what issues these were, since they were so very rare.

The Board of Trustees met in September, February, and May. The Executive Committee met in each of the other months. After we re-wrote the by-laws, the Executive Committee meetings became less frequent. Considerable preparation was needed for each of these meetings and, especially, for the meetings of the various committees of the Board and the three meetings of the full board. As with most boards of this type, the hard work and major discussions took place in the various committees, so the full board meeting was primarily one of hearing the reports and recommendations from the committees and approving these. Occasionally, issues would come to the full board, which had to be discussed and acted upon apart from committee input, but here again, these occasions were rare.

Another problem that I faced early in my administration was the decision of George Borders to leave Stetson and become president of Palm Beach Atlantic College in West Palm Beach. I tried very hard to persuade George to stay. I told him that I felt if he really wanted to become a college president--and I could not fault him for that--I would help him, as would others, to get the presidency of a much stronger institution. Nevertheless, he made the decision during September 1977, to go by the first of the year to Palm Beach Atlantic College.

I told George that I would ask only one thing of him: that he find me a replacement that was just as good as he! George undertook this task, and his search eventuated in our appointing Garth Jenkins to the position of Dean of Students. He had been associate dean at Auburn, from which institution he had obtained his doctorate.

Garth came the first of 1978 and remained as my dean of students throughout my administration. In one respect, he was disappointed with the position that we gave him. That was with reference to the title and, later, the fact that he reported to the Vice President for Academic Affairs (later Provost) rather than directly to the president.

I have always had a view that differed somewhat from that of most of my presidential colleagues with respect to this particular position. As I told Garth, I believed that the dean of students should be an educational officer, because I believe that residential life and other functions of that office should serve an educational need of students. Therefore, I believed that the title "dean" was an appropriate title. I also believed that the Dean of Students should be treated in the same way as an academic dean and, thus, report to the Vice President for Academic Affairs or Provost.

Dean Jenkins served well during my administration. I frequently said to him kiddingly, but a bit seriously, that the way I measured the effectiveness of a dean of students was in terms of the number of calls that I received at home at night relative to student behavior. Though some of these are inevitable, it was not long after Garth came to Stetson that the number of calls that I was receiving went down remarkably.

Nevertheless, sometimes, the phone would ring at 1:00 or 2:00 a.m., and it would usually be some irate citizen complaining about noise in the fraternity houses or about some other student action that was distasteful to him. On occasion, of course, these late night calls were not of that kind. Several times calls came from persons, sometimes students, sometimes others, who had been drinking too much, and they wanted to bless me out about something that was taking place at the University or something I had done. Other times they were simply prank calls--usually students, I am sure.

Sirens of fire trucks or ambulances passing under our window on the Boulevard also frequently interrupted Margaret's and my sleep. It is one thing to be awakened by such vehicles, it is another to be the president and feel compelled to get up and check to see whether the ambulance or fire truck stopped at the University. I was never at ease until I had learned that such a vehicle had gone past the University or, if it had stopped, I had called Security to find out the problem.

In connection with our sleeping, Margaret and I found it very difficult to sleep soundly in the President's home because of the ordinary, general noise of the traffic along the Boulevard that is also Highways 17 and 92. It took us at least two or three weeks to become enough accustomed to it enough to largely ignore it in our consciousness. We had been used to sleeping in a house that was on a street very little traveled, especially at night. The quiet and solitude that we had then (vacant lots on each side and a golf course behind the house) made for very sound sleeping. The president's home, with all of its fine features will always mean that (to borrow from another) uneasy lies the head of the president of the University!

The president's home needed considerable redecoration when we came, especially upstairs. In addition, Margaret had her own feelings relative to colors. Unfortunately, I did not have the heart to spend any money on the house when we needed every dime on other things. With salaries so low and renovations so needed on other buildings, I felt the faculty could never understand our spending any money of consequence on the president's home. So, during the whole of my administration, Margaret had to put up with others' tastes and without some very needed improvements. I made the recommendation to the trustees that a complete renovation and redecorating job be undertaken for the next president, which I am glad to say was done.

Margaret was a trooper in all of the situations in which we had lived, and the president's home was no exception. One of the things which had concerned us about moving to DeLand was the fact that there were long stairs to be navigated to get to the bedrooms. Margaret's back had begun to give her great trouble while we were in Statesboro, and neither of us knew what the consequences would be for her on those long stairs. Somehow, a miracle did occur, and she improved enough by the time we arrived that the stairs gave her no particular trouble. We have always been thankful for that development; for, when we agreed to come, she was still in so much pain that stairs would have been next to impossible.

I was at Stetson only briefly when I began to realize the time restrictions we were under in terms of budget planning for the next year. At Georgia Southern I had been accustomed to a fiscal year, which ran through June; at Stetson the fiscal year ran through May. In addition, the final budget approval had to be made by the Board of Trustees in its February meeting. This meant that we had to have our version of the budget ready to present to the chairman of the budget committee (always Mr. Bob Flippo during my administration) early in January and to the full meeting of the budget committee before the end of January or early in February. Thus, I had hardly become adjusted to the

distressed nature of our financial situation before I had to start thinking about what we might be able to do in the next fiscal year, 1978-79.

To illustrate how close we were to running a deficit situation--and I was determined not to do that--the students had asked for funds to begin again publishing the university yearbook, *The Hatter*. It had been dropped because of the lack of student interest in the early seventies, but a different kind of student was now in college, and the students were anxious to revive it. I was very pleased that they wished to do this, and I was anxious to find the funds necessary. If I remember, they were only asking for about \$8,000, but it took us a considerable amount of head scratching to find \$8,000 that we could use for this purpose. Thanks to the efforts of Graves Edmondson and Darrell Benge, we did come up with the money; and we did finish the fiscal year with a very slight surplus, a surplus that was too slight for comfort.

I determined that in developing the budget for the next fiscal year, we would make every effort to build in additional discretionary funds that could handle such small emergencies. I also recognized early the tremendous amount of deferred maintenance that had accumulated over the past several years and the expensive rehabilitation projects that were becoming essential on almost all of our buildings. I knew that we would have to undertake a mighty effort of fund raising to satisfy these needs. I also knew that ultimately I wanted to get in the budget an item for depreciation. I knew it was not then required in university accounting, and I also knew that there was no way we could manage such a line-item in the immediate future.

Not only were the needs tremendous in terms of the physical plant, but also an even more troublesome need was in terms of faculty salaries. There was great "deferred maintenance" with reference to these. Not only were faculty salaries generally depressed, but also one of the most troubling features was the compression of the scale. Faculty members who had been here a number of years and who held full professorial rank were making only two to three thousand dollars more than entering teachers with little or no experience.

The vicious cycle was completed by the fact, as I have already mentioned, that our endowment was woefully lacking. As I recall, it was little more than about five million dollars in terms of the purchase price of the securities and less than five in terms of the present market value. We had to spend every cent that it earned. This latter is not a good practice, for the need is to keep the endowment growing. This is done, not only in terms of making good investments and by having additional gifts added to it but, also, by spending less than the earnings, adding the surplus back into the principal. But that was a goal, which I knew was still several years off--though we did get there.

I used a faculty committee and, during most of the time I was president, a student committee, to give me input on budget priorities. Nevertheless, the hard decisions had to be made at the presidential level.

One of the things that I had determined to do as soon as it was at all feasible was to reestablish the position of dean of the university by that or another title. There was little or no coordination of the schools of the University, and all of the problems that might arise came directly from the deans to the president. If I were going to give the time necessary to do a good job of fund-raising, I was not going to have time to have all of these people reporting to me. Too many of the functions discharged by the Dean of the University had fallen almost by chance upon Dean Robert Chauvin of the College of Liberal Arts, and in these respects he was functioning as the Dean of the University.

I soon realized that it was not going to be an easy task to bring in a reporting layer between the president's office and the offices of the deans of the colleges and

schools. These deans had become too accustomed to having immediate access to the president; and, since the president was so busy, they had become accustomed of discharging many duties without appropriate review or authorization. In other words, they were little centers of ultimate power, and it is never easy to decrease a position's status of independence and power!

On the other hand, the faculty, as a whole, was quite ready for a dean of the university, a vice president of academic affairs, or provost, because most of them realized the need of such a position and realized the need for some greater consistency of decisions among the deans.

Since Hugh McEniry had left at the end of Dr. Edmunds administration, there had not been a dean of the university. President Geren had divided the responsibilities between a dean of science and a dean of humanities. Chauvin had been appointed dean of science, and when the dean of humanities position became vacant, President Johns appointed Chauvin as Dean of the College of Liberal Arts.

Johns had considered the appointment of a dean of the University and, according to some conversations I had with him, had come even come close to appointing one, but shied away from doing so, because he did not find the right person and because of budgetary difficulties during the severe recession of the middle seventies. That recession led Johns to have to make budgetary cuts in order to keep the University from running a deficit.

I was facing the same issues. First, who would make a good dean of the University? Second, how could we get the position in the budget? It was easier to solve the second than the first. With regard to the first, I thought immediately of Denton Coker, President of South Georgia College. I had determined in my own mind not to appoint an insider. Johns had considered various Stetson people and had decided, for one reason or the other that no one in the organization could work appropriately in that position. Several were certainly qualified by their education and experience, but they all brought with them certain baggage from having been at the University for a long period of time. When I called Denton, he thanked me, but after a visit to the campus and an appropriate time, he politely declined to be considered further.

In the meantime, I had talked to the Faculty Senate about my intention and had told the Senate that I would use it as a screening body for those candidates whom I might bring to the campus. In other words, I would be the search committee, and the Senate would be the screening committee. I had in the past too many sad experiences with search committees that did not search or which because of internal differences would recommend candidates who were the least objectionable to all, rather than strong candidates who might in some way be a threat to some.

The next person I considered was James Jordan, the head of the history department at Georgia Southern College about whom I have spoken in an earlier chapter. James seemed to me to fit the bill exactly. He was a scholar, having received his Ph.D. from Duke University and having had a Fulbright award for France. He had been an excellent teacher, and now he was serving extremely well as an administrator of a fairly large department.

I brought Dr. Jordan to the campus, and he had opportunity to talk with a number of people. He made an appearance before the Senate and was his very candid self. Perhaps, he was too candid, for the Senate turned thumbs down on him. Perhaps I had made an error in telling the Senate that I would not bring anyone who did not have their endorsement, for I think that James would have made an excellent dean of the University. (He later became President of North Greenville Junior College and then of Shorter

College.) Nevertheless, I was true to my word, and with regret and a considerable amount of pain, I had to tell James that he did not get the endorsement of the Senate, and I could not bring him to the University.

After the Senate had turned thumbs down on James Jordan, I went back after Denton Coker. Negotiations went on for many weeks, and Denton actually called accepting the position only to turn it down again some days later. In fact, the letter turning the offer down finally came to my office on March 16, 1978. So, I was back to square one as to someone to serve as Vice President for Academic Affairs and Dean of the University.

I did not know at this point where to turn. I was determined to bring someone with whom I could work happily and someone who had the same vision of a Christian university that I had.

It was in this state of uncertainty that I went as a team member on a Southern Association Visiting Committee to Wayland Baptist University in Texas. The Chairman of the Committee was Dr. Thomas J. Turner, head of the Physics Department, Wake Forest University. I had known Dr. Turner briefly, though not well, 1953-56, during the time that Southeastern Seminary, where I was teaching, and Wake Forest College was occupying the same campus in Wake Forest, North Carolina.

As a matter of fact, our acquaintance then was not the happiest in the world. I was occupying an office that had been constructed out of one of Dr. Turner's physics laboratories, which he was unhappy to lose. Of course, I had nothing to do with the decision to take that space for a couple of seminary faculty offices. He was well aware of this, but it did not make for a close friendship!

Dr. Turner proved to be the best chairman of a visiting committee that I had ever experienced. He managed to bring the diverse committee members together and to bring consensus out of what frequently started out as differing opinions. I was so impressed with his ability along this line that, at the end of our visit, I approached the subject of his possible interest in a position as dean of the university at Stetson. The more we talked about it, the more certain I was that he was our man and that he would be willing to look at the position.

Tommy came to the campus, and we gave him the same opportunities that we had given to Jordan before. In Turner's case, the Senate did give him an endorsement, though not unanimously. We talked again; I made him an offer; and, in an appropriate time, he accepted. Thus, I was able to begin my second year at Stetson with a Vice president for Academic Affairs and Dean of the University who took from me a considerable burden.

At the time, I did not realize what a burden I was putting upon Dr. Turner, for the deans were not happy with this new arrangement and would not have been no matter who had come into that position. It was easy for them to magnify the inevitable mistakes which would be made by someone from the outside and who was serving for the first time in a position of this type. They were determined to retain their independence and power, and every time Tommy made any attempt to bring some order out of the situation with the schools, he was resisted, defied, or ignored.

It became clear, in time, that anyone coming in at this point in Stetson's history would have been the sacrificial lamb that would make possible the success of the second holder of the position. It is certainly true that Tommy made his mistakes, but none of them were of such a serious nature that had the deans been willing to work with him in a cooperative fashion they could not have been overcome.

As I look back over my schedule in those early days as president, I marvel that I was able to go as constantly and do as much as I did. I was always in my office very shortly after eight, and unless I had an appointment that called me away, I was always there until five or after. On Saturdays, I worked from nine until well after twelve, usually more like one o'clock. I frequently spoke at a church on Sunday, though I gradually decreased that commitment and tried to make Sunday a true rest day.

The time schedule itself was not one which others do not experience, but the types of activities were very energy draining. In addition to office-type activities, I had many calls on my time for speaking at alumni dinners, civic clubs, college functions, churches, and other organizations.

I realized that it was necessary to become visible to the Florida Baptist Convention that represented our largest annual financial support. I undertook to appear at as many of the Baptist associational annual meetings as possible, and in almost every one I was called upon to speak. These came primarily in October. For example, on Monday, October 17, 1977, I appeared in the afternoon at the Keystone Heights Association and in the evening at the Jacksonville Baptist Association. The next day I was at the Orange Heights Association in the afternoon and at the Harmony Baptist Association in the evening. On Wednesday I appeared at the Seminole Baptist Association in the afternoon and on Thursday at the Marion Association in Ocala. I also took a number of engagements to preach at churches.

A period beginning on November 3, 1977, can be taken as typical. That evening I went to Lakeland where I spoke at a reception and dinner for alumni in that area. The next day, I did the same thing in Orlando. On the 8th I spoke at a local Chamber of Commerce meeting in the morning and in the evening at a United Negro Fund Campaign windup in Daytona Beach. The next day I was back in Daytona speaking at the installation of officers of Veterans and Businessmen's club at noon, and the next day I was in Tallahassee speaking that evening to an alumni meeting. Back in DeLand the next day, the 11th, I spoke at a student assembly meeting, and on Sunday, the 13th, I was in Orlando preaching at the College Park Baptist Church. That same week I spoke at the alumni luncheon at the Florida Baptist Convention and, as well, brought the Stetson report to the entire Convention.

I have recounted these several days simply to indicate that, in addition to the responsibilities of the campus, I was frequently making speeches and appearances at all kinds of functions. While this may have been somewhat more intensive in the early days of my administration, it really never let up during the entire time that I was president. I frequently had little chance to prepare in the way I like to prepare for these speaking occasions. I simply had to call upon long years of experience and, frequently, upon immediate inspiration!

I could not have accomplished such a schedule of appearances in my earlier years without complete frustration. I had to adjust to the fact that preparation was going to be severely limited, that I would simply do the best I could under the circumstances, and that I would not worry about the consequences.

Another involvement demanded time. That was the involvement with many of the non-university organizations, particularly civic ones. For example, I became very active with the Chamber of Commerce, including, in time, serving on its Board and as one of its vice presidents. A related involvement was with the DeLand Area Committee of 100, a group promoting industrial and business development in the area. I also soon became involved with the Boy Scouts, especially in helping them with their fund-raising. Perhaps the most time-consuming organizations were those in which Stetson held

membership. For example, the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities, the Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, the Florida Association of Colleges and Universities, the Independent Colleges and Universities of Florida, and the Florida Independent College Fund. Each one of these required some attention.

In the midst of all my activity, Margaret was also very busy. She was being called upon by various groups to either join them or help them in some way. She served on the Boards of the Summer Musical Theater in Daytona; the Daytona Chapter of the United Nations Association, and several others. She was on an advisory group relative to the decorating of the Courthouse rotunda. She was a member of the Garden Club, the DeLand Museum Guild, Pen Women, and P.E.O. She was also involved with accompanying me to various dinners and events.

One of the more delightful of these events was an annual trip that we took in October to Washington and New York. The Washington trip included an alumni meeting and in 1977 a delightful interlude made possible by Amory Underhill listening to the political humorist, Mark Russell. I was also taking in the sessions of the American Council on Education that year. From Washington we took the shuttle to New York where we had a meeting of the Advisory Board of the School of Music. During these years, the School of Music Advisory Board always liked to have at least one meeting during the year in New York City so that the members could attend concerts and opera. Margaret and I had the privilege of listening to *La Bohème* at the Metropolitan featuring Placido Domingo. Though we had enjoyed opera in Zürich, we had never been to the Metropolitan, and this was one of the high points of the year.

One of the more trying moments for Margaret came on the evening of October 28, 1977, when Marie Dawson picked her up to take her to some function. I accompanied her to the car just back of the house. On my way back to the door, I heard the engine racing as if it was on the track of the Daytona Speedway and then suddenly a great crash. I went running back to the garage area to find that the car had crashed through the back wall of the garage making mincemeat of my Shopsmith and finally coming to rest against an orange tree with the engine still running. When I came up to the side of the car, I was very fearful, for I did not know what I might find. There the two of them were sitting almost as if transfixed. I opened the door, turned off the engine, and tried to ascertain whatever injuries there might have been. Fortunately, Margaret was not hurt at all, and Mrs. Dawson sustained only minor injuries. Apparently, when Marie put the car in gear, the accelerator malfunctioned and the throttle stuck wide open. She had the presence of mind not to try to make the left turn at the end of the short drive but crashed through the rear wall of the garage instead.

Not all of life was as exciting as that event or as life threatening, but many exciting things were happening, and the schedule was very, very full. I thought I had been busy at Georgia Southern, and I had, but life became even more hectic at Stetson! It was as if the throttle had malfunctioned and was wide open!

That first year, 1977-78, proved to be a very definitive in numerous ways, some of which I have already spoken. For example, a decision was made to completely renovate DeLand Hall and an architect was chosen, though work on the building did not begin until the next year. We completed the renovation of Flagler Hall, and began renovation of Stover Theater auditorium, including increasing the rake of the floor and installing new seating.

I also made a deal with Andy Powell for the acquisition of the Powell home located at the corner of Michigan and Amelia in order to turn it into a space for the

Gillespie Museum, a magnificent collection of minerals, which was then housed in the little concrete block building in back of DeLand Hall (now the print shop). The actual closing did not come until December of 1978. We paid somewhat less than the appraised value, and Andy took the difference as a charitable contribution. I had tried to get him to give the building outright, but with no success.

We also began to make some good friends for the University that would pay dividends in the long run. For example, I got in touch with young Tom Prince who was not only a graduate of Stetson but who received his master's degree at Georgia Southern while I was president there. Tom, at this time, was heading up the Florida Days Inn operation out of Orlando. He came to the DeLand campus on February 1, 1978, and we had lunch together, thus beginning his closer association with his alma mater eventuating in both larger gifts and in his becoming in time a trustee.

I also tried to bring back into the fold some people who had become miffed with the University for one reason or another. I think particularly of J. E. Davis of Winn Dixie. I never did understand precisely why J. E. fell out with the University except that he thought that when Davis Hall was built he had assurance from Dean Furlong of the Business School that he would inaugurate a practical curriculum, and J. E. thought that he did not follow through with his promise. I made an appointment with Davis in his office in Jacksonville, and I have only on one other occasion received such a cold reception as when I walked in to that large, plain office. He did not even ask me to sit down. However, the longer I talked to him the easier the conversation became, and I finally left on reasonably good terms.

Another person who had some ill feelings was William Hollis, then Vice President of Publix. Apparently an earlier gift of his had not been handled properly, and he was quite put out by that. Fred Cooper, Director of Public Relations, was a good friend of Bill's, and so we went to see him in Lakeland at the Publix headquarters and began to restore that relationship. I also met Mark Hollis at that time. He was then heading up public relations for Publix.

One of the time consuming items on my schedule during the year was preparation for the inaugural events, including my inaugural address. The inauguration occurred on March 10, 1978, and I was quite pleased with the large crowd that gathered and particularly with the very large number of students present. Most inaugurations have few students present. Students were there in such large numbers that I had them stand, and I think that everyone was impressed. The ceremonies took place in the sanctuary of the First Baptist Church, and the orchestra and choir played and sang magnificently.

Another appointment, which we began to consider and which was culminated early in the next year, had long-standing consequences. The grounds person, who was on board when I came, may at one time have been able, but he was now drinking too much and generally was ineffective and even abusive. We knew we would have to let him go, and we were very fortunate to be able to secure the services of David Rigsby who was landscape architect for the City of DeLand.

As I look back over my schedule for the year, I realize that I spent a good bit of my midnight oil preparing two major lectures for the Carver-Barns Lecture at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary on March 29-30. I came again to realize how difficult it is to undertake a reasonably scholarly activity while carrying the load of a presidency, especially in the early years. Nevertheless, that endeavor did give me a break from the kind of administrative grind which can quickly and completely absorb one's time and energy.

Some of my speaking engagements were a little more thrilling than others. On Thursday, April 20, 1978, I spoke in the evening to the Southwest Baptist Association. I had indicated to these good people that I would only be able to speak to them if there was some way I could get back for the Trustee Executive Committee meeting on the next day. The session was to begin at 10 a.m., and I knew there was no way to do that easily (I was not going to drive home late at night) and, especially, since I needed time in my office prior to the 10 o'clock meeting. I was told that would be no problem. There was a young man who was a good pilot and who would be delighted to fly me back on Thursday night after my speech. So, I agreed.

I had flown in small planes before and had no fear of them. So, when we took off in the small plane that carried me, I felt quite comfortable. A friend of his accompanied the pilot, who was a music director in one of the churches. In fact, we had a very pleasant flight from Sarasota, flying low enough that I could see the panorama of lights from Sarasota, the Tampa Bay area, Lakeland, Disney World, and Orlando spread out before me. When we arrived over DeLand, we came in fairly low just over the back yard of the president's home and set up for a landing at the DeLand Airport. One must know that the lights at the DeLand Airport at that time were controlled by the pilot wishing to land, but they were already on when we started to land. When we were about fifty feet from the ground they went out; and my pilot, whom I had found to be very inexperienced (this was his longest flight yet), became disoriented and the plane struck the ground very hard and bounced high into the air two or three times and turned to the left. I was quite certain it would run into the grass and wreck itself. By some miracle of the Lord, it righted itself, and we managed to come to a safe stop. I can assure the reader that was the last time I have ridden in a small plane with an inexperienced pilot. In fact, I have not ridden in as small a plane as that even with an experienced pilot since that time! (Since writing that last sentence, I did ride in a small plane with an old hand in Alaska to the glacier on the side of Mt. McKinley--it was worth the risk!)

One of the things that required my attention early was the funding for the Summer Music Institute that had come about through the visits of the London Symphony Orchestra to Daytona Beach. Geoffrey Gilbert who was serving at that time as the first flutist with the orchestra became the Director of the Summer Music Institute and brought it to a very high level of quality.

The idea behind this music institute was that 100 of the top collegiate musicians in this country and Canada would be brought to the Stetson campus for an intensive summer of study, rehearsal, and playing. In addition to Geoffrey, top performers from the LSO and other orchestras would serve as master teachers for the various instruments. The 100 piece collegiate symphony would be put together by Geoffrey, and he would direct two performances at the end of their study at the Peabody Auditorium in Daytona Beach, and these would be repeated in two performances in the Edmunds Center.

The Institute was a great success in every way except in terms of its financing. The idea was that it would be unwritten by sponsors and others, but that never worked out. The University was putting a large sum of money into it each summer. Except for the credit that the University received in public relations, it had little to do with the program of the Music School and its students, since the players were already enrolled in other colleges and universities.

With the budget shortages for our basic operations so acute, I could not see how this institute could be continued unless we had better support from the outside than we were getting. I met numerous times with Geoffrey and Tippen Davidson who were the principals behind the Institute, and I would always receive assurances that Tippen would

find sources for its support. Unfortunately, this never truly materialized. Much to my sorrow and to great wailing and gnashing of teeth of others, we had to bring the Summer Music Institute to an end after several years of giving our best effort.

The greatest challenge that I was facing was to put in place a major fund raising campaign, which could begin to get Stetson into a competitive financial mode relative to institutions of high quality of our type. The Vice President for Development was Mike Chertok. Mike was a hard-worker and reasonably effective. But he had great difficulty sharing information with others in his area. He liked to work alone. I do not mean that he did not involve the president. In fact, we went on numerous fund raising trips together. However, I think it would have been difficult for him to share his work with others, as it is so essential in a large fund raising effort. Nevertheless, I was quite concerned when on May 4, 1978, he told me about the possibility that he would be leaving to go to the University of Louisville. With all of the other issues that were crowding my schedule, I did not know what this might mean for the future.

I immediately began to gather recommendations and information on persons who might successfully lead us in the development area. I began to realize that this was not going to be an easy position to fill with the quality of person I wanted and we needed, and with the salary which we had to offer.

Nevertheless, by early June, I had identified four candidates whom I wished to interview. Among these was H. Douglas Lee who was then on the development staff of Wake Forest University. I set up interviews with three of them in Atlanta on June 14 and 15 while I was attending the Southern Baptist Convention. I put in a call to Doug Lee, and we agreed to meet in Black Mountain, North Carolina, while I was taking a brief vacation at our cottage near there.

My interviews with prospective candidates in Atlanta discouraged me greatly. I was not at all impressed with two of these, and the other one was already making more money than we could have afforded.

In the meantime, I had called President Randall Lolley at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary, who had recently gone through the process of employing a development officer, and asked him about possible candidates. He immediately mentioned Doug Lee saying that he would have employed him if his position could have sufficiently challenged Lee. He indicated that Dr. Lee had been a candidate, along with one other, for the position of Vice President for Development at Wake Forest, and the other man had been chosen. In Lolley's opinion, Wake Forest made the wrong choice! Also, a call to President Bruce Heilman at Richmond University, Lee's alma mater, resulted in a very high recommendation. So, it was with great hope that I awaited our meeting on Sunday, June 18, 1978.

In some ways, that meeting and my consequent decision to employ Dr. Lee, were the most important event and decision which I experienced during my tenure as president.

It brought to Stetson University a person who was of inestimable help to me in creating a development and planning process that would turn our situation around. It also brought to the campus my successor who has been the right person at the right time for that position.

We met shortly before noon on the eighteenth for lunch, and then went to our cottage where we sat on the deck until about 5 p.m. talking about Stetson and its challenge. Doug had brought his family with him, and Margaret and I were charmed by all of them.

Early in my conversation, I knew that this was the person whom I wanted as my Vice President for Development; so, I was for most of the afternoon in the mode of trying

to persuade him to consider it seriously. By the next day with telephone calls, we had decided on a schedule for his visit. On June 23 I met the Doug Lees at the Daytona Beach airport, and they began an intensive two-day exploratory visit with us.

On July 1, 1978, I received word that Dr. Lee had accepted our invitation and would be coming to Stetson as Vice President of Development. This was one of the happiest days that I had experienced since my coming to the University, because I felt with certainty that we had our team in place that could move the University forward.

On July 18, 1978, the dean's council surprised me with a cake celebrating my first anniversary as President of Stetson. I appreciated this token. It brought down the curtain on one of the most extraordinary years of my life--certainly one of the busiest. It also marked the beginning of a period of true recovery for the institution.

CHAPTER XXI

STETSON UNIVERSITY II A YEAR OF RECOVERY 1978-1979

One of the Stetson traditions which I most enjoyed each year was that of the opening convocation in the Forest of Arden. The faculty processed in full academic regalia; the wind ensemble played; new students sat together; and all elements of the University were well represented. I usually made the major address. The only exception to this which I can remember was the great, last address of Chancellor Edmunds at the convocation opening our centennial year.

By the fall of 1978, my understanding of the University had matured, and my dreams for it had become definite enough for me to speak about "the genius of Stetson." Somehow, that particular convocation address was remembered, perhaps, better than any other I made during these years. It was reprinted in *ProVeritate*; and as recently as 1992, it was condensed as the Foreword to the beautiful book of pictures of the University published by Harmony House in Louisville, Kentucky.

I very firmly believed then and believe now that Stetson University's genius lies not in its size, facilities, or geographical location, as important as these are, but in its purpose and people. As I said then, "Stetson's purpose is to provide quality academic programs and to encourage a quality of life in accord with Christian values. Stetson's people maintain significant academic achievement and possess fine human qualities--and they care."

At the beginning of each academic year, I also addressed the faculty on the state of the University. Most of the time I did this by reviewing the progress we had made on the goals and objectives which we had stated in the previous year and concluded by laying out the goals and objectives I had for the University in the year which we were beginning.

In a sense, this set the tone for a process that I hoped would eventually be utilized throughout all of the areas and departments of the University--that is to say, a kind of modified "management by objectives." In time, with Vice President Lee's help, we developed such a scheme for all of our major officers of the University, including a reporting to the others of the progress which had been made toward achieving these objectives. As president, Dr. Lee has carried this forward until it has become a planning element in all parts of the University.

In this connection, it was not long before I gave Doug the additional title of "Planning." So, his title became Vice President for Development and Planning. It became evident to me early on in his service with us that he had developed a real expertise in the area of planning, and I wanted to take advantage of it.

This leads me to insert at this point part of my philosophy of administration. I always believed that the best way for me to succeed in what I desired for the University was to bring together a team of persons who were as good or better than I. I never felt threatened by having people on my team who were brighter and more articulate than I. I fear that many chief administrators feel otherwise.

A president's life is never dull. He answers to many constituencies. On any given day he can deal with problems from the insignificant to the most serious, from a

student's complaint about a parking ticket to whether to physically move the campus of the University.

One of the more difficult situations to handle is that of political candidates during an election year, as 1978 was. Even though I had my own definite opinions about candidates and issues, I tried to treat each one fairly and without prejudice so far as the University was concerned. This sometimes became quite a juggling act, since there were always friends of the University on each side of any issue and in any political campaign. Significant donors can sometimes be vigorous in their demands in these matters. I always tried to treat candidates courteously and give them equal access to the campus.

I soon realized that there were two people on whom I could rely to give me good advice as to the political situation, both at the local, county, state, and national levels. Amory Underhill, an attorney, who practiced both in DeLand (indeed, the State of Florida) and Washington and was a former Assistant Attorney General under President Truman, was a man of many connections. On my very first trip to Washington after becoming president, he had a luncheon for the Florida delegation in the Capitol and introduced me. In those days, especially, Amory commanded the attention of the Congressional officeholders, most of whom attended the luncheon, if not in its entirety, in part. This was extremely helpful to me as I made my way around the Congressional offices dealing with many issues through the years of my presidency.

Amory seemed to know everyone in Washington who was anybody, including the Capitol police. He was also one of the movers and shakers who helped Senator and Mrs. Chiles obtain and develop the Florida House situated right back of the Supreme Court building. The Florida House became a spot from which I could work during visits to Washington.

Mr. Underhill also kept his ear to the ground in the DeLand area and was a constant source of good information concerning what was transpiring politically both locally and in the State.

The other person who was so helpful to me was Dr. T. Wayne Bailey, Chairman of the Political Science department. Wayne was not only a political science scholar; he was a very practical political figure. For the entire time that I was president, he was Chairman of the Volusia County Democratic Party and had great influence in the State. In fact, early in my administration he ran for the chairmanship of the State Democratic Party and was defeated in a very close election. In spite of his being a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, Wayne had the ability to look at issues with an unprejudiced eye. He also was able to befriend and help students who were more conservative than he was politically and in the Republican Party. During the January term, he always took a group of students to the United Nations for two weeks and to Washington for two weeks on a learning experience which none of them would ever forget.

Also, during my administration, Everett Huskey, the developer of Sweetwater in the Orlando area, was prospering and entertaining state and national political figures. Everett was an alumnus who remembered my teaching back in my earlier incarnation at Stetson--and I remembered him. In fact, he was the one who was going to build us a house before we made the decision to move to North Carolina. Everett kindly invited us to virtually every one of the functions where he entertained these people. For example, it was in this way that I first met Governor Bob Graham, Congressman-to-be Bill Nelson, Vice President Mondale, Hamilton Jordan, and Chip Carter. His lovely estate in Sweetwater and his gracious entertaining made for some outstanding experiences for Margaret and me.

All three of these people on whom I relied joined me in an effort to get President Jimmy Carter, whom I had come to know when he was Governor of Georgia, to come to Stetson as our Commencement speaker. We got as far as an appointment to talk with the President's appointment secretary in the White House, which I did on a visit to Washington; but President Carter, was never able to work out his schedule to be with us. I did greatly enjoy the opportunity to go into the office wing of the White House, and I was kindly given a tour of the major offices, including the Oval office and Cabinet room.

It was also through the good offices of T. Wayne Bailey that I received an appointment by the Governor as a member of the Seventh District Judicial Commission. This commission interviewed and recommended to the Governor candidates for judicial appointments in the Seventh District. As one of only two, if I remember correctly, non-lawyer types, I especially enjoyed service on this commission.

Campus speakers can also be a very troubling and difficult issue for a president. Generally, he has little to do with who is invited to speak, but he is often the one who gets the phone calls and the threats to withhold any more funds if "that person" is allowed to speak or if "that person" has spoken. I have heard more than one alumnus or donor say, "You had so and so speaking on the campus, and I am not going to give another cent to the University." Most of the time these are people who have given nothing or practically nothing anyway, so their threats represent no great loss. On the other hand, there are occasions when persons who have been very excellent supporters of the University are alienated by certain speakers or groups who have been to the campus. The conservatives say that we have had too many liberal speakers, and the liberals say that we have had too many conservative speakers. It is a kind of no-win situation. Generally, however, people who are true supporters of the University recognize its nature and the fact that simply because particular speakers appear on campus does not mean that the University approves of what they say or what they represent. The University is a forum of ideas where students and others have an opportunity to be persuaded by many competing views. The nature of the University lies just at that point, and it must remain free in order to perform this service.

A comprehensive university, such as Stetson, constantly has to examine its academic programs to see if they are fulfilling the needs of the present. Several times during my administration, we undertook such studies of potential programs that never materialized for us.

One of these was the possibility of a nursing program in Jacksonville in cooperation with the Baptist Medical Center there. During 1978-79, the Medical Center took the initiative to contact us about such a possibility. Several of us on more than one occasion visited the Center and discussed the possibility, and some of their people came to our campus. After a great deal of negotiation, the hospital decided to go in another direction. This was both a happy conclusion and a disappointment to me. The happy conclusion was that we would not have to be engaged in a very time and energy consuming effort. I had learned long before when I was at South Georgia College that a nursing program is one of the more difficult ones to both develop and appropriately maintain. The disappointment was that we would not have a program in Jacksonville, which might open a number of doors to us in that great city, particularly as it concerns the possibility of major gifts.

Another initiative of the year (1978-79) had to do with the possibility of offering courses in Daytona Beach on the Community College campus. Here the issue was complicated by President Charles Polk's ambitions, which would have led DBCC into

senior college status. Negotiations relative to some kind of cooperative endeavors continued at the level of the provost throughout most of my administration but never seemed to get anywhere.

One of the very complicating factors was the opening of a branch of DBCC in DeLand. President Polk came to me early on wanting to use Stetson classrooms for his enterprise in DeLand. I told him that we were not in a position to do this unless he wanted to think of them for night usage only. He was not interested in that possibility. When DBCC opened in a remodeled vacant store downtown, it was without any library of consequence. DBCC students began to come in large numbers to use our library. It soon became evident that we would have to make some kind of arrangement if they should continue such usage. I proposed that we would permit them to use our library if DBCC would fund an additional position on our library staff. Polk was not willing to do this saying that our students were free to use their library in Daytona Beach, and he did not see why his students should not be free to use ours. I tried to point out the complete difference in the situation, one being supported by state funds and one by student tuitions, as well as the fact that our students had no great need for their library and his had great need for ours. As a consequence, we had to close our library to usage by DBCC students. Polk then would tell people that we were not cooperative!

It was very unfortunate that we could not have had better relations with DBCC during Charles Polk's administration. We could have been mutually very helpful. Fortunately, we continued to get large numbers of transfer students from DBCC upon their completion of their junior college degrees.

Another program, which we sought, was the location of the newly proposed training center for new missionaries by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. We saw this as a possibility of enriching our own program while at the same time being of great service to the Foreign Mission Board. We made a very elaborate proposal; but, as we suspected it would be, the training center was placed near Richmond (the headquarters of the Foreign Mission Board) and not in the context of a university setting. It was this latter that we felt would have been good for the missionary trainees.

An existing academic program that was very successful was the honors program. When I came to Stetson there was an honors dorm. It was a former fraternity house on West University Avenue across from the tennis courts. When I first went into this facility, I was appalled by its deplorable state, and I knew that we did not then have the funds to make it into a livable facility. I determined that we must close it. In spite of its disreputable appearance, there were those who loved it! Naturally, I received a considerable amount of pressure from honor students and even some of their parents with respect to this matter.

Somewhat later, we did remodel the building as a small girl's dormitory (the modern term is "residence hall," but I still have difficulty weaning myself from "dormitory") when we began to have more students wanting to live in campus housing than we had room for. In fact, we went through a period when in the fall we would have to put three to a room in Stetson Hall and place some students in rooms which we leased from the University Inn.

It is fascinating to see how student choices can vary radically over time. Just prior to my coming to Stetson, we went through a period when students did not want to live in dormitories, and it was difficult to fill them. Then during most of my period as president, we had students clamoring for space. Now, once again, students are opting out of on-

campus housing facilities, and it is difficult to keep the dormitories filled. Who knows what the next generation of students will be like?

I have referred to our putting students in the University Inn. When I looked back in my diary for 1978, I was amazed at the amount of time and energy we put into a consideration of whether to buy that facility for the University. It had been owned and well operated by a local family headed by the patriarch and highly respected Morton McDonald. Morton decided to sell the University Inn and offered to sell it to us.

We felt it necessary to seriously consider the opportunity to secure that property for several reasons. First, the fact was that we did not want it to become an eyesore and a problem, particularly since it carried the name "university" and was immediately across the street from the campus. In fact, many people already thought that it was a university property, and we continually had to tell people that we had no financial interest in it. Second, we could conceive of the time when we might need the building for our own students. Third, we had to consider the possibility that it would be a worthwhile investment. After weeks of consideration and study, we came to the conclusion that it was not worth our taking the risk to purchase it with the headaches that might be created for us by its ownership. This proved to be a wise decision, especially, because in developing our long-range physical plant master plan, we were convinced that we should move many of our operations from the west side of the Boulevard to the east side because of the mounting traffic on that artery.

I wrote earlier in this chapter of having received large numbers of students from the graduates of Daytona Beach Community College and this leads me to comment upon one of the disappointments that I had as President of Stetson.

I had come from an institution, Georgia Southern College, which had more students in the junior and senior classes than in the freshman and sophomore classes. This unusual situation came because of the very successful recruitment program, which we had for transfers, particularly from the graduates of junior colleges. Not only that, I had been president of South Georgia College, a junior college in the University System of Georgia. Thus, I was oriented toward an acceptance of the better students coming out of the junior and community colleges, and I was rather shocked to find a very superior attitude exhibited on the part of faculty at Stetson toward such students. I was the first to recognize that there were many students graduating from community and junior colleges who were not qualified to be Stetson students. But I knew that there were many more who were better qualified than those we were accepting. In fact, we were discouraging rather than encouraging such students to enroll.

I immediately began to try to change the situation, pointing out that one of the ways we could be more efficient would be to fill up some of the very tiny classes at the senior college level with majors from the community and junior colleges. Unfortunately, I made little progress along these lines during my administration. As much as I admired and appreciated the work of Gary Meadows, Dean of Admissions, I could never persuade him of the importance of the recruitment of these people, nor could I persuade the admissions committee, made up of faculty members, to take a more generous view of graduates of community and junior colleges.

I am happy to say that in the years since my administration, with the coming of a new Dean of Admissions and a considerable change in the complexion of the faculty, much of my hope along the lines of acceptance of community and junior college graduates has been realized. The number of transfer students has greatly increased in the past several years and, I think, to the betterment of the University.

Two things began to develop in 1978 that had significant consequences to the University. First of all, I had a discussion with John Hague, chairman of American Studies, September 6, 1978, concerning the possibility of our getting a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. Efforts had been made before without success, but now we both thought it was time to start the process again. Dr. Hague took this project on and brought it to a successful conclusion during our Centennial year, 1982-83. Stetson thus became the first private institution in Florida to install a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. Therefore, we became Gamma of Florida since only the University of Florida and Florida State University had earlier chapters.

A second thing that began to happen was an effort on the part of Independent Colleges and University of Florida (ICUF) to develop and secure an act of the Florida Legislature for a tuition equalization appropriation that became known as the Tuition Voucher. I was placed on the legislative committee of ICUF and became very active in working toward the goal of tuition equalization. We mounted a campaign that succeeded in getting that legislation passed so that the voucher was available to students for the 1989-90 year. It has thus far survived, though not without struggles and battles to keep it funded.

One of the things which I discovered on coming to Florida was the rather hostile feeling between the private and public sectors of higher education, a feeling that I had not experienced in Georgia. As a result of this, it was very difficult for the private colleges to be heard in legislative councils. With President Bill Proctor of Flagler College taking the lead as chairman of the Legislative Committee of ICUF, we gradually changed the situation until the private colleges and universities were able to get significant consideration by the Legislature on various issues of concern. Some of us also made efforts to lessen the tension between the public and private sectors, working largely through the Florida Association of Colleges and Universities (FACU). To some extent, I think we did bring about improvement, though there are, perhaps, built-in factors that will never permit completely easy relations between the sectors.

In addition to the Tuition Voucher program, through ICUF, we were constantly vigilant to make certain that there were funds appropriated fairly for the Florida Student Assistance Grant (FSAG). This program had been developed as a result of the very hard work of my predecessor, John E. Johns, and others in the ICUF organization. Yet, there were constant attempts to change the distribution formula to favor the public institutions. We also worked hard to see that other financial programs, which were developed by the State, did not ignore students in the private sector.

The fall of 1978 was also significant in an attempt we made to secure the permission of the Florida State Board of Missions for a capital campaign in the churches for Stetson University. One must recognize that the financial plan of the Florida Baptist Convention prevents institutions, which are supported by the Convention through the regular budget to go directly to churches to solicit funds. It was my idea that we might, if given permission, secure in this way, funds to build a very nice chapel, which could in the central part of our campus symbolize our commitment to being a Christian college. As well, we needed another auditorium in addition to the Elizabeth Hall Chapel. Elizabeth Hall Chapel was then and still is overworked with the musical events of the School of Music, the special events and lectures of the University, and the regular Wednesday Chapel service.

With this proposal in mind, I went before the administrative committee of the Florida State Board of Missions in September of 1978 making a request for the approval

of this campaign. Much to my very great surprise, there was little support for the idea of a chapel on the campus. I had assumed that this would be a very attractive thing to these people, most of who were ministers. I have never quite figured the reason for this lack of support unless it was because they feared we would start a campus church. Perhaps, it was because they felt that with the First Baptist Church adjoining our property, there was no need for such a building. The stated reason for their opposition was that they had rather see money go into people than into a building. Consequently, on the spur of the moment, I proceeded to make an alternate proposal that such a campaign be approved to endow a chair of Christian studies. This seemed to be very pleasing; and, in an appropriate time, this campaign was approved. It eventuated in our securing funds for such an endowed chair in the Department of Religion. Later, upon the retirement of O. Lafayette Walker as the long-time Chairman of the Department of Religion, we named it the O. L. Walker Chair of Christian Studies.

Incidentally, with the impending retirement of Lafayette in 1981, I tried my best to persuade him to remain with the University as Dean of the Chapel. Unfortunately, he could not be persuaded. I had hoped to revive this position, which had been dormant since the leaving of James Stewart in the late sixties.

There is an interesting story here. Jim Stewart, as a sincere and committed Baptist, felt that compulsory chapel was not in accord with the Baptist idea of freedom of worship. Stewart, as Dean of the Chapel, did a great deal of good and was highly respected. Indeed, I found many people who were students at that time with great appreciation for Chapel, even if at the time they did not really want to go and would not have if it had not been compulsory. Nevertheless, Stewart tried to persuade President Edmunds to make chapel attendance voluntary, but the president could not be persuaded. Stewart remembers Edmunds as saying that he personally did not like the idea of trying to compel students to worship, but that the trustees were not ready to give that up. Therefore, because of his conscience on the matter, Stewart responded to an invitation from Chancellor William Highsmith of the University of North Carolina at Asheville to teach philosophy. The irony of this whole matter is that as soon as President Geren came to the University, he made chapel voluntary!

Another interesting tidbit from the administration of Geren is that it was during his presidency that Stetson made the big step to visitation in the dormitories of the opposite sex. This was well ahead of the time that I finally permitted it at Georgia Southern College, a state institution!

As a follow-up, I shall always remember an occasion when Margaret and I were visiting in the Black Mountain summer home of the Ralph Ferrells, a trustee previously mentioned in these memoirs. As usual, when I came into the room, I found Ralph with law books and other paraphernalia with which he had been studying the issue of the legality of our agreements with the Florida Baptist Convention, which, as I have mentioned before, he believed were illegal.

He and I were talking about this and other matters when out of one ear I heard a discussion going on between Cornelia Ferrell and Margaret about the dormitory visitation policy with which Mrs. Ferrell greatly disagreed. In fact, she often went so far as to say that Margaret should see to it that the young ladies of the University receive proper training in etiquette and that they certainly should not dress in shorts on the campus. Also that other things be done which were just about as unrealistic on today's university campus. About this time, Margaret interrupted us and said, "Pope, you need to answer Cornelia's question about this. I am not in a position to do so." The question, of course,

was why did I permit this kind of thing (intervisitation) to go on. She left no doubt that she thought it was a very terrible thing. My reply was simply that the policy had been made long before I came to the University and to reverse it would have brought untold difficulty to the University. But, I went on to say that had it not already been in effect, I would not have come to Stetson. I would not have wanted to go again through making such a decision with the consequent public relations problems that it might have entailed.

In fact, I have always wondered how Geren was able to get by with both these decisions with reference to Chapel and to dormitory visitation. He seems to have kept a fairly good relationship with the Convention, and his problem of survival at the University did not come from that quarter but from faculty and that for other reasons. Well, in the midst of the increasingly heated discussion between Cornelia and me, Ralph interrupted and said, "Well, Doctor, [he always called me Doctor], what do you think about it?" I replied, "I am glad we have it, and I think it is working well." His response was, "Well then, I wouldn't give it any more thought." With that, Cornelia gave up her attack and served us ice cream!

The major issue which confronted us all of the time was not visitation in the residence halls, though students were always pushing for a more liberal policy than we had, it was the problem of enforcing our rule against the use of alcoholic beverages. This had been one of the headaches of George Borders before my coming, and it remained one throughout my administration. It became especially acute with reference to the fraternities. Students were always complaining that the rule was not enforced in the fraternities to the same degree that it was in the residence halls. I rather imagine they were right about this; and, indeed, we tried over and over to get Dean Garth Jenkins to apply the same enforcement policy in the fraternities as in the residence halls. He would always respond that he would do it, but I was never convinced that it was done. There was too much evidence to the contrary. Dr. Turner and I spent innumerable occasions talking about what we might do with this situation. He, over and over, appealed to Dean Jenkins to enforce the policy. There would be some improvement, and then there would be a reversion.

I would be the first to recognize how difficult it is in our time and in our culture to enforce an absolute ban on alcoholic beverages in the places where students live. Nevertheless, it was our stated policy, and I thought the policy had some merit. I was particularly convinced of this when I realized that a very large percentage of our students were legally under the drinking age. It would be just as difficult to enforce a rule which said that students could imbibe alcoholic beverages if they were past the legal age as to enforce a non-alcoholic policy on the entire residence halls/fraternity population.

Unfortunately, student groups as well as individuals would sometimes party off campus in ways which were disturbing to people who observed them, and I would usually become the recipient of complaints about such behavior. Usually, there was little, if anything, that we could do about this except to express our regret and to express to the students our disappointment that they did not conduct themselves in ways that were acceptable.

The longer I stayed in the upper levels of administration, the more it seemed to me that parents were intervening on behalf of their children and the less they were inclined to recognize that their children may have been in the wrong or may not have been giving them the full story.

One of the things that I found lacking when I came to Stetson was the availability of academic scholarships to attract top-flight students. Thus, one of my goals was to bring a program of academic scholarships into being.

A very significant step in the direction of meeting this goal came in the fall of 1978 when we received a check from the Landers Estate, which we used to set up the Landers Scholarships. These scholarships came as the result of the efforts of one of our most colorful and loyal alumni, Jim Nemeec of Palm Beach. Jim and his wife and several of his children were all graduates of Stetson. He has been a successful lawyer and has constantly looked for ways to encourage people to give to Stetson University.

One of the most memorable experiences, which Doug Lee and I had, took place September 20-21, 1978, when we visited with the Nemeecs, in part to pick up the Landers check. This was Doug's first encounter with the Nemeecs. Margaret and I had visited with them in their home before. They live in a rambling, but very fine and beautiful structure on a corner lot on the ocean amidst all of the great homes of Palm Beach, very close indeed to the Kennedy compound. The Nemeecs have a very large family (seven children), and it is obvious that as additional children came, additions had to be made to the house to accommodate them. The consequent arrangements make for some interesting routes from one's bedroom to the bath, and this had already fascinated Doug. Also, with such a large family, there is a tendency for everyone to do his own thing without much regard to the privacy of others, a quite understandable consequence.

No one could be more hospitable than these good people; and fairly early the next morning, we were routed out to go swimming in the ocean--apparently, an everyday occurrence at the Nemeec household. We were glad to do this, and enjoyed the outing on the beach. As we came back, we were informed that there was a shower on the ground floor of the house for bathers, so in the shower Doug and I went. While still in the shower, we heard Ruth (Mrs. Nemeec, deceased, 1994) calling us telling us that Mrs. Governor Witt had come to see us. (The reader may remember that we became good friends of the Witts while in Switzerland. Of course, Doug had never met them.) There was nothing to do but to wrap a towel around us and come out to greet Mrs. Witt! Doug and I have never quite forgotten the informality and easy hospitality of the Nemeecs! Out of the more conservative Virginia and North Carolina, Doug was finding that in Florida the rules really are different! In any event, we accomplished our mission. We picked up the Landers check!

Doug and I were visiting all over the state in an effort to raise money. We had a very minimal staff, largely inexperienced in direct fund-raising. It was obvious that if we were to achieve the goal of securing enough funds to bring Stetson into the first rank of colleges in the South, much less in the nation, for a time, at least, it would be up to us.

We learned that if one is to survive in the fund-raising business, he has to have a good sense of humor. Fortunately, Doug and I shared this trait. Rather than crying when we were turned down, we found some reason to laugh at the situation. And there were gifts or potential gifts that turned out to be complete duds. For example, Eddie Gilliland brought in a man who was about to make millions from a mine on his property and give many of them to us, especially for baseball. He even brought along samples of the kind of mineral that was to be produced. We got very excited about this, and I believe Doug even made a trip to see his property. I do know that Doug has retained the rock, which the prospective donor brought along to remind him that not all great schemes are going to pay off. This all came to naught.

We also had the gift of an oil well in Texas, which was supposed to bring us considerable riches, but it brought nothing but headaches, certainly no money. Another example, a prominent graduate of Stetson and its law school, who is a huge property owner, gave us several real estate lots. We also learned that he had retained the mineral rights, and we have never been able to sell them (I think they have been sold now--2/18/97.).

Doug and I visited with Tom Bell in Sarasota on numerous occasions. Mr. Bell had been a major factor in the movement of celery farming from the Sanford area to the Sarasota area and had patents to his credit relating to machinery dealing with the planting and harvesting of celery. He was now considerably up in years, but his mind was still active. We were in the midst of the great scramble for new energy sources, and Mr. Bell had discovered a way to store the excess energy which power plants waste at night and at other times of low power usage. He was going to do this by using that power to compress air and store it in tanks. He even developed a prototype in his shop which he showed us could be used to power a small light bulb. Dr. Turner who was a physicist went down to see him and to see his invention. Tommy then made some calculations about the size of tanks, which would be necessary to store any significant amount of energy in this way. He determined that these would have to be enormous. The space and cost factors would completely outweigh the savings. Thus, another possible bonanza for the University went down the drain.

There was a small, non-accredited college in Sarasota that wanted to transfer its assets to Stetson if Stetson would use them to have a branch campus there. The description that we were given sounded as if they had significant assets, particularly in terms of property that had been given to them. On a site visit, I determined their assets were minimal and that the property was small in acreage and not well situated. In fact, there was not even a proper road to it. Naturally, we did not enter this arrangement.

Many times prospects that we cultivated assiduously never gave us anything. I remember as a particular example the situation with Peggy Colgate Egan of Rye, New York. This lovely little lady with considerable age upon her had been the sponsor of one of the professors of piano in our School of Music. It was through her that we became acquainted with Peggy Egan. She visited DeLand on more than one occasion, and we entertained her in the President's home. We enjoyed her in her own right, and we would have gladly entertained her even if we had not been interested in the fact that she was quite wealthy and a good prospect, we thought, for a large gift to Stetson.

On one of our visits to New York, Margaret, Doug Lee, and I drove to visit Peggy and have dinner with her in her very beautiful estate situated on the waterfront overlooking Long Island. It is not everyday that one gets the opportunity to have dinner in such a palatial setting and all of us enjoyed it. Peggy lived alone except for the servants. We had dinner in her beautiful dining room and were served by one of the servants. The thing that I remembered most about this dinner was the fact that we were served lobsters. I think this must have been one of the first times that Doug had been faced with the task of cracking and picking the meat out of a lobster. I am sure that he had eaten lobster before, but not in the way it was served. Consequently, I enjoyed watching his efforts!

By the time we returned to New York, it was getting late. I kept seeing a building which looked like the Empire State Building, and I asked if that was not what it was. Doug assured me that it was not because we had not come to the place where we should cross the Triborough Bridge. Nevertheless, the building kept getting closer over

on our right until everyone was convinced that, indeed, it was the Empire State Building, and we were obviously in Queens, having missed our turnoff. We had no map of the city. It was late, and we did not know what to do to get across to Manhattan. Getting off the freeway, we soon found ourselves driving through some of the streets of Queens without a place we felt comfortable in stopping and asking directions. Back on the expressway, we soon found ourselves at the La Guardia Airport exit. We pulled off on the emergency lane to try to decide what to do. About this time a patrolman came along and asked us what we were doing late at night in the emergency lane. We told him our predicament. He decided that we were truly bumpkins, told us to follow him until he would get us on the right route to go through the tunnel into Manhattan. He then stopped all traffic on that busy artery and waived us across to the proper lane pointing us in the right direction. We managed to get back safely with a great deal of appreciation for the patrolman and still wondering how we failed to make the proper turn from the expressway to go across the Triborough Bridge. We later discovered that numerous people made the same mistake because there was no exit marked to Manhattan. One had to take the exit to the Bronx.

With all of this, we never got so much as a dime, as I remember it, from dear Peggy Colgate Egan!

Fund raising has highs and lows, surprise and disappointment, excitement and frustration, success and failure. It also has, as I have already indicated, some wonderful stories attached.

Among the disappointments which we had in our solicitation of funds, one had to do with a long period of cultivation of Farris Rahall. Mr. Rahall had been a very successful entrepreneur in the television area and was now living in St. Petersburg. The first reference I have of a contact with him is April 24, 1979, when we visited him in his office there. He seemed very interested in the possibility of helping to fund and finding others to help fund a school of communications at Stetson.

He was a person with strong opinions and ideas of his own. In spite of his rough and ready nature, he seemed to be favorably inclined to us and toward Stetson, and we visited him several times in St. Petersburg. He became interested enough to make a trip to DeLand and heard our people make a presentation to him of what we would do and how much it would cost. Obviously, the cost would run into several millions of dollars. While the amount of money did not seem to phase him, his gift, together with the other gifts that he was to be able to bring together, never came to pass. We had to drop the idea of a school of communications.

The possibility of such a school was dear to my own heart. This was not to be a school in the traditional sense of a communications school, but one which would emphasize the kinds of communications which are more and more the state of the art today, dependent upon the computer and computer networks all around the world. I have no doubt had we been able to put together what I had in mind, today we would be at the cutting edge of all kinds of communication techniques, producing people who would have the ability to develop and operate communications networks among large industries, as well as handle communications in the more traditional ways.

One of the more fascinating stories relating to gifts began in the Edmunds administration. The president of Georgetown College in Kentucky talked to President Edmunds about a Baptist attorney in Louisville who very much wished Georgetown, a Baptist college, to start a law school. He indicated that he would be willing to make a significant contribution toward such an enterprise. The Georgetown president recognized

that was not a wise course for his college. He told Dr. Edmunds that the man in question, L. LeRoy Highbaugh, was still interested in contributing to a Baptist law school and suggested to Dr. Edmunds that he see Mr. Highbaugh.

President Edmunds quickly made contact with Highbaugh and developed a friendship with him leading him to become a member of the Board of Overseers of the College of Law and a member of the Board of Trustees of the University. On one occasion, Dr. Edmunds visited Highbaugh in his newly acquired mansion on a very large estate west of Louisville, an area now filled with buildings and people but then rolling farmland. The home had been built in the early nineteenth century and was indeed, a showplace. Mr. Highbaugh in showing Dr. Edmunds around the home took him into the very large attic. There, against the wall, was a large painting, obviously old, which appeared to be that of a judge. Dr. Edmunds said to Highbaugh, "LeRoy, that picture ought to be hanging in the Law School at Stetson." Highbaugh quickly agreed, indicating that the previous owners had left it, and that Edmunds was very welcome to take it for the Law School.

For several years it hung in the office complex of the dean. Dean Richard Dillon decided that the picture should be cleaned and appraised. He wisely involved experts at the Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota who discovered that the painting was by the great American portrait artist, Charles Wilson Peale. This meant that the painting was extremely valuable. To make a long story short, the painting was sold at auction for \$250,000. The sale took place prior to my administration, but I decided that we would let the investment of that money build until it had reached \$500,000 so that the endowment could become the basis of the endowed Highbaugh Chair of Law at the College of Law.

In the meantime, Highbaugh, Sr., had died and his son, Jr., replaced him on the Board of Trustees. He also formalized the gift of the painting to the Law School which, incidentally, enabled him to take the credit for the rather large charitable donation, a boon for him at the time since it was in a period when he was making a great deal of money in real estate and the development of property. Highbaugh, Jr., not being a lawyer, was not particularly interested in the Law School, but he did give the University a large holding of small houses on the west side of Louisville. At the time they were given, they were in reasonably good repair and were selling at a reasonable price. He, as a real estate agent, promised to handle the sale of them all. Unfortunately, the area soon became a transitional neighborhood, and the values went steadily downward. The property became almost a liability. Ultimately, the entire property was sold, but it never produced the sum that had been anticipated reasonably when the gift was made. I visited with Mr. Highbaugh in June of 1979 and had a firsthand view of the splendid development that he had achieved in the area west of Louisville where his father had acquired a large track of land.

Later, Mr. Highbaugh began to find it very difficult to get to board meetings. He resigned from the Board and, still later, became a trustee at Georgetown College and headed one of their capital fund campaigns.

One of the things I determined to do was to raise the level of expectation on the part of those that should and were able to give to the University. Sometimes, this takes a great deal of courage on the part of the asker. On the other hand, there is a certain compliment involved when one asks for large sums of an individual. It recognizes the financial capability of these people, as well as raising the level of their understanding of what the need is.

I shall never forget the visits in January of 1979 which Doug and I made to Doyle Carlton, Jr., on one day and Gene Lynn on the next. The Carlton family owned large tracts of land in the area of Tampa and Wauchula, Florida. I had been told that they had sold the mineral rights to some of it to the Mississippi Chemical Company for a multi-million dollar figure but still, of course, owned the land on which they had cattle and groves. In addition to other resources, Mrs. Carlton had inherited the Hav-a-Tampa Cigar Company and Doyle was serving as president. This company was housed in a relatively new structure near Bradenton, Florida, outside of Tampa, and it was there that we visited with Doyle.

Doyle is a wonderful person, very kind, and very committed to doing the right thing. I knew it was extremely important to Stetson for Doyle to be a major figure in any fund raising campaign which we undertook at Stetson; so, I had the temerity to ask Doyle for a gift of twenty million dollars. After the initial flush of anger, he indicated in his very gracious way that he could not do that--but he did give me a box of their finest cigars! Doyle did later pledge \$500,000 to our \$50 Million Dollar Campaign and became lay campaign chairman. So, even if I did create a bit of shock, it did not keep him from continuing to be one of the stalwarts of our Board of Trustees and of our fund raising efforts.

The next day we had an appointment with Eugene Lynn, the owner of the Lynn Group of Insurance Companies in Boca Raton, Florida. Gene was a Stetson alumnus who had given \$500,000 to endow a chair in the School of Business the year previous to my coming to Stetson, so he was already well placed among our best donors. Gene was another one who I knew had resources to do whatever he wanted to do. So, sitting in his beautiful office on the top floor of his headquarters building, I screwed up my courage and asked him for twenty million dollars. His reaction was somewhat more vociferous than Doyle's had been, and I think we did make him genuinely angry at the time. However, though he quickly told us that he could not give the twenty million, it did not stop him from being a very generous contributor to the University; and, in recent years, he has given three million to the University to purchase from the Resolution Trust Corporation the building in which the School of Business is housed, now called the Eugene and Christine Lynn Business Center.

A wealthy banker, Pick Hollinger, of Blountstown, Florida, traveled alone by train as a twelve year old from Blountstown in the Panhandle to DeLand to enter the Academy while it still existed at Stetson. Before I arrived at the University, Mr. Pick (as we called him) had given some money to endow an annual theology lectureship at the University. Consequently, one of my early visits (January 24, 1979) was made to see Mr. Pick. Blountstown is a long way from DeLand, so Doug and I picked an opportunity when we were to be in Tallahassee. We always enjoyed chatting with him about the old days at Stetson and hearing about his experience as a boy at the Academy. Obviously, he was now well advanced in age. We never missed a year in going to see Mr. Pick, especially after his very fine pastor assured us that we were in his will! In fact, he, at one point, told us that we were in for one-fifth. Since, it was estimated that Mr. Pick was worth several million dollars, we talked about how this money could be spent, especially in view of the fact that we thought it was designated for ministerial scholarships.

When Mr. Pick died, we were told that he left a trust, but we could never get any idea of the nature of this trust. Several years later, after his wife died, we heard that there were five beneficiaries, and we were one. This seemed to confirm the pastor's indication

that we were in for a fifth of the estate; so, once again, we became hopeful. Then one day, we were told that, indeed, there were five beneficiaries but that the other four got all of the money, and we got the family silver--and that from *her* trust! [As a footnote: We did discover that 60% of Mr. Pick's estate trust was left in the trustee's hands to parcel out the income to institutions or agencies of his choosing, within certain guidelines and after listening to the advice of a committee. In the will, Mr. Pick also commended Stetson to the trustee for consideration.]

This little episode simply illustrates the old adage; "Don't count your chickens until they hatch!" It, also, illustrates the fact that no matter how good a fund raiser you may be, and no matter how much you may think you have made the sale, all of your efforts in many instances are going to produce nothing or very little.

On the other hand, there are those instances in which you have done nothing and great benefits come in spite of that. Perhaps the best illustration is the Greenberg gift. Archie Greenberg lived a very private and spartan life in Daytona Beach for a number of years. He had given several millions of dollars to various institutions, principally to Brandeis. One day he was talking to his accountant, a Mrs. Costa, and told her that he had given all that he intended at that time to those institutions and was looking for another institution to which to give. She immediately told him about Stetson University where her own daughter was having a fine experience as a high school student playing in our orchestra.

Almost immediately he began to give rather large sums to us, and in the same way he made almost all his gifts to institutions. That is, he gave gift annuities. Then, when these annuities paid him, he turned around and gave most of that money back to the same or another institution, again as a gift annuity. Consequently, there were checks coming into him in a constant stream from gift annuities that he had made over the years. Mr. Greenberg wanted to be anonymous in his giving. He did not want any recognition dinners or banquets, and we of course acceded to his request. Ultimately, his gifts and the remainder of his estate, which he willed to us, amounted to over eight million dollars, making him one the largest single donors in the university's history.

So, a gift from a little Jewish man who wanted to remain anonymous came out of the blue, amounting ultimately to over eight million dollars and at the same time a gift only of his wife's family silver from a man we had cultivated over the years. So, maybe, one balances out the other!

There is another interesting aspect of large gifts. Many of them come in interesting forms. Of course the form, which we most appreciate is hard cash! But large gifts seldom come in that fashion. Large estate gifts frequently contain items that are difficult to sell or create problems in some way. For example, one of the largest gifts that Stetson has ever had came through the estate of John T. Rosa, a graduate of the Stetson College of Law and the son of C. B. Rosa, Stetson's first Bursar. This gift, which ultimately has amounted to nearly nine million dollars, was in the form of real estate along the New Jersey shore. In one sense, the University had to get into the development business in order to sell this property little by little to make liquid this remarkable estate gift.

Many gifts have involved appreciated stock which can be quickly turned into cash, though sometimes the donor wishes the University to keep the stock or it is advantageous for the University to keep the stock. For example, a gift to the Law School of Eckerd Drug stock from Jack Eckerd appreciated very rapidly so that the gift was ultimately worth much more than the original value.

One of the most difficult things is to say no to a donor who wishes to give property which is undesirable and would be nearly impossible to sell. Sometimes that has to be done. At other times, the gift is made and only after its receipt is it evident that there are problems. For example, I have mentioned the gift of property which turned out to have the mineral rights reserved on it and which has made it impossible for the University to sell with a title clear enough for buyers to make an offer. One of the most interesting gifts was the gift of a cemetery from Dennis McNamara. Though it took some time to dispose of this piece of property, it ultimately benefited the University to a tune of about \$600,000. One thing that we can be thankful for at Stetson is that, as far as I know, we have received no gift of boats! We did receive the gift of a Texas oil well on one occasion that proved to be a loser.

Fund raising can be travel intensive. In a period of six days in January of 1979, I went to Jacksonville to appear before the Trustees of the Jessie Ball duPont Charitable Trust; to Tallahassee to talk to legislators; from there to Blountstown to talk to Pick Hollinger whom I have mentioned above; to Bradenton to see Doyle Carlton; to the Law School in St. Petersburg; to Miami, then to Boca Raton to see Eugene Lynn; to Coral Gables to see the Ferrells; back to Jacksonville; to DeLand where I picked up Margaret; then we traveled to Ft. Myers for a preaching engagement at the First Baptist Church for Bryan Robinson, the pastor; and then back to DeLand. To be sure, not all weeks were as travel intensive as this one, but it was by no means a unique week.

The mention of the preaching engagement at Ft. Myers recalls a story. Margaret and I pulled into the Ft. Myers area about 9:00 p.m. and checked into a motel, which we had reserved. When I unpacked my suitcase, I came to realize that I had not put in my dress shoes. I had only some sports shoes, which were entirely unsuitable for preaching at the First Baptist Church in Ft. Myers the next morning. I knew there was no way to buy a pair of shoes at either that time on Saturday night nor the next morning before church. In desperation, I called Bryan Robinson, the pastor, and asked him if he had an extra pair of dress, black shoes. He replied that he did, but it became evident that his were some three sizes larger than my own. Nevertheless, I told him that I would be in his office well before the eleven o'clock hour of the service and would wear them, even if the shoes didn't fit! Indeed, they did not fit, but I had no alternative but to lace them up the best I could and clog out to the pulpit. When I got up to preach, I told the congregation that I was somewhat in awe to stand in the pulpit of Bryan Robinson, that he had big shoes to fill. I then proceeded to confess what had happened. The congregation got a good laugh, and I was received very warmly.

I have written so much about fund raising that one might think I was occupied by no other activity during 1978-79. Nothing could be further from the truth. Permit me to mention two other things that were happening. First of all, 1979 began our Self-Study preparation for the site visit of a team of the Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association of Colleges and Universities for our reaccreditation that occurs every ten years. As most of my readers would know, the type of Self-Study required by the Commission on Colleges takes more than a year to accomplish and requires an in-depth look at all the facets of university life, from the academic area to how the grounds are kept. Though faculty and other committees do most of the detailed work, the president obviously has a role to play and, to say the least, is very much concerned that the Self-Study will be well researched and appropriately stated.

Another issue which emerged during the year had to do with the desire of Universal Studios to film a significant segment of a movie, *Ghost Story*, on our campus

utilizing our buildings. We had a considerable debate about whether to permit this, especially in view of the fact that it would disrupt our schedule somewhat and would possibly bring discredit to the institution if the movie turned out to be incompatible with our image. It was with reference to this latter point that we had a most extensive discussion with the Universal representative. We told him the kind of institution we were as a church-related one, trying to uphold high moral standards. I was assured that this film would in no way compromise our standards. In fact, his great argument related to the fact that several of the older, very famous movie stars, Fred Astaire, Melvyn Douglas, John Houseman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were involved in this film and that they certainly would not lend their prestige and presence to a film which was not of quality or which had scenes which were objectionable.

So, on this basis we proceeded. Fred Cooper, our Director of Public Relations, worked closely with the Universal people in drawing up the contract and in bargaining with them about what they would do relative to compensating us and restoring the campus to the condition they found or improving it. For example, they did redecorate the president's office that they used in the film as the president's office of fictitious Browning University.

Unfortunately, all of the assurances with regard to the nature of the film were so much talk. When the film was released, it had enough questionable material and scenes to cause it to be given an R rating, and many of us were very unhappy about the result. Many of our friends, alumni, and constituents complained about it, and I could understand why. It proves again that it is almost impossible to be assured of the quality of the product when one does not completely control its production.

One of the truly traumatic experiences of the year came in January of 1979 when three of our students were killed in an avalanche in Austria. As occurred almost every year, our business school took thirty or forty students on a business tour of Europe during the January term. Overall, their experiences were very good, and they profited a great deal from visiting the headquarters of and getting briefings from major corporations in Europe. While in Austria, some of the students wanted to ski on a day when they had no other obligations. The tragedy was that one of the avalanches which sometimes occur on those Austrian Alps overtook three of them, and our campus was severely shocked and truly put into mourning.

Another thing which took a great deal of energy and time during this year was the effort I have earlier mentioned which we were making through the Independent Colleges and Universities of Florida (ICUF) to develop what came to be called the Tuition Voucher. During the legislative session in 1979, I was in Tallahassee over and over. One of the things which made these visits less onerous was the fact that our daughter Kathy was at FSU working on her master's degree in art history, and I would get opportunity on these Tallahassee visits to visit briefly with her and on occasion to have a meal with her.

Thankfully, on some of my trips, Margaret was able to accompany me. She especially enjoyed the trips to the Law School for the meetings of the Board of Overseers, since we usually stayed in the Firestone Apartment in the Law School; and, for her, it became something of a mini-holiday.

Speaking of holidays, Margaret and I took a brief trip to Lakey Knob in the North Carolina mountains, March 23-27. The Lloyd Horton's house had recently been built and they were leaving the heat on with the water connected. They invited us to stay there (our house was winterized, thus without water). One of the nicest things about that

brief interlude was the fact that it snowed while we were there. It was not enough to create any problem for us, but it was enough to make everything very beautiful.

We also had what amounted to a bit of vacation when we attended the Southern University Conference in April of 1979 at the Greenbrier in West Virginia. In fact, we celebrated Margaret's birthday on the 21st while we were there.

The trip to the Greenbrier was not without incident. The flight from Charlotte to Greenbrier had been over-booked. I was bumped; Margaret was not. She was very concerned about being alone to get from the airport to the hotel and into the hotel. Fortunately, FSU President, Bernie Sliger, was with us and promised to look after her-- which he did. I managed to get a flight to Roanoke. From there I had to rent a car to drive to Greenbrier. I was very fond of Bernie and I think he of me. We took some long walks together and talked about our mutual interests and problems during this conference at Greenbrier.

I always found the meetings of the Southern University Conference to be very stimulating because they did not deal with administrative problems but always had speakers and discussion, which caused us to think about issues other than those we were dealing with everyday. There were only about forty or fifty members and their spouses present at these meetings, so the group was small enough to truly engage in discussion.

One of things that I had wanted to do was to make some recognition of the service of John E. Johns as president of Stetson. We had no building which we could name for him, and I was delighted when Dr. Evans Johnson, Chairman of the History Department, came up with the idea that we could remodel some space on the third floor of Elizabeth Hall into a very nice lecture room and name it for John. This seemed very appropriate to me, especially since John for many years had done his teaching on that floor as a faculty member in the department of history. So, at Homecoming, John and Martha were present for a ceremony of dedication of the John E. Johns Lecture Room. Later, we were able to hang his portrait in DeLand Hall. Mrs. Claribel Jett of Tallahassee, a Stetson alumna and a portrait painter, volunteered her services and provided us with John's portrait. Incidentally, in the meantime, an artist in New York had painted Dr. Edmunds portrait, and it, too, was hung in DeLand Hall. I discovered we also possessed portraits of Forbes, Hulley, and Allen. We gathered all of these together and commissioned a portrait of Paul Geren. Mrs. Geren and her daughter came for the unveiling. Thus, we had all of the previous president's portraits for a kind of president's gallery on the first floor of DeLand Hall. However, I am getting ahead of my story since the renovation of DeLand Hall did not occur until later!

One of the things that we had been able to accomplish, in large measure through the generosity of Mrs. Flagler Matthews, was the completion of the renovation of Flagler Hall. We had intended for her to help us with the presentation of that renovated hall, as well as to receive an honorary degree at the May commencement. Unfortunately, I received word in March that Mrs. Matthews had died, quite unexpectedly, while on a visit to Hawaii.

We invited her son, Will Matthews, to come and help us with the presentation of Flagler Hall and to receive the degree for his mother, posthumously. We had great hopes that Will might keep up his mother's interest in Stetson, but that has not materialized.

I frequently had meetings with the Trustees of the Jessie Ball duPont Charitable Trust in Jacksonville. On one of these meetings, April 3, 1979, I witnessed a very fascinating event. Ed Ball and Bill Mills had been close friends of each other and confidants of Mrs. duPont. Unfortunately, Ed Ball had become very unhappy with Mills,

and there occurred a very deep enmity, so deep, in fact, that they would not appear together in any meeting of any kind. My earlier meetings with the Jessie Ball duPont Trust had been with a board always lacking one or the other of these men. On this particular occasion, whether by accident or by design, Ed Ball came into the meeting a bit late when Mills was already present. I and the other of the trustees watched very carefully with somewhat bated breath. Fortunately, there was no confrontation, and both of them remained through the meeting. I think there was some degree of reconciliation, which I always attributed to the fact that they both wanted to be with me!

The Jessie Ball duPont Charitable Trust was very good to Stetson during my administration so long as the original trustees were involved. When the ones who were close to Mrs. duPont were no longer on the board, the priorities and approach to grant making changed radically, which shows again the fact that one cannot control the actions of a group of trustees of a trust or foundation beyond one's death. I have told many wealthy people that the best way to be certain one's wealth will be used in the way one wishes is to give it to a college endowment with the stipulation of how its proceeds are to be used, then they will be used in that way.

Personnel issues were almost constant as they are with any enterprise, which is labor intensive, as is university work.

I took a keen interest in interviewing all of the new faculty candidates. I believed that the most important thing that we did as university administrators was making decisions as to whom to employ on the faculty. After all, faculty are those who are doing the essential work of a university; and, ultimately, they are the ones who make a university whatever it is. My effort in these interviews was principally to try to determine whether or not these candidates would be a good fit for the nature of Stetson University as an institution which was church-related but more important, was committed to Christian values. I consistently indicated to prospective faculty members that this was the nature of Stetson and that they should not consider coming should they be offered the position unless they felt comfortable living and teaching in that context. I was always pointing out that we were not narrowly sectarian, that we were not even saying that every faculty member had to be an active church member, but that we did not feel that faculty members could be happy teaching here unless they accepted the University for what it is.

One of the most important appointments was for a new dean of the School of Business. Edward C. Furlong was retiring from that position after a very long and distinguished career at the University. Ed played football while a student, had served as a teacher, as the chief fiscal officer, and for many years as the Dean of the School of Business.

I did not look forward to having to find a person to fill his role. However, as things turned out, we were able to fill the position with a very accomplished and experienced individual, David Nylan. David had taught at Stetson several years before, and I had interviewed him for a position at Georgia Southern while I was president there (perhaps while I was still Vice President). He had, instead, taken a position at North Florida University and later had joined the consultant firm of Boos, Allen and Hamilton in New York City. Although this was a fine position, he had gotten tired of the commute into New York and the pressure under which he lived. With respect to this latter, when he resigned the position of dean here, he indicated to me that he had found just as much pressure as dean and that the principal reason for resigning was the fact that though he had escaped the commute in coming here, he had not escaped the pressure.

One of the things that I did do before I recommended the appointment of Dave Nylén was to take his resume to Jacksonville and to sit down with J. E. Davis, Chairman of the Board of Winn-Dixie. He had been unhappy with Dean Furlong's lack, as J. E. saw it, of a follow-up on what he said he would do when the Davis' gave the business building. I reviewed Nylén's resume with Davis and asked him what he thought. He seemed pleased enough and indicated his approval.

I was not going to allow even his disapproval prevent me from doing what I thought was best for the University, but I did want to get his input before I made my final decision. I also took an opportunity to take Nylén to visit with J.E. after Dave became dean. All of this did not reap any benefit with respect to a gift from J. E., but maybe it did help us with his son, Dano Davis, who became a trustee and is now Chairman of the Board of Winn-Dixie following upon his father's death.

Another type of personnel problem relating to faculty occurred in the spring of 1979. Professor Geoffrey Gilbert, who was Keenan Professor, and one of the great flute teachers in the world, was offered a follow-up contract, even though he had come to retirement age. Geoffrey decided that he would not sign his contract until we agreed to permit him to cease conducting the Stetson Symphony Orchestra. Dean Langston of the School of Music was not willing to do that, and he and I talked to Geoffrey about the fact that the orchestra was one of the main reasons for his employment. (He did a great job with the orchestra.) Furthermore, we had no other faculty position that we could make available to the orchestra. Geoffrey was quite incensed that we were not willing to accede to his request in view of the many flute students who came to Stetson because of him. It is true that he did have a number of students, some coming from abroad. On the other hand, we were not in a position to use a whole faculty position to teach only flute.

Geoffrey was stubborn and so were we. Thus, we parted company.

Geoffrey remained a good friend and did very well in retirement with his private pupils and his master classes that he taught with renown throughout the world.

Geoffrey's wife, Marjorie, taught speech and drama for us. She had been an actress in London until she married Geoffrey when she gave up her promising career to become a wife, mother, and manager for Geoffrey's career. She continued to teach for us until her later retirement. She was a very dear friend of my wife, Margaret, and she indicated to Margaret how disappointed she was that Geoffrey was so stubborn about signing his contract; so, she held no grudge against us. There are few people who have ever served on the Stetson faculty who were more greatly loved than Marjorie Gilbert.

Later, upon Geoffrey's death she asked if I would conduct a memorial service and speak. I gladly did this. Then, when she died, Monya and John, their children asked me to do her memorial service in Elizabeth Hall. Again, I was honored to do this.

I never hear a recording by James Galway, the magnificent flutist, without thinking of Geoffrey and Marjorie. Geoffrey taught Galway who has always appreciated Geoffrey and Marjorie. In fact, if he were giving a concert in the general area, he would always invite Marjorie to come as his guest. Furthermore, he invited Marjorie and Monya to take a vacation in his Swiss chalet, which they did, I believe, on more than one occasion. Monya is the Manager for the Academy of St. Martins in the Fields of London, the most recorded orchestra in the world, and John is a television producer in London. They are both worthy products of Geoffrey and Marjorie.

Stetson University had been affiliated with the Florida Baptist Convention for most of its existence. Generally, the chief employed executive of the Convention (this position has gone under several titles through the years--corresponding secretary,

executive secretary, executive director) has been supportive of Stetson, but there had been times of conflict.

I was fortunate in coming to Stetson as president when Harold C. Bennett was Executive Secretary of the Florida Baptist Convention. Dr. Bennett worked well with my predecessor, John E. Johns, and he continued to be very cooperative with me in my first two years as president. Thus, I felt a strong loss when he decided to leave Florida and go to become Executive Director of the Executive Committee of the Southern Baptist Convention in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1979.

I was naturally quite concerned about who would be his successor and, indeed, tried to influence the decision. Fortunately, Dan C. Stringer was elected to become Bennett's successor. Dan and I shared a warm personal relationship throughout the rest of my administration. Nevertheless, it was quite obvious that he had no great interest in the institutions of the Convention. They were not his top priority. He did nothing to undermine our relationship to the Convention; but, by the same token, he never mounted any great campaign on our behalf. I suppose I could not fault him in this, and I certainly appreciated the fact that he resisted any takeover of the Convention by the right wing Fundamentalist element. He had a tight rope to walk, and I understood this.

The Commencement of May, 1979, was unusual in two respects. First, Governor Bob Graham was the speaker. Those of us making up the Independent Colleges and Universities of Florida (ICUF) had been putting a great deal of pressure on Governor Graham to support tuition voucher legislation that might come out of the legislature. In fact, the legislative committee of ICUF, I being a member, met with Governor Graham in his office on May 10 just shortly before our commencement to lobby him on this point. Unfortunately, when the legislation was finally approved, we received word that the Governor had written a veto message. I immediately got on the phone and asked Doyle Carlton, Marie Dawson, and Frank Wheeler to call the Governor and urge him not to do that. The Governor owed each one of these because of significant favors they had done for him in recent days and months. Whether because of their influence, I shall never know, but he did not exercise the veto, much to our great delight.

The second unusual feature of the commencement in 1979 was the fact that we gave honorary degrees to three alumni, each of whom was dean of a seminary; namely, Morgan Patterson, Dean at Golden Gate Baptist Theological Seminary; John Howell, Dean at Midwestern Baptist Theological Seminary; and Cyril Garrett, Dean at the Seminary of the West. Patterson preached the Baccalaureate sermon. All of these had been my students. All had been students at Stetson together, Garrett graduating in 1948, Howell in 1949, and Patterson in 1950! An unusual situation to say the least.

So, my second year at Stetson ended on an encouraging note. We had weathered several storms and were moving toward getting into high gear. We did not know that another storm, a quite literal one, would welcome our freshmen in September, but more of that in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXII

STETSON UNIVERSITY III MAKING PROGRESS 1979-1982

The academic year 1979-80 was ushered in like the wind--literally by a hurricane named David. (At the time we did not know that there would be another hurricane named David Duncan Jones, a grandson, coming into the world in 1982.) Our freshmen had come for orientation on September 2. They had spent one night in the residence halls when David showed up, the night of September 3, 1979.

It was with considerable concern that we followed the approach of David as it brought destruction in the Caribbean and moved up the Atlantic coast of Florida. Before it died on September 7, David had caused 1,100 deaths in all, so it truly was a storm to be concerned about as it approached the coast of Volusia County. It was heading straight toward us.

In the meantime, we had seen to it that all of our students had bedded down on the ground floor of their residence halls, and we had prepared the campus as best we could. Lest I should be cut off from communications with our central operations center in the Carlton Union Building, Margaret and I moved over to one of the guest rooms in that building for the night. The winds began to rise in strength, and the rains came. I kept a radio tuned to the reports, and until well past midnight it appeared that the hurricane would pass directly over us. Then, almost as if by a miracle, as the eye came near to the southeastern border of Volusia County, David veered to the north-northeast, remaining at sea but passing near the coast along the length of the county. Thus, we were spared the full force of the blow, even though there was a considerable amount of trash, including downed limbs and trees, to clean up afterwards.

The hurricane was not the only exciting thing happening just prior to and after the opening of the fall session. For one thing, we were feverishly trying to develop our plans for the financial campaign which we were convinced had to occur. Our needs continued to pile up. In addition to the annual concerns for salary, library development, new positions, and on and on, there were constantly occurring new capital needs. For example, though the Edmunds Center was fewer than six years old, there were already serious leaks in the roof. Indeed, leaky roofs became the bane of my existence, especially those on buildings that had built-up, flat roofs. I once stated that as long as I should have anything to do with it, we would never again build a building with a flat roof on the Stetson campus!

But it was not only roofs. Virtually every building on campus was in need of renovation and some of complete rehabilitation. The best example of this was DeLand Hall. This building, the oldest in constant use in higher education in Florida, had been saved from being torn down by the action of the Board of Trustees earlier, but the interior was in very bad shape. I was determined that we would make it into something both attractive and useful.

As Vice President Lee and I talked about our campaign, we decided, in spite of the fact that a consultant had said we could raise only about seven million, that no less than fifty million should be our goal. Fearful that the campaign might take away from our annual fund needs, we decided that we would not make it a straight capital needs campaign but rather a comprehensive campaign. Thus, we structured the campaign to include annual fund needs, capital needs, and deferred gifts.

In August of 1979, we had a meeting of knowledgeable persons, including Doyle Carlton, Mark Hollis, Kenneth Kirchman, and Amory Underhill, to develop a prospect list for our campaign. It was during this meeting that we received an encouraging piece of news that Ernest A. Rano, a law graduate, had begun the process of transferring ownership to us of approximately a thousand acres of property just west of the St. Johns River on Highway 44. His plan was to give us undivided interest of 20% each year until the entire property was ours. Fortunately, he also amended his will to bequeath the entire property should he die before he had completed transferring the whole of it. It so happened that he did die in a relatively short period of time after starting the process, so we came into possession of a very valuable piece of land.

When we presented our plans for a \$50,000,000 campaign to the development committee of the Board of Trustees, there was a considerable amount of skepticism in the committee that it could or should be done. It was agreed that though the committee would recommend that we be allowed to begin, no announcement of the campaign should be made until we had raised at least ten million dollars. Furthermore, the time for the entire campaign should be placed at ten years. There was great concern that any campaign we should undertake should have a goal that we could achieve. Though Doug and I believed that this was a very achievable goal, we were in full agreement with the committee that we should not undertake a campaign, which would fall short of its mark and leave a bad taste in the mouths of everyone.

I have a vivid picture in my mind of Trustee Mark Hollis exclaiming with great vigor that though he would go along with this recommendation, when we completed the campaign, he did not want to hear of any other campaign for the rest of his days. I did not say anything in response to this remark, though I knew we were, in one sense, through this simply means setting up a continuous program of fund raising at the University. The postscript is that Mark not only became one of the greatest supporters of the campaign, but he has since, both in his own giving and in his challenge to other trustees, been in the forefront of leadership of the present two hundred million campaign.

One of the significant days in the life of the University came on February 15, 1980, when the development committee met for breakfast for its members to make their own pledges toward the campaign. Prior to this meeting, Richard Beauchamp had indicated that he was going to make a large pledge--as I remember the size was to be \$150,000. As we started around the table asking for pledges, we began with Kenneth P. Kirchman. Ken proceeded to set the tone, for which I have been constantly grateful. He not only pledged a million dollars, the first time an individual had done such a thing at Stetson, but he made such an eloquent statement that none of us were unmoved by it. And it so happened that the Executive Director of the Florida Baptist Convention, Dr. Dan Stringer, was present and, afterwards, he asked if he could get a copy of Ken's remarkable statement. He knew that we were recording the session. We were happy to supply him with it.

That event and that statement marked a turning point in the history of Stetson, because it marked a turning point in the fund raising atmosphere and mood of the University. In one brief moment, the stakes were raised. People who thought \$10,000 was a great gift, even though they had millions, now were challenged to see in a whole new light what they needed to do. As we moved around the table and came to Doyle Carlton, he almost apologized for pledging only \$500,000, when, I am quite sure, he had earlier thought that his pledge would be the lead pledge. By the time we got to Richard Beauchamp he had upped his to \$250,000. Truly, this was a great day, and the development committee was able to report to the Board of Trustees later that day, as I

remember, about four million dollars in pledges. One had come in anonymously (it was soon known as the pledge of J. Ollie Edmunds) of \$1, 500,000.

Of course, these were the easy pledges. Doug and I knew that it was going to be largely up to us to see that the fifty million was raised. Our development staff was exceedingly small; and though we had some help from trustees and alumni, it was meager.

I shall be mentioning various events in the process of meeting the campaign objective as this story proceeds, but I should note at this point that it was not too long until we were able to report to the board that we had raised fourteen million and were given the green light to go public with our campaign. Furthermore, we were able to conclude the \$50,000,000 Campaign in approximately half the time that the trustees had projected.

Though there had been in existence an active alumni association, there had been some reluctance to say much about the need for their financial support. We knew that the campaign could not be a success without the support of alumni, so we did not hesitate to tell them at every opportunity we had of the need for their active participation in bringing the campaign to a successful conclusion.

From the beginning of my administration, I had tried to visit alumni groups near by and far away. One of the first such groups I met with was in Orlando at the Citrus Club. I remember that occasion very well. Indeed, there was a large crowd and an enthusiastic one. It was there that I first came to appreciate Nestor de Armas who has been a very fine, supportive alumnus through the years. I virtually blanketed Florida with my visits from Naples and Miami on the south to Tallahassee and Pensacola in the panhandle and Jacksonville in the north.

Some of the most delightful experiences along this line occurred each year in Washington and New York. The Board of Music Advisors enjoyed having one of their meetings in New York each year so that they would have opportunity to go to the opera and other musical events in that city. Our plan, virtually without exception, was to go to Washington for a meeting with the Martha Johns Alumni Chapter, which was inspired by and developed by Amory Underhill, and then on to New York for an alumni meeting and a meeting of the Board of Music Advisors. Margaret always accompanied me on these trips, and it was our practice in New York to stay in the University Club where I had a presidential membership by virtue of the fact that we had alumni members in that club.

Pardon a little diversion. In those days, the University Club was closed to women, though they were permitted to stay with spouses in the rooms and to eat in the ladies dining room or wait in the ladies waiting room. This anachronistic practice was later destroyed by the tax code, which would not allow companies to pay the club fee for its executives without tax consequences, if women were prohibited from being members and were, in other ways, discriminated against.

Another memorable trip came in August of 1979 when Margaret and I went to California for an alumni meeting at Mill Valley near San Francisco. Chancellor Edmunds was spending his summer in a condo that he and his new wife, Martha, owned in Santa Rosa. He and Martha came to the meeting and then provided us with a memorable tour.

I should here note that Dr. Edmunds had, many years before, together with two partners, bought the Empire Redwood Company with its center at Gualala on the northern coast of California. These holdings amounted to approximately 30,000 acres of magnificent redwoods. This was a managed redwood forest, off of which thousands of board feet were selectively cut each year. Originally, the logs were taken to a large sawmill in Gualala that belonged to the company and there made into lumber. By the

time I am speaking about, the company had closed the sawmill and simply sold the logs. The little town of Gualala had been heavily dependent upon the sawmill and, for a time, there was great resentment toward the owners, but the town soon revived with the tourist business largely out of San Francisco and today is a very thriving coastal resort area.

Dr. Edmunds had given the University about 70 or 80 acres of redwood property near the little town of Gualala. He and Martha drove us up Highway 1 along the magnificent coast of California to Gualala and to the Stetson property, then on to Santa Rosa.

It was on this trip, also, that Margaret and I drove in a rental car to see Henry and Billie Stetson in their home in Woodland Hills near Hollywood. Henry at this time was in his 90's and had had a stroke that had left his speech very difficult to understand. Frequently Billie, his lovely wife, had to translate for us. He, nevertheless, was still his ornery self. Perhaps I should give a little history.

John B. Stetson, Sr., had three sons. One, Ben, died very young, and John B. built the Chapel in Elizabeth Hall in part in his memory. In fact, there is a plaque in front of that Chapel dedicating it to this boy. The other two sons were John B., Jr., and Henry. John B., Jr. was a very sober minded and responsible person. He later was an ambassador and served on the Stetson Board for many years, part of the time as chairman. He had a dispute with President Allen and refused to come to Board meetings for some time. When Dr. Edmunds came into the presidency, John B., Jr., came back, and I remember glimpsing him when I was a young professor at Stetson in the late 40's and early 50's.

Henry was quite the opposite of John B., Jr. Henry was a playboy. He never worked, and he could run through money easily and quickly. The story I have heard is that the father, knowing the temperament of the two sons, set up a trust for Henry so that he could not touch the principal but could live easily off the income. On the other hand, he gave John his birthright outright. Thus, while John, who apparently was not a very good manager, died in a walkup apartment, virtually without funds, Henry lived "the life of Riley" until he died in his nineties.

Whether the story is entirely true or not, I do not know. I do know that Henry built for himself a huge home in California where he could entertain and sleep fifty or more guests at the time. Furthermore, he built what was billed as the largest swimming pool in California. He showed me pictures of this pool, and it looked like a large lake! At that place, he threw parties to end all parties. Once, when he and his wife were visiting in New York, the rains came in California, and the mudslides filled his house until most of the furniture was completely covered with mud, and the whole thing had to be abandoned. He showed me the headlines in the Los Angeles paper about what had happened to his house. He also showed me pictures of the interior with the mud. After this disaster he bought the place in Woodland Hills where I visited with him.

Henry was very proud of the fact that he had never worked but one week in his life and that in his father's factory. The other thing he was proud of was the fact that he never went to college. In addition to partying, his great love was automobiles. He showed me numerous pictures of early automobiles that he had owned, sports cars of all kinds. He, too, had been on the board of Stetson, but I cannot find that he made much of a contribution either in funds or activity with respect to the Board.

Henry was very proud of his father, as well he should be, and he proudly showed me the bust of his father, which had stood in the entrance to the great Stetson hat manufacturing plant in Philadelphia. He also pointed out that it would come to Stetson on his death, as it did. It now sits in the Board Room of DeLand Hall.

The story on that came from Mr. Harshaw who as president and then chairman of the board of the John B. Stetson Company had the disagreeable task of disposing of the physical assets of the company when the plant in Philadelphia was shut down. Mr. Harshaw said that Henry pled with him for the bust of Mr. Stetson. Harshaw had seen to it that a great many pieces of furniture, which were in Mr. Stetson's home in Philadelphia, came to Stetson, including the great clock, the large case, and the sideboard in DeLand Hall. After Henry had pled with him for the bust of his father, Mr. Harshaw told him that he could have it, but only under the condition that it be given to Stetson University at Henry's death. Thus, we came into possession of it.

Margaret and I found the visit with the Stetsons a very interesting one to say the least. For me, as an historian, to be in touch with the son of one of the founders of the University was worth the trip to California. We also found Mrs. Stetson, Billie, a delight. She is something of a painter, and in their family room on the wall was a painting of a Mexican woman, which Margaret commented upon as being a very lovely painting. Billie simply reached up on the wall and handed it to Margaret as a gift. We have enjoyed that painting through the years and have been reminded of Billie and of our visit to Woodland Hills. (Billy died in the spring of 1994.)

During this same trip, I visited with several of our alumni in the area, including Jack Anttonen who was vice president of California Mutual Insurance Company and who kindly housed us in his very upscale club, the Balboa Bay Club in Newport Beach. I was also given a tour of Intel by Walter Gould, an alumnus who was then one of the persons representing Intel, particularly to the Japanese.

Any University has certain programs that do not fit the normal academic mode. They are frequently called special programs and include such things as institutes and consortia.

In the case of Stetson, the University had been involved in forming a consortium of institutions along the I-4 corridor including Rollins, Florida Southern, and Eckerd (then Florida Presbyterian). This consortium supported overseas study for the students of these colleges. Like many consortia, the program failed as a consortium, but Stetson continued the basic program as a study abroad program that permitted students from other institutions to enroll if they desired.

I was very pleased when I came to Stetson to learn about this study abroad program, and I tried to support it in every way I could. At the time of my arrival, Elsie "Cricket" Minter was the director of this program. One of my early introductions to it came in July of 1979 with the visit of Ingrid Wulf, the director of our study abroad center at the Paedagogische Hochschule, Freiburg, Germany. She proved to be a very delightful and able person who added credence to my already fine opinion of the study abroad program. She also extended an invitation to Margaret and me to visit the program that we did later. At that time we also had centers at the University of Madrid of Spain and in French speaking Switzerland at the University of Neuchatel.

Another program, which was of great interest to me, was the Summer Opportunity Program. This program allowed students who did not quite come up to Stetson's admissions standards to attend a summer program with the idea of strengthening their basic skills and, if successful, allowing their admission to the University in the fall. This program had proven its worth, and I was further impressed when, in August of 1979, I met George Carefoot who was then president of the Flagship People's Bank in Tallahassee. George told me that he was one of those who would never have made it into Stetson except for the Summer Opportunity Program. He had apparently paid little attention to studies during his high school career and did not qualify for regular admission. He also said that a few weeks before he had been called to jury duty, and

when the judge walked in, he recognized him as Dick Hood who was with him in that same Summer Opportunity Program. So, here was living proof of the value of giving these academically borderline people a chance--a bank president and a judge.

Another program which was more integrally a part of the academic year but which had enough distinctiveness to be spoken of as a separate program was the Stetson Winter Term. It had been introduced in January of 1966, and though it had been changed somewhat in its intent and in its length (it was now four weeks when it had been five weeks in the beginning), it was a time for innovative learning experiences not usually available during other parts of the academic year. It also provided opportunity for study travel, including to Russia, by business students through Europe, and a trip, which Professor Wayne Bailey of Political Science took students to the United Nations, and to the Nation's Capital.

Late in the 1978-79 year, Professor Brad Crain came in to talk about the Winter Term, since he was the chairman for the next year. Through that and other experiences with him, I learned to appreciate his abilities and his administrative potential. Later, when he came to me speaking of his desire to move into administration and of having the opportunity to go as head of the English department at Armstrong State College in Savannah, Georgia, I encouraged him to do it if administration was his goal. He did, and from there went to be the vice president at Lincoln Memorial University in Tennessee and then to the presidency at Lees-McRae College in North Carolina.

There were also continuing suggestions and pressures for other special programs. One of the most interesting of these came from Ross Allen, the famous herpetologist who had become well known through his activities at Silver Springs. He came by to see me the last of July in 1979. Ross had attended Stetson for a time, and he was proposing that he develop a survival course, which Stetson could offer. It would be one in which its students would be required under his supervision to survive on the land for a given period of time. Ross was so well known, and he had done so much in this area of survival on the land, that I knew it might just work. At that time, Stetson owned acreage in the Everglades that had been given to us by Trustee Ralph Ferrell. I suggested this might be a place where such a course could be presented. Ross left my office with the idea that he would work on his proposal further, and we would get back together. In early January of 1980 he was back in my office with some additional thoughts about this survival school. Not too long after that he died, and the program never materialized.

All the while that things were happening with my official life as president of Stetson, there were things going on with my personal life, as well as events only marginally related to Stetson.

For example, for a number of years, Dr. Samuel Tillman in Statesboro had been giving me an annual physical examination, and he served also as our family physician. The first year I was in DeLand, I was so inordinately busy that I did not have my annual physical, but I realized that I must do that. However, I did not have a family physician in DeLand. At that time, it was very difficult to get any physician here to take new patients.

A young physician, who had not been in DeLand very long, kindly took us on. He was Donald J. Stoner, the son of a Baptist minister, Guy A. Stoner, whom I knew. Dr. Stoner gave me a very thorough physical examination, and I thought that I had found my physician for the rest of the time I was in DeLand. However, within another year or so, he decided that he was going to move to Alaska to practice. This left me, again, without a local physician. It was then that I decided that I would get my annual physical from Sam Tillman in Statesboro each year on the way from the mountains. I have been doing that ever since.

In the meantime, there were occasions when I needed to have a local physician, so I turned to W. Landon Smith, the University physician, who also practiced in the city. Dr. Smith had been Stetson's physician for many, many years and, though he had given up his regular practice, continued to be the University physician until his complete retirement in 1995.

I have stayed remarkably free of illness. I even have had very few colds. Margaret and I have made certain that we get flu shots, so we have been able to go through the flu seasons without contracting that disease. I did have a frightening episode once when I became very ill during a breakfast Rotary Club meeting. I shall describe this episode in a later chapter.

One thing that I have been plagued with is an infected sebaceous cyst. I had one or two of these excised when I was in Wake Forest, and I have missed few years without having at least one, with a consequent necessity of having them removed.

In addition to these cysts, the other thing, which has bothered me physically, is a mouth full of teeth that had to be filled, two or three of which had to be extracted, and a couple which had to have root canals. But there is always a bright side--my gums are in great shape! Margaret has had few cavities in her life, but she has constant problems with her gums for which she has had to have surgery on several occasions. I have often remarked that the Lord gave us teeth to keep us humble.

Though one may be himself reasonably healthy, he is always saddened by the illnesses and problems relating to the health of others. One of the sad episodes of this period had to do with my former Stetson and Southeastern student, John Howell, who was a marvelous preacher. John had begun to behave in ways that were not characteristic of him, and in September of 1979 he died. It was then determined that he had had a cancerous tumor in his brain. The only bright side of that for his family was the fact that it did help explain some of his behavioral patterns that were so uncharacteristic of John. John had been pastor of the First Baptist Church in DeLand, which after his death named a section of its building for him.

It was not long after John's death that Randy Chauvin, the son of Dean Chauvin and his wife Della, died of a brain tumor (November 29, 1979). Randy was a graduate student at the University of Chicago, and his fiancée insisted on their being married, even though she knew he had only a brief time to live. This was a very sad case, indeed, for Randy was a very highly intelligent person just beginning what could have been an extremely productive life. His death left the Chauvins with only one child, so the blow to the Chauvins was especially devastating. Later, it became evident that Della was not her normal self, and was diagnosed as having Alzheimer's disease. It has been a particularly difficult time for Bob Chauvin during his last few years at Stetson and in retirement. (Della died in February of 1997.)

There have been so many instances of sadness connected with the Stetson family that I have no intention of speaking of them all in this context, but each situation has brought sadness to our hearts and a special loss personally and to the University. I think, for example, the untimely death of Carter Colwell at the height of his powers. Here was a man who was truly a genius, a marvelous teacher, head of the English department, the Macebearer for the University, and a person whose creativity and wit has been seldom matched.

On a happier note, my boyhood friend in Muskogee, Oklahoma, John Hannah, called me up one day and asked if I would come and speak at the 75th Anniversary of the Central Baptist Church where my father had been pastor. I was thrilled to do this, and Margaret and I made that journey, September 15-17, 1979. John was very gracious to us.

I not only enjoyed being with the church on that occasion but also seeing many of my earlier haunts through the courtesy of John.

Another surprise call upon me came from Everette Huskey, whom I have mentioned earlier, to perform the marriage for him and his fiancée, Grace. Again, I was pleased at this request, and Margaret and I went to his Sweetwater home in Orlando where I performed the ceremony October 23, 1979, before a very small group, principally her family from a previous marriage.

The retelling of this also reminds me of a similar request I received later from Ken Kirchman and Deanna to perform their ceremony in Las Vegas, Nevada, where they planned to be married. Ken was going to fly me and Margaret out in his plane and put us up in excellent quarters. Naturally, I would have enjoyed doing this. However, upon checking with authorities in Nevada, I learned that only residents of Nevada were permitted to perform marriages unless they happened to be kin to the groom or bride. Thus, I did not qualify to perform their wedding. I suppose that the performance of weddings in Nevada is such a large business that the State does not want its own people to be deprived of this income! It seems a bit strange, for, though I have performed a number of ceremonies, I certainly have not become rich!

Back in the days when gold coins were available, it was the habit of grooms to give the minister a gold coin, most usually a \$10 gold piece (which is probably equivalent to \$50 or more today). It was also the general custom that the minister would then give these coins to his own wife. My mother had a small collection of gold coins when the United States called in all gold coins and replaced them with paper bills. There were some people who kept the gold, in spite of the law, but that was certainly not the instance with my parents. But what those gold coins would be worth today, with gold selling above \$380 an ounce, would be hard to imagine. Gold at that time was pegged by the government at \$32 an ounce and remained that way for a number of years until the United States stopped controlling the price of gold.

But, back to matters relating to the University.

Dean Richard Dillon of the College of Law first approached me in September of 1979 about his wishing to resign. This came as quite a shock to me. I had enough things on my plate at that time to fully involve me, and I did not need another. I was able to persuade him to stay until the end of 1980-81. This gave us a bit more time to study the situation at the law school and to plan for a national search. A committee was appointed, and I met with them August 25, 1980. The search was thorough, and the committee finally presented me with three names. It was my habit to instruct all search committees to present three names to me, unranked. I felt that a president needed this kind of leeway. Once such a committee presents a ranking, if the president does not choose the number one candidate, he or she is in some difficulty.

In the case of the Law School, there were some excellent people on the final list. One who was favored by a great many of the alumni and others outside of the University and who was politically prominent, had no experience in academia and certainly not as a dean. I needed someone who was tried in the fires of academia and chose Bruce Jacob who was the current dean of the Walter George College of Law at Mercer University. Jacob had the advantage of also being an alumnus of Stetson College of Law. In addition, he had moved the Mercer Law School from the campus to a site some three or so miles away. Thus, he knew something about a school whose campus was not on the main campus. In addition, in my discussions with him, I became convinced that he would be anxious to improve relations between the two campuses of the University and would participate in our president's cabinet meetings. I never regretted this decision. Jacob did

bring the campuses closer together, and he greatly improved the feeling of the alumni toward the school.

One of the things that I discovered about Stetson when I came was the fact that there was little in the way of written administrative policies. To some extent this was understandable, since the institution had been relatively small and until recent years it had to be little concerned about personnel policies and issues which are created by governmental and other outside agencies.

By the time I arrived, all of this was changing very rapidly. It soon became evident that we would have to develop a significant policy manual and, particularly, develop an independent personnel office. Mr. Edmondson, who was Vice President for Business and Finance, in addition to all his other duties, had also been carrying the load of developing and handling personnel policies with only one secretary. As I look back upon it, I do not see how he had been able to do this as well as it had been done, even within the circumstances I have noted above. As soon as it was financially possible, we set up a budget for a personnel director. In August of 1980, I interviewed Wayne Hanks who had been with Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University. He proved to be our man, and he began to make sense out of our personnel policies.

But personnel issues were not the only issues that had to be both decided and written down. In the process of development, the administrative offices and staff worked very hard to develop such a manual. Some faculty issues also had to be hammered out, particularly the tenure policy. All of this took time, energy, and a considerable amount of give and take.

There were so very many items which seem routine now, but which took a considerable amount of time and attention. For example, the three banks in town (later to be many) were unhappy about how we were handling our funds relative to their own situations. For instance, the banks which did not have our personnel accounts wanted them. I never quite understood this because, basically, it was money in and money out; but I suppose they thought by having these accounts they would touch all of our people. The problem was that we had direct deposits, so most of us never knew which bank was handling the personnel accounts. In any case, we had to make a decision. The decision was to rotate our accounts on a several year cycle. That way, each bank got its turn to have personnel accounts and the other accounts.

One of the more enjoyable aspects of my life both at Georgia Southern and at Stetson was my involvement with the Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. While I was at Georgia Southern, as I have already noted, I began to participate on visiting committees. It was while at Stetson that I was elected to the Commission on Colleges and served on what was then called the Committee on Standards and Reports. This was a very important committee in that it reviewed all of the self-study reports and the reports of visiting committees and recommended to the Commission action to be taken on individual institutions. Each of us on the Committee was responsible for reviewing materials on several colleges and making a recommendation to the committee. In some cases where there had been problems, we chaired the committee interviews with the president and whomever he may have brought.

Sometimes I was faced with some rather difficult situations. I remember, especially, two of these for which I had responsibility. One was relative to Methodist College in Fayetteville, North Carolina. The president was Richard Pearce. I had known Dick when I was at Stetson before, where he had been a student as well as a member of the University faculty and staff. Furthermore, a former faculty member of Stetson had become his dean. It now became my duty to quiz them before the whole committee about

the stability of Methodist College. Things turned out fine for them; but Dick, who after retiring from Methodist College came to teach once more at Stetson, takes opportunity to remind me occasionally of that event.

The other time I remember, especially, was when Dallas Baptist College was before the committee, and I was the one having to quiz them. The president brought with him the chairman of the board who was none other than Dr. W. A. Criswell who was the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Dallas, one of the largest Baptist churches in the world and certainly the largest in the Southern Baptist Convention. Criswell did most of the talking. He was a distinguished and formidable appearing individual with a mane of white hair, a powerful voice, and a very commanding way of speaking. I could tell that the committee members were greatly impressed by his presentation, and the college was kept on the accredited list. I had known Dr. Criswell for many, many years. Theologically we were not in tune, but it was not hard to see how his personality could command any situation.

As a president, one generally had the opportunity to serve on various boards, and I served on my fair share. Though I was asked to serve on bank boards at various times in my career, I never accepted the opportunities. I feared there might be a perception on the part of some of a conflict of interest. I suppose had I been in a large city, I would have not had the same fear.

I believe, in addition to the Commission on Colleges, I received the greatest pleasure out of serving on the Board of the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities (NAICU) and the first President's Commission of the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA).

NAICU was only in its second year when I arrived at Stetson and started attending the annual meetings. In fact to this point (1995) (now, 1997), I have not missed a single annual meeting of the Association. I was elected to the NAICU board in 1979, and I found it to be dealing with matters that were extremely important for the independent sector of American higher education. The whole issue of federal financial aid was in flux at the time, and I think NAICU helped to shape not only the legislation but also the administrative regulations that really took on the effect of law.

At that time, I had some very good contacts with some key figures in the congressional representation from Georgia as well as Florida, and I knew the senators from both states. I was able to get Senator Chiles to address the NAICU board. I was pleased to introduce him to the board, as well as to the succeeding annual meeting that he also addressed. As chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, he was one of the keys to our success in those days.

Service on the NAICU board also put me in touch with some of the principal leaders of American higher education at the time. Two persons stand out in my memory. One was John Silber, President of Boston University, and the other was Father Timothy Healy, President of Georgetown University, chairman of the board for a term.

John Silber has been one of the more controversial and colorful people in American higher education. He was no less so in his service on the Board of NAICU. He was extremely critical and even caustic regarding the service of the NAICU staff. In this regard his criticisms did not move us, for the overwhelming majority of us felt the staff was doing a good job. John was also pushing his own version of financial aid that, in essence, called upon the federal government to undertake the entire cost for students, which they would have to repay by deductions from their income, essentially for the rest of their lives. It was an intriguing approach and one, which had some valuable aspects, but it had many problems. I carried on a correspondence with him about his plan, and I must say he answered in great detail and with good spirit.

Father Healy was quite the opposite of Silber. He was genial and gracious. His brilliance was unmistakable, and he made a great chairman. He later became chief librarian of the New York Public Library, service to which was cut short by his untimely death.

My service on the President's Commission of the NCAA came later, 1984-1986. It was fully as exciting--perhaps more so--than the service on the NAICU board. I had, from my days at Georgia Southern, become involved with the NCAA, because of my concern about the direction of athletics in colleges and universities. I had begun attending the annual meetings of NCAA after having discovered that the presidents' voices were little heard by this association. And it was no wonder, for the coaches and athletic directors were the ones attending and making the legislation, much of which was self-serving. When I and a group of other presidents decided to start attending, we represented only about twenty, as I remember, out of the hundreds at these meetings. However, the presidents' involvement began to grow until finally we got legislation to create a president's commission with real input. I was quite honored to be in the first group to serve. In order to develop a rotating system, lots were cast to see who would have the one-year, the two-year, and the three-year terms. The lot fell upon me as a two-year term.

These were exceedingly important years. It was then that the so-called "Prop 46" was proposed by the Presidents Commission and was passed by the association at its annual meeting. This was the first time that any real legislation was put into place to define a standard minimum of board scores and high school averages for students to play on athletic teams in their first year. Even though the standard was extremely low, there was much gnashing of teeth by some of the Black presidents, coaches, and athletic directors. The all too common cry was that this was racist and discriminating. This tactic had worked many times to frighten people off of various positions, but it did not work this time. The legislation passed and has been strengthened since. I shall never forget the remarkable rebuttal of Coach Joe Paterno of Penn State who said in effect, "You Black presidents are selling your people short. I find that Black students will rise to a challenge just like anybody else. What this legislation does is challenge them to do better in their high school education, and they will."

One of the responsibilities of a president is to select the commencement speakers. This seems as if it would be a simple matter; but, I assure the reader, it is not. First of all, the students have a group of people they would like to see as speakers, the faculty has another, and outside pressures come from still others. I always asked the committee of the faculty to give me a list of people that they would like to have. Unfortunately, their list was usually one which had the names of people who were entirely out of our reach, in some cases by lack of funds and in others because we simply could not compete with all of the other calls upon their time. I also found that when one was dealing with people of national prominence, invitations had to be issued years ahead; and, if one did succeed in securing their services, it was entirely likely that for one reason or another their appearance would be canceled by the demands upon them. As a consequence, I usually found myself inviting people who were just as competent but lesser known nationally. Among those were Governor Graham of Florida, Chancellor Reed of the University System, and others of similar stature. I wanted very much to have President Hanna Gray of the University of Chicago as a speaker, in part, because I knew that she was an excellent speaker. She was well known in university circles as well as outside of them, and partly because of the earlier affiliation of Stetson and the University of Chicago. As we moved to our centennial celebration, she was my choice. Unfortunately, in spite of invitations on more than one occasion, she never was able to accept. One of the obstacles

was that their own commencement date was very close to ours, but it also simply illustrated the fact that people with the national exposure which she possessed are in great demand and their schedules are difficult.

I also was very hopeful that we could get President Carter as a commencement speaker. Because of our earlier association with him, and because of other ties, which we possessed, I thought we might be able to persuade him to come. I was able to get an appointment at the White House with the staff person who dealt with his schedule. So, on March 6, 1980, I visited the White House offices, had a nice conversation about the possibility of his coming, and got a very interesting tour of the office wing, including the oval office and the cabinet room. In spite of these efforts, we were never able to get the president here.

I was able to get the commitment from Hodding Carter for the Commencement in 1980. Carter was the Press Secretary for the State Department, a highly intelligent and interesting person. I believe it was the day before the commencement that we received word from Mr. Carter that the Secretary of State was going to Europe, and he had been ordered to fly with him the day of our commencement. Thus, we were left without a speaker. Again, our experience with Hodding Carter simply illustrates the difficulty one has when dealing with people at that level.

While in Washington, for my White House appointment, I went by to see a Stetson alumnus, an acquaintance of mine from the Georgia legislature, Max Cleland, who was then Secretary of the Veterans Administration. At that time Max knew that he might very well be without a job if President Carter were not able to win another term. As a consequence, he was looking at the possibility of running for the governorship of Georgia. I had come to know Max quite well, and I still knew the political situation in Georgia. I made bold to suggest to him that it would be better for him to think about running for another office, particularly, for Secretary of State in Georgia. I pointed out that this was not only a very excellent position, but it was one that I thought he could certainly win. Secretary of State Fortson, now deceased, had been in that position for many, many years and had himself been confined to a wheelchair, as was Max who had been left a quadriplegic by the Vietnam conflict. Ultimately, that is what happened, and Max was successful and continues to this day as Secretary of State in Georgia. I am sure he can have that office as long as he desires. (Since the sentences above were written, Max has been elected to the United States Senate--Stetson's first alumnus in that position.) Max is one of those who became a commencement speaker for us. He proved himself again to be a very inspirational speaker.

Another issue, which always arose relative to commencement, had to do with those who should get honorary doctorates. We had a faculty committee that made its recommendations, but I kept the final decision in my hands. We honored some very excellent people; and, generally, I think our choices were ones which most people found appropriate. Nevertheless, there were often pressures for us to offer honorary degrees where they were not appropriate. This meant denying people who sometimes were friends or great supporters, a task that is never easy.

Two incidents in connection with honorary degrees come to my mind. Doyle Carlton, whose name has already been mentioned in these pages, and who certainly deserved a degree, was the only person that I have been involved with who turned down our offer of an honorary doctorate. This was in 1980. He is naturally a very modest man, and he did not think he was worthy of it. We returned to him in 1985, and he allowed us to confer such a degree upon him. By that time, he had helped us to successfully navigate our \$50,000,000 Campaign and do other things in which he had been important as a participant.

The other has to do with an honorary degree conferred upon Justice John Paul Stevens III, of the United States Supreme Court in 1983. Justice Stevens told me that at that time Stetson was the only institution that he had allowed to so honor him. He then went on to tell me why. His father had been a student at the University of Chicago when Stetson was affiliated with that institution. His father was one of those students who would come to Stetson for the winter quarter. He had told Justice Stevens about his experience in DeLand and his appreciation of Stetson. I found the name of the dormitory in which Justice Stevens' father had lived during those times (it no longer exists), and I sent the Justice a copy of a picture of that dormitory as well as a copy of the register which showed the name of his father as a student.

I shall also add a third story. After Hodding Carter was not able to come for our commencement, I, on a visit to Washington, formally bestowed upon him our honorary doctorate. This little ceremony took place in the reception area outside the office suite of the Secretary of State.

One of the more newsworthy days that we had was the first Earth Day in March of 1980 when the campus was blacked out as a symbol of our efforts to conserve energy. Mr. Fred Cooper, the Director of Public Relations, had organized the day with all kinds of activities emphasizing the need for conservation, including the blackout. He had supplied our office with a lamp and posed us working under those conditions. He had designed and made widely available T-shirts celebrating the event. He managed to get very good press from the whole matter, including national press as I remember.

Every once in awhile people would show up at the University who had some connection to the family of John B. Stetson or that of Mr. DeLand. For example, the great granddaughter of John B., the granddaughter of Henry, Brooke Rankin, appeared in December of 1979. Of course, we were glad to meet her and to give her a tour of the University. Mr. Harland DeLand, the grandson of Henry DeLand visited almost every year. He was a very interesting person, and I enjoyed conversation with him. He could remember as a very small child riding in a buggy with his grandfather from DeLand through the tall forest of virgin pine to Lake Helen, a town that was also started through the development activities of Henry DeLand.

Once riding on an airplane, I sat by a man with whom I became acquainted and found that he was a Stetson. I told him about my connection with John B. Stetson University. He said, "Oh yes, John B. is on the other side of the family from my forebearers." He then told me a little story, which I have never verified and had not heard before. He said that John B.'s father and brother, who were hat makers and whose hats were called Stetson hats, had never registered the name. When John B. returned from the West and started manufacturing hats, he registered the Stetson name and required his father and brother to stop using it for their hats. This gentleman said one could understand why there was no love lost toward John B. and his side of the family.

Another person whose Stetson's connections are very close would come by to see me almost annually. That was Ben Hulley, the son of President Hulley, who had been reared in the president's home on the campus. Ben also would sometimes bring his sister by. Ben was a very soft spoken, highly intelligent man. He was one of only two Rhodes Scholars that Stetson has produced.

In addition to commencement, there are always the other annual events of the year that required some attention on my part. I think, especially, of Homecoming. These are always very hectic but pleasant times for us. In 1980, we tried to revive the Homecoming parade, a parade that fell into disuse after the demise of football in the fifties. While the parade that year was, for all practical purposes, a great success, our staff, which was very small, felt that they simply could not add that to their

responsibilities for Homecoming in the succeeding years. Fortunately, with a larger staff, it has been revived in the last several years.

Parents Weekend (now called Family Weekend) was also a very delightful but very strenuous time for Margaret and me each year. In fact, social and university obligations kept us very busy the entire time of our presidency. Margaret and I especially enjoyed the music and the plays, and I enjoyed the athletic contests. So, life was busy. Though Margaret did not enjoy the athletic events, she very loyally went to all the basketball games since we were entertaining presidential counselor types at each one of them.

A special event, which we initiated for a small group of friends, occurred the first of March, 1980. It was a small reception for Emma Kelly, our son-in-law Bill's mother, and included her playing requests from the guests. Emma is the "lady of 6,000 songs." She was dubbed this by Johnny Mercer, the famous composer of "Moon River," "That Old Black Magic," "Blues in the Night," "Come Rain or Come Shine," and other such standards. Johnny became a good friend of Emma; and, together, they knew all of the popular songs from the later 1890's to the present. He was from Savannah and is the one who persuaded Emma to add singing to her playing. In recent days she has become quite noted as a major character in an extremely popular book, *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*.

Emma entranced those present with her ability to play and sing any popular song that was requested. Professor Richard Moreland, who was present and who is a devotee of popular songs, was especially captivated and has stayed in touch with Emma since. As a result of this appearance, she was also invited to a Christmas dinner of the University Women's Club at which she also performed.

One of the things which worried me the most was our very poor record on investment earnings. For example, though the endowment when I came to Stetson was slightly over \$5,000,000 as far as the purchase value was concerned, it was under \$5,000,000 in terms of the market value. I came without very much knowledge about investments and I recognized this. Therefore, I was looking forward to learning a great deal about it from the investments committee of the Board of Trustees, which had very prominent people, in so far as their knowledge of the financial world was concerned. Nevertheless, meeting after meeting we were receiving reports of losses on our portfolio exceeding those amounts we were able to raise for endowment in the same period. This was largely due to the fact that we had some long-term bonds, which were paying very little interest and were not very attractive in an environment of increasing interest rates. The investment committee members frequently found themselves at odds with each other, and discussions became rather heated.

It became obvious to me that I would have to take some initiative in trying to right this situation. As a consequence, I began a rather thorough study of the whole issue of university investments. I met with various groups and read various proposals concerning what these would and could do for our portfolio. I finally met with representatives from E. F. Hutton Capital Management the 28th of August in 1980 and was convinced that they were able to present a very logical and reasonable approach to reorganizing our portfolio and making headway in terms of its earnings. We then called a meeting of the investments committee at the University Club in Jacksonville, the place being selected to convenience Mr. Charles Campbell who was finding it difficult to travel. This meeting on September 11, 1980, was a very pivotal one, in my estimation, with regard to the future of Stetson's endowment. The Committee heard my presentation and the presentation of the representatives from E.F. Hutton Capital Management and took action that put us on the road to recovery. We had to take a bath in getting rid of our

long-term bonds, but that was one of the best things we ever did. It was not long until our portfolio was earning at a rate that put us in the upper 10% of university portfolios (in earnings percentage, not in total!).

This action of the investments committee took place only eight days before we were able to formally announce our \$50,000,000 Campaign at the meeting of the Board of Trustees, so it was pivotal, giving confidence to us as we proceeded in that campaign. That same day we also celebrated the annual presidential counselor's event at the Kirchman Estate in Longwood. Ken provided for us as only Ken could do. The Counselors event was a tremendous success. So, in a matter of about a week we had taken one of the most important steps, I believe, in the history of the university.

One of the most satisfying things that we did during my administration, but also one of the most difficult, was the renovation of the buildings on the campus. Because of a lack of funds, an enormous amount of deferred maintenance had resulted in the need of major renovations in almost all of the buildings, particularly the older ones. This was a process that began in my first year with the completion of the renovation of Flagler Hall, continued throughout my ten years, and the cycle was completed during the administration of President Lee when Sampson Hall was wonderfully rehabilitated. Of course, this only meant that a new cycle had to be begun. It is a never-ending process.

Perhaps none of the renovations gave me quite the pleasure that the renovation of DeLand Hall did. Discussion of what to do with this building began at the earliest days of my administration, and serious planning began early in the next year. These plans had materialized enough for us to make some final decisions early in 1980. One of the big questions was how should the building be used. It had started out as the sole building for the University, so everything was in it then. Over the years, in addition to classrooms and offices, it had served as a dormitory and as a fraternity house. During a long period prior to the construction of Presser Hall, it served as the music school building. For a part of that time, an old building from the World War II air base had been moved in as an annex next door. After the music school moved into Presser, DeLand Hall remained a classroom/office building primarily for speech, but no one really wanted to be in the building. It was in bad shape.

I decided that we would move the president's office back into that building. Associated with it would be the quarters for the chief academic officer and for development. Further, the large room on the first floor could be used as the boardroom and another for a small conference room.

This decision was a larger one than it might first be recognized, because the president's office and the chief academic officer's office had been located in Elizabeth Hall since that building was constructed, so their removal meant the shifting of power as it were, from Elizabeth Hall to DeLand Hall. However, there was another consideration that helped to ease the concerns of some. The legislation which Congress had passed to make every program accessible to the handicapped meant that we had to put an elevator in Elizabeth Hall--an extremely expensive and difficult task--or to have a classroom on the first floor. I proposed that the then existing president's office could become a nice classroom.

It was also obvious that the renovation of DeLand Hall meant more than simply upgrading the utilities and repainting. It meant a complete reconfiguration of the spaces, including the reorientation of the stairwell. In fact, for modern code requirements the stairwell had to have a landing, and a substantial fire escape had to be added to the back of the building.

This meant that all of the interior walls had to be changed in some respects. I wanted the building to have the late nineteenth-century ambiance but to be quite modern

in its accommodations. An interior designer, Berta Hall of Orlando, helped with this and the local architectural firm Leonard and Baugh provided the plans. We were our own contractors on this. Our director of plant operations, Marvin Emerson, did yeoman service.

When the workmen removed the interior walls, they discovered evidences of the fire, which had occurred when lightening had struck the building many years earlier. They also found a basic structure that was exceedingly sound. The building had been constructed out of virgin timber with dimensions on 2x4's and other such structural elements being precisely what they are named, not reduced in size to what they are today. The timber was so hard that at times power hammers had to be used to drive nails into it.

When it was finished, furnished, and landscaped, it became, truly, the centerpiece of the campus.

A footnote ought to be added: Mrs. Cook, who along with her husband was a proprietor of the Holiday House and an excellent artist, offered to make stained glass for the window on the second floor over the front door and the glass panel immediately over the door. This added a fine touch. A number of pieces of furniture from the Stetson home helped to furnish the building. Several Harry Davis Fluhart paintings adorned the walls, the bust of Mr. Stetson was placed in the boardroom, and a table and chairs from the Turnbull Castle near New Smyrna Beach, which had come through a bequest to the University, became the boardroom furniture.

In my study of Stetson's history, I had found that when a new building was completed in earlier times there was what was called a "presentation day." I decided that we would renew that tradition upon the completion of the thorough renovation of DeLand Hall. This event, which occurred on September 18, 1981, proved to be a memorable one.

We used the porch of the Hall as a platform with people seated and standing in front of the building as we "presented" what virtually was a new building--at the same time the oldest building--to the campus and larger community. One of the highlights of the program was a talk by the former Dean of Students, Etter Turner, recounting her memories of DeLand Hall, including the time it was used to house students.

One of the things that I had wanted to get Stetson involved with in a significant way was continuing education. I believed then and continue to believe that one of the missions of a university, which will only increase, is that of providing opportunities for life-long learning. Through Stetson's graduate programs, especially the program in Brevard County (which later we had to abandon because of the putting up a branch of the University of Central Florida on the campus of Brevard Community College and because of the distance of our own campus) Stetson was already involved. Another involvement, which soon was superseded by the Southern Baptist seminaries opening a center in Orlando and in other places in Florida, was an outreach through the teaching of Biblical and other studies throughout the state. But beyond this, Stetson had little involvement.

My earlier attempt to move toward a general education degree for adults who would give some credit for life experiences was cut off at the pass by faculty resistance. I knew there would be faculty resistance to anything that was not a part of the traditional program. All of this is somewhat ironic since Stetson had one of the first extension departments in the nation. As historians of higher education know, the extension division at the University of Chicago under the leadership of President Harper was his invention, and almost immediately Stetson followed suit with an extension department.

I decided to bring in a person who could develop a continuing education program, and I turned first to Hilton Bonniwell who had been my director for continuing education at Georgia Southern. Hilton came on a visit to Stetson in mid-March of 1980, but he decided that he would remain at Southern. This was not unexpected, but he did

give me some good counsel. He recommended that I get in touch with Douglas Strickland who was director of continuing education for Georgia State University in Atlanta. I found, much to my surprise that Strickland was interested in exploring the possibility of coming here. I interviewed him on June 2, 1980, and he arrived for his first day of work on August 11. We gave him the title of Dean of Continuing Education and Coordinator of Graduate Studies.

Doug was a low-key individual, and this was important, because he immediately ran into very great opposition from the other deans, especially with respect to any attempt to coordinate graduate studies among the schools. I found this to be a very distressing development on the part of the two deans involved, but it was simply another indication of the fact that the colleges and schools at Stetson operated completely independently of each other, and the deans were the lords.

The same issue was evident, immediately, upon the appointment of Turner as Dean of the University. There was tremendous resistance to him on the part of the deans for the same reason. This kind of intransigence I found quite unreasonable, but I also found there was little that I or anybody else could do about it. That situation has greatly improved over the years with new deans, but it was then something hard to understand by anyone who had come out of a different structure.

Strickland, in spite of the difficulties, did get a reasonable program of continuing education developed at the University, though it never flourished as I had hoped. Perhaps, his continuing legacies are represented in "Leadership DeLand" in which he was instrumental and in the development of a rather large program through Elderhostel. Several other programs have survived, including the very successful Pastor's Conference. The Law School has developed a very extensive and successful continuing legal education program.

As I have noted before, one of the off-campus programs of Stetson which has continued to be very successful, and which existed before I came, is the overseas program. Early in 1980, the Rector and Vice Rector of the Paedagogische Hochschule, Freiburg, Germany, visited the campus and extended an invitation to Margaret and to me to visit the Paedagogische Hochschule and our program there. I was also encouraged by our directors at the various programs to visit, as well as by Professor "Cricket" Minter who was the coordinator of these programs on our campus. As a consequence, Margaret and I did visit with all of these programs in October of 1980--the German program at Freiburg, the French program in Neuchetel, Switzerland, and the Spanish at the University of Madrid.

This was a wonderful trip. We flew to Frankfurt where Professor Wulf, the husband of Ingrid, our Director at the Paedagogische Hochschule, met us and drove us to Freiburg. The plane arrived very early in the morning, and both Margaret and I were tired, having slept little, and we were experiencing some jet lag. On the other hand, Professor Wulf saw this as a great opportunity to show us the sites on the way to Freiburg, including a visit to Heidelberg and especially to its castle high on the hill. It is a beautiful city, and we appreciated his enthusiasm, but the long climb up that hill was almost too much for Margaret at that particular time. One of the saving features was that he had chosen to have lunch at one of the very old and truly German-in-character restaurants in Heidelberg. Not only was the meal splendid, but there was a reunion of some of the university's male alumni, apparently members of the same club or fraternity, having their meal in one of the rooms of the restaurant and singing their German drinking songs in full voice! This was an experience we shall not forget.

The people at the Paedagogische Hochschule could not have been nicer to us, and we were entertained at meal in the homes of some of the professors. Ingrid planned a trip

with our students into the Black Forest mountains; and, generally, we had a very great time.

We had bought a Eurail pass, so from Freiburg we took the train and went to Rüschtikon for a little sentimental visit there. We had remembered an old, lovely hotel at the top of a hill overlooking the lake. We had made reservations there. When we arrived, we found the old structure had been torn down and a very modern hotel built. Though the accommodations were excellent, we were disappointed because the older building represented a tradition, which the newer one simply could not match. During our visit at the Seminary, we were particularly entertained by Gunter Wagner and his American wife. One of the high points of that visit was to be taken for dinner to a large, very ancient *Gasthaus* not far from Rüschtikon where we had a marvelous Swiss meal together.

From Rüschtikon we got on a train and traveled to Neuchâtel where at the University we had students studying French. Again, our local director and his wife, the Allemands, royally entertained us. From Neuchâtel we boarded the train, and at Geneva got on a very luxurious, fast, through train which took us to Madrid. There, the director of our program at the University and the students who were there met us at the station. Once more, we thoroughly enjoyed our stay and were impressed by both the program and the students.

As I grew older and more experienced, I frequently had younger people who were early in their presidency or even as president-elects counseling with me about the role of the president's office. Indeed, after my retirement was announced, I was asked to speak to the Southern Baptist presidents on this theme. I enjoyed giving them some of "Pope's Pithy Pointers."

One of the most interesting experiences was to have the president-elect of William Jewell College, Gordon Kingsley, come in January of 1980 and spend several days on campus following me around. He claimed it was helpful to him. Whether it was, I do not know, for later he got into considerable trouble and had to resign! I do remember that one evening during his visit I was invited to come to the Faculty Senate to talk about continuing education that we were just beginning. It happened that Professor Jesse Berry and I got into a very heated exchange with regard to this. Jesse was a very good friend, but he was also a purist when it came to university education and did not see any role for continuing education at Stetson. I think Gordon was somewhat surprised that a faculty member would debate with me in such a way or that I would debate a faculty member. Jesse and I continued to be good friends, each recognizing, I think, the importance of such open discussion of points of sincere disagreement.

When possible, I tried to be supportive of new presidents (especially those in the private sector and especially those with Baptist connections) when they were beginning their tenure. I not only wrote them congratulations, but I tried to attend their inaugurations. This latter was not often possible, and we would simply have to get an alumnus to represent us (they were always happy to do so). However, some I did attend, including the inauguration of Kirby Godsey at Mercer in April of 1980. I had some feeling of kinship with Mercer after having been on the staff and having taught there. I also had a number of friends who were still a part of that institution.

One of things that a president finds very useful is to have close association with other presidents, particularly those in whom he can confide. There are few people, if any, on campus with whom he can be completely candid. One of the great joys of my experience at Stetson was the opportunity on numerous occasions to visit with Bill Proctor, President of Flagler College, both here and there to discuss various problems of administration. I have a note in my Day-Timer that indicates that one such meeting took

place August 25, 1980. About that time I was facing numerous problems, not the least of which was a feud (I shall call it that) between Tommy Turner, Vice President and Dean of the University, and Dean Nylén of the School of Business Administration. The problem related primarily to a program which we called "Business Associates." When Dean Nylén was employed, I made it very clear that one of the things that would be necessary for him to do was to help us raise funds to increase the number of faculty members in the business school. To help us do that, we created a program called business associates, a title, which would be applied to those who made significant contributions toward the salaries of those additional faculty.

When Dean Turner reminded Dean Nylén of his responsibility to help with this program and the fact that he had done essentially nothing in the way of helping us to raise funds for these additional faculty, which we had approved, Nylén said, in effect, that he would have nothing to do with fund raising for these positions. Furthermore, he did not want Turner in any way interfering with his school. All this occurred in March of 1980, and the enmity between these two never ceased. Unfortunately, the other school deans tended to oppose Turner at every turn so that he became less and less effective.

Speaking of fund raising, one of the most delightful trips which I made took place in April of 1980 when Ken Kirchman used his plane, and we together visited the Kresge Foundation. The Booth Ferris Foundation in New York City, and the National Endowment of the Humanities in Washington, D. C. The foundations, especially, were impressed with the fact that a trustee who was a very successful and busy corporate head would join me in visiting them. At the same time, Ken became a more knowledgeable person as to our goals and dreams as a result of this trip. Since I had access to the University Club in New York City, we spent the night there and during breakfast the next morning, Ken asked me what my dream for Stetson was. I told him it was to be the Dartmouth of the South (his son had decided to go there). He was excited about this goal and has never ceased to talk about that incident.

These were busy times for me as president. For example, in April of 1980 I was out of town all or part of sixteen days on various missions for the University. One of the things which took me away that month was chairing the Commission on Colleges Visiting Committee at Randolph Macon Women's College in Lynchburg, Virginia. This was a service which I enjoyed through the years, that is, being chair of SACS committees. Not only did I come to know some wonderful people both on the committees and in the colleges and universities, but also I learned much about how others did things. This was helpful to me and to Stetson.

Another pivotal event occurred in May of that same year when Mrs. George made her first visit to us on campus, being accompanied by our alumnus, Frank Gaylord. We visited with her in the president's home and also showed her around the campus. It was then that we began to flesh out how we would respond to her interest in having a program by which students would be able to make investment decisions in a learning process which would help them. Mrs. George was emphatic in her desire for the students to make the final decisions about investments and that they be given opportunity to lose money as well as to make it. She was pleased with our plans and made a gift of about \$600,000 for the purpose. Over the years that has grown considerably, while at the same time providing for the expenses of the investment course. Through her will her gifts grew to several million dollars.

I continued to be active in various educational groups and was elected president of the Association of Southern Baptist Colleges and Schools in June of 1980. I was also active in the Florida Association of Colleges and Universities and helped develop that

organization to the point that it could employ a part-time executive in the person of John Wittich who had now retired in DeLand.

John proved to be a very excellent person in many ways. For some several years he ran a little program in our name, which produced a newsletter and provided an annual conference for presidents of small church-related institutions. He raised funds for this program through contacts which he had in the Chicago area.

I also was president of the Florida Independent College Fund in 1980. We tried our best to breathe life into this fund, and for several years it seemed to be getting on track, but it Has failed to live up to our expectations.

CHAPTER XXIII

STETSON UNIVERSITY IV MAKING PROGRESS II 1979-1982

Almost every year Stetson has experienced deaths in its family, but two notable ones occurred in 1980. Professor Don Yaxley died in August. Yaxley was a professor of brass and had become widely noted for his ability in this field. He was particularly strong with regard to the trombone and had made notable advances in the design of that instrument. Students came to him from far and near, not only for their undergraduate instruction but also as a master teacher. I recall that there was a faculty member in the Department of Music at Georgia Southern while I was there who would travel about once a month to take a lesson from Yaxley. He was not an old man at all, and his death was a very traumatic one for the University.

Also, though retired, Dr. Ray Sower's death in September was one that saddened the campus. Sowers had been head of the Education Division and later had been acting dean of the University. He was highly regarded and greatly beloved.

Among the visiting dignitaries who had come to Stetson during my experience, none was more widely known throughout the world, perhaps, than Buckminster Fuller who visited us in October of 1980. It was a very great pleasure not only to hear him speak but to have the opportunity to visit with him in my office and at lunch. He had an idea of doing something in DeLand that would be innovative, but nothing ever really came of this.

In the way of innovation, it occurred to me that no private university in Florida had a Small Business Center of the Small Business Administration. I talked to Dean Nylen about this, and he agreed that it would be worth pursuing. We soon learned that it would not be possible as a private university to have a full-scale center, but we could be a kind of satellite of the center that the University of Central Florida had in Orlando. This came to pass and Stetson has since had the only small business center at a private university in the state.

All this time-work on the Self-Study was proceeding, and our effort to bring some order out of the chaos of our unwritten rules and policies led us to begin work on a policy manual, which would be comprehensive and include all the areas of the University. When I had come to Stetson, I had found that there were virtually no written policies in place in any of the areas. While providing written policies where there had been none was a daunting task, we eventually achieved our goal, having a policy manual for all units of the University.

The long awaited visitation of the Visiting Committee of the Commission on Colleges of SACS came February 8-11, 1981. Grover Andrews who had been with the Commission and who now was at North Carolina State University was the chairman. Everything went well with the committee visit except for one thing. The deans' dispute with Tommy Turner had, just prior to this, reached a crescendo, and on January 21 the deans had submitted their resignations to me. I simply ignored them, and I put them in a desk drawer in a confidential envelope. I assumed that they were timed just prior to the Visiting Committee arrival to force Turner's resignation and to embarrass me. On the day before the Visiting Committee was to make its report, Grover Andrews, Kirby Godsey,

and one other member of the committee visited me to talk about the situation which they found with the school deans relative to Turner. I explained the situation to them in some detail. They seemed to be satisfied, and no more was said about it.

The report of the Visiting Committee was about what we had expected. As usual, there were a number of recommendations, and we soon responded to the Commission relative to all of them and had no difficulty in having the reaffirmation of our accreditation by the Commission.

Naturally, Turner was embarrassed by all that was happening and was ready to submit his resignation to me. I did not want it to seem that I was bowing to the dean's demands, so I talked him out of it at that time. He later did resign to become the Vice President for Academic Affairs at Ouachita College in Arkansas.

Also in February we had another interesting visit. This time it was an inspection from Phi Beta Kappa. This was a very delightful visit, and one that eventuated in our being approved by the triennial meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa for membership. At that same meeting, the University of Miami was approved. I told our people that a big university like Miami would find it difficult to get everything in order for the installation of their chapter. So, we made haste to invite the officials of Phi Beta Kappa to install our chapter. This occurred, and Stetson became the third institution--the first private one--in Florida to have a Phi Beta Kappa chapter installed. Thus, Stetson is the Gamma Chapter of Florida!

In addition to developing policies, I realized that we needed to revise the Trustee Bylaws which controlled the actual working of the board and, also, through the board, much of the internal structural workings of the University. Though there would be a committee of the Board of Trustees to review these, I knew that such a committee would not have the time or the energy to do a major draft of new bylaws. So, I asked the vice presidents to begin working on these.

After we had gathered a great deal of material which we requested from other universities, we left the campus so that we could have uninterrupted time and spent March 8 & 9 at the Deltona Inn working almost around the clock on these bylaws. The refinement of the work continued through that month and the next, taking an inordinate amount of time. Once we had a draft, it was reviewed by faculty, and finally reviewed by trustee committees and adopted.

There always seemed to be some crisis in one of the schools. The crisis in 1980 in the Music School had been building. Enrollment was dropping and had come to the point that it was really not a viable school any longer. I met with the music school faculty and spoke of the situation very frankly. I gave them three years to increase their enrollment significantly, or I would recommend that the School be reduced to departmental status. Apparently, the faculty got the message; and, over a period of several years, the enrollment grew until the School became once again a viable entity.

January 7, 1981, I left the house at 6:10 a.m. to catch a plane in Orlando to go to Tallahassee to meet with ICUF and Bill Boyd. As soon as I had closed the door, I reached in my pocket to get my keys for the car and realized that I did not have them. This also meant that I did not have keys to the house. Margaret was away, so there were no means for me to get back into the house. I ran over to the security office in the Carlton Union Building to see if they had keys that would let me in. I could find no security person on duty anywhere. In fact, at that time in the morning I could not find anybody on campus. I went back to the house, got a shovel out of the little storage house in back of the president's home, broke the window next to the back door, unlocked the door, went in, retrieved my keys, left a note for Altamese, the maid, detailing what

happened, and sped to the airport in Orlando only to find that the plane to Tallahassee had been delayed. It was so late in leaving that I could not get to the ICUF meeting after all; so, after calling Bill Boyd, I returned home. I think this is the only time in my life that I acted like a thief in the night, but I did not know what else to do.

Ken Kirchman was always a very supportive individual. I remember especially a wonderful Christmas party that he gave for the entire faculty at his estate in Longwood just before Christmas of 1980. It so happened that our children were at home for the holidays and were able to go with Margaret and me. I think that was a high point in their lives to see the magnificent estate of Ken and the kind of wonderful party that he provided. More than once, he also provided the setting for the presidential counselor's meeting, as he did in November of 1981. During our centennial year, he went all out for a centennial party for the presidential counselors at which we were dressed in period costumes.

During my tenure as president, we never had an issue to come before the Florida Baptist Convention in annual session that required our answering from the floor. This is not to say that there were not threats almost every year that things would be brought to the floor. We would have to be ready to respond. In fact, almost every year, we laid our groundwork for such response on hearing rumors that individuals were going to bring matters to the Convention. We would let key Baptist trustees and other friends of the University know about what might occur, and they would be ready to go to the microphones and defend us.

One of the most serious of these threats occurred at the convention annual meeting in November of 1981. Dr. and Mrs. Robert Knight had a daughter, Linda, attending Stetson, and they were very unhappy about some of the things that were happening in the dormitories. In fact, Dr. Knight had said that he was going to get on the Convention floor, talk about this, and ask the Convention to censure the University. I had talked to the Knights on the telephone on several occasions, but apparently to no avail. At ten o'clock on the evening before he was to bring the issue to the Convention, I was able to meet with them in their hotel room and talk with them, not only about their concerns, but also about my hope that they would not take these matters to the Convention. I pointed out that we were trying to correct the problem. I also pointed out that they should bring the matter to the attention of the trustees if they wished. Fortunately, they were understanding at this point, did not bring the matter to the Convention floor, and, indeed, I hope became our friends.

One of the community service opportunities that I had and which pleased me greatly, was an appointment by the Governor to the Seventh Judicial Circuit Nominating Commission. This Commission would meet, interview candidates for judgeships, and make three recommendations to the Governor. As I recall, there were two of us who were lay members of the Commission, the rest being attorneys. It was quite interesting and informative to see how thoroughly these candidates were interviewed, how frankly they were spoken to in terms of their qualifications, and how penetrating were the questions. During the time that I served, in most instances it was not too difficult to tap the top three. Occasionally, there would be some disagreement, but usually the consensus on the top candidates was there.

Along the way, with all that we were trying to do with the physical plant, there were a certain number of boo-boos. Marvin Emerson, who was the Director of Plant Operations, was reasonably adept at getting things done inexpensively. But sometimes this kind of penny-pinching was not a good idea. One of the most costly illustrations of this came as we were trying to solve the problem of a lack of space for plant operations.

The ultimate solution, of course, was a building complex, which we later constructed, but at this time we did not have the money for that. Marvin suggested that we finish an area under Sage Hall to be used for shops and other functions, including storage. He said he could do this with our own crew, and he would put in a vehicle loading area on the north side of the building. The building committee and I gave him the go-ahead, assuming that he would get all of the clearances that were needed for such an undertaking.

After completing the job, he and we learned that we were not going to be able to use it, because he had failed to get the fire marshal's approval and now the fire marshal had turned him down completely. One of the fire marshal's major complaints was the fact that there were exposed pipes overhead, some of which carry chemical waste that might leak into the space. There were other problems as well. Marvin tended to act as if he could get anybody to agree to anything. In fact, his sense of being in charge got him into trouble later and caused one of the major crises that we had and his downfall.

Physical needs of the University were very much on my agenda throughout my administration. Not only were the buildings that we owned almost without exception in need of renovation or major repair, but also our campus boundaries needed expansion. Frequently opportunities to purchase additional property came to us just when we had to stretch our budget to make the purchase possible. Two came at about the same time in the latter part of 1981. In one instance we decided to buy and in the other not to buy. In the light of things that have happened since, it is obvious to me that we made the right decisions. One of these, and the one that we did buy, was the Yaxley home on East Michigan Avenue. There was little doubt in our minds that this was worth our doing. It was only a matter of finding the funds to do it. The other was the availability of the University Inn on the Boulevard. We agonized over this one for some time, but we finally decided that the problems of owning such a facility outweighed the advantages of having it and decided against purchase.

To illustrate how one never knows the ultimate effect of an action, on October 13, 1981, we visited with Anderson Bouchelle in New Smyrna. Anderson was a remarkable and strange individual. His great love was art that he collected assiduously. At the same time, he was very wealthy with land and land development. He was a very hard individual to read; and, as Doug and I left his office, we agreed that likely little would ever come to Stetson from Mr. Bouchelle. Through the years, other contacts were made, but I think we were all surprised and greatly pleased that through his will Anderson left Stetson property whose appraised value is well over \$1,000,000 (though I understand that its true market value is much less; and, indeed, the University is bringing action against the trustees of his estate for failing to divide his estate properly).

From the time I arrived at Stetson, I continued to have reports of problems in the education division. Some members were dissatisfied with the leadership of the division head, Dr. Coffee; some were upset by certain other members of the division faculty. I was getting mixed reviews as to what the department was doing and its strength. Finally, to try to set to rest some of this, I asked Dean Starr Miller of the Georgia Southern College School of Education, whom I knew as a very able and also understanding individual, to come and visit the department and give me a report on its structure and problems. Starr came in December of 1981. He reassured me that we had a reasonably good department. He did make certain suggestions that we tried to implement over time.

I had continued President John's practice of meeting regularly with the vice presidents and deans. After awhile, it seemed that the meetings were less and less productive. I began to feel that it was necessary to have more structure to the agenda and to relate these meetings increasingly to our need for planning.

In the meantime, I also added to Dr. Lee's responsibility that of planning. Together, we worked out a new pattern of working with the deans and vice presidents in a twice-monthly president's cabinet meeting. We would meet in the morning from 10:00 to 12:00 o'clock and conclude with a light lunch that we would bring into the Board Room. We started this in September of 1980. In the beginning, we worked very diligently on the development of policies in these meetings. In time, when these were completed, each meeting had a report on some phase of the university's life, often bringing in people from outside the cabinet to give these reports. In addition, we had each member report on the progress being made toward the accomplishment of the goals and objectives that they had set for themselves at the beginning of the year. In this way, we all knew, in some measure, at least, what the others were anxious to accomplish as well as the progress they were making.

Some of the most important uninterrupted times of planning for the total university occurred on the long trips which Dr. Lee and I made in connection with development visits. It was during such trips that plans for the \$50,000,000 campaign and, later, the goal of \$200,000,000 were made. We would often have two to four hours of uninterrupted (this was before the days of cellular phones) time when we could think long-range about the University instead of being overwhelmed by the daily minutiae of administration. I remember, for example, on one trip talking about our need for another campaign after the \$50,000,000 one had been successful. We started out contemplating the possibility of a goal of \$100,000,000. As we drove on, we each began to realize this was not enough, so we talked about \$150,000,000 and, finally, decided that we should go for no less than \$200,000,000. So, these long journeys were never wasted time. There were probably more significant long-range decisions made during such journeys than at any other time.

In the midst of all of the University activities, Margaret and I did not lose sight of our family. First of all, after Kathy graduated from Georgia Southern with a major in art, she spent some time with us taking work at Stetson in education with the idea that she might teach. She went through the required courses for certification, including an internship at Mainland High School in Daytona Beach. Though she was offered a job there teaching art and German (she was certified in both), she decided as a result of this experience that teaching was not for her--at least not at the high school level. She then decided to work toward her master's degree in art history at Florida State University. This proved to be an excellent program of very high quality and very demanding. In the first place, she had to take several courses in art history at the undergraduate level as prerequisite to her graduate work. I would often go by to see her when I was in Tallahassee, and we spent a number of pleasant evening meals together in a little Chinese restaurant. She, in time, finished that degree with flying colors.

Laurie was teaching school in Statesboro. She loved to come to DeLand and spend some time at the beach. The University had a condominium at New Smyrna Beach that was rented to Canadians during the winter but was available for our use in the summer. Laurie delighted in this!

On several occasions, the children, Ryan and Brooke, stayed with us for some days after Laurie had to go back to Statesboro. They were delights, and they came to love Altamese, the maid, who frequently had to keep an eye on them.

Mary Margaret and Larkin had bought a home in Greer, and Larkin continued to get promotions until he headed the respiratory therapy department of the Greenville Memorial Hospital. They had started their family, the first born being Erin, and the second and last being David Duncan Jones. David was born on April 22, 1982, by

cesarean section. Margaret was always a bit unhappy that he could not have been born on her birthday, the 21st. He would have been, had not Larkin had to be away on that date! It was great that Mary Margaret continued the family name of Duncan by giving it to David.

On rare occasions, all of our family would be together in DeLand. One of these occasions was at Christmas time in 1980. Laurie and Bill were thinking about opening a Babcock furniture store in Statesboro. Laurie, Mary Margaret, and I drove down to Mulberry, Florida, on the 23rd so Laurie could talk to people there about this possibility. Though they decided against doing this, it gave me a very pleasant time together with these two.

As the grandchildren grew older, they, quite properly, wanted to have their own Christmas at home. Most of the time in recent years, we have gone to the home of one or the other of Mary Margaret and Laurie. However, for some years we had Christmas in DeLand with Kathy; and one or the other, or sometimes both, of the other families would come after Christmas for a few days.

One of the incidental occurrences in November of 1980 which had some long-range consequences, was the visit of the "showman-artist," Benini to DeLand. He showed his work, which was then almost entirely dominated by large paintings of roses, in the Big E Savings and Loan Bank that sponsored his show. On invitation, I went to the reception and met Benini who, obviously, was very full of himself.

Benini later moved to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he opened a gallery and undertook to dominate the art community. He also became greatly involved with the Hot Springs Center for the Arts. Whether through the influence of Benini or some other, the lady who had been Vice President of the Big E here moved to Hot Springs and opened a gallery and became active in the Arts Center. When a vacancy for a directorship opened, she got in touch with Kathy who was offered and took the job. Benini, in the beginning was very hospitable to Kathy. I think he thought that he could dominate and dictate to this young director (Kathy has always looked younger than her age). It soon became obvious that he did not want a true art center but rather a center that would serve his own commercial purposes. Kathy is not one to be taken in by such methods. She has a very high standard for a non-profit art center and stood up to Benini, though after a couple of years, it became obvious that she could not win that battle. She then took the job as Curator at the Folk Art Center near Asheville.

The story relating to Benini caused me to omit references to Kathy as Curator of the DeLand Museum and of the Polk Art Museum in Lakeland prior to going to Hot Springs.

I have frequently made the statement that any president is going to have one or more crisis each year that will absorb his time for days and even weeks. It may not be a crisis that shakes the very foundation of the institution, but it is one, for the president, that becomes a major time consumer and wrings out his energy. I have added that if you do not have that crisis in the fall, you had better be prepared, for it is going to come before the school year is out.

The year, 1981-82, was no exception to that principle. A kind of mini-crisis had already absorbed much of my time in November with the threat that Dr. Robert Knight might take his concerns about Stetson revolving around his daughter Linda, one of our students, to the floor of the Convention. But the really absorbing crisis was relative to Marvin Emerson, our Director of Plant Operations. In the later part of January, 1982, Joe Negron, the Editor of *The Stetson Reporter*, accused Emerson of diverting materials to his own personal use and taking kickbacks from contractors. Emerson denied these

charges, but Negron felt his evidence was strong enough that he published a story with pictures in *The Reporter* as an exposé. As a result, I had many conferences with both Vice President Edmondson and Emerson over a period of some time.

On February 24-25, I went to Meredith College in Raleigh, North Carolina, to evaluate the Religion Department there and make suggestions for its strengthening. On the night of the 24th at nearly 10:00 p.m., I received a call from Mr. Edmondson on the Emerson situation pointing out that it was very bad and had created a real problem.

Mr. Edmondson and I agreed that at this point we should get the General Counsel, Mr. Paul Raymond, involved. He advised and we proceeded to take his advice, that we put Mr. Emerson on paid leave pending a full investigation. Mr. Raymond then employed a private detective to look into the charges. As a result of this man's findings, Mr. Raymond became convinced, as did we, that Mr. Emerson was guilty of the charges; and on April 15, we brought the four of us together, I, Edmondson, Raymond, and Emerson. There was a monetary sum that had been arrived at with regard to the amount that Mr. Emerson owed the University. He was told that he should repay that and that he no longer would have his job with the University; but, if he did repay, we would not bring formal charges in court. We also agreed that we would not penalize his retirement in view of the fact that he had served the University for many years and, in many ways, quite effectively. Unfortunately, Mr. Emerson never made the first payment on what he owed the University. Mr. Raymond's advice was we should simply let it go at that.

Not only had this matter taken an inordinate amount of my time from January to April, but also it was very stressful. In addition, it constituted one of the most painful episodes for me personally in my whole career. I had liked Marvin. I had defended him time and time again when faculty and others complained about his operation. I knew that he had helped us through some very difficult times. For him to betray us in this fashion was something that gave me real distress.

One of the obvious results of this episode was the fact that we now had no Director of Plant Operations and had to fill this position of great significance to the University.

My very dear friend and former colleague, Dr. Denton Coker, of whom I have spoken before, my successor both in the deanship at Brunswick College and in the presidency of South Georgia College, had provoked the ire of an influential Regent from his City of Douglas. The University System Chancellor, Dr. Vernon Crawford, had relieved Denton of his duties, in spite of the fact that he did not think Denton to be in the wrong. Crawford, whom I knew from my Georgia experience, had called me and asked if I had a job in our administration to which I could appoint Denton. This all occurred in the later part of 1981. At the time, we had no such position. In the meantime, Crawford gave Denton a position on the Chancellor's staff in Atlanta where he did a very good job.

When the vacancy came in our plant operations, Graves and I talked about the possibility of upgrading the position a bit and asking Denton if he would consider it.

On my way to visit Mississippi College for the Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, I met with Denton and his wife Octavia in Atlanta and talked about the position. On March the 26th Coker visited here to look at the job and what it would entail. After getting back to Atlanta and talking to Octavia, he called on March 30 accepting. He would be coming at the end of the University System of Georgia's fiscal year, July 1.

In the meantime, Vice President Turner decided to go to Ouachita Baptist University as Vice President for Academic Affairs. He announced that to me on May 4, 1982. I almost immediately called Coker about this vacancy. Naturally, he was much

more interested in that than in the other position. I proceeded to meet with the deans and others about Coker to fill that position, which I would rename as Provost. Coker came and appeared before the Senate on the 21st of May. Since he had been offered the same job before Turner came, our people were already acquainted with him, and the Senate Chairman, Professor Coolidge, notified me that the Senate approved his employment. Thus, Coker came as Provost rather than as a person in charge of all of our physical facilities.

That still left a vacancy in the plant, which we would fill a bit later with Charles "Chuck" Johnson who had been at Georgia Southern College the first couple of years, I was there and had gone on to be the plant manager for Georgia Tech in Atlanta. Chuck's mother lived in DeLand, and he was anxious to come here to be closer to her. So, at the same time, I was reunited with two trusted friends, Denton Coker and Chuck Johnson.

To further complicate issues during that part of fiscal 81-82, Graves Edmondson had been offered the position of the chief financial officer for the Florida Baptist State Convention by Dan Stringer, the Executive Director. I surely did not want to see Edmondson take that position, though I made it clear to him that I wanted him to do what he felt was best for himself. He announced to me on May 4 that he had turned down Stringer's offer, the same day that Turner told me that he had decided to go to Ouachita.

In spite of the problems that 1982 brought, it was not all bad. There were some very bright spots. For example, on February 10, we achieved the impossible and beat Duke University in basketball. Fred Cooper planned and executed a very successful and fascinating "frontiers program" with the topic, "Computer in Society." On May 7, Paul Newman visited the campus. He was supposed to be here incognito to film a new Japanese car commercial (for Japanese eyes-only) in front of the president's home. My wife and Kathy were both quite taken with this celebrity. Kathy happened to be home when he asked if he could use the telephone. She, of course, made one available to him and was quite impressed when he said that he would use his credit card and not charge our line. Also, in May, the Duke Talent Search Program utilized the Edmunds Center to bring these very talented youngsters to the campus, and we got an opportunity to showcase Stetson to them. Our baseball team went to the Regional Tournament at the University of Miami. I attended and saw our team eliminate both the University of Florida and the University of South Florida from the tournament, both of them champions of their own conferences. Unfortunately, the University of Miami eliminated us by beating us twice. We had to play Miami the second time back to back with the game we had just completed against South Florida in very oppressive heat, and our youngsters were simply exhausted. Nevertheless, we were very excited to be runners-up in that very strong regional tournament. And we could not feel too bad since Miami went on to win the College World Series!

As if all of this was not enough, some other things engaged my attention in that period from January to June, 1982.

Through the influence of Amory Underhill, I had been elected to the Florida Council of 100, a very distinguished group. In February, we met in Tallahassee and were entertained at a reception at the Governor's mansion by Governor Bob Graham. On the very next day we had a dinner for legislators at Bill Boyd's house sponsored by Independent Colleges and Universities of Florida (ICUF). Bill Boyd had been employed as our lobbyist, and he was doing an excellent job for us. This was a very successful dinner and simply points up the fact that a considerable amount of my time was spent dealing with legislative matters that concerned the independent colleges of Florida. That, together with development visits, meant that in February, I was out of town 16 days out

of the 28. One of these included meeting with the Editorial Board of the *Sentinel Star*, together with the presidents of Rollins, the University of Central Florida, and Seminole Community College, to talk about the issues in higher education with special relevance to financing and the legislature. That day, I also met with Everette Huskey to talk about what we might do with the Rano property--more about that later.

This was a period, also, when we were very much involved in planning for our Centennial. Not only did we hope to get Billy Graham who had spoken at the 75th Anniversary of Stetson, but also we also ambitiously hoped to get Presidents Reagan and Carter. (Margaret and I had attended the Reagan inauguration.)

We also developed a program of awarding honorary diplomas to outstanding alumni who, for reasons usually out of their own control, had never finished their college work. The first of these we planned to give to Dennis and Mary McNamara. World War II had intervened to cause them to have to leave Stetson before graduation.

On a personal note, I first became involved in a project to obtain the license of a television station in Daytona Beach under the auspices of a company, which we formed, Family Life Broadcasting, Co. This is a painful episode in that it took us years to get a license, and by the time we got it, the cable industry had so asserted itself that TV stations were no longer ripe plums as they had been when we started the process. Though the station ultimately got under way and appeared to be moving toward some degree of success, a Navy plane flew into our tower and took us off the air for an extended period. We did not have the capital to sustain such a long silent period and had to take bankruptcy. Not only was my hope for some considerable profit in this enterprise out the window, but also I had to take a considerable loss, since I had put a sum, which for me was rather large, into this venture.

As I have already indicated, I occasionally had calls very late at night, many of them prank calls from students, but occasionally I had one, which to the caller was very serious. One of these occurred at 3:55 a.m. in the morning of March 5 from a student who had been jailed. He wanted me to get him out immediately!

On a happier note, my loyal secretary, June Weigel, told me on the afternoon of 15th of April that she was to be married that evening to Larry Johnson, her long-time friend. So, I had to get used to a new name in the office. That same evening John Chapell, a former student of mine at Southeastern Seminary, performed in his role as Mark Twain, and I had the good fortune to share some time with him.

All in all the period, 1979-82, was a wonderful period. It was one, indeed, during which Stetson was making progress. Its difficulties were greatly outweighed by the accomplishments, and we were set to celebrate Stetson's centennial with genuine joy.

CHAPTER XXIV

STETSON UNIVERSITY V CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION 1982-1984



These were great years for us and for the University.

I had begun to think about how we could use the centennial for the advancement of the University when I was first elected in 1977. It was then that I asked Gilbert Lycan to write the history. As time went on, many people had a part in planning our extended celebration of the University's 100th Anniversary. Doug Lee and Fred Cooper played major roles. We decided to celebrate the 100th year, 1982-83, as well as the year in which the birthday actually fell, 1983-84. Much of significance occurred beyond the specific celebration events of the Centennial. Events were as varied as the installation of Phi Beta Kappa and the achievement of the Stetson/\$50,000,000 Campaign goal.

Much was happening in our own family as well. On June 12, 1982, Laurie received her med. degree at Georgia Southern. Later, Kathy would gain her Master of Arts degree with a major in art history from Florida State. My Aunt Maude died in December of 1982 while still at the Baptist Village in Waycross, Georgia.

It was also a period of a number of changes in the administrative personnel and structure of the University.

The very first day of the new fiscal year, June 1, 1982, Al Wehrle became the Registrar, bringing to an end a "dynasty" which had ruled in that office for many, many years. When I came to Stetson to teach in 1946, Barbara Rowe was already presiding as Registrar, and the very next year, Helen Sassard became her faithful associate. Barbara Rowe retired in 1977, and Helen had become her successor. Now, one who had not even served in that office at all was taking over the reins. Al Wehrle had just retired as the Professor of Military Science and from his position as Lt. Colonel in the Army.

We made a national search for a successor to Helen, but we were not greatly pleased with any of the candidates from outside of the University, so I decided to go with Al. I knew that he was a fast learner that he was a person who had already made his mark at Stetson, had many friends, and had a real affection for the place. I knew also, that his Army training would be invaluable in terms of organizing the office and in terms of realizing the important of accuracy. I was not disappointed.

The long-time librarian, Joe Myers, also retired in this period. Again, we made a national search, but finally settled upon one, who was already here, Sims Kline. Sims had proved himself to be an excellent member of the library staff, was a very talented individual, and was one who appreciated Stetson and was appreciated by people in the University. Again, I was not disappointed.

The disappointing developments in the physical plant with respect to its director meant that we had a vacancy there. As I have recounted before, Charles "Chuck" Johnson, whom I had known at Georgia Southern and in the University System after he went to Georgia Tech as the Director of Plant Operations, had been reared in DeLand and his mother was living here. He had come by earlier to say to me that should I learn of any vacancies in the area, he would like to have an opportunity to apply since he would like to come back to DeLand and be close to his mother (her husband, lawyer Reno, had died recently). To make a long story short, Chuck came to fill the position vacated by Marvin Emerson, and I was not disappointed.

I have previously recounted the fact that Tommy Turner resigned to go as Vice President for Academic Affairs to Ouachita Baptist University in Arkansas. Again, I turned to Denton Coker to fill this position. This time Denton came, and we gave him the title of Provost, the first at Stetson to carry that title. I chose that instead of Vice President for Academic Affairs or Dean of the University, because I anticipated that he would be responsible for things that went beyond the normal duties of such titles. Dr. Coker came under the disadvantage of beginning his service on September 26, 1982, days after the fall term had begun. Additionally, the executive secretary to the provost had resigned a week before his arrival. But even with these handicaps, he was very productive from the very first days of his service. I was not disappointed in this appointment!

Two new deans were named.

The Dean of long-standing in the College of Liberal Arts was Robert Chauvin. I had known Bob since he came to Stetson about 1950 to teach Geography. He and his wife, Della, had then become good friends and lived nearby. In those days, Bob and I had many debates over cups of coffee in the snack bar (better known as the "Slop Shop," located where the print shop presently is). One of our constant subjects of discussion was religion. Bob had been reared as a Catholic and had rebelled against that system and was rather cynical toward churches in general. One of the greatest pleasures of my life came after I had left Stetson and was teaching at Southeastern Seminary. I was asked to come back as the revival preacher at the First Baptist Church and during that series of services, Bob joined the church. He has remained a faithful member, though in recent years with his wife's disability with Alzheimer's disease, he has not had opportunity to do much but look after her. (Della died in February of 1997.)

Bob had been made Dean of Science when President Geren reorganized the University under two deans, a dean of science and a dean of humanities. When the dean of humanities left, John Johns appointed Chauvin as Dean of Liberal Arts, including the duties of both deans. John has told me that he intended to appoint a dean of the university in the tradition of earlier days. However, he never was able to find a person he thought was best for the task and with the financial constraints of recession, which came during his administration, he put it aside. Therefore, many of the functions of a dean of the university had fallen upon the head of Bob Chauvin.

For whatever reason, I do not know, Bob became very protective of these responsibilities and was greatly involved in the ultimate downfall of Tommy Turner,

Vice President for Academic Affairs--even though Bob had told me that he was going to help Tommy in any way that he could.

Even though Chauvin was an old friend whom I appreciated as a friend, I realized that he was standing in the way of our progress. I also realized that he was moving toward retirement, as was I. Therefore, I called him in and told him that I could and would gladly protect him against what might happen when a new administration would move in after my retirement. He agreed with apparent pleasure, and we worked out an arrangement by which he would retire from the deanship and would take a tenured position as professor. This seems to have worked well for him as well as for us.

That did leave a vacancy in the deanship of Liberal Arts. Again, we made a national search. We thought we had an excellent man who was then at Auburn University. He gave us every indication that he would accept our position if offered, but when it was offered, he turned it down. There were those in the university who wished the position, particularly Professors Knapp and Hague. Probably either one would have been capable in the role, but things prevented me from appointing either. First of all, the appointment of either would have made the other unhappy and created some problems. Second, they both represented a continuation of the Chauvin policies, which I felt were not in tune with the current needs of the University.

By this time, Dr. Coker was Provost, and we faced a dilemma. One of the candidates whom we had passed over was Robert Perkins. Bob had been a student of mine when I was at Stetson before. He had come to the University as a fundamentalist from Jacksonville but had quickly changed to a more moderate stance. He proved himself to be a brilliant student, had gone on to Indiana University where he received his Ph.D. in philosophy, had become very enamored of Søren Kierkegaard, and had received a Danish government grant to study in Denmark the same year Margaret and I were in Switzerland. He had visited us then. His wife, Clarise, had been my student secretary for the Florida Baptist Historical Society when I was here previously. So, there was an appreciation that was long-standing at that point. Bob at the time was professor of philosophy and head of the department at the University of South Alabama. He had made a name for himself as a Kierkegaardian scholar and was a good department head.

We decided to consider him again and brought him back to the campus. One of the things which worried me from the very beginning was the fact that Bob was so wedded to his scholarship that I did not know whether he could make the transition to a new profession, that of an administrator. Dr. Coker and I talked with him about this for a great length of time, and he assured us that he could and would. I insisted that he would have to recognize that he was entering a new profession, that he would have to give it as devoted study as he had his academic discipline and that he would have to give up a great deal of his scholarly activity. He would also have to attend meetings dealing with problems of deans and all of this he promised to do. We appointed him, he came, and he never was able to adjust to this new career. He soon had alienated many of his faculty, and he did not last very long. We permitted him to go back into the classroom, and he has continued to make a fine contribution to his field of philosophy.

It is often true that someone who is extremely capable and able in one field is not able to make the transition to another. Bob is an illustration of this. We did him a disservice in making him dean, and at the same time we did a disservice to the university, though I am sure he was sincere when he gave us assurance that he could and would make the transition.

In the case of the other dean's appointment, things worked out better. Dean Nylén of the School of Business Administration came into my office one day and indicated that he wished to resign from the deanship and go back to teaching. He said that he had left a vice presidency of Booze, Allen, and Hamilton in New York because of the tension and stress that it involved, only to find that the deanship was just as stressful. He went on to say that even his family was complaining about his disposition as a result of the tension under which he was living. I quite understood what he was saying. Again, I was dealing with a person who was extremely able, who was a fine teacher, and a fine scholar in his discipline, but who was not able to maintain his equanimity as a dean. This is not to say that Nylén was not an able administrator. It is simply to say that he did not have the temperament to exist peaceably with himself and with others in the highly stressful role. Again, I was happy to provide him with a tenured full professorship, and he continued to make a fine contribution to the University in that role.

Thus, once more we made a national search for a dean. We found that there were many seekers after the position, but few who fitted our needs. Unfortunately, some that did, was not in our salary range or for other reasons was not available. For example, I tried to persuade Tom Horton to take the position, but he was at the peak of his career, and did not feel that he could consider such a role. One of the candidates who had the support of the School of Business Administration faculty, and who had had a very distinguished career, I had to veto. When I made a phone call to one who knew about his situation, I found a serious problem, which had not shown up in any of our contacts with him.

Finally, Dr. Coker mentioned the name of Dr. William W. Wright, then President of Macon Junior College in the University System of Georgia. I had known Bill from my experience in the University System and was quite favorably impressed, but I had no idea that he would be interested in such a deanship. Again, to make a long story short, after considerable negotiation, we appointed him Dean of the School of Business Administration. Again, I was not disappointed.

One of the things that had to be negotiated was a position for Bill's wife, Judy (Judith S.). At the time, Judy was a faculty member of the medical school of Mercer University, and Bill felt that he should not ask her to give up her career. We virtually created a position for her in the counseling center, and they came. *The Macon Telegraph* in a very complimentary article said that while they were disappointed to lose Bill Wright as President of Macon Junior College, the greatest loss was that of Judy! Not only has she done a first-class job for us, but also she is now Director of the Counseling Center (retired at the end of 1995-96). So, we hit the jackpot on two positions!

With all these administrative changes, we were also going through a study of our administrative structure in the light of a strategy statement and our long-range plan for the rest of the century, both of which we developed in this period. As a part of this, I thought we should have an executive vice president to complement the position of provost on the academic side. This would mean that three positions would be reporting to the President--the Provost, the Executive Vice President, and the Vice President and Dean of the Law School. The positions of Provost and Law School Vice President and Dean were filled. I recommended that H. Douglas Lee be appointed as Executive Vice President, and the trustees concurred.

I had more in mind in this move than simply one of reorganization. I knew that I would be retiring from the presidency in a very few years, and I wanted to show the

trustees what a good man they had in Dr. Lee as well as to give him experience beyond that of development and planning. Again, I was not disappointed in this appointment!

During this period we continued to have good relations with Florida Baptist Convention. As I look over my calendar for those years, I am reminded that I found considerable time taken up with activities related to Baptists. For example, I attended the Southern Baptist Convention in New Orleans, June 13-16, 1982. While there, I spoke to the Association of Southern Baptist Campus Ministers and appeared on a panel for them.

Later that month, June 28-30, I was in attendance at the Association of Southern Baptist Colleges and Schools in Birmingham. Incidentally, we had a very pleasant dinner occasion at Samford University, which gave me a chance to see the University for the first time. Their relatively new campus proved to be extremely functional and beautiful.

In September we were dealing with the attempt on our part to locate a seminary center on our campus. The Southern Baptist seminaries decided to open centers where people could get residence credit for seminary work in various places around the South. Ultimately, the one in this area was located in Orlando.

In October I preached at the First Baptist Church in Windemere where I had lunch with Bob Denny, the former Executive Secretary of the Baptist World Alliance and a long-time friend. In November I preached at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in St. Petersburg and attended the Florida Baptist State Convention in Tampa. I was in attendance throughout this period at most of the meetings of the State Board of Missions of the Florida Baptist State Convention. I attended the Florida Baptist Woman's Missionary Union Convention in Tallahassee in April of 1983 when Stetson's Centennial was recognized.

In June of 1983, I attended my last Southern Baptist Convention in Dallas. I was so disgusted by what happened there that I never attended another of these. It was obvious that the fundamentalists were in complete control and would allow nothing that would any way recognize the very large group of moderates and allow them to have any sort of say within the Convention.

Stetson each July had and still has a golf tournament for Baptists. I always helped give out the awards for this tournament. In November of 1983, I preached at the First Baptist Church of Plantation, Florida, on the occasion of their first ordination of women deacons. Dr. Stringer, Executive Director of the Florida Baptist Board of Missions each year had a meeting of institutional heads that I attended.

Each year Stetson had a preaching series and a theology series that I tried to attend. This certainly does not include the on-campus events relating to religious matters, for example Chapel, Baptist Appreciation Luncheon, Minister of the Year Luncheon, and so on.

These are simply examples of times that I spent with Baptist issues.

Gratefully, the contribution of the Florida Baptist Convention to Stetson continued to increase some each year so that by the time of my retirement, the sum had become approximately 1.4 million dollars annually.

I also spent a considerable amount of time relating to the local First Baptist Church where Margaret and I were members. I served as a deacon for a time and also on the finance committee of the church. This latter took an unusually large number of meetings. Margaret and I tried to be faithful in our attendance of the services of the church and were greatly blessed to have two fine pastors, both excellent preachers, during the years that we have been at Stetson.

Charles "Chuck" Bugg was pastor when we came. Chuck was a very excellent preacher and a very fine individual. Unfortunately for us, he was lured away to the First Baptist Church in Augusta, Georgia, and the church in which the Southern Baptist Convention had its organizational meeting. The chairman of the search committee there was President Christenberry of Augusta College whom I knew very well. He talked to me about Chuck over the telephone, and my honesty forced me to give Chuck a very high rating.

We were extremely fortunate that the church called as Chuck's successor Robert Mulkey, who, though quite different in his style of preaching, is a splendid preacher and an especially fine teacher of the Bible.

One of the things that I had kept in the back of my mind to do, if at all possible, was to restore the position, Dean of the Chapel. I had been very impressed with the influence that James Stewart had exercised upon the University as Dean of the Chapel, and I began to cast about for someone who might fill that role in our time. I had hoped that this would be one of the things we could get done during the Centennial Celebration.

That was not to be. I offered the position to Bill Self of the Wieuca Road Baptist Church in Atlanta, a Stetson graduate, and a great preacher and minister. He and his wife visited the campus in January of 1983 and considered the offer seriously, but in February informed us that he could not accept. I then turned to William Hendricks, a professor at Southern Baptist Seminary, who had made a great impression on our campus as the minister for the preaching series in 1982. Again, I think there was serious consideration, but in April he, too, turned down the offer. Even before these two, I had asked Lafayette Walker to stay on instead of retiring and serve, at least for a time, as the Chapel Dean. He had not been amenable to the request. Even prior to that I had offered the position to John Claypool who had done the preaching series in 1979. So, in spite of my diligence, I had not been able to fill the position as an accomplishment of our Centennial celebration.

We attended many social events through the years, but one stands out in my memory more than most. The Harry Dawsons invited us to dinner. The other guests there were G. Gordon Liddy, Arthur Jones, and his new, young wife whom he used in the advertisements for his Nautilus machines. I can think of few people whom I would like less to be with than Liddy and Jones, and at the same time I found them fascinating.

Arthur Jones, no doubt an eccentric genius, was the inventor of the Nautilus exercise equipment that has fully proven its worth. At the time, June 30, 1982, Arthur had moved the manufacturing base out of Lake Helen and had created in its place there a television production unit second to none. His intention was to produce many "how to" programs which he would then sell to various distributors. He never got very far with this project. Liddy was one who was making short videos on various topics. Arthur had moved to the Ocala area where he had a large number of elephants and other animals. He made it clear that he thought the crocodile was the most intelligent of all, including man. His views on most things were "off the wall." I felt rather sorry for his young wife who was 20 or 21 years old. She was very beautiful, had been "Miss Something or Other"--but she was out of her league and entered hardly at all into the conversation. (She later divorced him and received a significant settlement.)

Gordon Liddy was one of those who had been involved in the break-in at Watergate and was the only one of the group who would never testify against any of those involved in any way and spent time in the penitentiary as a result. His views were and continue to be radical as is evidenced by things he has said recently on his radio talk show. I am sure that Mrs. Dawson had in mind the fact that one or both of them might

provide some funds for Stetson, particularly Arthur Jones. However, that was a futile hope. Arthur indicated that he had given a million dollars to research at the University of Florida, but that research was intended to benefit him. He had been convinced that appropriate exercise would thicken and strengthen bones, not simply muscles; and he had, in effect, bought research, which he believed would prove that theory. It soon became apparent that he had no interest in funding anything that did not have some eventual payback to him.

In our planning for our centennial celebration, we identified a number of special events, which would lend distinction to the nearly two-year festival, but we also identified events, which were normally a part of our schedule, which could be oriented in such a way as to make them a part of our observance. Fred Cooper developed a clever little booklet designed like a passport, which contained the schedule and description of events.

The centennial kick-off came by coincidence on my birthday, September 8, 1982.

This was the day of our fall university convocation in the Forest of Arden. The speaker for the occasion was Chancellor J. Ollie Edmunds. His address was a magnificent one. In his own unique style he caught for us the spirit of Stetson and set the tone for what we were trying to do in the Centennial. We published a booklet with this address in it and widely distributed it. This proved to be the last major address that Chancellor Edmunds would ever make. That day he also participated in the first planting of trees in an "Avenue of Trees" which we began at the Minnesota Avenue entrance of the Boulevard. Amory Underhill had suggested this idea to me, and it proved to be a very worthwhile project. A number of trees were planted that day and plaques were affixed in the ground indicating the person doing the planting and the date. As the centennial events proceeded during the next year and a half, a number of our special guests planted trees so that now a truly beautiful avenue, even if a short one, has become a reality.

On the very same day, September 8, the local members of Phi Beta Kappa gathered in an organizational meeting and adopted a constitution and bylaws. On November 19, 1982, the national president of Phi Beta Kappa came to the campus and in a university convocation installed the Gamma Chapter of Florida. Thus, Stetson became the first private university and only the third university in Florida to have a chapter installed. Stetson and the University of Miami were approved for chapters at the same triennial meeting, but I told our people that I was sure we could become the Gamma Chapter if we immediately made plans for its installation. I was sure that in a large university, such as the University of Miami, it would take awhile to get everything in place for an installation. This is exactly what happened.

During the Centennial I made several appearances on television. The first one of these specifically about the Centennial came the day after our 1982 fall convocation when Channel 2 allowed me to appear on their "Minute Memo."

We tried to involve our alumni in the spirit of our centennial celebration. For example, the annual reception in Washington, D.C. was at the Capital Club hosted by Ted Doremus. It was a gala event. The New York alumni met on the very next day.

As was our usual custom, the Board of Music Advisors met in New York on the day after our New York alumni meeting. Margaret and I had the great pleasure of having dinner with the Tom Hortons. After a wonderful brunch hosted by Ernie Murphy and Fred Concklin in their New York home on Sunday we returned to DeLand. (Throughout the period of my presidency, these two men made a tradition of this brunch for the Music Board each year.)

On the same day of the Phi Beta Kappa installation, November 19, 1982, another special event was the dedication of the new home for the Gillespie Mineral Museum. Mr. Gillespie was present. He was in remarkably good shape for a 97-year-old man. (We had him back for his 100th birthday in February of 1985. He died a month later.)

Event was piling upon event. The day after the installation and dedication, November 20, we had a very gala and I could say, even fabulous, presidential counselor's dinner at the Kirchman estate in Longwood. Many of us dressed in the 1800's attire with top hats and canes. Horse-drawn carriages brought us into the estate proper.



Period dress was the order of the day at the Chamber of Commerce annual meeting in DeLand on January 21, 1983, at which time Stetson was honored on its 100th year. The next day, the Atlanta Symphony under the direction of Robert Shaw played in the Edmunds Center and accompanied our Stetson chorus for part of the program. In addition, we took the occasion to confer an honorary doctorate upon Conductor Shaw.

The January term featured the theme, "The Interplay of Faith and Reason." A booklet was produced with several essays on this theme. I had one in that publication.

Among the significant lecturers who appeared both in the January term and otherwise were the Harvard Divinity School Dean, George Rupp, the renowned University of Chicago Professor, Langdon Gilkey, and another University of Chicago lecturer of some note, Martin Marty.

Our homecoming, February 11-13, 1983, was a time of great celebration including the planting of more trees in our Avenue of Trees, the first Phi Beta Kappa initiation, a grand dinner with a splendid address of remembrance by Etter Turner, and a centennial ball in the Edmunds Center.

I must tell a story about this latter. The Tommy Dorsey orchestra (or was it the Jimmy Dorsey) provided the dance music for the evening. Margaret and I had gone to the event to welcome and speak to some of the alumni when suddenly we heard, much to

our amazement because nothing had been said about it, the announcement that the President and First Lady would lead out for the first dance followed by the Vice President for Academic Affairs and his wife (Tommy and Marie Turner). There was nothing to do but to fake it the best I could. I had never done any ballroom dancing in my life! Fortunately, Margaret had, and by holding her tight and following her lead, I managed not to embarrass us too badly. In the meantime, Tommy and Marie were gliding around the floor like professionals! This was my last dance of the evening, but Margaret did not escape. I remember, especially, that Amory Underhill asked her to dance, and she was amazed at his skill. Then Jim Nemeč danced with her and almost wore her out. He was a very skilled dancer and took her for such a whirl on the dance floor that Margaret was literally almost out of breath when it was over. I must say that the older alumni and many current students thoroughly enjoyed themselves at this centennial ball.

I traveled to Tallahassee, March 2, to a cabinet meeting at the Capitol where a resolution signed by the Governor and all other cabinet members was presented paying tribute to Stetson's 100 years.

In April we hosted a symposium on the Christian college with President Bob Spivey of Randolph-Macon Women's College giving the keynote address.

An interesting coincidence was that St. Peter's Catholic Church was celebrating its centennial as well. On Sunday, April 10, 1983, Margaret and I attended St. Peter's celebration. That afternoon one of their members told me a very interesting story. I commented on the large size of their sanctuary, and he replied by telling me that when they were planning the church building, the question was asked, "How many can the sanctuary of the First Baptist hold?" When he was given the figure, the questioner said, "Then we will build our sanctuary so that it will hold four more than the First Baptist Church." And, according to my informant, that is what occurred!

On April 20, I was back in Tallahassee to receive from the Florida Baptist Woman's Missionary Union Convention their recognition of Stetson's Centennial.

We planned to have a very special 100th Commencement in May and had as speakers, Duke McCall and Kurt Waldheim. We wanted to emphasize by this our international dimension. Duke McCall had been president of the Baptist World Alliance, and Kurt Waldheim had been Secretary-General of the United Nations, 1972-81. Had we known of the controversy in which Waldheim would be later embroiled over his service as an intelligence officer with the German Army in World War II, he would not have been our speaker. On the other hand, he had proved himself as an excellent representative of Austria in the United Nations and then as its Secretary-General. Indeed, he was elected in 1986 Austrian president. His address on the Commencement Day was an excellent one, and I very greatly enjoyed being with him during that day. Both he and Duke McCall planted trees in the Avenue of Trees celebrating our centennial. We also awarded honorary degrees to both McCall and Waldheim. Waldheim has continually denied that he knew of atrocities committed by the army unit in which he served, and he was cleared of charges by an international tribunal, though many have thought he must have had some knowledge of these atrocities. I have tried not to judge him, and I wrote him a note of congratulations upon his election as President of Austria and received a nice reply.

The summer of 1983 was relatively quiet as far as activities related to the Centennial were concerned. This does not mean that it was not a very interesting one as far as the Duncans were concerned. Several things happened which were out of the ordinary for us. Together with the Cokers, Margaret and I spent from May 24 to June 8

on a trip to England. This was one of the most delightful trips that we had ever made. First of all, the Cokers are wonderful people to travel with. Second, we had a travel package that included a car and coupons for hotels in the Trust House Forte chain. We developed our own itinerary. After spending a few days in London, we traveled up the eastern part of England into Scotland, then through much of the Highlands and back on a western route, including the English Lake district, a brief intrusion into Wales, and as far south as Bath.

One of the things that we so thoroughly enjoyed about the Trust House Forte Hotels, in addition to their comfortable quarters, were their magnificent English breakfasts which came with the room. Margaret was also delighted to find that when we arrived at our hotel in the late afternoon, there was always available the makings of hot chocolate along with what the English call biscuits! Third, many of these Trust House Forte Hotels in which we stayed were renovated old inns, which often went back into the seventeenth century or earlier. These were usually down in the heart of the old city, the historic districts, which we were interested in.

Also, in late June, Richard Beauchamp picked Doug Lee and me up for a plane ride to Boca Grande and a wonderful experience of deep-sea fishing, principally tarpon. He had also brought along a friend and Bill Self. We thoroughly enjoyed the fellowship as well as the fishing.

During July, John Whittich held his first mini-conference with the presidents of several small, struggling, church-related colleges as a part of his Higher Education Project. I was glad to participate in that with him.

One of the things, which I was preparing for in the late summer, was my convocation address in which I decided I would try to lay out some challenging goals for the future of the university.

I was working on this on Saturday, July 30, and decided that we needed an endowment of \$100,000,000 by the year 2,000. On Monday I talked to Doug about this, and we agreed I should make this part of my convocation address. As time went on, we agreed that there should be a campaign for \$200,000,000 total by 2,000 AD. I also sought to lay out other challenges; among them was a school of communications. I had been encouraged to think about this as a possibility because of the visit we had made that summer with Rayhall in St. Petersburg. Rayhall had been in the radio and television for many years, and he contended that he could raise millions of dollars for us for a school of communications. We also knew that he himself was a very wealthy man. My idea of a communications school was one that would involve more than simply newspaper or television business but would emphasize communications within a business or industry, particularly using the latest technologies that were emerging. Unfortunately Rayhall never came through with the money, and this dream vanished.

The convocation address was visionary enough to bring interviews by the press and Channel 2. It was also published in booklet form under the title, "Willing to Risk." My predictions for the year 2000 were, for the most part, very far from the mark! The ones nearest to achieving seem to be the one calling for raising two hundred million dollars with one hundred million in endowment and the one calling for a constant values orientation throughout the curriculum.

Soon after school had started, September 16, we dedicated the Nina B. Hollis Hall, named after Bill Hollis' wife, Mark Hollis' mother. Bill had given us the money to renovate one wing of Carson Hall for women, and we renamed it the Nina B. Hollis Hall. In time, he also gave money for some landscaping and lighting. He and Nina B. were

present, along with other members of the family, including Mark. A great day was had by all.

The real climax of our centennial celebration came on November 4 and 5. These were full days as we remembered our founder who began on November 5, 1883, what became Stetson University. There was a student presentation, a press conference, and from 4 to 7 p.m. the Presidential Counselor's dinner outside in the quadrangle facing Sampson Hall. This was a beautiful event, and it was the occasion not only of honoring the presidential counselors as we usually did, but also by the first release of Lycin's *Stetson University: The First 100 Hundred Years*. We gave each one of the Presidential Counselors a copy. We then went over to the First Baptist Church to join hundreds of others in the premiere of *Petros*. Paul Langston had composed the music, and words were written by Claude Broach, Pastor of the St. John's Baptist Church in Charlotte, North Carolina. Our orchestra and choir, together with several guest soloists made a magnificent presentation of this fine work.

Following the performance of *Petros*, we went to a large tent, which had been set up in the area south of the church, and west of Edmunds Center. There was food and fellowship until we went into the Edmunds Center for our Founder's Day Convocation that began at one minute after midnight. Believe it or not this lasted until 2:30 a.m., and there was quite a crowd! We took several symbolic actions that evening, including presenting full, four-year scholarships to two young people who would be completing their degrees at the end of the century, and we bestowed honorary doctorates on several people symbolizing the various constituencies of the University.

We recovered sufficiently by the next morning to dedicate an historic marker by DeLand Hall and attend an author's luncheon honoring Gilbert for his book at which time, also, Chancellor Edmunds made a long and rather rambling talk about some remembrances of his. In addition, we planted some more trees.

Though November 4 and 5 represented the climax of our celebration, the big events were not entirely over. At the Law School on November 17, at an Inns-of-Court dinner, Justice Stevens of the Supreme Court of the United States addressed the assembled students, faculty, and honored guests, and we bestowed upon him an honorary degree. Justice Stevens told me that this was the first and only time that he had agreed to accept an honorary degree from a college or university. The reason he chose to accept it from Stetson, he said, was because his father had attended Stetson in more than one winter quarter when he was at the University of Chicago and Stetson and Chicago were affiliated as I have mentioned before.

There were two sad events that, nevertheless, were symbolic. First, Professor Curtis Lowery, retired for a number of years, was buried on the day of our Centennial Convocation. Curtis was one of the last remaining figures whose connection with Stetson went back to very early days. Curtis had started teaching at the University when Hulley was president. He told me many stories about those days. I remember especially his telling me of driving Hulley all over the state as the president was seeking students and money. He also told me that Hulley was a very keen investor of his own funds and that he, Lowery, learned a great deal about investing and as a result was able to considerably expand his own financial resources.

From the very early days of Stetson, there was the desire to build a school of engineering. The first president, Forbes, realized at the time there was no engineering or law school in Florida, and he set out to develop both. He was more successful with the

Law School, but he did get funds through Mr. Flagler to build what was called Science Hall, and he opened a school of technology in 1902.

Though the School of Technology lasted for several years, during Lowery's time it had been reduced to a pre-engineering program, but it remained a very excellent program of this type until Lowery's retirement.

Lowery was an excellent engineer and teacher, and Hulley asked him to prepare plans for a bell tower so that he could remove the chimes from the tower of Elizabeth Hall where their vibrations were damaging that building. Lowery did what Hulley asked him to do, including planning a place for Hulley and his wife to rest after their deaths. The tower was so striking that Hulley received requests for plans from other institutions. He did not want any other institution to have a tower like that one, so he destroyed the plans. Of course, the tower was also named Hulley Tower!

The other symbolic sad event took place on November 17 when Chancellor Edmunds suffered a very serious heart attack on the very day that Justice Stevens spoke as the Inns-of-Court at the Law School. The Inns-of-Court had been one of the innovative features introduced by Edmunds when the Law School moved to St. Petersburg. He had been very taken with the Inns-of-Court of London. The plan was to bring students and professors into close personal relationships so the students could "eat and sleep law." Though Dean Tom Seebring shared Edmunds' vision, the Inns-of-Court system never was fully implemented. The remnant today is the tradition of frequent Inns-of-Court dinners when all of the faculty and students come together and listen to some distinguished presentation.

While speaking of Dr. Edmunds, I should perhaps point out at this place that he did recover from his stroke enough to get about a bit. Doug and I visited with him at his place in Jacksonville Beach following his heart attack. In his spirit and mind he was still the man we had known, but his physical strength was obviously waning. He died April 2, 1984, and the funeral took place in the First Baptist Church in DeLand on April 5.

The family asked if I would plan the funeral, preside, and speak, which I was happy to do. As one might expect, it was not the usual funeral. First of all, the University choir and portions of the orchestra provided music. The faculty was present and processed wearing their academic regalia. The church was nearly filled. The service was one, which, though tinged with inevitable sadness, was, as he would have wanted it, positive and inspiring.

For those who were there, one incident has stood in our memories. At the end of the service, after I had spoken, I walked down from the pulpit to lead the pallbearers and casket to the hearse. Paul Jenkins was playing a stirring piece on the organ and, just as the first hand touched the beautiful casket, all the lights in the building went off, the music came to an abrupt halt, and everyone stood startled and in place. Within a few seconds the electricity was back on and things proceeded as planned. I think all present had the same thought, which came to me immediately; Dr. Edmunds was having the last word! We traveled to Jacksonville for a graveside service there.

One of the things that I did in this period was to revive the "Silver Circle." In going through some old alumni publications, I had run across a picture of the first Silver Circle recipients during President Edmunds' administration. The idea had been that after the 25th year of a person's continuous service to Stetson University, he or she would be inducted into the Silver Circle. At some point, perhaps during Geren's administration, this tradition had gone the way of the dodo bird. I thought it was time that we revived it.

We started off with a modest dinner meeting with all those faculty members who had been at Stetson continuously for twenty-five years. Then we presented the new initiates with a plaque and began to recognize those at thirty and forty years as well. Soon we expanded it to include staff members as well. Though the rule was "continuous service," I was concerned that a man like Evans Johnson who had been away teaching at Armstrong State College for only a year was not included. So, I decided to give Evans honorary membership, which we did. Parenthetically, Evans had gone to Armstrong State, but like my situation in 1948-49 when I was at Mercer, he wanted to come back to Stetson and was welcomed back.

I am pleased to see that President Lee has liberalized the requirements to include those who have served twenty-five years--though not necessarily continuous years--at Stetson. As I say, I am pleased, or otherwise I should never have been inducted into this Silver Circle! Doug has also made the evening honoring these people one to include honoring those who are retiring. This makes for a very brilliant and splendid event.

One of the things that I have enjoyed doing, and which I have felt complimented in being asked to do, is to be the inauguration speaker for several new presidents.

I was particularly delighted when George Borders asked me to be the speaker at his inauguration at Palm Beach Atlantic. Even though we had not known each other long--just over a year--we had come to be good friends and had respect for each other.

In 1982, I delivered the inauguration address for Jim Jordan as president of North Greenville College. I have already spoken of Jordan as a former student and as a professor at Georgia Southern, including head of the department of history, and as one whom I brought to be interviewed at Stetson as a possible vice president for academic affairs. On the occasion of his inauguration, I was pleased to be introduced by John Johns, then president of Furman University, and to sit next to Governor Richard W. Riley, then Governor of South Carolina, and now Secretary of Education. Riley had been a roommate of Jordan during at least part of their college careers.

Later, W. Christian Sizemore asked me to deliver the inauguration address when he was inducted at Alderson-Broaddus College in West Virginia. He is another one whom I mentioned earlier who was both a student of mine at Southeastern Seminary and a librarian for me at South Georgia College. Later, he became Dean of that college before getting the opportunity to go to Alderson-Broaddus where he did a magnificent job. He has recently become president of William Jewell College in Missouri.

Though I have not recorded them all in these memoirs, it has also been my pleasure to be the commencement speaker at one or more colleges almost every year since I have become a president. Two of these have also honored me with doctorates. They were Limestone College in South Carolina with a Doctor of Literature and Alderson-Broaddus with a Doctor of Education. My other honorary doctorates (LL.D.s) were conferred by Stetson University and Rollins College.

The mention of honorary degrees calls to mind the fact that we had been searching for ways in which to honor people who were important to the University but had never finished their degree work for one reason or another. In 1982, I came up with the idea of awarding such people honorary diplomas--not honorary degrees. The first of these were Dennis and Mary McNamara. We took the occasion of the summer commencement in August of 1982 to begin this practice. Both Dennis and Mary had completed a large portion of their work toward a degree when he was called into the military service during World War II. After the war, he felt it necessary to work in order to support his family, rather than go back to college. Both of these good people had been

wonderful supporters of the University and fully deserved this honor. Later, Dennis would serve on the Board of Trustees and be awarded an honorary degree.

In addition to the extra events of the centennial in 1982-83, which required my presence, I was president both of ICUF and FACU that year and on the NAICU board. All of these required attention, meetings, telephone calls, travel, and planning. In addition, we were having much discussion with the Postsecondary Education Planning Commission (PEPC) about proposed joint programs of Daytona Beach Community College and the University of Central Florida. We were quite concerned that the idea of having UCF's presence in Daytona Beach as a direct competitor at the undergraduate and graduate level would have serious consequences for Stetson. Deep down, I suppose we always knew we would lose this battle, but we did not want this marriage to happen unchallenged.

In addition to the death of Chancellor Edmunds, this period brought a number of deaths that were painful to me. Mr. Clapp died in January 1983, in St. Petersburg. Clapp was one of the finest persons I have ever known. He had been a major figure in St. Petersburg as the President of the Florida Power Company and later its Chairman. It was Mr. Clapp, as much as anyone else, who led the St. Petersburg community to make it possible for the Law School to move there. He served not only on the Board of Overseers of the College of Law but he was a very significant figure on our Board of Trustees. Though a Methodist, he was very supportive of our being a Baptist institution. We could always depend on Mr. Clapp in every circumstance.

Later in the month, John Eidson died. Readers will remember that John and I had been very close since the time he taught me at the University of Georgia. Much later, as my president when I served as vice president of Georgia Southern University and as vice chancellor of the University System, he was a significant figure in my life. Unfortunately, he had suffered a long and painful period before his death.

In January of 1984, President Jack Hunt of Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University died. Though I had not been as close to Jack as to these others, I had come to know him as a nearby colleague and as a member of the President's Council of ICUF. Jack had been the force behind moving a small operation from Miami to Daytona Beach and making it into a very remarkable aeronautical university.

In February of that same year, Charles Campbell died. Charles had been on the Board of Trustees for many years. Dr. Edmunds had been a close friend and had persuaded him to serve in this way. Charles was, when I knew him, the retired Vice President of Prudential Life Insurance Company in Jacksonville. For a number of years he was Chairman of the Investments Committee of the Board. He had not been in good health for some time, but we were saddened, nevertheless, when his death came.

There are not many gifts that a university will turn down, but occasionally a gift horse will come along and when you look at him in the mouth, you realize that it is not for you. One such situation occurred with respect to the so-called University of Sarasota.

This state-approved but regionally unaccredited institution offered to give its assets to Stetson if we would open a branch in Sarasota. There was some feeling on the part of at least a few in the Sarasota area that this would be a good opportunity for the University. Dr. Coker and I visited in Sarasota and at the University of Sarasota. We soon learned that the assets of this college were very few indeed. We had been told that they had a nice piece of property on which a campus could be built. We finally found it at the end of a car track road through the sand. It was surrounded on all sides by a development and consisted of only a very few acres, which was not enough to begin to accommodate even

a branch campus. The library was pitiful; apart from these items, there were essentially no assets. It became clear that we had no business taking over this institution and committing ourselves to opening a branch in Sarasota.

Sometimes, also, an institution can be lured into a relationship, which could be very embarrassing except for being saved by the skin of the teeth. One such was a relationship to Aneewakie, a school for children with behavioral problems. This private institution in the Atlanta area was opening a branch in the panhandle of Florida. The owner/executive asked Stetson if we would provide work toward a graduate degree for its staff and others who might be recruited on their two campuses. The connection here was the result of the fact that the head of their counseling effort was Dr. Wayne Buffington who had been a student assistant in the president's office at Georgia Southern. I talked to Buffington, as did Dean Strickland, and we were both impressed by what he had to tell us, and so we made a trip to Aneewakie at the time of one of their parent days on campus.

Everything seemed to be of the very highest caliber, and the prospects for a successful program looked very good. I remember sitting with the Dean of the Medical School of the University of Alabama in Birmingham who had a child in Aneewakie. He was very pleased with the institution. This gave me a great deal of confidence in the possibilities of an excellent program. The dean encouraged me, that if I ever had any health problems of consequence, to get in touch with him and come to their hospital. He assured me that he would see to it that I would get the very best of care.

We were about to get everything in order for our program to begin when Aneewakie was shaken by scandal. The founder/director, who had been so highly touted, had been arrested and accused of sexual and other molestation of some of the children. As I remember, he was convicted and sentenced to prison. At any rate, Aneewakie and our program were dead. (Incidentally, Buffington was in no way involved in this scandal.)

Most of the events of the Centennial period were very successful. One of them gave me problems. In April of 1983, an ethics fair was planned and held on campus. Booths of various organizations dealing with ethical issues and problems were set up in the quadrangle, and the whole thing was inaugurated with a keynote speaker in the Chapel. I was sitting on the platform when someone handed me a note, which said that Fred Cooper needed to see me immediately. I slipped off the stage and found Fred very agitated. He said that homosexuals had set up a booth and were handing out literature. I told him to see that the booth was shut down, which did happen. The Executive Committee of the Board was meeting the same day, and I informed them of what had happened and what had been done. I received both a great deal of praise and of criticism from this action. It turned out that the group handing out literature was one called "Dignity" which was a Roman Catholic group. Primarily Janice Kindred and Rob Brady handled the faculty protest. I am quite certain that in the present context I would never have been able to do this without some kind of major demonstration and perhaps even a threat of court action.

Several things happened in 1983, which were not directly connected with the institution, but which provided us with some interesting activities. In April, Billy Graham had a crusade in Orlando, and I was invited, together with Margaret, to sit on the platform at one of the services. I was pleased to do this and found the experience a very meaningful one. In another context, Ken Kirchman asked Margaret and me to be his guests at his convention of bankers (FURST). This was quite an evening. There must have been 1,000 to 1,500 bankers present in the ballroom of a major hotel for a very

festive time, including the main program at which I spoke the invocation. The principal entertainer was Andy Williams. Margaret and I were sitting on the first row with Ken, so we got a close up experience of an Andy Williams' concert. Both of us enjoyed it thoroughly.

Throughout this period, I was involved with a group that was headed up by Kermit Coble seeking a license for a television station in Daytona Beach. The company was called Life-Style Broadcasting Company and included some very interesting people on the board, including the former president of Bethune-Cookman, Dr. Moore, Lafayette Walker, Dick McMahan, Sally Gillespie, Ed Renfro, and a number of others. Unfortunately, there were rival companies seeking the one license, and a final decision dragged on for nearly ten years. When we started, there was a tremendous market for television stations, and we fully expected to make a good profit. By the time the license was granted--we were the winners--the market had changed greatly, for cable television had become the big thing.

Eventually, we did get the station started, and we probably would have been able to survive except for the fact that a Navy airplane out of Jacksonville hit our tower. This put us off the air for so long that we had to go into bankruptcy. We did not have the capital to survive such an off-air experience. I had invested far more than I should have in this venture, and my loss was such that it made a significant difference in the plans that I had for my retirement.

In addition to my other duties, I was president of the Association of Church-Related Colleges and Universities of the South. While this involved only a single meeting during the year, it was necessary for me to have a meeting of the Executive Committee to plan the program. Sister Jeanne of Barry University and Virginia Lester, president of Mary Baldwin College, came to DeLand for the planning session.

In May of 1984, I received another call from the Governor's office in Georgia. This time it was about the possibility of my becoming Chancellor of the University System of Georgia. Sam Way, a regent, also called me and told me that he was nominating me for this position. Though I appreciated these expressions of confidence, I did not think anything would come of it, and it didn't. I was just as happy that it did not in view of the fact that I was in a very critical period for Stetson University. I was not at all sure that I would want to move to Atlanta and take on the kind of statewide responsibility that the Chancellorship would require.

There were always conflict situations that had to be dealt with in the president's office. The recalling of a few will serve to illustrate the many.

Frequently, there were parents who felt that the admissions committee should have admitted their child. Most of these were resolved at the level of the provost's office.

Occasionally, one would come to my attention. One of these was a visit the summer of 1982 from the Kermit Cobles about their son who had been turned down for admission to the University. Kermit was a very good friend, and I appreciated his interest in Stetson. I also knew that the son was not prepared for the difficult competition, which he would have academically as a Stetson student. For the sake of the Cobles, I did make one of the very, very few exceptions which I ever made and admitted him for the fall, but I told the Cobles that I thought they were making a mistake by insisting on his becoming a Stetson student, for I did not think his study habits or preparation were such that would enable him to be successful. I also talked with the son very frankly about what he would need to do in order to stay in Stetson. I pointed out that he would need to give up his social life and devote himself almost exclusively to study. Though he said that he would do this, I

had strong doubts that he would. Unfortunately, my predictions were accurate. He soon flunked out of Stetson and, when readmitted, flunked out again. The story has a happy ending in that he did seek and obtain admission to Flagler College, and he did finally graduate there. His was the all too familiar story of a student who has not studied sufficiently in the past and who is not willing to make the sacrifice which is necessary for them to succeed in a very academically competitive setting such as Stetson.

The same year we developed a conflict situation over the dismissal of Professor Ludwig by Dean Chauvin. Ludwig hired an attorney who wanted to see all of our files on his client. After considerable discussion, the matter was dropped, but it took an inordinate amount of time on my part. Fortunately, we did not have too many situations of this type during the years that I was president.

On rare occasions there were persons who threatened to file suit because of some accident that they experienced on campus. One of these was a man who fell in the bookstore and threatened to sue if we didn't replace his eyeglasses. Fortunately, these situations were extremely rare.

One of the situations which did arise and which ultimately became a matter of real difficulty was a call in the fall of 1983 from a mother who reported the hazing of her son who was being initiated into Pi Kappa Phi fraternity. Indeed, the conflicts in the neighborhood of the fraternities were also fairly common because of the disturbance of neighbors by actions of the fraternity.

At the Law School there developed a conflict when the Law School sought to take away a degree, which had been granted, to a student who had lied on his application about his situation.

At the trustee level, one the major conflicts came over the question of who would succeed Wheeler as the trustee chairman. Ken Kirchman was vice chairman and the logic was that he would be made chairman. Unfortunately, there were those who were strongly opposed because they interpreted Ken's current lifestyle as not being consistent with the chairmanship. Also, Ken was not a Baptist, and the trustee chairman had always been such. I was very hopeful that Ken would be made chairman and discussed the situation with many trustees over a period of weeks. It soon became evident that Ken's chairmanship would not be possible and that great controversy would arise within the trustees should there be an effort to make him chairman. Even one of his best supporters and friends, Amory Underhill, told me to back off--that it would do nothing but hurt me. I talked to Ken using the argument about his non-Baptist status and thought I had pretty well handled the problem. Unfortunately, that was not the case and Ken became bitter for a time. I think he thought I should have done more when I knew that I had done as much as I could. Fortunately, Ken later came back on the board as a very strong and useful member.

I have noted a few illustrations of the fact that conflicts were rather to be expected with students, parents, faculty, trustees, and alumni. One of the principal responsibilities of a president is to try to handle such matters. Frequently, there is no good solution to an issue, and one has to muddle through. I often felt as Lyndon Johnson said of the United States presidency. There come times, he said, when you "feel like a jackass in a hail storm; you just have to hunker down and take it."

One of the things that occurred to me in this period was that, since I would be retiring in a relatively short time, it would be better for me to get someone to paint my portrait while I was still vigorous rather than take a chance on something done later that I would not like. I knew that in all probability my portrait would be hung with the other

presidents. Therefore, I got in touch with Louis Freund and he agreed to paint my portrait when he was visiting in DeLand during 1983. I paid Louis a very modest fee for his doing this, and we hung the portrait in the president's home until I retired when we gave it to the University.

I have mentioned some of the conflict and problem situations, but there were also times when Margaret and I enjoyed our life very much. One of these was a trip in February 1983 to Mexico City. Once when we were coming back from a meeting--I think in New York with the Board of Music Advisors--we were bumped from a flight in Atlanta, and as a reward were each provided with a ticket to any place that Delta flew except for South America and Europe. We had never been to Mexico, so we used our free tickets to go to Mexico City. From there we made day excursions into the countryside around Mexico City. This was a very educational and delightful time. The trip took five days, so our stay in Mexico City itself was rather limited, but we filled the days full with our touring and our getting about in Mexico City itself.

I remember one incident very clearly. We were visiting some of the ancient pyramids. I decided to climb the tallest (216') at Teotihuacán. Margaret declined. I had no difficulty going up the pyramid, though it was a very hot day and the climb was very steep. My problem came when I turned around and started down this steep set of ancient steps. First of all, they required some dexterity simply because they were high steps, but the most difficult thing for me was the fact that there were no hand rails, and looking down that steep pyramid I kept feeling as if I should lose my balance and fall. I had never had just this kind of feeling in my life and, for at least some of the steepest and deepest steps, I turned around and backed down, basically on my all fours. I decided then and there that my pyramid climbing days were over!

Most of my trips were not of the tourist type; they were working trips. I often have said that to view the itinerary of a president, one might get the impression that he has a wonderful time going to all of these exciting places, but for the most part one never has an opportunity to enjoy or discover them. You go to an airport that looks like every other airport; you get on a plane that looks like every other airplane; you get to another airport; you get in a limousine or taxi that looks like every other one; you are delivered to a hotel which is like every other one; you go to meetings, then you turn around and reverse the process until you are back in DeLand.

One of these trips is worth commenting upon. In December 1983, I attended the meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools in New Orleans. The Commission on Colleges had proposed a new criterion on institutional effectiveness, which required a rather elaborate outcome assessment process on the part of the college or university and its consequent judgment by a visiting committee. As I talked with my colleagues the night before it was to be presented, I found a great deal of opposition. The members of ICUF had already gone on record as being opposed to it. Then I found that the Texas group, the Virginia group, and others were very unhappy with the situation. As a consequence, I made a motion that it is put on the table for another year; and, in the meantime, additional study be made. This motion passed overwhelming. Unfortunately, Dr. Sweet, the Executive Secretary of the Commission and Dr. Carpenter, the Chairman of the Commission, were very unhappy with me as a result. However, I knew that their criterion was going down in defeat, and I regarded my motion as a friendly one to prevent that from happening. At any rate, the next year a modified and much better proposal was adopted.

One of the more delightful visits was one, which Doug and I made in January of 1984 after the meeting of the NCAA in Dallas. We went to St. Joseph, Missouri, and paid a visit to the Stetson Hat Company. Stetson hats were manufactured there in a plant, which still required a great deal of handwork, and I soon realized why these quality hats were so expensive.

I was fortunately seldom ill during the time of my presidency. The most memorable occasion was in May of 1984. I had gone to a meeting of the Breakfast Rotary Club (I tried to make up Rotary as much as possible). I had gone through the buffet line, had sat down at the table, and had begun to eat when I suddenly felt very sick. I put my head down on the table, and Earl Joiner and others who were at the table asked me what was wrong. I told them that I was simply so sick that I could not manage. Fortunately, Dr. Bill Holler, the radiologist, was at the table and he and two or three others managed to get me to a car and started toward Fish hospital. On the way, I had to ask them to stop, and I lost beside the road all of whatever was on my stomach. At the emergency room at the hospital, I was taken in very quickly and examined carefully, including a cardiogram. It was soon determined that I was not having a heart attack, but I was still very ill. Dr. Landon Smith, the University physician, called in Dr. Bill Carter, an internist and cardiologist, who again passed judgment that I was not having a heart attack but that I had an acute case of vertigo caused by an inner ear problem. I was kept at the hospital until late the next day, which caused me to miss the trustee meeting--the only one I missed in the entire time of my presidency. Fortunately, I recovered sufficiently to be present at the commencement a couple of days later. (Incidentally, my good friend Ben Fisher was the baccalaureate speaker.)

One of the interesting sidelights relative to the episode of my illness was the fact that Dr. Smith commented to me that I had the presidents' disease. He told me of treating President J. Ollie Edmunds for the same disorder on more than one occasion. The most memorable occasion was when Ollie was very ill with vertigo and told Smith that he had to do something for him that he had to be in Chicago the next day. Smith told him, "Ollie, you can't go to Chicago." But, as the good doctor reported, he did! Then, that night in the early morning hours, Dr. Smith's phone rang. It was Ollie from a hotel room in Chicago, saying, "Landon, I am sick as a dog. You have to do something!" Smith said, "Where are you Ollie?" "I am up here in a Chicago hotel." "Ollie, I can't do anything for you up there. You are going to have to call the hotel clerk and have them send the house doctor up to you." As a footnote to all of this, recently (1995), President Lee has experienced the same illness. I told Dr. Smith about this, and he was somewhat surprised. I don't think he had any idea that his diagnosis as the presidents' disease was quite as accurate as it is turning out to be!

CHAPTER XXV

STETSON UNIVERSITY VI LAST YEARS AS PRESIDENT 1984-1987

Though not filled with as much excitement as the centennial years, these last years as president brought some of the most significant decisions and actions in the life of the university. Consequently, they were often marked by controversy.

The very first day, June 1 of 1984-85 ushered in a new organizational structure, which would serve well during the last three years of my administration. H. Douglas Lee became Executive Vice President. Now only three offices reported directly to me, the Executive Vice President, the Provost, and the Vice President and Dean of the Law School. The stage had been set for this when the trustees, recognizing that I had been president for seven years, offered me a sabbatical leave for the summer of 1984. I then proposed that Doug become my executive vice president giving me the confidence of good leadership of the university while I was away, plus giving Doug experience with areas, including finance, which he had not had. Even at this time, it was my hope that he might be my successor. I already knew that I would be retiring at the end of 1986-87.

We gave Doug an immediate baptism in running the university, for on the third of June, we and the Cokers flew to Portugal and did not return to DeLand until the 20th. This meant that in the interim Doug would have complete responsibility, including those who reported to the Provost.

The visit with the Cokers to Portugal and Spain became one of the highlights of our lives. We were met at the Lisbon Airport by Sam Shepherd, a Southern Baptist missionary and one who had been a classmate of mine at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. (Sam and his lovely wife, Charlotte, later retired in DeLand and have been good friends of ours during the past several years.)

Sam and Charlotte helped us get oriented to Portugal and gave us wonderful advice about what we should do and see. We stayed in Lisbon two or three days, then rented a car and traveled extensively in that small country. We thoroughly enjoyed the sights, the food, and the wine. Even in the most modest of restaurants, we found the food to be excellent and the house wines superior. We particularly enjoyed the fishing villages and spoke of how we would like to return someday and spend some time staying at one of the inns along the coast in a small fishing village.

From the twelfth of June until the end of our journey, we traveled in Spain. The Cokers had not been to Spain and, though we had traveled in the north and central parts of the country at Christmas time in 1960, we had never visited places in southern Spain. We especially enjoyed seeing the tower in Seville, after which the Stetson Law School tower is modeled, and the marvelous Alhambra at Granada. One of the high points of our trip was sailing across the Strait of Gibraltar for an overnight visit in Morocco. It was especially pleasing to have a taste of the Arab world and to be on African soil since Margaret and the Cokers had never had that experience.

Margaret will never forget her brief ride on a camel. I had my ride at the pyramids in Egypt years before, and that was enough for me, and the Cokers declined. Margaret, always willing to try something, was not too pleased with the experience at the time but has found it to be a great memory. She also remembers our shopping in one of

the large shops full of all kinds of interesting items, especially leather goods and rugs. We were haggling over some price in a manner well accepted in the Arab world, when the young shopkeeper commented on my beautiful wife, "How many camels will you take for her?" I asked, "How many will you give?" He finally got up to a thousand camels. I commented that it was a very tempting offer, but I thought I had better keep her!

That night we sat around a common dish in the hotel and watched a belly dancer perform. We later found out that she was an American girl whom they had hired for the occasion. At any rate, she had us fooled. We thought she was a very accomplished Arab belly dancer! Speaking of dance, in Lisbon, Sam had told us where we might go to have a good meal and see flamenco dancers. We took a cab and, after a considerable journey, we went down a small street and came to an unimposing facade of the restaurant. Inside, we found a wonderful place with great food and lots of singing and dancing in the typical Portuguese flamenco style. Before the evening was over, the dancers had all of us parading around, holding hands and joining in the singing.

One of the pleasures of the trip to Morocco and its capital Rabat was going by Gibraltar. We could dimly make it out in the fog, but it was thrilling to see it.

One of the serendipity events came on the evening we spent in Seville, Spain. In the hotel lobby, I said to Denton, "I do believe that man standing over there is Morgan Welsh." He was a long-time publisher of the newspaper in DeLand and taught journalism at Stetson and retired in New Smyrna. At any rate I went over and spoke to him, and, indeed, it was he. He said, "Dick McMahan and his wife are with us too." So, in the hotel in Seville, we had a little reunion with two DeLandite families. Strange are the coincidences of life! Later, after a few days in Madrid, we flew back to the States.

Back in Florida, we hosted the Association of Southern Baptist Colleges and Schools in Daytona but brought them to the Stetson campus for a great seafood meal in the cafeteria. I think all the participants in this event were extremely pleased with the experience.

Since I regarded my trip to Portugal and Spain as an earned vacation, I really began my sabbatical leave on July 2. We spent most of the time in our cottage in Black Mountain. The summer before I had engaged I. T. Brooks to rough in a room and bath as an addition to our house. I, then, spent much of the sabbatical summer putting in a ceiling and paneling in the new room.

As I look back over the sabbatical summer, it was a wonderful experience and one, which revived me mentally and physically. At the same time, it was broken up by university duties. For example, I was back in DeLand for a week, July 19-21, for the Executive Committee and Summer Orientation. Again, August 2-4, I was in DeLand for the Summer Commencement. Throughout July and August, I was working sporadically on a commencement speech I was to give to Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, a Chapel sermon, my annual faculty address, and a speech to be given to the Southeastern Region Academic Affairs Administrator's Conference, and my convocation address at the beginning of the school year. It was, also, during this period that I talked with Don Gill, who had a cottage on the mountain, about becoming chair of the Education Division. So, though it was a wonderful experience, it was not without attention to some university business.

One of the joys we had was attending the Roberts' reunion at Holly Springs Baptist Church in northeast Georgia on August 12. The Holly Springs Baptist Church was, as I had mentioned earlier, the place where my mother and father grew up and where

the Roberts and Duncan families had been mainstays for years. My first cousin, "Red" Roberts, orchestrated these reunions. Unfortunately, after he died, they ceased to operate. On our way to Holly Springs we had picked up Mary Margaret and Erin. Mary Margaret has always had an interest in these types of things.

We finished up the sabbatical by going by Statesboro to visit Laurie and Bill. Laurie at this time was manager of the The Yellow Canary, a boutique in the Statesboro Mall. She loved doing this and was quite successful with it. Unfortunately, since she was not the owner, her income from her work was very small, and later she had to go back to teaching. I used the time in Statesboro to have my annual dental check-up from "Speedy" Thompson and my physical from Sam Tillman.

We also visited Margaret's mother in Screven on our way back to DeLand. At this time, Mrs. Flexer was living with her sister, Eullah, in the old Harris home place.

After the usual activities of the beginning of the school year, including the trustees' meeting, a tropical storm descended upon us just at the time of our faculty reception, perhaps an omen of things to come. I think this was the only time in my period at Stetson that we had to move the faculty reception from the president's home to the Carlton Union Building.

In October it was on to Atlanta for the Academic Affairs Administrators Conference to which I spoke; from there to Washington for the alumni reception; and then to New York. While there we met with the Annenburg foundation, seeking to find whether there was any possibility of funds from them to project a communications school. Then came the alumni meeting in New York and the music board meeting. After returning to DeLand on October 13, we had only a few days before I attended the inauguration of Dr. Patterson, a former student and Stetson alumnus, at Georgetown College in Georgetown, Kentucky. I brought greetings from his former teachers.

It seems that 1984-85 was a year of speaking at other colleges. In December, I spoke at the commencement at Mercer in Atlanta as well as at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary commencement in Ft. Worth.

In the fall of 1984, I was dealing with both John Pelham about becoming Vice President of Church Relations and Clyde Fant about coming as Dean of the Chapel. I was frankly surprised that Pelham decided to leave Palatka, but I was certainly pleased. His employment has been a very significant factor in the life of Stetson ever since.

Fant, who let me know in December that he would come as Dean of the Chapel, is a splendid preacher; and, for a time, the chapel services were reasonably well attended. I was particularly impressed with the number of faculty who came to hear Fant and to hear the chapel choir that was superb. Unfortunately, Fant in time became discouraged when he seemed "never to quite make it" with the students, and the faculty attendance deteriorated greatly.

One of the high points of the Stetson year has been the Christmas music. In the days of Harold Giffin beginning more than fifty years ago, there was the annual performance of *The Messiah* that brought people to DeLand from many miles away. If one wished a seat, it was necessary to be in the Chapel a couple of hours before the beginning of the music. In more recent years, with both Professor Rich and Professor Duncan Couch there has been a beautiful service of carols and readings. During the time I was at Stetson, as in 1984, Marjorie Gilbert and I did the readings on one of the evenings of the performance, as we did in 1984 and frequently during the time I was at Stetson. Incidentally, I was asked to join with Ellen Smith for the readings at Christmas

time in 1994 for all three of the performances. The Chapel has always been filled for all these.

Speaking of Christmas time, in 1984 Kathy was the Curator of the DeLand Museum, and she transformed the old home in which the museum was located into a Victorian Christian scene. I was very proud of what she did, not only at Christmas, but also for other art shows at the museum. Quite frankly, and the reader must discount a father's prejudice, I do not think the DeLand Museum shows have demonstrated anything like the originality and interest since Kathy has been gone.

Kathy, now armed with an M.A. degree in art history from Florida State University, was ready to truly begin her career. A symbol of this, perhaps, was the fact that I helped her buy her first car, a Chevrolet made by Isuzu, when we were in Statesboro in the Christmas period. This little car served Kathy exceedingly well for a long time.

One of the true delights of Christmas of 1984 was the fact that the Lees invited us to have Christmas dinner with them and Doug's parents. Nothing could have been nicer, unless we could have had our whole family together. This was now getting to be impossible with the grandchildren becoming old enough to want to spend Christmas in their own homes, quite understandably. Margaret and I, perhaps, because we were near our retirement, decided that it would be a nice to have a Christmas Eve party for retired faculty. Beginning in 1984, we did this for the remaining years of my presidency.

I have spoken of Joe Bancroft before. One of the remarkable experiences with Joe was to attend his 84th birthday party on November 1, 1984. It began about 6:30 p.m., and we did not get back to DeLand until nearly one o'clock the next morning. He had erected a huge tent over the tennis courts at his estate, and there must have been 200 or more people in attendance. After a very elaborate spread of food and drink, we all assembled under the tent for a series of tributes to Joe from most of the CEO's of those companies who distributed his products, as well as those who had benefited from his investments. This went on and on, with Joe loving every moment. I am writing this nearly eleven years later. Joe is 94 and still going to the office and still resisting any efforts on our part to make any significant gift to Stetson. (Joe died at 95 without leaving Stetson a thing.)

As I have related before, Everett Huskey who was riding high in 1984 introduced Joe to me. He had become a developer for Heathrow, the idea and the money for which came from Gino Paluchi who had just sold Chung King Foods for several hundred million dollars. All those who knew them both thought this alliance could not last too long, and it did not; but, in the meantime, Everett was getting Heathrow Country Club organized. He, thoughtfully, wanted me on the Board of Governors for the Country Club in order for me to be able to meet some of the movers and shakers of Orlando. The initiation fee was a considerable sum that Everett graciously paid. The Board of Governors had its organizational meeting, November 12, 1984, and I remained on the Board of Governors for several years. Unfortunately, after Everett's "falling out" with Paluchi, he no longer had anything to do with Heathrow. I did meet a number of important people, though apart from what little exposure of Stetson that meant, nothing of any great importance from the point of view of gifts came out of this experience. It became clear to me after a fairly brief time that I was not a Country Club Board of Governors type. I cannot think of a board that I would wish to be on less than that of a country club!

I have spoken before of the less than ideal relationship, which I had with President Polk of Daytona Beach Community College. Nevertheless, there was a bright spot with reference to DBCC when Provost Coker and Dean Pat Hansen of DBCC got together in December of 1984 to discuss a possible DBCC and Stetson relationship. Pat did not stay at DBCC long enough to get this initiative off the ground, but it perhaps laid the groundwork for better relationships, especially with the resignation later of President Polk.

Denton was making two studies, which brought about considerable debate and controversy with the Arts and Sciences faculty.

First of all, he studied the loads of the faculty and found that, for the most part, they were very modest indeed. There were some notable exceptions in departments; but, on the whole, loads were not excessive anywhere in Arts and Sciences, particularly when student credit hours were considered.

Both of us were prejudiced, perhaps, having come out of a state system where loads were considerably above those at Stetson and where faculty were producing in terms of articles, books, and creative ways at a higher level than those at Stetson. Coker and I both made an effort to point this out to the faculty. As one can imagine, this did not get a very good reception! Though some Stetson faculty are quite productive; and, I think, most are good, many even excellent, teachers. Yet, I have never felt that the creative productive level for Stetson faculty is as high as it should be in the light of the relatively small student credit hour loads that they have, especially in the Arts and Sciences.

The other study that Coker did was a facilities study, which showed that our facilities use was very low indeed. Classrooms sat idle much of the day in certain areas, particularly in the sciences. There were long stretches of time when classrooms were not being used, and to relieve some of the problems in Elizabeth Hall, Coker suggested that mathematics, certainly closely related to the sciences, move to Sage Hall, the science building. This brought on tremendous opposition from those occupying Sage Hall. I could not believe the animosity generated by such an objective report and such a reasonable solution to some of our problems. Suffice it to say, mathematics was not moved!

It was very obvious that the old animosity between Stetson faculty and administration had not gone away. This was particularly true of the senior faculty members. They continued to represent a very large portion of the faculty. (That has all changed with retirements and new additions since the days of my presidency.)

As 1985 dawned, I could not have predicted the number of deaths that would be significant in the life of the University and in our own lives during that calendar year. In early January, the former president of Georgia Southern University, Zack Henderson, died, and I was asked to go as a pallbearer. Six days after Zack's funeral, Mr. Arthur Morris died, January 14, 1985. I attended a memorial service for him at the Riverside Baptist Church in Jacksonville on the 16th. Mr. Morris was one of our oldest trustees, not only in age but also in length of service. He was a grand man, very intelligent, and very helpful as a trustee. Most of his children had attended Stetson. Indeed, I had taught several of them in my earlier incarnation at the University. The influence of Mr. Morris, both through his children and through those tied to the Morris family, has been very significant in the life of the University.

Before January was out, Margaret's oldest brother, Judge Winebert Flexer died, and, of course, we attended the funeral January 30. This started a series of deaths in

Margaret's family, which within a very brief span of time took her mother, and all but the youngest (Julian) of her siblings.

In March, I was in attendance at the funeral of Doc Rinker's wife in West Palm Beach, and in April, Mr. Ferrell died. I have spoken of Mr. Ferrell before. He had longed to live to be 100. Unfortunately, he did not quite make that. As he put it, he was in his 100th year, but his 100th birthday had not come when he died on April 28.

Dr. Hugh West's funeral in DeLand was June 1, 1985. Dr. West not only was a pioneer figure in medicine in Volusia County and a great surgeon, but he was the attending physician when Dr. Hulley died. He was for all those years a great supporter of the University and for some time (1937-58) a trustee.

One of our newer trustees on whom we had counted strongly, a lawyer in Sarasota, Mr. Thomas F. Icard, died of cancer on the 6th of September of 1985. Then, in November, I learned of Ben Fisher's death. Ben was a great friend, a superb storyteller, and an educator of note. He had come to Stetson on a couple of occasions, including my inauguration, to participate in programs.

Thus, one can see that 1985 was not a good year from the point of view of deaths in our own and in Stetson's family.

In other ways it was a difficult year. My good friend and co-worker, Marc Lovelace, had by-pass surgery. I visited him twice at the Florida Hospital. Fortunately, he recovered well from this, but it was an experience none of us would like to have.

Many of us had become more and more disillusioned with the direction in which the Southern Baptist Convention was going under fundamentalist control. Bill Self had addressed our Board of Trustees about this situation in February at a workshop that we held in St. Petersburg. Incidentally, I tried to lay out something of an agenda for the future of Stetson at that meeting.

For me, the real crisis in my attitude toward the Southern Baptist Convention came in Dallas at the meeting, June 10-13. Doug Lee and I had gone together to Dallas, and I remember driving to the first meeting in a rented car trying to find a parking place when there were 50,000 messengers in attendance. The fundamentalists had recruited people from all of the areas around and had bused in thousands. The thing that completely disillusioned me was the reversal of a morning vote of the Convention by a statement of the president in the afternoon that he and the parliamentarian had consulted and had ruled that the motion of the morning was out of order and thus was null and void.

In other words, technicalities were going to be used to overrule any actions of the Convention which were unpalatable to those in control. I never went back to another Southern Baptist Convention annual meeting, and I do not expect to do so.

Later in the year, Bill Self talked to a small group of us about his reaction to what was happening in the Southern Baptist Convention only to have the meeting reported by one of the attendees to pastor Bobby Welch of First Baptist, Daytona Beach, who upbraided me and the University for having Self talk even to this small informal group. Again, it was indicative of the attitude, which would be taken toward anyone who opposed fundamentalist views. After all, Self was a trustee of the University.

One of the difficult issues of the year was dealing with Doug's decision to terminate Fred Cooper. Fred was a most unusual person. He was a very competent newsman, and he could trouble-shoot about as well as anyone I had worked with in such positions, but Fred had some very serious shortcomings. Unfortunately some of these were catching up with him. He was a chain smoker, and he began to abuse alcohol, both of which made him less effective than he might have been. Fred also had a tendency to

stretch the truth. At the same time, Fred could be a very charming fellow and a very likeable person. My own attitude toward him represented contradictory feelings. I was aware of his shortcomings and often was very irritated by some of his actions, but I could not help but like the fellow personally. Thus, when Doug came to me in March of 1985 saying that he had made the decision to let Fred go, I was neither surprised nor was I willing to overrule Doug. I knew it was the best thing for the University and for Fred. Soon after, Doug and I talked to Fred about his future; and, at Doug's suggestion, we made him a very generous termination agreement. We would carry him on the payroll for several months, providing he would seek counseling about his alcohol and other problems and report on his progress.

Naturally, Fred was disappointed, but he took the decision well and promised that he would abide by the provisions set forth. He was to report periodically to Doug about his progress, though he would have no more responsibilities with respect to the University. In time, Fred did become reasonably well-rehabilitated and secured employment by the Sanford newspaper and as an AP stringer. He and his wife with whom he had been separated, got back together; and I am pleased to say that they both were appreciative enough of our actions that I was asked to speak at his memorial service several years later.

Though there were many problems and sadnesses, there were many very positive and happy things that occurred in 1984-85. In February, I interviewed James Woodward whom I would later recommend to be dean of the School of Music--a very happy choice indeed. The Music School was divided right down the middle between Woodward and another very highly qualified candidate for the deanship. In fact, I had each faculty member of the Music School give me their choice in confidence in writing. I thought it would help me in my decision, because I was torn between these two individuals. Unfortunately, this gave me no help at all, because the faculty vote was essentially fifty-fifty. I finally made the decision to go with Woodward on the basis that he was younger and hungrier. I was afraid the other person, who was dean of a fine institution, might be coming to Florida to retire. I have certainly never regretted my decision.

One of the happy events of this period was the celebration of the 30th anniversary of Morrison's coming to cater the food service at Stetson. This was celebrated with a dinner that Morrison gave, together with their gift of a formal set of china that could be used for special dinners of the University. Gilbert Lycan in his book dealing with the history of Stetson has recounted the coming of Morrison's after the fire that burned down the Commons at Christmas in 1954. The relationship between the University and The Morrison Company has remained intact even up to the time of this writing (1995), forty years later.

Another event of significance for Stetson was the employment of Dale Sprankle as the long-range campus planner for the DeLand campus. He had already done work for the Law School, and we were pleased with what he had accomplished there. The March 13, 1985, meeting with Sprankle in DeLand marked the beginning of a continuing relationship, and the beginning of both pleasure and controversy for me. The pleasure was in seeing a master plan developing which would lay out the future campus in both function and beauty while retaining the charm of what already existed. The controversy came in our efforts to close Amelia Avenue through the campus, but more about that later.

I had told the trustees when I accepted the position at Stetson that I would expect to serve ten years unless the trustees decided otherwise or my health would not permit,

and then I would retire. I had not talked openly about this beyond the trustees at that time. I was aware that the ten years would end in May of 1987, and I gave a great deal of thought as to how I would go about making this known.

There is always great risk when one announces his retirement. If he announces it too soon, he runs the risk of being ineffective after that, with people looking toward his successor. If he announces it too late, the trustees and the University are put in a very difficult situation with reference to leadership beyond his retirement date. I knew in my own mind that the logical thing would be for Doug Lee to succeed me as president, though I knew that would not be my decision. Nevertheless, I thought it in the best interest of the University to announce my retirement early enough so that if the trustees went in that direction, it would give Doug time to develop a smooth transition to his leadership. I knew Doug well enough, also, that he would not try to undermine my continuing leadership until my retirement.

I talked to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Wendell Jarrard, Jr., as early as April 21, about my intention to retire. At the trustee meeting in September, I made the trustees aware of my intention and suggested that they set up a trustee committee on the continuity of administrative leadership, which they did. After informing the trustees, on the 23rd of September, I announced to the faculty my intention to retire after ten years.

By March of 1986 the presidential search committee had narrowed the field of candidates to two. On the sixth of March they met with Gordon Kingsley, President of William Jewell College, and Doug Lee.

Just prior to their meeting with Doug at 10:00 a.m., Amory Underhill came to my office and indicated that there was considerable support for Kingsley, and he felt that it would be essential for me to remain in some capacity if Doug were to be elected as president. He asked me if I would stay on as Chancellor. I indicated to him that in case Doug were elected and he wanted me to, I would be willing to remain as Chancellor, but without any intention of responsibility for the internal operation of the University.

The search committee met again on the 19th of March and asked me to appear before them. They asked me about the Chancellorship. I said to them essentially the same thing that I had said to Underhill. The search committee consequently recommended to the Board of Trustees in a special meeting on March 27 the election of Lee as president-elect and me as chancellor-elect. It was understood that I should remain president until the end of May 1987. In the meantime, we were engaged in a search for a new provost. Dr. Coker had announced his intention to retire at the end of the academic year, 1985-86. In December of 1985, Dean Robert Perkins also resigned as Dean of Arts and Sciences, so that position was also to be filled.

Four candidates for the Provost position were brought to campus and one was offered the position. In the meantime, he had negotiated a better situation at Auburn where he was then employed and turned our offer down. It then became obvious that we were not going to have a provost elected in time to take up the responsibilities in the academic year 1986-87. Therefore, I discussed on May 20, 1986, with Bryan Gillespie my desire to have him as acting provost, since it appeared that there was no way to have a provost designated before my retirement. That left a quandary with reference to the position of Acting Dean of Arts and Sciences, because Gillespie had been expected to act in that capacity. The position of Acting Arts and Sciences Dean was offered to Dr. Charles Vedder, but he turned it down on July 31.

In a meeting with Gillespie, Doug, and two or three others, we could come to no conclusion about who in the faculty would be the person who should be appointed acting

dean of arts and sciences. Finally, I suggested that we consider Gary Maris. This came as a great surprise to the others because they knew that Maris and I often had strong differences of opinions. Some of them were even aware of the fact that after a faculty meeting in October of 1985, Maris had accosted me, and we had had a rather vigorous thirty-minute debate out on the street corner. I pointed out that I did not always agree with him, but I admired his integrity, his hard work, and his loyalty to the University. The result was that we appointed Maris as the acting dean of arts and sciences. Thus, we had in place our team for the last year of my administration.

In the meantime, there were many things happening in our personal lives and in the University other than simply filling vacant positions.

For one thing, in May of 1985, I was persuaded by Doug, Wendell Jarrard, Jr., and Bill Alexander to invest in the purchase of some apartments on Clake Street in DeLand. I indicated that I would do it but only as a silent partner, taking no responsibility in any way for the maintenance or operation of the apartments. Doug took that responsibility. The idea that these apartments would appreciate, and we could sell them for a profit, plus some tax advantages never materialized. For several years we operated at less than a break-even situation. We finally sold them, much to the relief of Doug and to me.

By the end of 1984-85, I was ready for a bit of a vacation. Margaret and I took up the long-standing invitation of President Bill Proctor of Flagler College to spend several days in the nice small cottage that the College owned for guests. From May 24-27, we spent time in St. Augustine simply resting and exploring that wonderful city.

I continued to have problems with my teeth, and later on in 1985 I had to have another root canal.

One of the very unexpected and delightful happenings was the fact that early in October, I got a call from Mrs. Roseborough of Roseborough Travel saying that they had complimentary tickets for a round-trip flight to London which they were not going to be able to use and wondered if we could. The catch was that we would have to begin our journey within, as I now remember, a little over a week from that date. One of the lucky events of my life was the fact that I could clear that week from my calendar with fairly little trouble and that we had valid passports. So, Margaret and I spent October 12-19 in London at a fine old British hotel in easy walking distance to the British Museum. I cannot remember a happier experience than this one. We were under no pressures or schedule. We visited a number of museums, did some shopping, and saw some plays, one of which was the original cast of *Cats*.

Margaret through the years had written wonderful poetry. I had urged her to put together enough for a book. Though she wanted to do this, her schedule was so full that she never found time to do it. However, Marjorie Gilbert, bless her soul, told Margaret that she would help her select the poetry and insisted that she should publish it. Through that urging and help, Margaret had published in the latter part of 1984 her book, *I Would Bring Stars*. She had soon sold out of the first printing, and in 1985 the book went through a second printing. It has been a joy to us to know people who have commented on how much they have enjoyed it and how much it has meant to them. Margaret has enough poetry for another book, and I have been urging her to get that together. Unfortunately, she no longer has Marjorie to keep her focused on the task, and as of this writing (1995), it is still only a hope.

One of the great encouragements to Margaret that came out of this situation was the fact that after a lecture by Eugene Patterson, then Editor of the *St. Petersburg Times*,

Margaret gave him one of her books. He soon wrote her one of the most encouraging letters that I have ever read. Patterson, who was a splendid writer himself, commented that he had gone back to the motel and had thought he would glance at the book but found himself reading it through that evening. He was very warm in his remarks about Margaret's poetry, and she has treasured that letter.

Margaret suffered a real blow in February of 1986 with the death of Sue, her sister and the youngest of her siblings. She was present when Sue died in the hospital with a severe case of emphysema. Though she handled Sue's death very well, it undoubtedly took an emotional toll upon Margaret. It was not long after that in April that I got the first hint of something being wrong with Margaret. It came at the presidential counsellor's event at the Huskeys in her reaction to the roasting, which she and I got at that time. I was not aware of the seriousness of the situation, even though I did have concern about the fact that she was more and more feeling that remarks, which were made quite innocently, were directed at her. For example, she felt that Bob Mulkey was preaching directly to her, that everything he said was directed at her personally. But more about this later.

In July of 1985, Dean Fant and I began to talk about the possibility of a Doctor of Ministry (D. Min.) degree offering at Stetson. He contacted the theological accrediting association and discovered that it could be done in the context of the University without its giving other theological degrees. We began to try to conceptualize a Center for the Study of Christian Ministry. Unfortunately, there was so much on the University's plate at this particular time that we did not follow through with the idea. I still think that it is a viable possibility for Stetson.

We were continuing to work with Dale Sprankle on a long-range campus plan. In the meantime, the existing Panhellenic building on Woodland Boulevard was condemned as unsafe, and it became necessary for us to find some other way to deal with the sorority needs. Sororities at Stetson had never had separate houses as have the men.

With the help of Sprankle and his landscape architect, we decided upon the present location. This meant that we had to move several houses, among them the International House. We actually physically moved it across the campus to a position south of the library parking lot.

Dean Jenkins involved the Panhellenic Council, the various sororities, the sorority advisors, and others in planning for a group of houses, which would provide meeting space, and rooms for sorority offices. The cost would be amortized over a number of years through rentals from the sororities. Dave Leonard was the principal architect, and finally a complete plan was in hand. In the meantime, another issue had arisen. The site plan was taken to the City Planning Board and in January of 1986 was rejected. Finally, after a great deal of negotiation, particularly with reference to parking, the plan was approved and the contract let. In the meantime, I had suddenly discovered that the exterior was to be of wood. How I had overlooked this in my studies of the plan, I do not know--probably because I just assumed it would be brick and was looking at other issues instead. I immediately indicated that we would not go forward until that was changed to a brick, which would be compatible with the other brick buildings in the general area. Finally, everything was in place and construction began. Though not complete by the time of my retirement in May of 1987, they were well underway. They were then occupied in the fall of '87 and at that time were dedicated.

The campus master plan was ready for presentation to the Board of Trustees in February of 1986. After a generally positive reception there, I began to consult with

people about the strategy for selling the master campus plan to various groups. For example, I talked to Hyatt Brown on one day and the next day to Kermit Coble to get their ideas. I formed a small task force to talk about strategy for selling the plan, and there were several meetings of this group. At the Board of Trustees meeting in May, the trustees approved the plan. On May 16, Sprankle presented the plan to the faculty.

I then began a series of one-on-one meetings--generally with Doug present--on the plan with persons in leadership roles in the community and area. These meetings included Jimmy Jordan who was then publisher of the *DeLand Sun News*, Tom Kelly, the County Manager, Scott Rahlfs, the City Manager, Wiley Nash, the Mayor, Judy Scofield, the head of Mainstreet, Bob Abgar, Willie Durant, Dave Disney, and Janet Bollum, all on the City Council. I also talked to Dick McMahan, Big John on the County Council, the local legislators, John Summers, a county commissioner, to Larry Arrington, and the Chair of the County Planning Board. Early in June, I had met with reporters, and I presented the long-range plan to a room full of community leaders and to area residents at a luncheon.

This is only a sample of the things that were done to try to achieve some understanding of and acceptance of our plan.

We found general acceptance of the plan, at least in their responses to us, and were truly unprepared for the reception which we got when I appeared before the DeLand Planning Commission, August 20, 1986. Doug and I went with the idea of simply presenting the plan. When we arrived we found the room packed with opponents. After I had presented the plan, the Planning Commission allowed a public debate. I had not been informed that this would be the nature of the meeting. My understanding was that I was simply going to let the planning board know something about our plan. I had not intended to ask them to approve it at that time. Nevertheless, Doug and I felt a hostility which was not only surprising to us but which was very bitter toward the University. Afterwards, a movement was organized to stop Stetson from implementing the plan, particularly as it involved the possibility of closing a section of Amelia running through the campus. Bumper stickers appeared all over town to SAVE Amelia, and I have seldom been used as a target of so much venom.

In the meantime, at the suggestion of several, I had been the organizing force in a traffic task force to make a study of the long-range needs of traffic on the west side of Volusia County with particular reference to DeLand. We got the cooperation of the City, the County, and Highway Department in the sense that representatives from these entities were on the traffic task force. I made a great mistake in allowing the group to make me the chairman of this task force. At the first meeting on August 19, 1986, there were persons not on the task force who were there to protest anything we might do. It became obvious to me that I could not remain chairman, and indeed, I resigned from the Traffic Task Force altogether. It continued to meet for a while, and I think it did begin a more serious process of consideration of the traffic problems on the west side of Volusia County. There had been no real coordinated look at this issue before.

The last year and one-half of my administration was made more difficult by these controversies surrounding the Master Campus Plan (primarily the Amelia Avenue issue), including the Traffic Task Force issue.

A more personal concern was the developing depression that Margaret went through. I was not as aware as I should have been of the signs of this, though I was concerned about some of her thoughts as early as the latter part of 1986.

The real crisis began in February of 1987. I took Amtrak to Washington on February 3 to attend the meeting of the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities. Margaret drove me to the train. I had expected her to meet me on the 7th on my return. I was surprised to find that Kathy was at the station. As we started into town she began to tell me of Margaret's status, which had become acute. She was hallucinating with the result that she could only think very negative thoughts. Kathy and her friend Cliff had stayed at the house all night because of their concern for her. On my return to the house, I realized that it was necessary to get Margaret under some kind of professional care. I took her to the emergency room of the hospital, and she was admitted to the psychiatric wing of the hospital.

Dr. Selam Sally, the psychiatrist, talked to me about the fact that modern psychiatry realizes that severe depression is a disease in which the brain is beset by a chemical imbalance. Therefore, the treatment is usually a medical one using modern drugs. It was necessary for Margaret to stay in the hospital about two weeks, but she was much improved as a result of the drugs and therapy that she received. She was able to go to the Homecoming events the latter part of February and to hear my farewell address to the alumni at the Homecoming banquet. It was not until the latter part of September and early October that the severe depression returned, but more about that in the next chapter.

There were so many things that happened in that last year of my administration that it is a bit difficult to know just how to organize them. For example one of the events of significance was the decision relative to the location of the Cultural Arts Center.

Margaret Lee had been the major force in developing the idea that the DeLand Museum, the little theater group, and other cultural arts groups should be located in a single building which could become a cultural arts center. Matters had gone to the point that a site had been selected in an area just to the southeast of the main part of downtown.

Yet there were a number of people who were not happy with this particular site. In my statement relative to the master campus plan in the community meeting, I had remarked that had we known about our decision to relocate most of the University functions on the east side of the Boulevard, it might have been possible to have offered an opportunity for the Cultural Arts Center to have been placed in close relationship to the University. On July 23, Richard Parker and Frank Ford called on me to talk about the possibility of locating the Cultural Arts Center on property which we owned on the west side of the Boulevard saying that the location was not so fixed in stone that it would be impossible for the Cultural Arts Center to change. On the 18th of August, I met with Larry Sands, Jimmy West, and Frank Ford on property options relative to the CAC. The result of all of this was an agreement worked out with the Cultural Arts Center people to enter into a lease with an option for them to buy property bordering on the University Inn, the Boulevard, and University Avenue. By the middle of October, we were ready to have a press conference announcing this lease arrangement with the Cultural Arts Center. It appears to me that this has been a happy event for both the City and the University. Certainly, the Cultural Arts Center building is a fine addition to the property adjacent to the campus.

Another thing which was happening and which ultimately would result in a happy event for Stetson was the fact that privately I was informed of the wish of the Big E Savings and Loan to sell its property at the corner of East Michigan and the Boulevard to Stetson. This proposal came formally on the 25th of August 1986. At the time we could not accept the offer because the Big E wanted more money for the property than we could afford or felt it was worth and because of various stipulations about their remaining

to have a presence in the building for a good number of years. However, it did open up the possibility that in time the University might be able to acquire that property. That it did, and thus altered the time frame for several items on the master campus plan.

There were several other property issues which were bothersome but which eventually became settled. One had to do with the little house right in back of the Carlton Union Building, which ultimately we had to buy at a greatly inflated price but which was necessary to have for parking with the new sorority houses going up across the street. We also needed the Hague property, and it was eventually bought. We were also trying to sell the beach home in St. Augustine of Mr. Gillespie. He had willed it to us with the idea that its sale would create an endowment, the income of which would be used to purchase additional minerals for the mineral museum.

One of the happy interludes in this period was a trip which Margaret and I made to California in September of 1986. We toured the Stetson Redwoods with John Williams, the forester and caretaker of the holdings that Dr. Edmunds had been involved with. Williams said at this time we should hold the property for about ten years while development came closer and closer to it. He felt that we might realize as much as a million dollars from it. Then, we had an alumni meeting in San Francisco. Dale Sprankle was our guest.

During the afternoon before the meeting, Margaret and I had explored the area around the Bay. In walking through one of the large old buildings, which had been turned into a kind of shopping center, Margaret said, "There are the Brochecs." Sure enough, Dr. and Mrs. Brochec, the head of the music department at Georgia Southern, were there. We had a nice visit and marveled over the coincidence of our running into each other in San Francisco.

We took the train to Los Angeles on the very beautiful route along the ocean. In Los Angeles we visited with various alumni as well as having an alumni meeting. The most unfortunate part of this whole trip was the fact that I became ill while in Los Angeles but managed to fly back to DeLand where I had to stay away from the office for another day because of my illness. I was very fortunate in having very few episodes of illness during my presidency, but this was one of them. Apparently, I did not completely get rid of the bug, because October 11 and 12 I was in bed with my infected throat again.

The latter part of 1986 continued to be a very busy time including a trip to Kansas City, September 30, for a meeting of the President's Commission of NCAA, in early October a meeting with the Florida Association of Colleges and Universities, and afterwards with Bedele and Pinnoch on the changes in the Jesse Ball duPont Trust approach. This latter only renewed my long-standing feeling that all too many foundations are run by people who have great personal ambitions and consequently are always talking about "innovative programs," and dribble out their money in relatively small grants in order to have more people kowtowing to them. October 16 & 17 found me in Washington for an alumni meeting and visiting in various congressional offices. The 27th and 28th of October I was in Jacksonville making visits on behalf of the Florida Independent College Fund. On the 9th of December, I spoke to the Florida Southern Association Secondary Schools breakfast. As well, I attended the various meetings of SACS. These are simply some of the off-campus things that I was doing in this period.

On campus many things were happening. We were still discussing with Sprankle and Elton Beck, his landscape architect, the refinements in the Long-Range Campus Plan.

In November, Doug brought a provost candidate, Lou Brakeman, to campus for interviews, and on December 2, he made a decision to offer Brakeman the job. Also in

December, Mark Whittaker with his family came to campus for interviews concerning his possible employment as vice president for development when Doug should become president.

One of the things that I recommended to the trustees was that when we vacated the president's home, they should take that opportunity to completely renovate that house.

Essentially, nothing had been done to it during our tenure, and I thought this would be a good time to see a complete redecoration. Though the trustees approved the plan, they were not so keen on spending the amount of money, which we projected, would be needed, as I remember, some \$50,000. I argued that Margaret and Doug would use the house to very great advantage for the University and that this was a small investment to make for long-term financial gains. This was done, and it has certainly proved that I was correct.

At the same time, we were talking about where Margaret and I would be housed and just where my office would be. Some small amount of renovation was decided upon in the house in which the Coker's had lived which would make it a little more livable as well as giving some office space in it.

Perhaps the most exciting event of December came on the 23rd of 1986. Doug indicated that Dennis McNamara wanted us to come to his office. I went with the idea that he might be giving us a check, which he often did, for the university. On arrival at his automobile dealership in Orlando, we saw a beautiful white Cadillac parked just outside the showroom with a large red ribbon over the top. I said joking to Doug that he should buy it for his Margaret for Christmas. After receiving a check from Dennis, he said, "I have been wondering what the Chancellor would drive." Turning to me, he said, "I wonder if you would be willing to drive a car that I would give to you. Let me show it to you." We walked downstairs to the beautiful Cadillac which we had previously remarked upon, and he presented me the keys. In actuality, he gave the car to the University, but he told the Board that it was for my use and that any time I wanted it transferred into my name, the Board should do so. Up until this time (1995), I have kept it for my use on university business, and I have not wanted it put into my name. Nevertheless, it has been a most wonderful vehicle to drive, and you can imagine our excitement when I took it home. I put the red ribbon back on top and called Margaret out to see it. It truly made a wonderful Christmas for us.

Occasionally, I would have some pleasant contacts with Georgia Southern. For example, I was invited as the University's guest to see Georgia Southern play UCF in Orlando on November 8, 1986. There I saw numerous people from Statesboro and Georgia Southern whom I knew, including Kirbylene Stevens, who had been my secretary. Then in January of 1987 we had an alumni meeting at Statesboro. We were kindly provided space at the field house for our meeting, and were guests for the basketball games between Georgia Southern and Stetson that same evening. (Unfortunately we lost.)

Speaking of basketball, on January 15 of 1987 we honored Glenn Wilkes for thirty years of coaching at Stetson. At the time, no other basketball coach in the major division had been at a single institution as long as Glenn.

As I look back over that last year, I am impressed all over again with how much time we spent on discussions relating to the long-range campus master plan.

There were a number of nice events which honored me in the latter days of my presidency. One of these was to be made a lifetime member of the Golf Buddies and

given a new set of clubs, all of which had been inspired, I am sure, by Wendell Jarrard, Sr. Even though I do not play golf, I have treasured those clubs in memory of Wendell.

At that same event, we received word of Barnett Bank's contribution of \$400,000 toward scholarships in the business school.

Other events honoring me included a roast at homecoming and my farewell address to the alumni at the homecoming banquet. I was so pleased that Mary Margaret was able to fly in for the homecoming events. In April, I was surprised by a presentation of a portrait by Danielle Laprime. I was not even aware that Danielle was an artist, and one day, accompanied by Jackie Kersh, the Director of Public Relations, she came bearing this very excellent oil portrait that she presented to me. We have it hanging in our living room, and it continues to grow on me as the years go by. Perhaps, that is because it is a bit younger looking than I am now! In May, the cabinet honored Margaret and me at a luncheon, and at the trustee meeting on the 15th of May, the trustees honored Margaret and me with a resolution and tree planting. At commencement, May 17, I was surprised by the action of the board in conferring upon me an LL.D. degree. About a week later, Rollins at its commencement conferred an LL.D. on me. I went to Tallahassee on the first of June, 1987, and there the State of Florida Cabinet presented me with a resolution in my honor. All of these and other honors helped to make my retirement a happy one.

A serendipitous event occurred during my visit to Washington in early February, 1987, for the meeting of the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities. I had read in the magazine of the Embry Riddle Aeronautical University about the commencement address of General Russ Dougherty. In telling about General Dougherty, it was noted that he was born in Glasgow, Kentucky, about the same time that I was born. I had written him a little note telling him that I too was a native of Glasgow and born there about the same time as he. He kindly wrote back and invited me to get in touch with him should I ever be in Washington. I let him know that I was going to be in Washington on February 4 & 5, and he invited me to dinner with him and Mrs. Dougherty on the evening of the 4th saying that I should bring a guest. A long-time acquaintance, now the C.E.O. of the Commission on Colleges of SACS, Jim Rogers, happened to be making a presentation at NAICU, and I invited him to go along with us for dinner, which he did. The General and his wife took us to a very nice club for dinner, and we thoroughly enjoyed getting acquainted and spending some time together.

Another very delightful time came in April when the Southern University Conference met at the Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia. Margaret and I flew to Roanoke and rented a car. As we went up the mountain toward the Homestead, it began to snow. During the period of the conference, the snow continued until it was several inches deep. It made a beautiful sight, indeed. By the time we left on April 4, the snow had been cleared from the roads enough for us to travel. We went on to Greer where we stayed with Mary Margaret. We decided to come to our cottage at Lakey Gap, and to see the snow on the mountains. We made the trip satisfactorily until we got to our drive off Highway 9. We knew that the snow was so deep for us to go up in the automobile, but we thought we might be able to walk up. When we started, every step that Margaret made she slipped back about two steps! We gave that up. But it was a nice try.

The reason we had taken this circuitous route to Greer was the fact that I was on the Visiting Committee of SACS for the ten-year evaluation of Furman University. My responsibility was to look at administration. So, April 6-8, 1987, I did that. I enjoyed this visit very much. I found Furman to be as fully a fine institution as I had earlier

known it was. I also got a big kick out of being able to write an evaluation of my good friend President John Johns. I must say that the evaluation was excellent! John had done an unusually fine job at Furman. The fit between John and Furman was perfect.

Early in 1987, I was presented with a long paper by Barry Goldfarb and asked to evaluate it. As one who had engaged in the study of science, particularly physics, I had some understanding what Barry was getting at in his paper. On the other hand, his concept was so innovative that it was not only difficult to understand, but difficult to believe it achievable. Nevertheless, I thought it was worth our "taking a flyer on him," and in that judgment I was not wrong in spite of many ups and downs in his career. After eight years of struggle, it appears that he has now begun to reap the awards of his efforts and is to beginning to achieve his dream.

It was our intention to get out of the president's home before the end of May so that the renovation could begin. One of the real downers as far as my retirement was concerned involved packing for the move, even though it was to be just around the corner. The principal problem was the packing of the large collection of books that I had. I started this packing in the middle of March, 1987, and spent literally days on it. I had some vacation time, so I took the 20-24 of April to pack, but I was interrupted by the fact that Phi Kappa Pi fraternity violated the no hazing rule and was suspended, as well as by the fact that Doug had the flu on the 23rd, and there were issues that had to be taken care of.

It remains almost unbelievable to me that it took so much time packing, but as I look at my diary, I note that Mary Margaret came on May 3 and left on May 10 helping us with packing, and I used May 4-9 almost entirely for packing. Then Laurie came and helped me the 18th and 19th. Laurie especially helped with the hanging of pictures in our new home before we moved the furniture in. I doubt that we would have ever gotten the pictures hung if it hadn't been for Laurie helping us in that way. The movers came and moved the furniture on the 23rd. So, we at least got out of the house a few days before the end of May.

With June's help, I managed to pack up the office materials about the same time.

One of the delightful interruptions to all of this activity of packing and moving was the fact that on May 1, I went to Raleigh, North Carolina, to attend a reception for the Stewart Newmans at Meredith College. Stewart had been a great friend and colleague from the Southeastern Seminary days, and he was retiring from his teaching, which recently had been done at Meredith. I went on then the next day to Gaffney, South Carolina, and spoke at the installation of Fred Payne as the President of Limestone College and received an honorary degree from Limestone. Fred had been a faculty member at Georgia Southern.

At the Law School commencement on May 9th, I was presented with a beautiful certificate honoring my presidential tenure. The faculty senate had given a dinner for all faculty in our honor on April 28.

I should note two deaths that took place, shortly before my tenure ended, of persons I had been well acquainted with and whom I appreciated much. One was the death of Andy Powell on March 14. The other was that of Doc Johnson whose funeral was on the 30th of May. Doc was a Stetson institution, having served the University for many years. Even after his retirement, he continued to be in and about the campus. Indeed, he lived at the corner of Pennsylvania and Hayden (now Bert Fish Drive) in a house which belonged to the University

May 31 was my last day as president. It was a Sunday. Margaret, Kathy, and I went to the office about 4:30 p.m. I wrote a note, which I left on the desk for Doug, together with my keys. I took the portrait, which Louis Freund had painted of me several years before and which had hung in our home, and I hung it in the place where John Johns portrait had been, and I put Johns portrait next to Ollie Edmunds. The next time I was in the DeLand Hall I noticed to my surprise that my portrait and that of Johns had been reversed.

On balance, it had been a very good ten years in my life. There had been some difficult times, but there was never any doubt that Stetson would survive as a very strong institution. I felt very good to know that I was turning the reins over to a first-class individual and one who would bring Stetson to much greater heights than I had been able to do.

CHAPTER XXVI

STETSON UNIVERSITY VII MY YEARS AS CHANCELLOR 1987-95



The first summer after my retirement from the presidency proved to be a busy one and an eventful one.

We had hoped to get away to our cottage in the mountains immediately after my retirement, but there were a number of odds and ends that had to be tied up before we could leave. One was the State cabinet meeting in Tallahassee that I have already referred to. Then, on the way home from that meeting, I became ill and was in bed on the third of June. Much of my time in those days was taken up trying to get things straightened up in our house.

One interesting incident occurred on the 10th of June. I had a call from an alumna from Tift College wanting me to be president of that college. The story went something like this. Mercer University had acquired the Tift campus and, much to the dissatisfaction and protests of the alumnae, had closed the college. A group of the alumnae had entered a suit against Mercer maintaining that the University had violated the agreement which it had when it came into the assets of Tift. They wanted me to come as president to lead their fight and restore Tift College. Obviously, I was not about to get involved in that. I made the appropriate excuse that I had a job, which I had just entered a few days before as Chancellor, and I could not leave!

It was about this time that I heard that Georgia Southern had a new president, Nicholas Henry, and I quickly wrote my congratulations to him.

When I accepted the Chancellorship, I told the Board that I would do it based upon two considerations. First, I would have nothing to do with the internal management of the University, and I would give the president no unsolicited advice. Second, I would work on my own schedule and that included summers in the mountains of North Carolina. Consequently, once we had gotten the house reasonably straight and other loose ends tied up, we left to go to our cottage at Lakey Gap Heights on the 16th of June, 1987. We made a leisurely journey spending a night each with Margaret's brother and

sister-in-law on St. Simons Island, with Laurie in Statesboro, and Mary Margaret in Greer.

I had committed myself to speak at the Commencement of Judson College in Alabama, which I did on June 27th, almost immediately after arriving at Lakey Gap Heights. From there I went to DeLand where I worked on my last Annual Report and some other matters which could not be done by the end of the fiscal year.

We had only driven one car to the mountains. I now drove the other and arrived back on our mountain on July 1.

I had determined that I would learn to use the computer, which I had not had time to do during my presidency. Therefore, I had bought an IBM compatible machine and was working very hard to become reasonably proficient in its use. I soon learned to enjoy working with computers and have done so ever since.

Margaret sought out a place to swim and found that one was available for her at the YMCA in Asheville. I would take her to the "Y" and while she was swimming would walk over downtown Asheville and usually drop in some restaurant and get me a cup of hot tea and sometimes a sweet roll or biscuit. Soon, she was also going to Asheville three times a week, alternating the driving with Mary Lou Pritchard, to do exercises on Nautilus machines.

The summer was not without its pleasures. We began to attend the First Baptist Church in Asheville where listening to John Hewett (a Stetson alumnus) preach and the great choir sing was inspirational. Also, in August, we went to Helen, Georgia, at the invitation of the Georgia Association of Colleges. I had been a president of that organization, and this meeting honored past presidents. We enjoyed seeing many old friends and were quite enchanted by the small town of Helen, which had made itself over into a German village.

On our way home, we stopped in Highlands, N. C., to visit our good friend from college days, Robert C. Norman, and his wife, Kitty. I was distressed to find that Bob was losing his eyesight very rapidly, though it did not detract from his usual optimistic and enthusiastic self.

Our traveling days were not over; in September we traveled to Tallahassee to attend the retirement dinner for Dr. Robert McMillan, pastor of the First Baptist Church and a Stetson trustee. I had been asked to bring greetings on this occasion, and I was very happy to do that.

We were reminded soon after getting to the mountains of the fact that our friends were growing old. In mid-September, Roy King was diagnosed with cancer and was operated on. He never truly recovered from this experience. Mrs. James Stewart died. Her funeral was on August 4. Along with that sadness, on that day we went to a party celebrating the Lycan's 50th anniversary. The next day we went to a dinner at the Eddie Shodts' where the other guests were the Ben Holdens. He was the former president of Warren Wilson College whom I had come to know through seeing him in meetings and at airports as our paths used to cross. Ben had retired from the presidency a year earlier. I asked him how he liked retirement. A very clever man, Ben replied, "I like it very well. The only problem is, I miss my vacations." (I regret to report that Ben died in 1995.)

One of the things I had determined to do was to see if we could not arrange an alumni meeting in Asheville the next summer. Greg Kuchar, whom I had come to know as a member of the Breakfast Rotary Club in DeLand, had moved to Asheville where he was in the insurance business. Greg was a very enthusiastic and loyal Stetson alumnus, so I talked to him about the possibility of an alumnus gathering. I found that he was a member of the Asheville Country Club and would be glad to help us set up a meeting there. I also took John Hewett to breakfast at the Grove Park Inn one morning while

Margaret was swimming and talked to him about his lending support to such a gathering. Both Greg and John were enthusiastic with the consequence that alumni meetings did begin the next year and have continued since.

Margaret's health difficulties seemed to multiply during this period. Her back continued to give her great problems. She tried a chiropractor to no avail. She had a tooth that was giving her such trouble that it required a root canal. To make matters worse, her gums had to be operated upon. A podiatrist made her some arch supports hoping that this would help her back, and they did to a certain extent. Furthermore, in September she was diagnosed as having glaucoma, which the ophthalmologist said, was due to the anti-depressant drugs that she had been taking. The only bright spot was that the allergy shots she was taking were doing wonders for her.

Signs of the recurrence of her depression began to show up in September, and by the first of October she became very much worse. Once again she was having hallucinations. One of these involved the Lycans. She was certain that Dr. Lycan had shot Sally and further that the police were coming for some reason to get her. All my persuasive powers would not convince her otherwise. She would not ride with me to town, because she was certain I was going to have a wreck.

On the third of October, I put in a desperate call to Mary Margaret. She and Larkin came up on the fourth, and we managed to get Margaret to accompany us to Greer. On the fifth, we went to Pickens Psychiatric Hospital, a part of the Greenville Memorial Hospital System, and had a consultation with Dr. Roy J. Ellison, a psychiatrist of some note. He immediately admitted her to the hospital and began to make an effort to find another medication that would relieve her depression.

By the 19th of October, Margaret had recovered enough to go with me to Asheville to see Dr. Isby for her eyes and Dr. Claybourne for her gums. We checked her out of the hospital on October 29 and traveled to Statesboro on the 30th, arriving in DeLand on the first of November.

I knew that Margaret had to have more attention than I could give, so we employed a young woman, Linda Kuhn, who spent most of the day with Margaret. Margaret was beginning to have difficulty swallowing saying that food was going down the wrong way. I thought that this was a part of her imagining things. But by Sunday, November 15, the problem was so bad that Dr. Pate took her into his office that afternoon on an emergency basis and checked her esophagus and found no obstruction.

This reinforced my view that her trouble was imaginary, but by Monday night it was obvious that she was in real trouble. As I was trying to get her up the stairs to bed, she completely passed out. I managed to, with great difficulty, drag her up the stairs and get her into bed. I at once called Dr. Landon Smith who told me that we must get her immediately to the hospital, further that he no longer practiced in the hospital but that he would get in touch with Dr. Spore to alert him.

I called 911 and very quickly an emergency vehicle came and transported Margaret to the emergency room at the hospital. Kathy met me there, and we were in a waiting situation for some time. I finally got to see Margaret who had revived somewhat. The emergency room doctor thought that she had congestive heart failure. They took her back to the psychiatric unit for some reason, which I never did quite understand.

The diagnosis was wrong. Fortunately, the next morning when Dr. Spore saw her, he realized that something was very much amiss and diagnosed her with aspiration pneumonia caused by the ingestion of food into her lungs, just as she had said. You can imagine how very distressed I was to realize that Dr. Pate, the emergency room doctor, and I all had not believed her and had completely missed the fact that she was, indeed, ingesting food into her lungs. Somewhat later, two neurologists who examined her

discovered that one of the very rare side effects of the medication, which she had been given in Greenville, was the inability to swallow and a consequent injection of food into the lungs. Consequently, Margaret was immediately taken off all anti-depressant drugs.

Dr. Spore immediately put Margaret in ICU where she stayed for some days. In fact, for ten days she was critically ill, and I lived in constant dread that I might have a call that she did not make it. On the 19th of November, Dr. Capulong operated on her to remove the foreign particles from her lungs. This was the only thing that saved her. By the 24th, she was better; and by the 27th, she was out of ICU. It was not until the 4th of December that she was able to come home from the hospital, and Linda began to stay with her once again.

While she was in ICU, only immediate family was permitted to visit with her. One afternoon, Ken and Deanna Kirchman came to the hospital. Deanna passed herself off as a daughter and got to see her. Margaret remembers this as one of the bright spots of her stay in the hospital. She has never forgotten this demonstration of love and concern. Also, soon after she was at home, Ginny Tillman came down from Georgia, and this visit was very helpful to Margaret.

For a time it appeared that the episode in the hospital had, for some reason, perhaps because of the shock it put upon her system, cleared up Margaret's depression. In fact, she was well enough to go to a basketball game with me, as well as to the Christmas luncheon of the development department. Also, in early January she had a fine time when George and Mary Hood took us to breakfast at Spring Garden Ranch, and we had the pleasure of watching the trotting horses. She also accompanied me to a black tie dinner at Flagler College on the 9th of January to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Ponce DeLeon Hotel, which was now the centerpiece of the college. Further, she attended the Duke game at the Ocean Center where we sat with the Joe Bancrofts. She went with me to hear Mrs. Al Gore at the Tiger Bay Club on the 27th of January. Indeed, until about the middle of March she got along splendidly. Even as late as the 25th of February, she joined me in hosting the basketball dinner, and on the first of March we celebrated Marjorie Gilbert's birthday at dinner. On the 9th she assisted me in touring the campus with the Ormond-in-the-Pines group that Dawn Godwin brought to campus.

It was about this time that signs of her recurrent depression began to appear. I took her on the 15th of March to see Dr. Ivan Fleishman, a local clinical psychologist. By the 17th, she was having very bad days. In spite of this, she was able to join me in hosting a dinner for Margaret and Doug at the Heathrow Club. She continued to visit with Fleishman, but these sessions did not seem to be doing her any good. Fleishman suggested that she should see a psychiatrist, and he made an appointment for us with Dr. James T. Moore in Daytona Beach on the 29th of March. Fleishman did not know Moore except by reputation but in telling me that he had made the appointment, he commented on the fact that he was extremely impressed with Moore on the telephone. The phone visit with Moore convinced him that she should be in the hospital immediately, so we checked her in that very day.

Dr. Moore pointed out that since Margaret had had such great difficulty with the anti-depressant drugs, we were really left with no options except electric shock treatments. This was disturbing to both of us. Margaret's mother had undergone these many years before, and this treatment had left her without any memory of consequence of things past. Dr. Moore assured us that the refinements that had come in the use of electro convulsive treatments very much reduced the danger of that happening, as well as other dangers associated with the treatments. In fact, he noted that one standing by the patient while these treatments were given would hardly be aware of anything happening to the patient. In fact, he showed me a video of such a treatment to reassure me. We knew that

things could not go on as they were, so Margaret began a series of these, and she was soon much better. She was discharged from the hospital on the 27th of April. She did go back for additional treatments on an outpatient basis; but, by the time we left to go to Black Mountain on the 17th of June, she seemed to be in good shape.

I did ask Dr. Moore whom should we see in Asheville if she had further trouble. He told me about Dr. Samuel Theilman who was moving to Asheville shortly to open a practice. Dr. Theilman had been a student at Duke while Dr. Moore was a professor there and Moore was very high on him. Theilman had been teaching at the University of Georgia Medical College, but he left to be in practice in Asheville near his home, which was in the Black Mountain area. Indeed, his father was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Montreat.

While all this was happening to Margaret, other things were involving my life as well.

When Margaret was in the Pickens Hospital in Greenville, Larkin invited me to go with him to the Clemson vs. Virginia football game (October 10, 1987). This was a new experience for me. I had been to the University of Georgia football games, but never had I seen such rabid fans as the Clemson ones. It is amazing to me that a little town like Clemson, South Carolina, could possibly manage 80,000 people on a Saturday afternoon. But somehow they do. Larkin had an uncle who taught at Clemson and lived there, so we could park in their driveway. For me, without loyalty to either Clemson or Virginia, I had opportunity to observe the crowd and get my pleasure in that way. It must be daunting for a football team to come into "Death Valley" and play Clemson. It appeared that everybody had on orange, and when the roar went up from these fans, it was unbelievable.

The very next day I went to Athens, Georgia, to be present at the 75th Anniversary Celebration of the Price Avenue Baptist Church where my father had been pastor and where I had been a member during my last high school year and college years. It was this church which had examined me for my ordination and where I was the director of the Baptist Training Union while still a college student. The latter part of that week I went to Tampa to receive the distinguished service award from the Florida Association of Colleges and Universities.

In the meantime, I had engaged I. T. Brooks to build an addition to our cottage in the mountains. The addition was to be a carport and utility room. I also had Frank Jordan install baseboard heating throughout the house.

Margaret and I returned to DeLand on the first of November where I was immediately involved in getting ready for Doug's inauguration which occurred on the sixth of November. This was a fine occasion. Another was a lecture by Hans Küng. Küng is one of the more progressive Roman Catholics in the world today; he gave an outstanding lecture in the Chapel; and it was my great pleasure to get to meet him.

The City Council honored me on the 16th of November with a Resolution of Appreciation.

While Margaret was still in the hospital, Mary McNamara died. I attended the funeral on the 25th of November. Just a little later, we had word that Louis Alderman, a very good friend and President of Middle Georgia College had died; and on the 21st of December, I attended the funeral of John McGuire, former Executive Secretary of the Florida Baptist Convention, in Jacksonville. It seems that deaths come in bunches as in this instance.

During this period I was also helping some with the Cultural Arts Center campaign to raise money for a building, as well as making development visits for the University.

At Doug's request, I was trying to look after national issues, especially as the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities alerted us to them.

I was especially interested in what was occurring in the presidential campaign as candidates were jockeying for the nomination of their parties. I had the pleasure of meeting Jack Kemp on the 22nd of December 1987, when he spoke at the Tiger Bay Club in Daytona Beach. I had breakfast with Paul Simon at Lorna Jean Hagstrom's house on the 28th of December, and I also heard him at the Tiger Bay Club.

Doug and I went to Washington in February to make visits on Capitol Hill and especially with Representative Chappell regarding the possibility of funding for the Library addition.

Amory Underhill believed that we could get some federal money for the addition to the Library, and I had come up with idea that we could make an appeal on the basis that we were the oldest federal depository of documents in the State of Florida. Essentially a whole floor was taken up with these government documents, which we had to make available for the public. Though we have over and over become hopeful that such appropriations might take place, with the defeat of Chappell, it became highly unlikely that we should achieve that goal, and we have not.

In the years after my retirement from the presidency until I reached the age of 70 (at which time the Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association ceases to use anyone for committee visits) I enjoyed chairing several visiting committees. One of the more enjoyable ones came in February of 1988 when I chaired a small committee visiting Salem College in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. It was the college's desire to offer masters degrees. This would require a substantive change in their category of institutions.

Later in March, I chaired the Commission's Committee on a visit to Memphis Theological Seminary. This is a small Reformed Presbyterian seminary that turned out to be quite surprisingly good.

As with most families, Christmas has been with us a time of celebration as family. Until Laurie and then Mary Margaret married, we were always together on Christmas. After that, Mary Margaret and Laurie had to be with their husbands' families every other year. Then, as the children grew older, they naturally wanted to be in their own homes on that day. While Kathy was still with us, or at least in DeLand, we celebrated Christmas Day with her and on occasion the other families would come after Christmas. Still later, we began to visit one or the other of the children at Christmas. Most of the time, the others gathered after Christmas there as well.

The first Christmas we spent in our new home, the Chancellor's house, June helped me decorate the tree; and, on the 28th of December; both married children's families arrived for a second Christmas celebration: Laurie, Brooke, Mary Margaret, Larkin, David, and Erin. Unfortunately, Bill and Ryan could not get away. The water systems that Bill was operating almost demanded somebody to be available for problems. We had a great time with all these and found it possible to sleep them all in our house.

One of the more notable Christmas occasions was in 1989 when we started out to Statesboro from DeLand in the late afternoon of December 22. When we got as far as Hilliard, Florida, I bought some gas; and, while I was pumping it, it started to snow and sleet. Margaret and I contemplated going to Brunswick instead of to Statesboro, but we decided to move ahead with the hope that it would not have been falling long enough to make the roads difficult. We drove in snow from Hilliard to Glenville, Georgia. Often the snow was very heavy, but the roads were not too bad. In Glenville the snowed stopped, and from that point on to Statesboro we had no snow, much to our surprise. We found Laurie very disappointed that there was no snow in Statesboro. Indeed, most of the heavy snow was south of Statesboro, though we did have enough to cover the ground by

the next morning and that made Laurie very happy! We then learned that it was very lucky that we did not try to go on to Brunswick and St. Simons Island because they had the biggest snow of the century there. We might not have been able to get across the causeway had we gone. The annual Flexer Christmas get-together had to be cancelled because of the snow. By the 27th when we returned to DeLand, we were able to go by Brunswick for some brief visits.

Another notable Christmas came in 19--when we went to Greer to have Christmas with Mary Margaret and her family. Since Kathy was also visiting Mary Margaret, we decided to stay in a motel as the better part of valor. Again, snow was in evidence and made the Christmas even more festive. Fortunately, it was not so deep as to hinder our getting about.

One of the things that I have done since retiring from the presidency has been to involve myself with several writing projects. One of the first of these was to work on an article regarding the early days of Stetson baseball. I did this in response to an interest on the part of Amory Underhill and Pete Dunn, the baseball coach. Another was to help Gilbert Lycan with his memoirs.

During the summer of 1988, I had a conversation with Gilbert. He indicated that President Lee was continuing him as University Historian, but Doug was not giving him anything to do which made the conscientious Lycan nervous. I told him that I would give him something to do. I indicated that he had written the history of Stetson, but I knew that he had to leave out a great deal about his own personal feelings. Since he had lived through about a third of the history of the University, he should write his own memoirs in which he could say what he wanted to rather than trying to be so objective.

He decided he would do this and at the end of the summer, he had produced about ninety pages which he showed me and asked me to critique. I read it and then told him that I thought he was on the right track. I had earlier told him that if he did this, June could type up his memoirs, and I would try to do what proofing I could. I also indicated that it might be possible to publish some parts of it as articles or, certainly, we would put the manuscript in the Archives. I now indicated to him that I thought his first ninety pages were fine but that we needed to have a little more background into his earlier life in order to understand some of his references. Therefore, I said to him that if he would write one chapter about his life before Stetson, I thought it would help. The upshot of it was that he wrote as much about life before Stetson as he did life at Stetson, so the completed book came to some considerable length.

June faithfully typed the manuscript, and I tried to make corrections where I could. Gilbert would then make further corrections and return it for our updating it on the computer. When the manuscript was finally completed, Gilbert asked me when I was going to find him a publisher. I told him that I indicated that I would do anything that I could, but that was not my agreement, and he would need to find a publisher. He finally did, and his autobiography was published under the title, which I had suggested, the motto of his birth state, West Virginia, "Mountaineers Are Free,"

Later, we also went through the same process for another book that he wrote on the relationship of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton. This is a very fine work and one I hope will some day find a good publisher.

In June of 1988, President Doug Lee called me and suggested that I develop a series of interviews and articles that we might call "Leaders of Stetson." I was intrigued by the idea and agreed to try. In the very beginning, we decided that I would be interviewing only those people who had a significant role in the life of Stetson apart from any employment which they may have had by Stetson. It was also agreed that the interviews would be transcribed and all of these would be placed in the archives along

with the articles that I would write based upon the interviews. Whether any of this is ever published or not, it has been a very wonderful experience for me, and I think it will be a contribution to the history of the University.

Thus, I began a work as yet incomplete. First of all, I developed a series of questions, which I wanted to ask as I interviewed those who might be identified as leaders of Stetson. These included not only information about the details of their lives, but also something about their relationship to Stetson, their evaluation of the University, and their concept of leadership. I tried also to probe into their philosophy of life and their ambitions for the future. Thus far I have done thirty-two interviews and forty articles coming out of those interviews. Two of the interviews did not produce enough to justify an article. The first of these was with Mrs. D. C. Hull. At the time of my interview, Mrs. Hull was aged and her memory and ability to respond to my questions was such that I did not achieve my purpose. The other unsuccessful one was with Mr. M. E. Rinker. I called "Doc" Rinker and told him precisely what I wanted to do and how, and he gave me a date. However, when I was there and started to set up my recording instrument, he balked, saying that he was not going to give me such an interview. His reason was that his wealth produced all kinds of undesirable persons and requests, and an interview would only make that worse. Other than in the case of these two, I have found the interviews to be very stimulating and very productive and, I think, they have enjoyed the experience.

The other major writing project which I have undertaken is that of my own memoirs. Anyone who has read thus far in this chapter or in these memoirs will already be aware of what I have done here.

Of course, in the process of time I have written a number of addresses and even several sermons. In regard to these, I note that I spoke at a school banquet in Palatka in March of 1988, at the Rotary Club in Palm Coast in April, at the Brewton-Parker College commencement the first of June, at the First Baptist Church in Marion, North Carolina, in July, and at the inauguration of Jim Jordan as President of Shorter in October. In addition, I taught a Sunday school class of visitors at the First Baptist Church in the winter, as well as teaching another class in April about the history of Baptists. I give these illustrations simply to indicate that I had many projects both large and small during my days as Chancellor.

One project I had opportunity to be involved in I turned down. In March of 1988, I was asked to teach church history in the Orlando Seminary Center. Two reasons dictated my refusal. First of all, it was too demanding on my time; and, second, I would have had to go through the charade of signing the Baptist Faith and Message articles. I have no particular hang-up with the Baptist Faith and Message if put in the context in which it was originally adopted. However, that context is now gone, and its interpretation is a very narrow one. In addition, I am rather fed up with creedalism.

Early 1988 brought sadness to the campus when Sonja Johnson, the wife of Chuck Johnson, the Director of Plant Operations, died after a long battle with cancer in which she underwent bone marrow transplant. Also, Stetson's finest women's tennis player, Mandy Stoll, was killed in a tragic automobile accident and memorial services for Mandy were held on campus (May 2). Later Mandy's father would undertake to develop funds for a Mandy Stoll tennis complex on campus, now being built (1996).

But the year brought happier occasions as well. One notable event was the wedding of Linda Parsons to Mike Davis on the 28th of May. Also, I performed the ceremony for Darcy Haag, and she became Darcy Haag Granello (June 4).

One of the tragedies involving our own family began to play out at this time. Mary Margaret's husband, Larkin, was diagnosed with having lung cancer. I shall never

forget taking a telephone call from Mary Margaret early in the morning in which she told me about this. It came as a very great shock to us all. Larkin had been a very strong and vigorous person. As I look back over the times we had been with them, I had begun to wonder about his condition because he no longer seemed to be interested in hiking or camping, or walking up the mountain when they were with us in Black Mountain.

It became necessary to operate, and the operation, which took one of his lungs, seemed to be a success. The doctors said that the tumor was the size of a small cantaloupe, and that it did not appear to be one formed by the result of Larkin's smoking.

We have always thought that it might have had something to do with the fact that he served under one of the world's most powerful radio antennas for several years when he was on duty in the Air Force in Alaska. We went to our mountain cottage at the same time Larkin was coming home from the hospital. He appeared to make a very remarkable recovery. All of us became very hopeful that the cancer had been completely eradicated from his system. Unfortunately, this was not the case, and it metastasized to his brain after a time and created a tumor that was inoperable. He was given every attention in terms of radiation treatment; and, for a time, he seemed to be making progress. Then there came a time when he became progressively worse and many of the qualities of his life were diminished for some extended period making it very difficult upon Mary Margaret and the children. His death, nevertheless, was a great shock to us all, and Mary Margaret has had the task of rearing two children alone. In this she has done a remarkably fine job. In spite of financial constraints, she has created a home for the children which has produced some highly intelligent and socially mature grandchildren for us.

While in the mountains during the summers, Margaret and I have enjoyed the existence of excellent repertory theaters in the region. Particularly, we have gone to plays at the North Carolina State Theater in Flat Rock and the theater at Mars Hill College. One of the delightful aspects of this has been to see a Stetson graduate, Linda Edwards, act and sing in several plays at Flat Rock. I particularly enjoyed and remember her performance in *Pump Boys and Dinettes* and in *Steel Magnolias*.

Unfortunately, the summer of 1988 brought another episode of severe depression to Margaret, and we were glad to have the name of Sam Theilman who became her psychiatrist in Asheville. She had to be hospitalized in Appalachian Hall, a psychiatric hospital in Asheville, where she was given additional shock treatments. These again worked miracles for her. Also, in consultation, Dr. Theilman and Dr. Moore decided to try Margaret on lithium. Though she was not then and never has been diagnosed as bipolar, popularly known as manic-depressive, for which lithium is a specific, the doctors knew that there were cases of repeated severe depression in which lithium works very well. This has been a godsend for Margaret. It has kept her stable through the years since. Though she has to stay on lithium and have lithium-level tests every two or three months and make visits to the psychiatrist. It has all been worth it. At times she has been so well that the doctors have considered the possibility of taking her off of lithium, but they and we have never been willing to take that risk.

Margaret was well enough by the middle of September to accompany me to DeLand where I attended the trustee meeting, and Margaret and I went to the opening of the new museum building in Lakeland. Earlier in the year, Kathy had obtained the job of Curator of the Polk Museum of Art and was key to one of the major exhibits in the opening show at the fine new building. This was a delightful experience for us all. Another delight was the fact that we spent the night with the Robert Davises in the president's home of Florida Southern College.

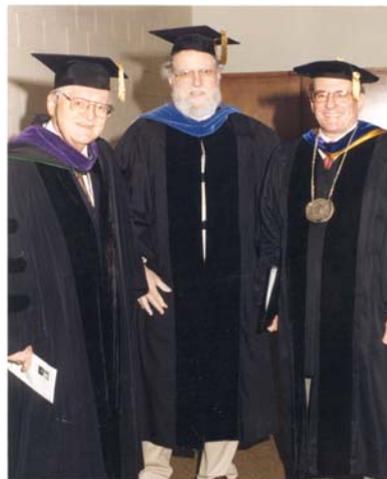


Dedication of the Pope and Margaret Duncan Gallery of Art, Sampson Hall was presented on September 19, 1991.

While in DeLand, I was able to see the new office space for the Chancellor in the back of the building which has become the Russian Studies Center but which then was the Small Business Institute Center.

The first year of my Chancellorship, I had maintained my office in the home. June had assisted me, but she was primarily involved with being the receptionist and secretary in the president's office. President Lee had kindly indicated that he thought it would be a good idea if June became full-time secretary for me and if the university provided offices for us. This has been an extremely pleasant situation for me. It has enabled me to do much more work than I would have done had my office remained in the house and if June had remained primarily attached to the president's office.

Margaret and I were back in DeLand the latter part of October, and I became involved once again in a number of activities. These included development visits with Joe Montgomery and Linda Davis, teaching a winter visitor's class in Sunday school, doing the readings in the choir's presentation at Christmas, working to improve my computer skills, and speaking at various functions.



Stetson University Commencement Ceremony
December 19, 1998

[I wrote the above in 1995. As I write this, it is 2001, but I have decided not to detail the years since 1995. Suffice it to say that I have continued to be active, despite now being 80 years of age and with Parkinson's disease.]

APPENDIX I

CHURCHES IN MY LIFE

Because my father was a pastor, churches became important to me from the earliest days of my life. Our little family (I was an only child) was in church almost every time the doors were opened. Some of my very earliest memories are of times sitting by my mother in the First Baptist Church in Cordele, Georgia, hearing the music, seeing my father in the pulpit, and sleeping on the bench with my head in my mother's lap. Hearing the gospel song, "Love Lifted Me," with the men's voices on the refrain singing, "love lifted me, even me," I was deeply puzzled. My child's mind heard it saying, "love lifted me, Eve and me." I never could figure how Eve got into that song.

As I became older, I was always in attendance, not only at the regular Sunday worship services, but also at Wednesday night prayer meeting and at Sunday school and the Baptist Young People's Union (B.Y.P.U.). When we moved to Muskogee, Oklahoma, I remember beginning to attend the Royal Ambassador program. This was a missions oriented program for boys. Of course, there were always the Vacation Bible School and other special events. Life was to a large degree centered on church and school during all of my growing years.

My father and mother were broad in their sympathies, and my father was far from being a fundamentalist in his theological approach, but they were both very conservative in their views of morality and ethics. Sunday was a very sacred day. I was never allowed to study on Sunday, a good habit that I kept throughout my days of formal academic study. For some years, my father would not subscribe to a Sunday newspaper nor go to a restaurant to eat on Sunday, though later both of these restrictions would be abandoned. Card playing, dancing, smoking, and drinking were all forbidden activities. It goes without saying that absolute honesty and integrity were fundamental. My father was very much opposed to capital punishment and took other rather liberal attitudes on social responsibility.

Though my father was not the pastor there for long, and the church then was only quarter-time, Holly Springs Baptist Church, Elbert County, Georgia, has always felt like home. It is a very old church, founded, 1796, while George Washington was still president. This church, where I was ordained, had been a part of the Duncan and Roberts families for generations. The cemeteries associated with it bear testimony to this fact. Not only father and mother, but also grandfathers, grandmothers, and great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers are buried there. It was in this church that my father and mother met as children; and, indeed, they went to school in a small schoolhouse on church property. This little one-room schoolhouse was still standing when I was a boy, though it was no longer used for teaching.

The First Baptist Church of Thomson, Georgia, served my spiritual needs when I was a young teenager, and the Prince Avenue Baptist Church in Athens, Georgia, in my late teens and until I turned twenty-one. As I have reported in another chapter, I became Director of the Baptist Training Union of the Prince Avenue Baptist Church before I was twenty-one, and I began to lead singing in that church with some frequency as well as participating in youth revivals in the summers in other churches while I was still a member at Prince Avenue.

These youth revivals were sponsored by the Baptist Student Union of the University of Georgia, and my responsibility was primarily leading the singing. I also sang solos and participated in duets and quartets. As well, I began to make an occasional

devotional speech, though anything that could be called a sermon was rare and almost non-existent at this particular period of my life.

When I arrived in Louisville to attend Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, I attended the Crescent Hill Baptist Church for a few Sundays but soon began to visit in the downtown General Hospital early on Sunday mornings and then would visit various churches in the downtown area. The hospital visitation was a rather depressing experience to me, since we were visiting in very large wards with indigent people, most of whom had very serious problems.

I shall never forget visiting with a young man who was about my age and who had a brain tumor. He was scheduled for an operation the next day that would call for making a hole in his cranium, and he was very apprehensive about that and about his future. I had experienced the death of my father and other tragedies within my extended family, but I had never been exposed to the kind of helplessness and hopelessness that I experienced on that ward.

One of the churches I visited in this period was the Broadway Baptist Church and there heard young Duke McCall who was the pastor. Just a bit later, I visited again when the pastor was James A. Stewart, whom I would come to know later when he was pastor of the Riverside Baptist Church in Jacksonville and whose friendship has extended up to this day.

I was very happy when Dr. Hugh Peterson, the Registrar of the Seminary, asked me if I were interested in going as an assistant in the First Baptist Church of New Albany, Indiana, on Sunday. I jumped at the chance, even though it would be a long Sunday with barely enough money to cover my expenses. I think I was paid the grand sum of \$2.00 per Sunday.

The First Baptist Church of New Albany, a rather large city across the Ohio River from Louisville, sounded as if it would be a big church. It was quite otherwise. It was a rather small church in membership with a very nondescript, small building.

I would, quite early on Sunday morning, catch the city bus from a stop on Crescent Hill to downtown Louisville. There I would alight and walk several blocks to the terminal building of the trolley, which went from Louisville across the Ohio River to New Albany. This old trolley was very unprepossessing, but it was nothing compared with the little, ancient trolley which I had to catch in New Albany to go to the First Baptist Church. Some of my readers will remember the Toonerville Trolley that used to appear in the comic strips. I think the cartoonist must have gotten his inspiration for the Toonerville Trolley from the one in New Albany.

After arriving at the church, I would teach a Sunday school class, lead the music in the morning worship service, and then take Sunday dinner and spend the afternoon with a church family. That evening I would serve as the Director of the Baptist Training Union, lead the music in the worship service, and then reverse my experience with the trolleys and the city bus. I would usually arrive back at Seminary sometime shortly before midnight. I can remember several times, when waiting for the city bus about 11 p.m. on a deserted downtown street of Louisville, being not sure whether I would freeze before the bus would come. The wind would blow fiercely off the Ohio River and down the caverns of the street with the temperature near zero. This was before anyone thought about talking about the chill factor. I often wonder what that must have been on some of those Sunday nights in the wintertime.

The members of the church in New Albany were kind to me, and I enjoyed my time with them. Probably the most memorable occasion occurred on December 7, 1941. I was spending the afternoon with an excellent family of the church. About the time we were finishing our meal someone had the radio on, and we heard the first announcements

concerning the events at Pearl Harbor. As one can easily imagine, the rest of that afternoon we sat glued to the radio, and the evening worship was very somber indeed.

I stayed with the church until the spring of 1942, at about which time I got the opportunity to be the choir director at a church on the west side of Louisville. This was a relatively small, working-class type church. The position required me to have a choir practice each week--I think after prayer meeting but at this point I no longer remember--and lead the choir and the congregation on Sunday.

The choir was about as ill prepared as I was! Between us, I can assure the reader that the music left something to be desired. Few, if any, of the choir members knew how to read music, and I knew very little about directing a choir. I could do very well with congregational singing, but there is a considerable difference between that and teaching a choir to sing anthems. As a matter of fact, we sang very few anthems. Most of the time our special music was simply a hymn with a few variations that I managed to install.

The choir and I were both saved by the fact that in the winter of 1942, Professor Inman Johnson ("Prof" as he was known to us) gave me the opportunity to go to preach a



Riverview Baptist Church

trial sermon at the Riverview Baptist Church in the Long Run Baptist Association. Riverview was located in the general community of Highgrove, Coxs Creek, Kentucky, several miles south of Mt. Washington and north of Bardstown.

The one-room church was white clapboard, not unattractive, and it sat on a plot overlooking the plains of the Salt River with their beautiful farmland. At this point there was a sheer drop of 75' to 100' from the highway in front of the church to the valley of the Salt River, and the perspective was lovely indeed. In fact, there was a scenic pull-off, bordered by a stone wall, for automobiles and many a car stopped so the driver could take a photograph or simply enjoy the magnificent panorama. Next to the church was a little, almost new pastorium. All of this I took in on my first trip.

I did not have an automobile at this point, but Carmen "C" Sharp, who lived next door to me on the third floor of the west wing of Mullins Hall, drove me down in his car since he had to go on to his student pastorate located several miles beyond the Riverview Church.

On the Saturday night prior to the Sunday we were to go, there came the first snow of the winter, and it was a good one. When we went early in the morning of Sunday there were almost no tracks on the road, and only young, fearless creatures such as we would have dared to make the journey.

Since "C" Sharp had to go several miles beyond Riverview, he put me out at the church quite a long time before Sunday school was to begin. I found myself alone on the steps of a church which was locked. After I had waited a long time Mr. Ferd Lloyd showed up. Mr. Lloyd was chairman of the deacons and had a key. Ultimately, about four or five people showed up for church. In spite of the small crowd, I delivered my sermon and went off to eat Sunday dinner with the Lloyds. Since the weather was so bad, it was agreed that there would be no evening service, but I had to return to the church that night to meet C Sharp and ride through the snow to Louisville.

Mr. Lloyd had pointed out very reasonably that with so few people there, it would not be possible to extend a call to me to become pastor and asked me if I would return the next Sunday to preach. The next Sunday was almost a carbon copy of the first. The snow had melted on Wednesday and had come again on Saturday. This time the crowd consisted of five or six people, several of whom who had not been there the previous Sunday. Believe it or not, this scenario was repeated for six Sundays. The snow would melt on Wednesday and come again on Saturday. Finally, on the sixth Sunday there were a few more people present, and Mr. Lloyd said, "Brother Duncan, we really don't have enough people here for a quorum, but most of the people have heard you at least once in these last six weeks, so we are going ahead and vote on extending you a call." It was cold outside, so Mr. Lloyd suggested that I sit behind the organ so that I could not see the vote. He then took the vote, and I got at least a majority. I never knew the exact count. At any rate, they apparently were exhausted, and so was I, and we made the deal.

From the beginning, and throughout my tenure as pastor until the late summer of 1946, I was paid the good sum of \$1200 a year. This came to \$23.08 per week, which was paid to me by check each Sunday. This now does not sound like much to live on, but it was enough for me to begin making serious plans for marriage. Margaret and I sustained ourselves rather well on that amount of money, especially since for most of the time we lived in the parsonage. We even had steak on occasion. I can remember that we spent about \$5.00 a week on groceries.

The people in the Riverview Baptist Church were wonderful people. Almost without exception they were farmers, many of them, perhaps most, had dairy herds. Generally, their land was fertile. They worked very hard, and they had a reasonably good living. They certainly ate well! There were, of course, exceptions, as my account of the blight of the janitor and his family will show. As Margaret and I often remarked, all the people in the church were the "salt of the earth."

Before I was married, they were quite anxious about my single situation. I could tell that some were plotting for a match between me and a young lady who became Margaret's and my very dear friend, Inez Lloyd. So, I let them know right away that I was engaged to be married and that I hoped that would occur the next summer. One of their questions about this prospective bride was, "Can she cook?" I told them that I doubted seriously that she knew much about cooking, but I was sure that she could learn, because I knew she liked to eat! As it turned out, these great cooks took Margaret in hand when she arrived and taught her to cook Kentucky country style. And, there is nothing better!

Every Sunday the preacher was asked to go home for Sunday dinner with one of the families. This was a great occasion both for the young preacher (and later Margaret) and for the community. In almost each case, the family inviting the preacher also invited a number of the neighbors. Frequently, there would be ten to twenty people at these dinners.

It seemed to us that each succeeding family tried to outdo the previous one in terms of the number of dishes and the amount prepared. Naturally, the preacher and his wife were expected to eat some of everything. At this point in our lives, this was not a difficult assignment! There were seldom fewer than three different meats, three to five types of salads, five or more vegetables, and innumerable choices of dessert. If I had not experienced this opportunity for gluttony, I would scarcely believe it, but I can assure the reader that it was true.

In contrast, I must recount our meal with the janitor and his family. These dear, poor people lived far back in the hills. In fact, one had to walk to their place or go in a wagon up the stream. Their cabin was inaccessible to an automobile. They had no windowpanes, only wooden shutters, no screens, and the very crudest of furniture. The land that they farmed was small in size and poor in quality. It is a miracle that they eked out the living which they did. I am quite sure that the only cash money they had was the pittance that the church paid for the family to keep the church clean. They had a boy who was called into military service soon after we arrived, and several other children of assorted sizes. Regardless of their circumstances or abilities, all of them were devoted to the church and wonderful in spirit.

On this particular occasion, Margaret and I walked the streambed to get to their house to eat. They brought out a ham, which without refrigeration and proper curing was well on the way to being spoiled, and they had a few meager vegetables. We ate as best we could with the flies buzzing around, but the physical conditions were more than compensated by the love they showed to us and to each other.

It often seems that people who have the least are those who are also treated to tragedy. When the son of these dear people was taken into the service, it left them without anybody to help the father with the little farm, and he was hardly able to cover this loss. Shortly after, I buried a young child of theirs who had died in infancy. The funeral took place on as a cold, windy, and rainy day as you could find. The little grave had been opened by the father in the cemetery of the little church, and the baby was buried in a crude wooden box with few witnesses.

Shortly after, again on a very rainy day, I drove my car as close as I could to their house, and the poor couple walked to the car. I took them to a doctor's office in Bardstown where the physician excised a large tumor on the wife's leg. She certainly could not afford hospitalization, so we put her in the back seat of the car and started back. Going up a slick hill toward their house my car suddenly shuddered and came to a halt. The rain was peppering down, and it was cold. I knew something was terribly wrong, for though the engine would run, there was no communication of power to the wheels. As it turned out, a universal joint had broken. There was nothing to do but for me to walk to the nearest house to summon help while the old man walked to his house some distance away to hitch up his mule to an old wagon to take his wife home.

The nearest house that I could find was that of Miss Mattie, the organist of the church. Miss Mattie was well up in years, but she still insisted on playing the little pump organ in the church--though her playing was not of classical quality! Margaret would have been happy to have done the playing (she did at night since Miss Mattie could not make it in the evening), but no one was going to hurt Miss Mattie's feelings by suggesting that due to advancing years she let someone else do it. Miss Mattie lived in a large old family place, which was not up-to-date even by the standards of that time, but she was hospitable and let me use the hand crank telephone of ancient vintage. Fortunately, a wrecker did come after some time, and I managed to have someone get me back to the house. Margaret by this time was concerned. We had no telephone, so I could not communicate with her.

The church people were always supplying us with good things to eat. We especially enjoyed the period in the year when hogs were being killed, for we got lots of good sausage and other cuts.

This brings to mind the fact that one of the wealthiest families was also one of the stingiest. This family consisted of a brother and two old-maid sisters. When they killed hogs, they delivered the livers to us with the remark that they didn't like them, so we could have them!

Our little parsonage was very nice. It even had indoor plumbing--that is to say it had a sink and a bathtub. It had no toilet. An outhouse served for that. Water was supplied from a cistern with its contents collected from the roof of the little house. This was an entirely satisfactory arrangement, though on cold days the outhouse, without heat, was situated just a little bit too far away for comfort. The kitchen was furnished with kerosene oil stove that rather frequently provided a distasteful odor. The refrigerator was also an oil burner. I had never seen a refrigerator of this type before, though I had heard of them. It did an excellent job. The little house had a nice coal furnace, and we kept cozy even on the coldest of days.

Even though we did not have a telephone, Billy Lloyd, about our age, lived in a large farmhouse with his mother and father just two to three hundred yards away. He and I were both fairly inventive, so we found a couple of old, battery-operated telephones and rigged a line between our houses, so we could, at least, communicate, when essential, with our neighbor and they with us.

A mile or more down the hill was the little general store and post office operated by Cliff and Mary, a church family. This was the business section of Highgrove! Like many general stores in the country of that time, one could buy almost anything that was needed in the way of necessities, and one could sit around a pot-bellied stove and listen to the community gossip. Mary and Cliff were among the more cultured people of the community and became very good friends of ours.

Since the seminary work, which Margaret and I both were carrying, was so heavy, I seldom had opportunity to think about putting final touches on my Sunday sermons until Saturday night. Classes at the Seminary ran through Saturday noon, though they did not begin until Monday afternoon. I had to use Saturday afternoon and Monday morning for visits in the community and simply doing the necessary things to keep life going.

Margaret and I had constructed a desk out of a door and apple crates that we both used. Saturday night saw us working well up into Sunday morning on our Sunday school lessons and on my sermons. Both of us taught classes--I, the men's class in the back of the church and Margaret, the women's class in the front of the small building. The Sunday school classes all had to be taught in the sanctuary, which was curtained off in variously sized cubicles for this purpose. I have kidded Margaret about the time she stole my illustration. On Saturday night I would frequently tell her an illustration I had found.

This time I had built my entire sermon around this story. The next morning as I was teaching the men, I heard my story being told to the women up front by Margaret. There went my sermon!

As I look back on the experience, I wonder how we did it, and I wonder whether the sermons I preached were to any extent edifying. Margaret claims they were, but sometimes I wonder. Fortunately, little country churches around that part of Kentucky were used to having student pastors. Further, they knew they could not afford any full-time pastor, and they seemed to be content with this situation. We married and we buried parishioners. We baptized and we counseled. The organization was simple: for the most

part, the pastor and his wife did everything. There was an occasional deacons' meeting, but other than that essentially nothing happened except on Sunday.

One event is worth recounting. We had a revival, and several people came for baptism. We had no baptistery in the church, so we gathered by a clear stream. After we sang a song or two, I started my very first experience baptizing anyone. My father had set a very high example for me with always a very impressive and dignified manner of baptizing. It happened that the first one to be baptized was a very large, one might even say, fat, young woman. I made two mistakes. First, I led her into water deeper than I should. The second is that, even though physics major, I forgot to apply Archimedes' principle in my concern about being able to lift this heavy woman out of the water--I weighed only about 125 pounds! Consequently, as I started to immerse her, her feet left the ground, and we both started floating down the rapidly moving stream plus the fact that she was so buoyant that I had to force her head under water. How I ever managed to get us back to the bank, I have mercifully forgotten!

As one can see, the experience at Riverview was a very significant one for both Margaret and for me. We loved the people and they loved us. We experienced a great deal of maturing and of developing perspective. I hope that we made some contribution to the church and the people; they certainly made a contribution to our lives.

Not all churches left us the kind of memories we stored up at Riverview, but, wherever we went, we became involved with a local church. During our first experience at Mercer, Margaret and I were very active in the Tattnal Square Baptist Church, which occupies a site within the walls of the campus of Mercer University. As Director of Religious Activities, we found the church a very great ally in our efforts to work with students. The pastor was a person of great insight and a splendid preacher.

During our second tenure at Mercer, we resumed our membership at the Tattnal Square Baptist Church, but I found myself doing a great deal of preaching on the weekends at churches in that region of Georgia. Shortly before deciding to come back to Stetson, I was called to a beautiful, little half-time church south of Macon in a marvelous farming area including great pecan groves and peach orchards. The little church was situated in the village of Byron. The building was beautiful, and the people were wonderful. They gave me a fair stipend which helped greatly to supplement our small salary at Mercer.

One of the things which concerned me most about leaving Mercer and coming back to Stetson was the fact that I had not been minister at Byron very long when I had to give them news that I would be resigning. While I hated to do this very much, they certainly understood that a half-time church is dependent on ministry from someone who is often controlled by other considerations.

While teaching at Stetson in the late 40's and early 50's, a significant part of our lives revolved around our relationship to the First Baptist Church, DeLand, where we were members. We were faithful in our attendance, and Margaret taught Sunday school. (Margaret taught Sunday school for about forty years, from the time she was teaching school in Gainesville until we had moved to DeLand in 1977.) I was more limited in my service to the church simply because on many Sundays I was supplying pulpits in churches in the region. Not only did I find this activity to be stimulating, but also the stipends were helpful in supplementing the small salary which we were living on. As I recall, these honoraria would sometimes be as little as \$15 and on very rare occasions as much as \$40 or \$50. I remember the usual amount to be about \$25. Normally, this stipend had to cover any expenses, which I incurred in getting to and from the church as well as an honorarium. On rare occasions, churches would pay expenses plus an honorarium.

In several churches I supplied the pulpit on a number of occasions. I remember, particularly, going to Groveland and to Clermont a number of times. One of the most pleasant experiences was the numerous trips to supply for Dr. James Sawyer, pastor, the First Baptist Church of Cocoa.

In the summer of 1952, I had the opportunity to do research in libraries at Oxford University in England. I roomed in a small, brick two-story row house at 19 Frenchay Road in Oxford. The house belonged to a Mrs. Agnes Sharp. She was an older, widowed lady, and her sister lived with her. They were splendid people, members of the local Baptist congregation, and very solicitous about the welfare of their young roomer. There was no telephone in the house, and one night about 1:00 a.m. we were awakened by a knock on the front door. Mrs. Sharp answered and soon called for me to come down. It was a messenger from the British Postal Service, which operates the telephone service. He told me that I had an overseas call which I needed to return. Naturally, I was thoroughly frightened since the only thing I could imagine was that some tragedy had occurred to my family back in Brunswick, Georgia, where they were staying with Margaret's mother while I was abroad.

One has to remember that, in addition to the lateness of the hour, one did not make overseas calls with the casualness one does today. Mrs. Sharp had no telephone so I asked where the nearest public telephone was. I was given a location several blocks away.

I quickly threw on some clothes and my raincoat and hat, for there was a driving rain that night. I was essentially unconscious of the rain as I rushed those blocks to find the telephone booth by the side of the street. Once there, I quickly secured the long distance operator--a man--and told him of the call. He said that all of the circuits to America were busy and that it might be an hour or more before they could get through. I told him that I would wait by the booth no matter how long it took. I explained that I was standing in the booth in the rain and that I was very much concerned about my family.

Whether his sympathy was responsible or not I shall never know, but in a very few minutes (though they seemed long), the phone rang. I answered to discover that it was Andy Powell calling from DeLand, Florida, to ask me if I would become the interim minister of the First Baptist Church of DeLand while they were searching for a new pastor. Pastor Grady Snowden had resigned and was on his way to the Arlington Baptist Church in Jacksonville, and the committee to seek a minister had agreed to ask me if I would supply in the interim. Andy assured me that he had already talked to President Edmunds, and he had agreed to this arrangement. He also indicated that my responsibilities would be only to preach at the three services on Sunday (8:30 a.m., 11:00 a.m., and 7:00 p.m.) and lead the prayer service on Wednesday evening.

I was so relieved to find that this was the reason for the call that I agreed, though I knew this was a rather dangerous thing to do. In my heart I realized that as a resident in DeLand, it would be almost impossible to shirk other responsibilities, which would almost certainly come if one were the interim minister of the local church. I was entirely correct in this assumption, as time would prove.

I later discovered that Andy had put in a call for me in the early afternoon to Oxford University. Of course, Oxford University knew nothing about me. I was studying in the libraries at Oxford, and I made my headquarters at Regents Park College, but the University is simply an administrative structure. Somehow, the University did locate me in time. In the meantime, Andy had gone about his business and had gone home for dinner and was on his way to a meeting of the pulpit committee at the church. He decided for no reason at all to go by his Ford place and check in his office, a thing he was not in the habit of doing. As he walked in the door to his office, the phone was

ringing. It was my return call from a phone booth in a rainy Oxford street in the middle of the night.

I have often wondered what I would have done had Andy not been going into his office at that moment. I am quite sure that I would have discovered some way to get in touch with Margaret, but in the meantime I would have been overwhelmed with concern and worry.

When I returned to DeLand from Oxford in September of 1952, I found myself immediately in a situation of overload. Not only was I teaching at the University, a task that normally took all of my time, but also I was preparing two new sermons each week plus a devotional message for Wednesday evening. I was being called upon almost immediately for other services to the church, which I could hardly refuse. There seemed to be a funeral every week; there were weddings from time to time; and there were the ill and infirm to be visited.

One of the more memorable events occurred at one Sunday evening service. I was to baptize two college girls. I do not think either one of them had seen a baptism at this time. Also, it was the first time I had used the baptistery at the old First Baptist Church building. We turned the water on in the morning, and when it was filled we turned it off. I planned the whole service, including my brief sermon around the event to come as the dramatic conclusion of the worship. When I prepared to go into the water, I found only about two feet there. Nobody had told me, if they knew, that the old baptistery leaked like a sieve! I knew the girls had never seen a baptism, my service depended upon it, and I was young and strong; so, I decided to go ahead. The young man who was the minister of education was standing on the other side of the baptistery, out of sight of the congregation, waiting to help them up the stairs out of the baptistery. I noticed his eyes bulging out with amazement as I led the first girl into the water. Somehow I managed to immerse both young ladies. Afterward, he said, "You really laid them on the floor, didn't you?!" I did, indeed! One of these young women later married a great gospel singer, and I saw her at a recent reunion at Stetson.

I have always been one willing to work hard, early and late. I was used to having to accomplish things in a short time span, but the situation of dual responsibilities was nearly overwhelming. Suffice it to say I did make it; and I make bold to say, I think I did a good job with both responsibilities. The unfortunate part was that the search for a new pastor dragged on and on. I remember at least three aborted attempts to secure an individual, but when the month of June came, it appeared the church was as far from securing one, as it had been when it started.

This is not the only reason that I left Stetson to go to Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary to teach, but it was certainly a contributing factor in my decision. I simply did not see how I could go through another year with this heavy a load. As it happened, upon my leaving, the church secured the services of Lafayette Walker, and he found himself loaded for an additional year before a pastor was finally on the job.

In spite of the heavy load, I did find my experience at the church to be one of great benefit for the rest of my career. I learned a great deal more about ministering to people and their needs, especially in their periods of bereavement. I learned much about working with people, including the administration of the staff (even though a very small one). I greatly improved my ability to develop and deliver sermons. And I came to understand, more than ever before, the interplay of personalities and all the other issues involved in persons working together.

When we moved to Wake Forest, North Carolina, to teach at the Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary, we found the Baptist church of the little village to be a very stimulating one. The church was even then well more than one hundred years old,

and it had possessed superior leadership through the years, having been located within the walls of the campus of Wake Forest College (later Wake Forest University). In some ways, it was a change from anything we had experienced before. The church services were more formal than those we had known; and, generally, there was a higher level of intellectual content in the sermons and other activities of the church. We also found much to our delight that the church had ordained women as deacons for many years and was generally quite broad in its inclusion of people within its circle of ministry. Margaret soon found a place to teach in the Sunday school, and I was a faithful attendant at services when I was in town.

More even than before, I was away on Sundays supplying pulpits. Again, this was a stimulating and interesting experience, though also a tiring one. Once more, it helped to supplement the small salary that the Seminary was paying. During my years at the Seminary, 1953-63, I became an interim minister on several occasions. Fortunately, none of these were local situations, so my only responsibility was limited to Sundays. Several of these interims were long enough that I became quite attached to the churches and the people within them. Three stand out, particularly, in my mind.

The first was at the First Baptist Church of Lynchburg, Virginia. This historic church occupied a magnificently beautiful building in downtown Lynchburg. I would drive from Wake Forest some 125-30 miles, on Sunday morning, lead the service and preach, have lunch with a family, frequently at the beautiful old Virginian Hotel, spend a bit of time with them in the afternoon and return to Wake Forest. I did not have the responsibility of an evening service. I was interim there for several months on two different occasions. It was a thoroughly delightful experience.

While I was there, I began to hear about a young preacher, Jerry Falwell, who had a growing church in another part of the city!

The second was the mission which became the Wieuca Road Baptist Church in Atlanta. In the spring of 1954 Dr. Stora, then President of the Southern Baptist Convention, spoke at the Seminary. He had just come from Atlanta where he had become aware of the fact that the Second-Ponce DeLeon Baptist Church was getting ready to start a mission church north of Buckhead, and the church had asked him to recommend someone to serve as pastor in the early days. During his visit to the Seminary I had come to know Stora. That, together with Dr. Stealey's recommendation, caused him to submit my name to the committee at the Second-Ponce DeLeon Church, and they asked me if I would come and serve for the summer.

The mission church started on the first Sunday in May, and I arrived for the second Sunday. People from the Second-Ponce DeLeon Church and from Druid Hills Baptist Church composed most of the members of this new mission, which had about seventy members by the time I arrived. When I left at the beginning of September, the church had about 330 members.

Second-Ponce DeLeon had set up a budget of \$10,000 to help the church get started. Remarkably, the mission never touched a penny of that for start-up and ultimately used it toward their building. The Second-Ponce DeLeon Church had purchased an excellent piece of property at the corner of North Peachtree Road and Wieuca Road on which the church would ultimately be built. One of the debates that occurred during my tenure had to do with the name for the church. Many names were submitted and considered. Finally, the church voted to name itself the Wieuca Road Baptist Church.

We met in the R.L. Hope School during the summer, and it was a great joy to see such an enthusiastic group of very substantial people working hard to make that school auditorium a worshipful place. The section of Atlanta in which the mission was placed

was very wealthy and its residents were people of considerable intelligence and vast responsibilities. I discovered that these people had needs and hurts just as anyone else.

I worked very hard that summer. One of the most difficult aspects was visiting with the church members who were in hospitals. At that time, every hospital in Atlanta was either in downtown Atlanta or on the other side of the city from where the mission was located. Also, there was very little Interstate and there was no air conditioning in my car. So, I would spend hours simply getting to and from the hospitals, frequently sitting and sweltering for long periods of time in traffic jams.

We not only had people coming into the church from other churches, but we baptized a significant number, and we began building a very strong Sunday school and training program. By the first of July, the mission was constituted into a church and was completely on its own.

I have done many exciting things, but none more exciting than helping this remarkable church get started. As the church began to search for a permanent pastor, the committee responsible for the search came to me and asked if I would not consent to undertake that task. As much as I enjoyed helping them get started, I did not feel my ministry was as a pastor, nor did I think it would be in the Seminary's interest for me to resign after only one year. I realized that my salary would be much greater and the opportunities for growth with the church unlimited, but I did not feel that God was leading me in that direction. I had come to believe strongly that my ministry was within the context of higher education. Nevertheless, I was pushed very hard by the committee, and especially by its chairman, a very powerful figure in Atlanta, one of the premiere real estate developers in the area. Again and again, he would ask me if my decision was really that of the Lord's or whether it was just my own selfish way of thinking. I truly had to search my soul, but I thought then and have thought throughout the rest of my career that I made the right decision in returning to the Seminary.

We made some wonderful friends that summer and have followed the progress of that great church with pleasure. Bill Self, one of my students both at Stetson and at Southeastern Seminary, in time became the pastor and remained for twenty-six years doing a remarkable job.

The other interim which was especially meaningful and delightful to me was at the First Baptist Church at Gastonia, North Carolina. Gastonia was about 200 miles away. Margaret and the children would take me in our old Ford the winding 25 miles to Durham on Saturday afternoon. There I would catch a through bus, eat a snack in the bus station in Charlotte as we took a rest stop, and arrive in Gastonia in the early evening to spend the night in the fairly new Holiday Inn. The next morning someone from the church would pick me up; I would lead the service and preach; and then I would be taken to Sunday dinner by a family in the church who would then take me to my bus in the middle of the afternoon. The bus would deliver me to Durham in the early evening where my family would meet me, and we would drive to Wake Forest.

I was first called late in the week to come to Gastonia where I found that the pastor, his wife, and his three children on vacation had all been killed in an automobile accident when they had stalled on railroad tracks. A fast train had destroyed the car and the occupants. Naturally, the church was in mourning, and after I had ministered to them that day, I was asked if I would become the interim until they could find a new pastor. Obviously, I could not refuse them even though the trip was long from Wake Forest to Gastonia.

It took the church a long while to come to terms with the tragedy they had experienced and to begin to search for a new minister. In fact, I was still the interim for

them when I made the decision to leave the Seminary and go to Brunswick College as Dean.

Our brief stay in Brunswick, Georgia, enabled us to worship at Margaret's home church and the one in which we were married, the First Baptist Church. This was a pleasant experience for all of us. Since Margaret knew many people, there was no particular period of adaptation for her.

She did not come to Brunswick until June, 1964 (I had arrived the first of January), and we moved to Douglas the last of the year, so our relationship to the church was a brief one indeed.

In Douglas, we found the warmth of fellowship in the First Baptist Church to be one that we greatly enjoyed. Again, Margaret taught Sunday school and, this time, so did I.

After becoming a full-time administrator, I did not do very much in the way of supplying pulpits on Sunday. The very first Sunday I went to church in Douglas, I was called upon that afternoon by a committee from a large men's Sunday school class to ask if I would become the teacher. The person who had taught for many, many years had died, and the class was without anyone. This was a very unusual class in that it met in the chapel of the Church, and its activities were broadcast on the local radio station. I succumbed to the pressure.

So, for the approximately four years we were in Douglas, I taught a large men's class each Sunday, and my lesson was on the radio. This meant, of course, more preparation than I would normally put on a Sunday school lesson, but the class was a very rewarding one from the point of view of the support of this large group of men. This gave me a chance to know a number of people with whom I would not otherwise have had opportunity to be so well acquainted.

When I was in Wake Forest, I was asked to be a deacon of the Church, and in all the churches since I have served a least a term as a deacon. I also have served in numerous committee positions within the churches in which we have had membership, including a pulpit committee in Statesboro and the finance committee in DeLand.

When we moved to Georgia Southern College, we immediately began a very pleasant association with the First Baptist Church in Statesboro. Again, Margaret taught Sunday school, and I had the delightful privilege of being the assistant teacher of a fine men's class that was taught by Dean Paul Carrol. Dean Carrol was the person whom I succeeded at Georgia Southern College. Though my title was Vice President, Dean Carrol had essentially performed those responsibilities prior to his retirement and my coming. Paul Carrol was a remarkable teacher and individual. He was a jolly, round man with a brilliant mind, a delightful ability to use the English language, and a remarkably able interpreter of scripture. The class, which he had accumulated about him, was made up of some very fascinating individuals. Paul managed to get everybody involved in discussion. I think he was the best master of this that I have ever known. Therefore, the Sunday school class was never dull, always stimulating, and quite frequently controversial.

Upon moving again to DeLand in 1977, Margaret and I affiliated with the First Baptist Church. As Stetson's President, I attended services regularly, served as deacon for a term and on numerous committees, but I did not take a regular Sunday school class because of the press of my other responsibilities. However, I have, since becoming Chancellor, taught a class for winter visitors for two or three months each of several years. Most recently, I have been involved with a committee to develop a plan to raise funds to add significantly to the educational portion of our church building and also a

committee to develop a response of our church to the controversy which has been dividing the Southern Baptist Convention for a number of years.

As anyone can see from the length of this dissertation on the churches in my life, the religious or spiritual dimension has been central in everything, which I have sought to do, and the church has been the focus of all of this.

APPENDIX II

OUR EXPERIENCE AT LAKEY GAP HEIGHTS

My very good friend and former colleague, Elmer (Pritch) Pritchard, first told me about Lakey Gap Heights near Black Mountain, North Carolina. I was then no longer at Stetson where I had come to know Pritch. I had moved from Professor of Religion there to a position teaching church history at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary in Wake Forest, North Carolina. I was intrigued by the concept of the Lakey Gap Heights development.

We were abroad in Switzerland for my sabbatical in 1960-61. When we returned in the summer of '61, I learned that the Southeastern faculty retreat was going to be held at Camp Rockmont near Black Mountain. I had known about Rockmont because Stetson's President Edmunds had bought the old Black Mountain College acreage and with George Pickering had opened the camp. One afternoon while on the retreat we had some free time, and I drove over to see Pritch in his new house--the first on the Lakey Gap Heights property. I fell in love with the whole place.

Pritch took me in his old Chevrolet across the highway and up the narrow, dirt, bumpy, crooked road that was then the condition of Linden Lane. People who now think that our paved road is dangerous should have been with me then. Not only was the road precipitous, but also Pritch drove like a wild man, talking and gesturing all the while. We went all the way up to where the Goffs built their house--now, the Boole house. They had pulled a little camper up there, and Pritch told of their having had a bear practically turn it over trying to get food. As we drove down, he stopped about where the upper reservoir is now, and we clambered down the steep mountainside to the site of the spring.

(There was no Trillium Lane then.) He told me about the plans to enclose that spring, as they had done the lower spring, and supply the resident's water, which, he said, would be piped by the corporation to each lot, with the owner responsible to bring it from the road to his house.

As we traveled the road, I noticed that one lot had been cleared of underbrush--the one we ultimately bought--and he pointed out a building site where Professor Giles of the Stetson Business School planned to build. I was especially taken by that lot and site--the site being just below what is now our drive. I told Pritch that of all the lots on the mountain, I liked that one best--and it was already taken.

The next year, 1962, our faculty retreat was at the Episcopal Conference Center, In-the-Oaks, at Black Mountain. This time I took some interested faculty members for a visit to Lakey Gap Heights. I remember John Ed Steely and Ed McDowell being along. I did not dare try to drive up the mountain, so we parked at the spring on Highway 9 and walked up as far as the Giles' lot. I found then that he had changed the house site and had bulldozed a drive and the site. I especially remember my and John Ed's going to the site and sitting on a log looking at the great view--the trees were not large then, and the view was almost unrestricted.

The next episode came that winter when out of the blue one evening I had a call from Pritch. He informed me that Giles had heart trouble and his doctor advised against his building. As a consequence, the lot, which I liked so much, was for sale, and Pritch, would like for us to buy it. He said he remembered how much I admired it. I expressed an interest, and then he gave me the catch. He pointed out that the corporation had

promised the power company that there would be three houses on the mountain by the end of the summer of 1963. In consequence of the promise, the power company would bring lines to the lots. One of the houses was Prichard's, already built, another was the Goffs' which they would build in the summer, and the other was to be Giles's. So, anyone taking that lot would have to promise to build in the summer of 1963--at least to have it shelled in with power to the house.

This put a different light on things, and I told Pritch that we would have to think about the situation. Margaret had not even seen the place, but she knew how much I wanted to do something on that lot. She also knew there would be always Stetson people on the mountain, and we both liked that possibility. My idea at the time was that I would use that retreat in the summer to do writing and study--away from distractions. In fact, we thought that after building the house, we would build a study for me down on the original site that Giles had identified.

But how to get the money to start--that was the problem. We were without funds for such a project. My mother was in a rest home in Wake Forest, having had a stroke that left her speechless and helpless. Margaret had gone back to teaching to help us make ends meet. Would it not be both impossible and foolish to embark upon such a project?

Then I remembered that the mortgage on our house in Wake Forest was an open-end mortgage--one of the marvels of those days, now long past. That simply meant that we could go to the lender and get all or any part of our equity without further costs and at the same rate of interest we were already paying--5½% as I remember.

So, we decided to take the plunge. Late that winter Giles was visiting Dr. Stewart in Black Mountain, and we made the trip that sealed the bargain. We paid the great sum of \$1,200--exactly what Giles had in the property. He had paid \$1000 for the lot and had spent \$200 on the grading of the drive and building site.

I immediately began to plan what we could and would build. I developed a floor plan for a large living-dining-kitchen combination, one bedroom, and a bath. To give wall space in a very small house, I took a trick out of Prichard's house and decided to use single, awning-type windows placed high on the wall. The one exception was to have a large picture window--as Pritch had done in his living room.

In talking to Pritch, I found that he had used Tate Blankenship to supervise and help with the building of his house, and Goff was going to do the same. He said that after the Goff house was finished in the early summer, Tate could start on ours. So, that summer I gave Tate the plans I had drawn to scale, and we agreed on the materials--Homosote for the siding, as at Prichard's, with a board and batten look. I was able to take about two weeks to help start the house and employed Pritch and Billy, his son, to work on it with Tate.

Those were very happy days. Pritch had invited me to stay at his house. We would get up early and be at the house site in time to get orders from Tate who would lay out the work for the day. He would then go to work at the lumber processing plant outside of Black Mountain where timber destined to be furniture was prepared. We would work till late in the afternoon when Tate would appear again. After a full day of work at the mill, he would now work as hard or harder with us until dark. This was in the summer, so we could work until about 9:00 p.m. Thus, we were all putting in about a fourteen-hour day with time out for lunch. We would get supper after it got too dark to work. Tate was strong and a fast worker, so we accomplished a great deal in a day. At the end of the two weeks that I was able to be there, we had framed the house, and all that remained was the siding and the roofing material. This was accomplished shortly after I had to leave. We did not try to put in the finished flooring, the interior paneling, the

plumbing, the wiring, or the chimney that first summer. We also left the deck off, so what we had at the end of the summer was simply a place to camp!

The further finishing of the cottage has been the story ever since. Gradually, we got the rest done. Terrell Reese (now deceased) put in the plumbing; the electrical work was done by Cook who had a big business located in what had been the icehouse in downtown Black Mountain (now a Realtor's office). Tate put in hardwood floors for us and paneled all but the bathroom with solid knotty pine. In time he also built us a deck, which went out in a point, very much like the Pritchards' but smaller. I made a great mistake by not using redwood. In spite of painting the deck almost every summer, it rotted out in a few years, and I replaced it myself with treated lumber, but I did not try the same design, but simply put in a rectangular deck. Only much later did I put a banister around it, work that I did myself.

This calls to mind that we have done much of the work on the cottage ourselves. For example, Margaret and the children put the finish on the paneling; I with their help put up the ceiling tile; and each year we have tried to do something to the house. Several years after the cottage was built, Tate secured a man to build us a chimney and fireplace. I do not now remember his name, but he has since died. Only in 1987 did we put in baseboard heating, though I had the house wired for that originally. Frank Jordan did that work.

In 1985, I.T. Brooks framed in the back bedroom, closet and bath. The following year, I insulated and paneled it. It greatly increased our pleasure in the house. All the years before, we kept two single beds in the corner of the living room for the children--now, I had that corner for my office! In the spring of 1988, I.T. built a room containing a storage, shop, and laundry space. He also added a nice carport. Again this has been a great joy. No more running to town to spend a morning in the Laundromat; no more junk stored everywhere in the house; and a place for me to do my puttering around with a bit of shop work--incidentally, I made me a nice, sturdy work table in 1988. In 1989, I finished the interior of the front bathroom.

In spite of all our additions, we still needed better office arrangements for me and also better guest accommodations. So, in 1992 we added yet again to the house. This time we built a roomy bedroom and a very large walk-in closet out of which someone in the future might make an efficiency kitchen and bath should they wish--we were not planning to do that! This has enabled us to move my study-office into the space that was earlier built for a second bedroom. As far as we are concerned, we have finished building!

We have exactly what we want and as much as we needed. In addition, we cannot extend east any farther because of the lot.

One of our greatest pleasures was getting to know Tate Blankenship. He was a real mountain man of the old school. Not only was he a man of the greatest integrity, but also he was full of good stories about the mountains and his own life. He would sit with his pipe and keep us entertained for long periods at the time.

His premature death was a great shock and loss to us all. He had visited us the day before his first heart attack and had told us he was going far back into the forest some distance from Black Mountain--I believe on his brother's property--to get some choice wood. In his pick-up truck and all alone, he was manhandling some timber when he had a massive attack. He managed to get in his truck and drive some distance to an isolated house. When he asked for help, the lady--possibly alone--shut the door in his face. He was so angry that he got in his truck and drove all the way to the hospital in Asheville. There the doctors told him that his anger might have saved him, for it flooded his blood

with adrenaline. They were amazed that he had not died on the way. Though he lived for a few years after, he was never able to resume work as before. He did a considerable amount of work in his shop building tables and other furniture. We bought a solid cherry drop-leaf table that he built. We prize it highly. It is in our house in DeLand.

When he was helping Pritch build his house, Tate laid out the work early one morning. When he returned late that afternoon from his regular work, Pritch had put in some rafters. Tate inspected them, sighting down them. Pointing to one, he said, "Pritch, that one is crooked. You are going to have to take it out." Pritch replied, "It's my house, and it will never show. No one will ever know it." Tate responded, "By God, I'll know it! If I am going to build this house, it is going to be right! You take it out!" Pritch took it out!

Tate took great pride in the fact that he was involved in the development of our mountain. He was greatly appreciative of the fact that the Corporation gave him a lot at the entrance to the property where he built a house. He became a real "watch-dog" especially during the winter when only he was around. He was greatly incensed over the fact that several break-ins occurred, and he was sure he knew those who were doing it. For several nights, he stationed himself at a point where he could observe any persons coming on the property and spent most of the night with his rifle waiting. Finally, he was rewarded. Several of the fellows whom he had thought were involved came. He called on them to halt, but they ran. He leveled his rifle and shot, wounding one, but they got away. Later, he was in town when that one's mother, whom he knew, met him on the street and said, "Tate, why did you shoot my son?" He replied, "You tell him that the next time I see him on that property in the middle of the night, I won't just wound him, I'll kill him." We did not have any more trouble. Later these fellows were picked up for burglary and sent to prison. No one was happier than Tate.

Margaret and I did not have anyone breaking into our place in those years. I always said it was because we left the curtains open, and they could see that there was not anything inside worth taking!

Until the road, Linden Lane, was paved, the trip up to our place was an adventure, especially if it had rained. Not only was it rough and narrow and steep, but also there was a place, which almost never dried out, apparently, it harbored a kind of wet weather spring. It was just beyond half way up from the King's (now the Oliver's) drive to the next sharp curve. Two stories are appropriate here.

The first has to do with Margaret's brother, Julian Flexer, who owns a lot below Highway 9. This incident occurred about 1964. Our house was only dried in, no water, no lights, and only a sub-floor. Julian, his wife, Francis, and their two young children decided to camp in our house. They had a little Volkswagen Bug, which they drove from their home in Brunswick, Georgia. We told them before they left that if they arrived after dark, they should go to a motel and wait for the next day to come up. However, young people think that such advice is not necessary for them. So, arriving late at night (after ten, I think), they decided to risk it. As we had feared, there had been rain, and our wet spot in the road was at its best. There the little Bug stalled and its wheels spun--they were stuck in middle of the night and no one else on the mountain. Further, they had never been there before. Somehow, I suppose with the Lord's help, they managed to climb up the steep hill and stumble into our house to sleep on the floor. During the night, Julian had a dream. He said, "I dreamed that an old, stooped mountain lady came along as I was looking at my car and wondering how I should ever get it out of the mire. She said, 'Young man, up above here is a new house, and the roofers left the waste roofing paper on the ground under the house. Get some of that, put it under your wheels, and you

can get out.' In the morning, I looked around outside the house; and, sure enough, there was the roofing paper. I took it down to the car, did as she had told me, and out it came!"

The other story has to do with an older lady who was in Margaret's Sunday school class in the First Baptist Church in Douglas, Georgia, when I was the President of South Georgia College (perhaps about 1965). Margaret had talked of our cottage in the mountains; and, though Margaret did not know this woman well, she asked if she and her husband might go up and spend a few days in the cottage. Margaret readily agreed, and a date was set. They had a big Lincoln automobile; and, as luck would have it, they got stuck at the same place as Julian. The saving feature was that it was in the daytime, and Tate and Pritch were working on the road and came to their rescue. Apparently, they had never driven in the mountains and were scared to death. Pritch and Tate would tell them something to do, and they would not do it--both of those gentlemen got more than a little put out with them, though they finally got them unstuck. That night the lady called Margaret up. Margaret said, "Are you in Black Mountain?" "No, we are in Douglas." "But, I thought you were going to our cottage?" "We did, but we turned around and came back." It developed that they had only driven to our drive and there had turned around and had come back to Douglas. A total of 700 miles, all in the same day! They never made it again!

Over the years there have been reports of the sighting of various wild animals on our mountain. I have already mentioned the encounter the Goffs had with a bear. Undoubtedly, there were bears in the early days of our settlement. In fact, prior to anyone building on Trillium Lane, I was walking early in the morning, not yet to the spring, when I saw a bear cub sitting in the road. Of course, I stopped and watched him. When he saw me, he started up the bank above the road with all deliberation. Then he sat down and looked down on me for a while before moving on out of my view. I was thankful that I never saw his mother! A bit later when Tate was building Gilbert's house, he reported seeing a cub--perhaps the same one.

For some years now we have heard of no sightings of bears on our side of the mountain, though Jim Edwards says that he saw evidence of one around our house during the winter of 1988. Recently, the Gillespies have seen evidence of a bear; so, perhaps, there is one who visits occasionally. We also heard reports of one on the other side of the mountain during the summer of 1980, and in 1993 two reportings of bears were made just below Trillium Lane.

Several years ago, Margaret was driving down the road in the late afternoon when it was almost dark. She was on the stretch just above the lower spring when a large cat went across the road in front of the car and stopped on the bank to look back at her. She felt sorry for this "lost" cat with almost no tail. She was ready to get out of the car and rescue it when she suddenly realized that this was no house cat but a bobcat that would not take kindly to her ministrations.

In the summer of '88 our grandchildren and their mothers were visiting us, and it became necessary for the oldest boy, Ryan, to sleep on an old couch on the porch. He wondered if a bear might come up during the night. We assured him that no animal would disturb him--and no animal did, but only because he is a sound sleeper. For the next morning, a trash bag, which had been placed on the porch, had been torn open and footprints of what must have been a raccoon were on the porch not far from where Ryan was asleep. In addition, foxes, ground squirrels, squirrels, rabbits, and mice are frequently observed, but our favorites are the woodchucks who inhabit numerous dens--especially a large hole near the upper spring. Birds of many varieties abound, but the showiest are the occasional grouse that come through.

One of the most humorous stories about animals on our mountain came from an incident when the Lloyd Hortons were visiting us one evening. As they left, I heard Peg exclaim as she hurriedly turned around and started back toward the door, "Margaret, you've got a skunk here!" Sure enough a skunk was at the bottom of the porch steps. We did not want to get him stirred up! As I came out the house, I saw him disappearing into the woods. Later Eddie Schodt told us that he appeared on his porch and he shoed him away! Since the skunk did not spray, either at our house or with Eddies shoing, and since we have had no other sightings of skunks on our mountain, it has been my opinion that this one had been somebody's pet, deodorized to be sure, who had gotten away or put out to make his way in the wilds.

Still another animal story was that I kept noting that the liquid in the humming bird feeder was disappearing much faster than usual. In the middle of the night, Margaret heard a thump on the porch, got up, turned on the porch light only to see a large raccoon who had climbed a post near the humming bird feeder reaching over with his paws to hold the feeder upside down while he drank the sweet liquid! After climbing down he came over and looked in the window, then slowly made his way down the porch steps.

We are pleased that Mary Margaret who lives in Greer, South Carolina, has been able to use the cottage some during times we are not there; and we are delighted to have Kathy in Asheville so that she can occasionally spend a quiet day in the house.

Margaret Duncan
Margaret
June Johnson
June
Thomas Maxwell
Baptists
John Leland
Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
Southeastern
Bernie Cochran
Meredith College
Meredith
Hart County
Glasgow, Kentucky
Glasgow
McGlothlin
Furman University
Furman
Mercer University
Mercer
Southern Baptist Convention
Ralph Ferrell
Ferrell
Great Depression
The Depression
Athens, Georgia
Athens
University of Georgia
Father
Mother
Gibson-Mercer Academy
Womens Missionary Training School
The Training School
Kentucky
Georgia
Roberts
Tom Watson
Thomson
Russell E. Dougherty
Diane Sawyer
Jimmy Ford
Mammoth Cave
Kitty Hawk
Sea World
Disney World
Cordele, Georgia

Duncan, Margaret
Duncan, Margaret
Johnson, June
Johnson, June
Maxwell, Thomas
Baptists
Leland, John
Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
Cochran, Bernie
Meredith College
Meredith College
Hart County
Glasgow, Kentucky
Glasgow, Kentucky
McGlothlin
Furman University
Furman University
Mercer University
Mercer University
Southern Baptist Convention
Ferrell, Ralph
Ferrell, Ralph
Great Depression
Great Depression
Athens, Georgia
Athens, Georgia
University of Georgia
Father
Mother
Gibson-Mercer Academy
Womens Missionary Training School
Womens Missionary Training School
Kentucky
Georgia
Roberts
Watson, Tom
Thomson, Georgia
Dougherty, Russell E.
Sawyer, Diane
Ford, Jimmy
Mammoth Cave
Kitty Hawk
Sea World
Disney World
Cordele, Georgia

Cordele
Southern Baptist Theological Seminary
Louisville, Kentucky
Louisville
Gainesville, Georgia
Brother
Sister
Eva Monroe
Eva
Cousins
Harvey Duncan
Harvey
Ellen Duncan
Ellen
Cora Beth Duncan
Cora Beth
Beth
Sara Pope Roberts
Sara Pope
Bobbie Nell Roberts
Bobbie Nell
Holly Springs Baptist Church
Holly Springs
Royston, Georgia
Royston
Cellar
Uncle Whit
Berry College
Goldmine community
Richmond County
Augusta, Georgia
Augusta
home economics
Raleigh, North Carolina
Raleigh
University of Tennessee
University of Iowa
Knoxville, Tennessee
Knoxville
Department of Health, Education and Welfare
Atlanta, Georgia
Atlanta
Dan Roberts
Bowman, Georgia
Bowman
Washington, Georgia

Cordele, Georgia
Southern Baptist Theological Seminary
Louisville, Kentucky
Louisville, Kentucky
Gainesville, Georgia
Brother
Sister
Monroe, Eva
Monroe, Eva
Cousins
Duncan, Harvey
Duncan, Harvey
Duncan, Ellen
Duncan, Ellen
Duncan, Cora Beth
Duncan, Cora Beth
Duncan, Cora Beth
Roberts, Sara Pope
Rorbets, Sara Pope
Roberts, Bobbie Nell
Roberts, Bobbie Nell
Holly Springs Baptist Church
Holly Springs Baptist Church
Royston, Georgia
Royston, Georgia
Cellar
Duncan, Whit
Berry College
Goldmine community
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home economics
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Raleigh, North Carolina
University of Tennessee
University of Iowa
Knoxville, Tennessee
Knoxville, Tennessee
Department of Health, Education and Welfare
Atlanta, Georgia
Atlanta, Georgia
Roberts, Dan
Bowman, Georgia
Bowman, Georgia
Washington, Georgia

Stakely Roberts
Sam Roberts
Hatcher Roberts
pneumonia
Roba
Uncle Johnny
Uncle Early
Aunt Maggie
Uncle Asa
Uncle Bob
Asheville, North Carolina
Asheville
Lois
Maude
Elberton
Toccoa
Southern Railway
Bessie Tift College
Bowman High School
Baptist Village
Aunt Orrie
Waycross, Georgia
Waycross
Anderson, South Carolina
Anderson
Anderson College
Bessie Roberts Rice
Aaron Rice
Uncle Aaron
William Crawford Roberts
Crawf
War Between the States
Walhalla, South Carolina
Roberts' Mill
Roberts Mill
Early Bird
Jack Wynn
John Ray
Muskogee, Oklahoma
Muskogee
Carnegie library
Carnegie Library
Edith Ellington
Boy Scouts
tennis
Georgia Southern

Roberts, Stakely
Roberts, Sam
Roberts, Hatcher
pneumonia
Roberts, Roba
Roberts, Johnny
Roberts, Early
Roberts, Maggie
Duncan, Asa
Roberts, Bob
Asheville, North Carolina
Asheville, North Carolina
Roberts, Lois
Roberts, Maude
Elberton, Georgia
Toccoa, Georgia
Southern Railway
Bessie Tift College
Bowman High School
Baptist Village
Roberts, Orrie
Waycross, Georgia
Waycross, Georgia
Anderson, South Carolina
Anderson, South Carolina
Anderson College
Rice, Bessie Roberts
Rice, Aaron
Rice, Aaron
Roberts, William Crawford
Roberts, William Crawford
War Between the States
Walhalla, South Carolina
Roberts' Mill
Roberts' Mill
Bird, Early
Wynn, Jack
Ray, John
Muskogee, Oklahoma
Muskogee, Oklahoma
Carnegie Library
Carnegie Library
Ellington, Edith
Boy Scouts
tennis
Georgia Southern University

Prince Avenue Baptist
Athens High School
Furman University
Hugh Hodson
John Hoffman
Demosthenian Literary Society
Earnest Vanderver
Biftad
fraternity
theatre
theater
beanie cap
William Tate
hazing
core curriculum
survey courses
French
Coggins
chemistry
physics
Coordinate College
ROTC
horses
Dixon
Rufus Snyder
Henry
Hendren
baseball
Tippet
Georgia Baptist Convention
Beers
testing office
test grading machine
master's degree
lab assistant
Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly
Ridgecrest
B. B. McKinney
Harold Tribble
Religion in Life Week
Henry Ivy
James Hackey
atomic bomb
earth orbit
call into the ministry
Goodloe Ervin

Prince Avenue Baptist
Athens High School
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Hodson, Hugh
Hoffman, John
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Snyder, Rufus
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Hendren, Dean
baseball
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Georgia Baptist Convention
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Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly
Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly
McKinney, B. B.
Tribble, Harold
Religion in Life Week
Ivy, Henry
Hackey, James
atomic bomb
earth orbit
call into the ministry
Ervin, Goodloe

Charlie Trippi	Tripp, Charlie
Sanford Stadium	Sanford Stadium
Huey Long	Long, Huey
Franklin D. Roosevelt	Roosevelt, Franklin D.
K. D. Marshall	Marshall, K. D.
Mac Marshall	Marshall, Mac
Mildred McCormick	McCormick, Mildred
ordination	ordination
Louisville, Kentucky	Louisville, Kentucky
Ellis Fuller	Fuller, Ellis
Catherine Bates	Bates, Catherine
Edwin D. Johnston	Johnston, Edwin D.
Mullins Hall	Mullins Hall
Carmen "C" Sharp	Sharp, Carmen
Woman's Missionary Training School	Woman's Missionary Training School
Austin Roberts	Roberts, Austin
Charles Talley	Talley, Charles
Greek	Greek
Hebrew	Hebrew
literary criticism	literary criticism
William Hershey Davis	Davis, William Hershey
J. McKee Adams	Adams, J. McKee
John B. Sampey	Sampey, John B.
Leo Green	Green, Leo
Sydnor L. Stealey	Stealey, Sydnor L.
church history	church history
William Jewell College	William Jewell College
Theron Price	Price, Theron
Duke McCall	McCall, Duke
Guy Ransom	Ransom, Guy
Kenneth Scott Latourette	Latourette, Kenneth Scott
Trinity University	Trinity University
Carlile Marney	Marney, Carlile
Henlee Barnette	Barnette, Henlee
O. Lafayette Walker	Walker, O. Lafayette
Weatherspoon	Weatherspoon
Broadus	Broadus, John R.
doctrine of sanctification	doctrine of sanctification
Reformation	Reformation
Latin	Latin
German	German
Mercer University	Mercer University
Mercer	Mercer University
Director of Religious Activities	Director of Religious Activities
Brother Nick	Nicholson, D. B.
Margaret Flexer	Flexer, Margaret

Robert C. Norman	Norman, Robert C.
Winebert	Flexer, Winebert
Sue	Flexer, Sue
Julian	Flexer, Julian
Elmer J. Flexer	Flexer, Elmer J.
Susie	Flexer, Susie
Student Week	Student Week
World War II	World War II
Belnap Hardward	Belnap Hardward
River View	River View Baptist Church
DeSoto Hotel	DeSoto Hotel
Savannah	Savannah, Georgia
Gatlinburg	Gatlinburg, Tennessee
Ferd Lloyd	Lloyd, Ferd
Brim	Brim, Hugh
Dowell	Dowell, Sprite
Sprite Dowell	Dowell, Sprite
war surplus	war surplus
Wake Forest	Wake Forest
Wake Forest University	Wake Forest University
Garwood	Garwood, Harry C.
President Allen	Allen, William Sims
DeLand	DeLand
Baptist Student Union	Baptist Student Union
<i>A History of Baptist Thought, 1600-1660</i>	<i>A History of Baptist Thought, 1600-1660</i>
Roberts Professor of Church History	Roberts Professor of Church History
George Buttrick	Buttrick, George
Dorothy Truex	Truex, Dorothy
Hugh McEniry	McEniry, Hugh
Dominic Vitsaris	Vitsaris, Dominic
Grady Snowden	Snowden, Grady
Byron Gibson	Gibson, Byron
Lycan	Lycan, Gilbert
Etter Turner	Turner, Etter
palpatations of the heart	palpatations of the heart
R. L. Hahn	Hahn, Dr. R. L.
tuberculosis	tuberculosis
Baptist World Alliance	Baptist World Alliance
President Edmunds	Edmunds, J. Ollie
J. Ollie Edmunds	Edmunds, J. Ollie
Jeep	Jeep
Glenwood	Glenwood
Douglas Stenstrom	Stenstrom, Douglas
Irving Stover	Stover, Irving
Charles Tom Henderson	Henderson, Charles Tom
Charles Tribble	Tribble, Charles

Harold Tribble
hurricane
general education
Carnegie Grant for the Improvement of
Teaching
Christianity and Western Thought
“What is a Christian College?”
Roy F. Howes
John Hicks
Holmes Hall
William (Bill) Angell
Pine Hills
George Hood
Robert Maynard Hutchinson
Forest of Arden
Chauvin
John Johns
President Johns
Eisenhower
Stevenson
O. P. Chitwood
Douglas Rumble
Leonard J. Curtis
Ezra Allen
Monroe Heath Museum
Flagler Hall
Freund
Louis Freund
Elsie Freund
Lamar Dodd
Mr. Dodd
Byron H. Gibson
Florida State College for Women
Florida State University
Byron
Hurbert William Hurt
College Blue Book
C. Howard Hopkins
Dean Hopkins
Harold Giffin
Warren Stone Gordis
Carl “Doc” Johnson
Kathleen
University of Chicago
Justice Stevens
Stetson College of Law

Tribble, Harold
hurricane
general education
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Teaching
Christianity and Western Thought
“What is a Christian College?”
Howes, Roy F.
Hicks, John
Holmes Hall
Angell, William
Pine Hills
Hood, George
Hutchinson, Robert Maynard
Forest of Arden
Chauvin, Robert S.
Johns, John
Johns, John
Eisenhower
Stevenson
Chitwood, O. P.
Rumble, Douglas
Curtis, Leonard J.
Allen, Ezra
Monroe Heath Museum
Flagler Hall
Freund
Freund, Louis
Freund, Elsie
Dodd, Lamar
Dodd, Lamar
Gibson, Byron H.
Florida State University
Florida State University
Gibson, Byron H.
Hurt, Hurbert William
College Blue Book
Hopkins, C. Howard
Hopkins, C. Howard
Giffin, Harold
Gordis, Warren Stone
Johnson, Carl “Doc”
Johnson, Kathleen
University of Chicago
Stevens, Justice
Stetson College of Law

College of Law
Doc Johnson
Harry S. Winters
Stover, Irving C.
G. Prentice Carson
Don Yaxley
Lafayette Walker
Elmer Prichard
Maxine Patterson
Ray Jordan
Eleanor Leek
Curtis Lowry
Annie N. Holden
George Hood
George Jenkins
Sara Staff Jerrigan
Ed Furlong
Dorothy Fuller
John Conn
Roger Cushman
Frances Buxton
Emmett Ashcraft
Doris Arjona
Keith Hansen
Richard Feasel
Dick Morland
Barbara Rowe
Etter Turner
Graves Edmondson
John R. Mott
Westminster College
Hugh McEniry
Dean McEniry
Hugh
Drew Pearson
Dorothy Thompson
Switzerland
Charles Merrill
Mr. Fussell
Regents Park College
Oxford University
Angus Collection
Carnegie Grant

Brunswick
Joyce Booth

Stetson College of Law
Johnson, Carl "Doc"
Winters, Harry S.
Stover, Irving C.
Carson, G. Prentice
Yaxley, Don
Walker, O. Lafayette
Prichard, Elmer
Patters, Maxine
Jordan, Ray
Leek, Eleanor
Lowry, Curtis
Holden, Annie N.
Hood, George
Jenkins, George
Jerrigan, Sara Staff
Furlong, Ed
Fuller, Dorothy
Conn, John
Cushman, Roger
Buxton, Frances
Ashcraft, Emmett
Arjona, Doris
Hansen, Keith
Feasel, Richard
Morland, Dick
Rowe, Barbara
Turner, Etter
Edmondson, Graves
Mott, John R.
Westminster College
McEniry, Hugh
McEniry, Hugh
McEniry, Hugh
Pearson, Drew
Thompson, Dorothy
Switzerland
Merrill, Charles
Fussell
Regents Park College
Oxford University
Angus Collection
Carnegie Grant for the Improvement of
Teaching
Brunswick
Booth, Joyce

Mrs. Agnes Sharp
Mrs. Sharp
Hanserd Knollys
Queen Elizabeth
Queen Mary
Madame Dr. Thorton
New York City
Paris
Perry Como
Scherbourg, France
Walter Mann
Shartres
Versailles
Tours
Dover
Channel
London
Oxford
Dr. Stealey
Cambridge
Miss Booth
Blackwells
Pringles
Edinburgh
Hollyrood Palace
Bourton-on-the-Water
Plymouth
Norwich
Scroby
Gainesboro
Mrs. Edmunds
President Edmunds
Stratford-on-Avon
Windsor Castle
Bodleian Library
British Museum
Dr. William's Library
Broadman Press
Benjamin Beddome
Ernest Payne
Barry White
Pennsylvania Station
First Baptist Church in DeLand
Christianity and Western Thought
George Shriver
William "Bill" Self

Sharp, Mrs. Agnes
Sharp, Mrs. Agnes
Knollys, Hanserd
Queen Elizabeth
Queen Mary
Madame Dr. Thorton
New York City
Paris
Como, Perry
Scherbourg, France
Mann, Walter
Shartres
Versailles
Tours
Dover
English Channel
London
Oxford
Stealey, Sydnor L.
Cambridge University
Booth, Joyce
Blackwells Bookstore
Pringles
Edinburgh
Hollyrood Palace
Bourton-on-the Water
Plymouth
Norwich
Scroby
Gainesboro
Edmunds, Emily
Edmunds, J. Ollie
Statford-on-Avon
Windsor Castle
Bodleian Library
British Museum
Dr. William's Library
Broadman Press
Beddome, Benjamin
Payne, Ernest
White, Barry
Pennsylvania Station
First Baptist Church in DeLand
Christianity and Western Thought
Shriver, George
Self, William "Bill"

Wieuca Road Baptist Church
John's Creek Baptist Church
John Howell
Crescent Hill Baptist Church
Louisville, Kentucky
Louisville
Jack Morgan
Charles Granger
Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
Southeastern Seminary
Wake Forest, North Carolina
Elizabeth Hall
Wake Forest College
Wake Forest University
Raleigh
Winston-Salem
Olin T. Binkley
Edward A. McDowell
Leo T. Green
Stewart A. Newman
Robert T. Daniels
William "Bill" Strickland
Marc Lovelace
M. Ray McKay
J. Burber Hipps
University of Shanghai
Joseph Robinson
Garland Hendricks
Ben Fisher
Dick Young
Tom Turner
Tommy Turner
Harold Tribble
Southern Seminary
Andover-Newton Theological Institute
Wait Hall
Andy Powell
Lattorette
John Steely
Luther Copeland
Duke
Bernard Cochran
Meredith College
Tom Austin
James Jordan
North Greenville Junior College

Wieuca Road Baptist Church
John's Creek Baptist Church
Howell, John
Crescent Hill Baptist Church
Louisville, Kentucky
Louisville, Kentucky
Morgan, Jack
Granger, Charles
Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
Wake Forest, North Carolina
Elizabeth Hall
Wake Forest University
Wake Forest University
Raleigh, North Carolina
Winston-Salem, North Carolina
Binkley, Olin T.
McDowell, Edward A.
Green, Leo T.
Newman, Stewart A.
Daniels, Robert T.
Strickland, William "Bill"
Lovelace, Marc
McKay, M. Ray
Hipps, J. Burber
University of Shanghai
Robinson, Joseph
Hendricks, Garland
Fisher, Ben
Young, Dick
Turner, Thomas J.
Turner, Thomas J.
Tribble, Harold
Southern Baptist Theological Seminary
Andover-Newton Theological Institute
Wait Hall
Powell, Andy
Lattorette
Steely, John Ed
Copeland, Luther
Duke University
Cochran, Bernard
Meredith College
Austin, Tom
Jordan, James
North Greenville Junior Colelge

Shorter College	Shorter College
John Ed Steely	Steely, John Ed
John Ed	Steely, John Ed
Netherlands	Netherlands
South Georgia College	South Georgia College
Denton R. Coker	Coker, Denton R.
Denton	Coker, Denton R.
Octavia	Coker, Octavia
Brunswick College	Brunswick College
R. C. Briggs	Briggs, R. C.
Gordon Funk	Funk, Gordon
Bill Strickland	Strickland, Bill
Jim Tull	Tull, Jim
Kathy	Duncan, Katherine M.
Melba	Funk, Melba
Duke McCall	McCall, Duke
Theron Price	Price, Theron
Historical Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention	Historical Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention
Norman Cox	Cox, Norman
Jacob "Jake" P. Edmunds	Edmunds, Jacob "Jake" P.
<i>Our Baptist Story</i>	<i>Our Baptist Story</i>
Convention Press	Convention Press
American Society of Church History	American Society of Church History
Brewer Prize Committee	Brewer Prize Committee
Wake Forest Civic Club	Wake Forest Civic Club
Wake County (North Carolina) Phi Beta Kappa Association	Wake County(North Carolina Phi Beta Kappa Association
Baptist World Alliance	Baptist World Alliance
Tom Maupin	Maupin, Tom
Dr. Mackey	Mackey, Dr.
Cairo	Cairo
Luxor	Luxor
Beirut	Beirut
Baalbeck	Baalbeck
Damascus	Damascus
Ammon	Ammon
Paul Geren	Geren, Paul
Hussein	Hussein, King
Petra	Petra
Marse Grant	Grant, Marse
Nabateans	Nabateans
Jebal Musa	Musa, Jebal
Perry Crouches	Crouches, Perry
Asheville	Asheville
Jordan River	Jordan River

Dead Sea
Jerico
Jerusalem
American Colony Hotel
Macmoud
Madelbaum Gate
Tel Aviv
Capernaum
Haifa
EL AL Airline
TWA
Istanbul
Aegean Sea
Corinth
Florence
Theron Price
Rhine
Weisbaden
Cologne
Austin Lovelace
Warwick
Highlands
Iona
Dublin
Brussels World's Fair
Coker College
Syria
Dead Sea scrolls
Frankfurt
Sue Flexer
Brussels
Zürich
Rüschlikon
Fritz Blanke
Anabaptists
John Hughey
John Moore
Baptist Seminary
Tracy Early
Tom Frazier
American Society of Church History
American Historical Association
Rotterdam
Vthe Hague
Basel
Bitso

Dead Sea
Jerico
Jerusalem
American Colony Hotel
Macmoud
Madelbaum Gate
Tel Aviv
Capernaum
Haifa
EL AL Airline
TWA
Istanbul
Aegean Sea
Corinth
Florence
Price, Theron
Rhine River
Weisbaden
Cologne
Lovelace, Austin
Warwick
Highlands
Iona
Dublin
Brussels World's Fair
Coker College
Syria
Dead Sea scrolls
Frankfurt
Flexer, Sue
Brussels
Zürich
Rüschlikon
Blanke, Fritz
Anabaptists
Hughey, John
Moore, John
Baptist Seminary
Early, Tracy
Frazier, Tom
American Society of Church History
American Historical Association
Rotterdam
Vthe Hague
Basel
Bitso

James Price
Governor Witt
Migros
Nordenhaug
Gasthaus
Gasthoff
University of Zürich
Arndt
Günter Wagner
Eduard Sweitzer
Grossmunaster
Dezeley
Gasthaus Rosa
Karl Barth
Tom McCullough
Joe Dick Estes
R. C. Briggs
Rudolph Pfister
Ebling
Popkes
Leojud
Zwingli
Zwingli's
Avignon
Barcelona
Madrid
Valencia
Toledo
Valley of the Fallen
Escorial
Biarritz
Lascaux
Loire Valley
Lyons
Geneva
Bern
Perugia
Lausanne
Ostia
Gottard Tunnel
Viverelli
Chichester
Spurgeon's College
Beasley-Murray
Black Mountain
Camp Rockmont

Price, James
Witt, Governor
Migros
Nordenhaug
Gasthaus
Gasthoff
University of Zürich
Arndt
Wagner, Günter
Sweitzer, Eduard
Grossmaunaster
Dezeley
Gasthaus Rosa
Barth, Karl
McCullough, Tom
Estes, Joe Dick
Briggs, R. C.
Pfister, Rudolph
Ebling
Popkes
Leojud
Zwingli
Zwingli's
Avignon
Barcelona
Madrid
Valencia
Toledo
Valley of the Fallen
Escorial
Biarritz
Lascaux
Loire Valley
Lyons
Geneva
Bern
Perugia
Lausanne
Ostia
Gottard Tunnel
Viverelli
Chichester
Spurgeon's College
Beasley-Murray
Black Mountain, North Carolina
Camp Rockmont

Herschel Hobbs
Harmon W. Caldwell
Caldwell
Walter Martin
Winbert Daniel Flexer
Winbert
Bubber
Jim Gould
Gould
Robert C. Norman
Howard "Bo" Callaway
Earl Hargett
Brunswick College
Mrs. E. F. Flexer
Gail Williams
Sheley McCoy
Faye Barber
Virginia Ralston Babylon
Bowman
Elberton
Kathleen Anne McCormick
Gordon Funk
Convention Press
South Georgia College
Will Smith
Douglas
James A. Dunlap
Sapelo Island
Bobby Bowden
Dekel DeLoach
Tom Cunningham
Christian Sizemore
Fred Badders
Kathy McCormick
Lightsey
Lakey Knob
Knoefel
Eugene Talmadge
Ellis Arnold
Sanders
George L. Simpson, Jr.
Dr. L. M. Massey
Harold Tribble
Noah Langdale
George State University
Charles Campbell

Hobbs, Herschel
Caldwell, Harmon W.
Caldwell, Harmon W.
Martin, Walter
Flexer, Winbert Daniel
Flexer, Winbert Daniel
Flexer, Winbert Daniel
Gould, Jim
Gould, Jim
Norman, Robert C.
Callaway, Howard "Bo"
Hargett, Earl
Brunswick College
Flexer, Mrs. E. F.
Williams, Gail
McCoy, Sheley
Barber, Faye
Babylon, Virginia Ralston
Bowman, Georgia
Elberton, Georgia
McCormick, Kathleen Anne
Funk, Gordon
Convention Press
South Georgia College
Smith, Will
Douglas, Georgia
Dunlap, James A.
Sapelo Island
Bowden, Bobby
DeLoach, Dekel
Cunningham, Tom
Sizemore, Christian
Badders, Fred
McCormick, Kathleen Anne
Lightsey
Lakey Knob
Knoefel, Arthur Eugene
Talmadge, Eugene
Arnold, Ellis
Sanders, Governor Carl
Simpson, George L. Jr.
Massey, Dr. L. M.
Tribble, Harold
Langdale, Noah
Georgia State University
Campbell, Charles

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Malcolm Knight
Advisory Council
Committee on Educational Policy
Eidson
Georgia Association of Junior Colleges
Southern Association of Junior Colleges
Southern Association of Colleges and Schools
Southern Association
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Robert R. Johnson
McGuirk
E. C. Bradley
Mrs. Coffee
Mac Himaya
Spooner
George Cook
Truluck
Bill Hendricks
Eighth Congressional District Honors Program
Wesleyan College
Douglas High School
Waycross
Mike Mosely
Max Harrell
Gregory Pope
Oeuda Preston
Montgomery Preston
Kinnerly
Presidential Scholars
Ralph McGill
Rotary Club
Zack Henderson
Hubert Dewberry
Country Club Estates
Paul Carroll
Miss Lizzy
Phara Lynch
Nicholas Quick
Nick Quick
Walter B. Matthews
Starr Miller
Douglas Leavitt
Donald Hackett
Betty Lane

Reid, Bert
Knight, Malcolm
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Committee on Educational Policy
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Georgia Association of Junior Colleges
Southern Association of Junior Colleges
Southern Association of Colleges and Schools
Southern Association of Colleges and Schools
Ingram, Irby D.
Elder, Charles
Johnson, Robert R.
McGuirk
Bradley, E. C.
Coffee, Mrs.
Himaya, Mac
Spooner
Cook, George
Truluck
Hendricks, Bill
Eighth Congressional District Honors Program
Wesleyan College
Douglas High School
Waycross, Georgia
Mosely, Mike
Harrell, Max
Pope, Gregory
Preston, Oeuda
Preston, Montgomery
Kinnerly-Bryan
Presidential Scholars
McGill, Ralph
Rotary Club
Henderson, Zack
Dewberry, Hubert
Country Club Estates
Carroll, Paul
Lizzy, Miss
Lynch, Phara
Quick, Nicholas
Quick, Nicholas
Matthews, Walter B.
Miller, Starr
Leavitt, Douglas
Hackett, Donald
Lane, Betty

Fielding Russell
Georgia Watson
John Boole
Phi Kappa Phi
Boy Scouts of America
Armstrong State College
Georgia Education Association
GEA
Council of Deans and Vice Presidents
Augusta College
Meridith College
Bruce Heilman
Colvin
Charles "Chuck" Johnson
Chuck Johnson
Ralph Andrews
Savannah State College
Ft. Valley State College
Albany State College
Prince Jackson
Kirbylene Stephens
American Council on Education
American Association of State Colleges and
Universities
Warren F. Jones
Streakers
Ben G. Waller
Hassey McElveen
Jones Lane
Hanner Field House
Callaway Professorship
National Association of Schools of Music
NCATE
AACSB
National Association of Collegiate
Georgia Southern College Foundation
Bob Hope
National Direct Student Loan Program
University System of Georgia
University System
Rick Mandes
Gerald Ford
Jimmy Carter
Archbishop TuTu
Margaret Mead

Russell, Fielding
Watson, Georgia
Boole, John
Phi Kappa Phi
Boy Scouts of America
Armstrong State College
Georgia Education Association
Georgia Education Association
Council of Deans and Vice Presidents
Augusta College
Meridith College
Heilman, Bruce
Colvin, Clair
Johnson, Charles "Chuck"
Johnson, Charles "Chuck"
Andrews, Ralph
Savannah State College
Ft. Valley State College
Albany State College
Jackson, Prince
Stephens, Kirbylene
American Council on Education
American Association of State Colleges and
Universities
Jones, Warren F.
Streakers
Waller, Ben G.
McElveen, Hassey
Lane, Jones
Hanner Field House
Callaway Professorship
National Association of Schools Music
NCATE
AACSB
National Association of Collegiate
Georgia Southern College Foundation
Hope, Bob
National Direct Student Loan Program
University System of Georgia
University System of Georgia
Mandes, Rick
Ford, Gerald
Carter, Jimmy
Archbishop TuTu
Mead, Margaret

Erskin Caldwell
Dean Rusk
Paul Ehrlich
Georgia Committee for the Humanities
Eugenia Price
Joyce Blackwell
Georgia Southern Regional Planning Board
Bullock County Chamber of Commerce
Coastal Empire Council, Boy Scouts of
America
“As I See It”
“Community Update”
“Downtown”
“At Random”
Commission on Colleges

Self-Study
Cooperative Extension
NCAA
College World Series
Ron Polk
Omaha
Doctorate in Education
Paul LaGrone
Origin James
Buddy Rabitsch
William Cook
Augusta College
Armstrong State College
Hilton Bonniwell
“Special Studies Program”
“Special Studies”
Keith Hartburg
Richard Rogers
William H. Bolen
Marvin Pittman School
Frank Dunham
Hanner Field House
Landrum Center
Rosenwall Building
Williams Center
J. I. Clements
J. E. Rowe
Bill Cook
Lamar Dodd
Fred Messersmith

Caldwell, Erskin
Rusk, Dean
Ehrlich, Paul
Georgia Committee for the Humanities
Price, Eugenia
Blackwell, Joyce
Georgia Southern Regional Planning Board
Bullock County Chamber of Commerce
Coastal Empire Council, Boy Scouts of
America
“As I See It”
Community Update”
“Downtown”
“At Random”
Commission on Colleges of the Southern
Association of Colleges and Schools
Self-Study
Cooperative Extension
NCAA
College World Series
Polk, Ron
Omaha, Nebraska
Doctorate in Education
LaGrone, Paul
James, Origin
Rabitch, Buddy
Cook, William
Augusta College
Armstrong State College
Bonniwell, Hilton
“Special Studies Program”
“Special Studies Program”
Hartburg, Keith
Rogers, Richard
Bolen, William H.
Marvin Pittman School
Dunham, Frank
Hanner Field House
Landrum Center
Rosenwall Building
Williams Center
J. I. Clements
Rowe, J. E.
Cook, Bill
Dodd, Lamar
Messersmith, Fred

I Would Bring Stars

DeLand Museum
Polk County Museum of Arts
Hot Springs Art Center
Folk Art Center
Jack Averett
Dean Averett
Dean Miller
Ron Roberts
Wake Forest University
Sul Ross State University
Gillespie Museum
Gillespie Museum
Gillespie Mineral Collection
Furman University
John Johns
Earl Edington
Harold Bennett
George Painter
George Borders
Richard T. Dillon
Frank Wheeler
Wendell Jarrard
Ken Kirchman
Richard Beauchamp
Graves Edmondson
Maude Roberts
Baptist Village
Orrie Roberts
Gualala
Mary Hood
Charles "Chuck" Bugg
Marvin Emerson
June Weigel
June Johnson,
Palm Beach Atlantic College
Ticton
Mike Chertok
John Pelham
Doyle Carlton, Jr.
Doyle
Board of Overseers
College of Law
Law School
George Busby
John Sperling

I Would Bring Stars

DeLand Museum of Arts
Polk County Museum of Arts
Hot Springs Art Center
Folk Art Center
Averett, Jack
Averett, Jack
Miller, Starr
Roberts, Ron
Wake Forest University
Sul Ross State University
Gillespie Mineral Museum
Gillespie Mineral Museum
Gillespie Mineral Museum
Furman University
Johns, John
Edington, Earl
Bennett, Harold
Painter, George
Borders, George
Dillon, Richard T.
Wheeler, Frank
Jarrard, Wendell
Kirchman, Ken
Beauchamp, Richard
Edmondson, Graves
Roberts, Maude
Baptist Village
Roberts, Orrie
Gualala
Hood, Mary
Bugg, Charles "Chuck"
Emerson, Marvin
Johnson, June
Johnson, June
Palm Beach Atlantic College
Ticton
Chertok, Mike
Pelham, John
Carlton, Doyle, Jr.
Carlton, Doyle, Jr.
Board of Overseers
College of Law
College of Law
Busby, George
Sperling, John

Furlong
Redlands University
Douglas Strickland
Paul Geren
Glenn Wilkes
Darrell Bengé
Fred Cooper
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Faculty Senate
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Garth
Dean Jenkins
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Summer Music Institute
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Doug Lee
Glenwood
Edmunds
Underhill, Amory
Underhill
T. Wayne Bailey
Everette Huskey
Bob Graham
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nursing program
Daytona Beach Community College
Charles Polk
DBCC
Foreign Mission Board

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Benge, Darrell
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Raymond, Paul
Jenkins, Garth
Jenkins, Garth
Jenkins, Garth
Chauvin, Robert
McEniry, Hugh
Jordan, James
Turner, Thomas J.
Prince, Tom
Davis, J. E.
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Summer Music Institute
Lee, H. Douglas
Lee, H. Douglas
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Underhill, Amory
Underhill, Wm. Amory
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nursing program
Daytona Beach Community College
Polk, Charle
Daytona Beach Community College
Foreign Mission Board of the SBC

Univerity Inn
Gary Meadows
Phi Beta Kappa
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Bill Proctor
Flagler College
FACU

Tuition Voucher
Florida Student Assistance Grant
Florida State Board of Missions

Jim Stewart
Jim Nemec
Peggy Colgate Egan

Farris Rahall
LeRoy Highbaugh
Richard, Dillon

Eugene Lynn

Gene Lynn

Pick Hollinger

Archie Greenberg

Jack Eckerd

Dennis McNamara

Jessie Ball duPont

Bryan Robinson

Ghost Story

Lakey Knob

Southern University Conference

Evans Johnson

Claribel Jett

Mrs. Flagler Matthews

Ed Ball

Bill Mills

Nylen

Dano Davis

Geoffrey Gilbert

Paul Langston

Marjorie Gilbert

Dan Stringer

John Howell

Morgan Patterson

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University Inn
Meadows, Gary
Phi Beta Kappa
Hague, John

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Florida

Proctor Bill

Flagler College

Florida Association of Colleges and
Universities

Tuition Voucher

Florida Student Assistance Grant

Florida State Board of Missions

Stewart, Jim

Nemec, Jim

Egan, Peggy Colgate

Rahall, Farris

Highbaugh, L. LeRoy

Dillon, Richard

Lynn, Eugene

Lynn, Eugene

Hollinger, Pick

Greenberg, Archie

Eckerd, Jack

McNamara, Dennis

duPont, Jessie Ball

Robinson, Bryan

Ghost Story

Lakey Knob

Southern University Conference

Johnson, Evans

Jett, Claribel

Matthews, Mrs. Flagler

Ball, Ed

Mills, Bill

Nylen, David

Davis, Dano

Gilbert, Geoffrey

Langston, Paul

Gilbert, Majorie

Stringer, Dan C.

Howell, John

Patterson, Morgan

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Stetson, Henry

Stetson, John B. Jr.

Minter
Freiburg, Germany
University of Madrid
University of Neuchatel
Summer Opportunity Program
Brad Crain
Winter Term
Ross Allen
Samuel Tillman
Landon Smith
Muskogee
Bruce Jacob
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NAICU

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Hodding Carter
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Ray Sowers
Grover Andrews
Trustee Bylaws
Altamese
Bill Boyd
Robert Knight
Anderson Bouchelle
Larkin
Benini

Minter, Elsie "Cricket"
Freiburg, Germany
University of Madrid
University of Neuchatel
Summer Opportunity Program
Crain, Brad
Winter Term
Allen, Ross
Tillman, Samuel
Smith, W. Landon
Muskogee, Oklahoma
Jacob, Bruce
Edmondson, Graves
Hanks, Wayne
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Criswell, W. A.
National Collegiate Athletic Association
National Association Independent Colleges
and Universities
Silber, John
Healy, Father Timothy
Carter, Hodding
Cleland, Max
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Moreland, Richard
Campbell, Charles
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Turner, Etter
Wulf, Ingrid
Gaylord, Frank
Association of Southern Baptist Colelges and
Schools
Whittich, John
Florida Independent College Fund
Sowers, Ray
Andrews, Grover
Trustee Bylaws
Gordon, Altamese
Boyd, Bill
Knight, Robert
Bouchelle, Anderson
Jones, Larkin
Benini

Meredith College
Vernon Crawford
Florida Council of 100
Billy Graham
Al Wehrle
Sims Kline
Bob Perkins
Robert Perkins
William W. Wright
Bill Wright
Centennial Celebration
Bill Self
Arthur Jones
Gordon Liddy
Gillespie Mineral Museum
Robert Shaw
George Rupp
Langdon Gilkey
Kurt Waldheim
Duke McCall
Centennial
Petros
Justice Stevens
Curtis Lowery
Inns-of-Court
Silver Circle
W. Christian Sizemore
Limestone College
Rollins College
Alderson-Broaddus
Jack Hunt
University of Sarasota
Wayne Buffington
Coble, Kermit
Mexico City
Portugal
Sam Shepherd
Morocco
Holly Springs Baptist Church
Clyde Fant
Duncan Crouch
Joe Bancroft
Winebert Flexer
Hugh West
James Woodward
Wendell, Jarrard

Meredith College
Crawford, Vernon
Florida Council of 100
Graham, Billy
Wehrle, Al
Kline, Sims
Perkins, Robert
Perkins, Robert
Wright, William W.
Wright, William W.
Centennial Celebration
Self, Bill
Jones, Arthur
Liddy, Gordon
Gillespie Mineral Museum
Shaw, Robert
Rupp, George
Gilkey, Langdon
Waldheim, Kurt
McCall, Duke
Centennial Celebration
Petros
Stevens, Justice John Paul
Lowery, Curtis
Inns-of-Court
Silver Circle
Sizemore, W. Christian
Limestone College
Rollins College
Alderson-Broaddus College
Hunt, Jack
University of Sarasota
Buffington, Wayne
Coble, Kermit
Mexico City
Portugal
Shepherd, Sam
Morocco
Holly Springs Baptist Church
Fant, Clyde
Crouch, Duncan
Bancroft, Joe
Flexer, Winebert
West, Hugh
Woodward, James
Jarrard, Wendell

Eugene Patterson
Bob Mulkey
Dale Sprankle
DeLand Planning Commission
Cultural Arts Center
Gene Brakeman
Mark Whittaker
Glenn Wilkes
Jackie Kersh
Barry Goldfarb
John Hewett
McMillan, Robert
Roy King
Ben Holden
Eddie Schodts
Pickens Psychiatric Hospital
Dr. Spore
Dr. James T. Moore
“Leaders of Stetson”
Brewton-Parker College
Appalachian Hall
Dr. Theilman
Sam Theilman
Linda Davis
Taylor Griffin
New Albany
Riverview
Tattnal Square Baptist Church
Grady Snowden
Lynchburg, Virginia
Wieuca Road Baptist Church
Gastonia, North Carolina
Tate Blankenship
Pritch

Patterson, Eugene
Mulkey, Bob
Sprankle, Dale
DeLand Planning Commission
Cultural Arts Center
Brakeman, Gene
Whittaker, Mark
Wilkes, Glenn
Kersh, Jackie
Barry Goldfarb
Hewett, John
McMillan, Robert
King, Roy
Holden, Ben
Schodts, Eddie
Pickens Psychiatric Hospital
Spore, Dr. Stephen
Moore, Dr. James T.
“Leaders of Stetson”
Brewton-Parker College
Appalachian Hall
Theilman, Samuel
Theilman, Sam
Davis, Linda
Griffin, Taylor
New Albany, Indiana
Riverview Baptist Church, (KY)
Tattnal Square Baptist Church
Snowden, Grady
Lynchburg, Virginia
Wieuca Road Baptist Church
Gastonia, North Carolina
Blankenship, Tate
Prichard, Elmer

Athens, Georgia	Athens, Georgia
Athens	Athens, Georgia
Baptists	Baptists
Bernie Cochran	Cochran, Bernie
Margaret Duncan	Duncan, Margaret
Margaret	Duncan, Margaret
Ralph Ferrell	Ferrell, Ralph
Ferrell	Ferrell, Ralph
Furman University	Furman University
Furman	Furman University
Glasgow, Kentucky	Glasgow, Kentucky
Glasgow	Glasgow, Kentucky
Great Depression	Great Depression
The Depression	Great Depression
Hart County	Hart County
June Johnson	Johnson, June
June	Johnson, June
John Leland	Leland, John
Thomas Maxwell	Maxwell, Thomas
McGlothlin	McGlothlin
Mercer University	Mercer University
Mercer	Mercer University
Meredith College	Meredith College
Meredith	Meredith College
Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary	Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
Southeastern	Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
Southern Baptist Convention	Southern Baptist Convention
University of Georgia	University of Georgia
Disney World	Disney World
Russell E. Dougherty	Dougherty, Russell E.
Father	Father
Jimmy Ford	Ford, Jimmy
Georgia	Georgia
Gibson-Mercer Academy	Gibson-Mercer Academy
Kentucky	Kentucky
Kitty Hawk	Kitty Hawk
Mammoth Cave	Mammoth Cave
Mother	Mother
Roberts	Roberts
Diane Sawyer	Sawyer, Diane
Sea World	Sea World
Thomson	Thomson, Georgia
Tom Watson	Watson, Tom
Womens Missionary	Womens Missionary Training School

Training School	Womens Missionary Training School
The Training School	Cordele, Georgia
Cordele, Georgia	Cordele, Georgia
Cordele	Cordele, Georgia
Southern Baptist	Southern Baptist Theological Seminary
Theological Seminary	
Louisville, Kentucky	Louisville, Kentucky
Louisville	Louisville, Kentucky
Gainesville, Georgia	Gainesville, Georgia
Brother	Brother
Sister	Sister
Eva Monroe	Monroe, Eva
Eva	Monroe, Eva
Cousins	Cousins
Harvey Duncan	Duncan, Harvey
Harvey	Duncan, Harvey
Ellen Duncan	Duncan, Ellen
Ellen	Duncan, Ellen
Cora Beth Duncan	Duncan, Cora Beth
Cora Beth	Duncan, Cora Beth
Beth	Duncan, Cora Beth
Sara Pope Roberts	Roberts, Sara Pope
Sara Pope	Rorbets, Sara Pope
Bobbie Nell Roberts	Roberts, Bobbie Nell
Bobbie Nell	Roberts, Bobbie Nell
Holly Springs Baptist	Holly Springs Baptist Church
Church	
Holly Springs	Holly Springs Baptist Church
Royston, Georgia	Royston, Georgia
Royston	Royston, Georgia
Cellar	Cellar
Uncle Whit	Duncan, Whit
Berry College	Berry College
Goldmine community	Goldmine community
Richmond County	Richmond County
Augusta, Georgia	Augusta, Georgia
Augusta	Augusta, Georgia
home economics	home economics
Raleigh, North Carolina	Raleigh, North Carolina
Raleigh	Raleigh, North Carolina
University of Tennessee	University of Tennessee
University of Iowa	University of Iowa
Knoxville, Tennessee	Knoxville, Tennessee
Knoxville	Knoxville, Tennessee
Department of Health,	Department of Health, Education and Welfare
Education and Welfare	

Atlanta, Georgia	Atlanta, Georgia
Atlanta	Atlanta, Georgia
Dan Roberts	Roberts, Dan
Bowman, Georgia	Bowman, Georgia
Bowman	Bowman, Georgia
Washington, Georgia	Washington, Georgia
Stakely Roberts	Roberts, Stakely
Sam Roberts	Roberts, Sam
Hatcher Roberts	Roberts, Hatcher
pneumonia	pneumonia
Roba	Roberts, Roba
Uncle Johnny	Roberts, Johnny
Uncle Early	Roberts, Early
Aunt Maggie	Roberts, Maggie
Uncle Asa	Duncan, Asa
Uncle Bob	Roberts, Bob
Asheville, North Carolina	Asheville, North Carolina
Asheville	Asheville, North Carolina
Lois	Roberts, Lois
Maude	Roberts, Maude
Elberton	Elberton, Georgia
Toccoa	Toccoa, Georgia
Southern Railway	Southern Railway
Bessie Tift College	Bessie Tift College
Bowman High School	Bowman High School
Baptist Village	Baptist Village
Aunt Orrie	Roberts, Orrie
Waycross, Georgia	Waycross, Georgia
Waycross	Waycross, Georgia
Anderson, South Carolina	Anderson, South Carolina
Anderson	Anderson, South Carolina
Anderson College	Anderson College
Bessie Roberts Rice	Rice, Bessie Roberts
Aaron Rice	Rice, Aaron
Uncle Aaron	Rice, Aaron
William Crawford Roberts	Roberts, William Crawford
Crawf	Roberts, William Crawford
War Between the States	War Between the States
Walhalla, South Carolina	Walhalla, South Carolina
Roberts' Mill	Roberts' Mill
Roberts Mill	Roberts' Mill
Early Bird	Bird, Early
Jack Wynn	Wynn, Jack
John Ray	Ray, John
Muskogee, Oklahoma	Muskogee, Oklahoma
Muskogee	Muskogee, Oklahoma

Carnegie library	Carnegie Library
Edith Ellington	Ellington, Edith
Boy Scouts	Boy Scouts
Tennis	tennis
Georgia Southern	Georgia Southern University
Prince Avenue Baptist	Prince Avenue Baptist
Athens High School	Athens High School
Furman University	Furman University
Hugh Hodson	Hodson, Hugh
John Hoffman	Hoffman, John
Demosthenian Literary Society	Demosthenian Literary Society
Earnest Vanderver	Vanderver, Earnest
Biftad	Biftad
Fraternity	fraternity
Theatre	theater
Theater	theater
Beanie cap	beanie cap
William Tate	Tate, William
Hazing	hazing
core curriculum	core curriculum
Survey courses	survey courses
French	French
Coggins	Coggins
Chemistry	chemistry
Physics	physics
Coordinate College	Coordinate College
ROTC	ROTC
Horses	horses
Dixon	Dixon, A+
Rufus Snyder	Snyder, Rufus
Henry	Henry
Hendren	Hendren, Dean
Baseball	baseball
Tippet	Tippet
Georgia Baptist Convention	Georgia Baptist Convention
Beers	Beers
Testing office	testing office
test grading machine	test grading machine
Master's degree	master's degree
lab assistant	lab assistant
Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly	Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly
Ridgecrest	Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly

B. B. McKinney	McKinney, B. B.
Harold Tribble	Tribble, Harold
Religion in Life Week	Religion in Life Week
Henry Ivy	Ivy, Henry
James Hackey	Hackey, James
Atomic bomb	atomic bomb
earth orbit	earth orbit
call into the ministry	call into the ministry
Goodloe Ervin	Ervin, Goodloe
Charlie Trippi	Tripp, Charlie
Sanford Stadium	Sanford Stadium
Huey Long	Long, Huey
Franklin D. Roosevelt	Roosevelt, Franklin D.
K. D. Marshall	Marshall, K. D.
Mac Marshall	Marshall, Mac
Mildred McCormick	McCormick, Mildred
Ordination	ordination
Louisville, Kentucky	Louisville, Kentucky
Ellis Fuller	Fuller, Ellis
Catherine Bates	Bates, Catherine
Edwin D. Johnston	Johnston, Edwin D.
Mullins Hall	Mullins Hall
Carmen "C" Sharp	Sharp, Carmen
Woman's Missionary Training School	Woman's Missionary Training School
Austin Roberts	Roberts, Austin
Charles Talley	Talley, Charles
Greek	Greek
Hebrew	Hebrew
literary criticism	literary criticism
William Hershey Davis	Davis, William Hershey
J. McKee Adams	Adams, J. McKee
John B. Sampey	Sampey, John B.
Leo Green	Green, Leo
Sydnor L. Stealey	Stealey, Sydnor L.
church history	church history
William Jewell College	William Jewell College
Theron Price	Price, Theron
Duke McCall	McCall, Duke
Guy Ransom	Ransom, Guy
Kenneth Scott Latourette	Latourette, Kenneth Scott
Trinity University	Trinity University
Carlile Marney	Marney, Carlile
Henlee Barnette	Barnette, Henlee
O. Lafayette Walker	Walker, O. Lafayette
Weatherspoon	Weatherspoon

Broadus	Broadus, John R.
doctrine of sanctification	doctrine of sanctification
Reformation	Reformation
Latin	Latin
German	German
Mercer University	Mercer University
Mercer	Mercer University
Director of Religious	Director of Religious Activities
Activities	
Brother Nick	Nicholson, D. B.
Margaret Flexer	Flexer, Margaret
Robert C. Norman	Norman, Robert C.
Winebert	Flexer, Winebert
Sue	Flexer, Sue
Julian	Flexer, Julian
Elmer J. Flexer	Flexer, Elmer J.
Susie	Flexer, Susie
Student Week	Student Week
World War II	World War II
Belnap Hardward	Belnap Hardward
River View	River View Baptist Church
DeSoto Hotel	DeSoto Hotel
Savannah	Savannah, Georgia
Gatlinburg	Gatlinburg, Tennessee
Ferd Lloyd	Lloyd, Ferd
Brim	Brim, Hugh
Dowell	Dowell, Sprite
Sprite Dowell	Dowell, Sprite
war surplus	war surplus
Wake Forest	Wake Forest
Wake Forest University	Wake Forest University
Garwood	Garwood, Harry C.
President Allen	Allen, William Sims
DeLand	DeLand
Baptist Student Union	Baptist Student Union
<i>A History of Baptist</i>	<i>A History of Baptist Thought, 1600-1660</i>
<i>Thought, 1600-1660</i>	
Roberts Professor of	Roberts Professor of Church History
Church History	
George Buttrick	Buttrick, George
Dorothy Truex	Truex, Dorothy
Hugh McEniry	McEniry, Hugh
Dominic Vitsaris	Vitsaris, Dominic
Grady Snowden	Snowden, Grady
Byron Gibson	Gibson, Byron
Lycan	Lycan, Gilbert

Etter Turner	Turner, Etter
palpatations of the heart	palpatations of the heart
R. L. Hahn	Hahn, Dr. R. L.
tuberculosis	tuberculosis
Baptist World Alliance	Baptist World Alliance
President Edmunds	Edmunds, J. Ollie
J. Ollie Edmunds	Edmunds, J. Ollie
Jeep	Jeep
Glenwood	Glenwood
Douglas Stenstrom	Stenstrom, Douglas
Irving Stover	Stover, Irving
Charles Tom Henderson	Henderson, Charles Tom
Charles Tribble	Tribble, Charles
Harold Tribble	Tribble, Harold
hurricane	hurricane
general education	general education
Carnegie Grant for the Improvement of Teaching Christianity and Western Thought	Carnegie Grant for the Improvement of Teaching Christianity and Western Thought
“What is a Christian College?”	“What is a Christian College?”
Roy F. Howes	Howes, Roy F.
John Hicks	Hicks, John
Holmes Hall	Holmes Hall
William (Bill) Angell	Angell, William
Pine Hills	Pine Hills
George Hood	Hood, George
Robert Maynard Hutchinson	Hutchinson, Robert Maynard
Forest of Arden	Forest of Arden
Chauvin	Chauvin, Robert S.
John Johns	Johns, John
President Johns	Johns, John
Eisenhower	Eisenhower
Stevenson	Stevenson
O. P. Chitwood	Chitwood, O. P.
Douglas Rumble	Rumble, Douglas
Leonard J. Curtis	Curtis, Leonard J.
Ezra Allen	Allen, Ezra
Monroe Heath Museum	Monroe Heath Museum
Flagler Hall	Flagler Hall
Freund	Freund
Louis Freund	Freund, Louis
Elsie Freund	Freund, Elsie
Lamar Dodd	Dodd, Lamar

Mr. Dodd	Dodd, Lamar
Byron H. Gibson	Gibson, Byron H.
Florida State College for Women	Florida State University
Florida State University	Florida State University
Byron	Gibson, Byron H.
Hurbert William Hurt	Hurt, Hurbert William
<i>College Blue Book</i>	<i>College Blue Book</i>
C. Howard Hopkins	Hopkins, C. Howard
Dean Hopkins	Hopkins, C. Howard
Harold Giffin	Giffin, Harold
Warren Stone Gordis	Gordis, Warren Stone
Carl "Doc" Johnson	Johnson, Carl "Doc"
Kathleen	Johnson, Kathleen
University of Chicago	University of Chicago
Justice Stevens	Stevens, Justice
Stetson College of Law	Stetson College of Law
College of Law	Stetson College of Law
Doc Johnson	Johnson, Carl "Doc"
Harry S. Winters	Winters, Harry S.
Stover, Irving C.	Stover, Irving C.
G. Prentice Carson	Carson, G. Prentice
Don Yaxley	Yaxley, Don
Lafayette Walker	Walker, O. Lafayette
Elmer Prichard	Prichard, Elmer
Maxine Patterson	Patters, Maxine
Ray Jordan	Jordan, Ray
Eleanor Leek	Leek, Eleanor
Curtis Lowry	Lowry, Curtis
Annie N. Holden	Holden, Annie N.
George Hood	Hood, George
George Jenkins	Jenkins, George
Sara Staff Jerrigan	Jerrigan, Sara Staff
Ed Furlong	Furlong, Ed
Dorothy Fuller	Fuller, Dorothy
John Conn	Conn, John
Roger Cushman	Cushman, Roger
Frances Buxton	Buxton, Frances
Emmett Ashcraft	Ashcraft, Emmett
Doris Arjona	Arjona, Doris
Keith Hansen	Hansen, Keith
Richard Feasel	Feasel, Richard
Dick Morland	Morland, Dick
Barbara Rowe	Rowe, Barbara
Etter Turner	Turner, Etter
Graves Edmondson	Edmondson, Graves

John R. Mott	Mott, John R.
Westminster College	Westminster College
Hugh McEniry	McEniry, Hugh
Dean McEniry	McEniry, Hugh
Hugh	McEniry, Hugh
Drew Pearson	Pearson, Drew
Dorothy Thompson	Thompson, Dorothy
Switzerland	Switzerland
Charles Merrill	Merrill, Charles
Mr. Fussell	Fussell
Regents Park College	Regents Park College
Oxford University	Oxford University
Angus Collection	Angus Collection
Carnegie Grant	Carnegie Grant for the Improvement of Teaching
Brunswick	Brunswick
Joyce Booth	Booth, Joyce
Mrs. Agnes Sharp	Sharp, Mrs. Agnes
Mrs. Sharp	Sharp, Mrs. Agnes
Hanserd Knollys	Knollys, Hanserd
Queen Elizabeth	Queen Elizabeth
Queen Mary	Queen Mary
Madame Dr. Thorton	Madame Dr. Thorton
New York City	New York City
Paris	Paris
Perry Como	Como, Perry
Scherbourg, France	Scherbourg, France
Walter Mann	Mann, Walter
Shartres	Shartres
Versailles	Versailles
Tours	Tours
Dover	Dover
Channel	English Channel
London	London
Oxford	Oxford
Dr. Stealey	Stealey, Sydnor L.
Cambridge	Cambridge University
Miss Booth	Booth, Joyce
Blackwells	Blackwells Bookstore
Pringles	Pringles
Edinburgh	Edinburgh
Hollyrod Palace	Hollyrod Palace
Bourton-on-the-Water	Bourton-on-the Water
Plymouth	Plymouth
Norwich	Norwich
Scroby	Scroby

Gainesboro	Gainesboro
Mrs. Edmunds	Edmunds, Emily
President Edmunds	Edmunds, J. Ollie
Stratford-on-Avon	Statford-on-Avon
Windsor Castle	Windsor Castle
Bodleian Library	Bodleian Library
British Museum	British Museum
Dr. William's Library	Dr. William's Library
Broadman Press	Broadman Press
Benjamin Beddome	Beddome, Benjamin
Ernest Payne	Payne, Ernest
Barry White	White, Barry
Pennsylvania Station	Pennsylvania Station
First Baptist Church in DeLand	First Baptist Church in DeLand
<i>Christianity and Western Thought</i>	Christianity and Western Thought
George Shriver	Shriver, George
William "Bill" Self	Self, William "Bill"
Wieuca Road Baptist Church	Wieuca Road Baptist Church
John's Creek Baptist Church	John's Creek Baptist Church
John Howell	Howell, John
Crescent Hill Baptist Church	Crescent Hill Baptist Church
Louisville, Kentucky	Louisville, Kentucky
Louisville	Louisville, Kentucky
Jack Morgan	Morgan, Jack
Charles Granger	Granger, Charles
Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary	Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
Southeastern Seminary	Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
Wake Forest, North Carolina	Wake Forest, North Carolina
Elizabeth Hall	Elizabeth Hall
Wake Forest College	Wake Forest University
Wake Forest University	Wake Forest University
Raleigh	Raleigh, North Carolina
Winston-Salem	Winston-Salem, North Carolina
Olin T. Binkley	Binkley, Olin T.
Edward A. McDowell	McDowell, Edward A.
Leo T. Green	Green, Leo T.
Stewart A. Newman	Newman, Stewart A.
Robert T. Daniels	Daniels, Robert T.
William "Bill" Strickland	Strickland, William "Bill"

Marc Lovelace	Lovelace, Marc
M. Ray McKay	McKay, M. Ray
J. Burber Hipps	Hipps, J. Burber
University of Shanghai	University of Shanghai
Joseph Robinson	Robinson, Joseph
Garland Hendricks	Hendricks, Garland
Ben Fisher	Fisher, Ben
Dick Young	Young, Dick
Tom Turner	Turner, Thomas J.
Tommy Turner	Turner, Thomas J.
Harold Tribble	Tribble, Harold
Southern Seminary	Southern Baptist Theological Seminary
Andover-Newton	Andover-Newton Theological Institute
Theological Institute	
Wait Hall	Wait Hall
Andy Powell	Powell, Andy
Lattorette	Lattorette
John Steely	Steely, John Ed
Luther Copeland	Copeland, Luther
Duke	Duke University
Bernard Cochran	Cochran, Bernard
Meredith College	Meredith College
Tom Austin	Austin, Tom
James Jordan	Jordan, James
North Greenville Junior	North Greenville Junior Colelge
College	
Shorter College	Shorter College
John Ed Steely	Steely, John Ed
John Ed	Steely, John Ed
Netherlands	Netherlands
South Georgia College	South Georgia College
Denton R. Coker	Coker, Denton R.
Denton	Coker, Denton R.
Octavia	Coker, Octavia
Brunswick College	Brunswick College
R. C. Briggs	Briggs, R. C.
Gordon Funk	Funk, Gordon
Bill Strickland	Strickland, Bill
Jim Tull	Tull, Jim
Kathy	Duncan, Katherine M.
Melba	Funk, Melba
Duke McCall	McCall, Duke
Theron Price	Price, Theron
Historical Commission of	Historical Commission of the Southern Baptist
the Southern Baptist	Convention
Convention	

Norman Cox	Cox, Norman
Jacob “Jake” P. Edmunds	Edmunds, Jacob “Jake” P.
<i>Our Baptist Story</i>	<i>Our Baptist Story</i>
Convention Press	Convention Press
American Society of Church History	American Society of Church History
Brewer Prize Committee	Brewer Prize Committee
Wake Forest Civic Club	Wake Forest Civic Club
Wake County (North Carolina) Phi Beta Kappa Association	Wake County(North Carolina Phi Beta Kappa Association
Baptist World Alliance	Baptist World Alliance
Tom Maupin	Maupin, Tom
Dr. Mackey	Mackey, Dr.
Cairo	Cairo
Luxor	Luxor
Beirut	Beirut
Baalbeck	Baalbeck
Damascus	Damascus
Ammon	Ammon
Paul Geren	Geren, Paul
Hussein	Hussein, King
Petra	Petra
Marse Grant	Grant, Marse
Nabateans	Nabateans
Jebal Musa	Musa, Jebal
Perry Crouches	Crouches, Perry
Asheville	Asheville
Jordan River	Jordan River
Dead Sea	Dead Sea
Jerico	Jerico
Jerusalem	Jerusalem
American Colony Hotel	American Colony Hotel
Macmoud	Macmoud
Madelbaum Gate	Madelbaum Gate
Tel Aviv	Tel Aviv
Capernaum	Capernaum
Haifa	Haifa
EL AL Airline	EL AL Airline
TWA	TWA
Istanbul	Istanbul
Aegean Sea	Aegean Sea
Corinth	Corinth
Florence	Florence
Theron Price	Price, Theron
Rhine	Rhine River

Weisbaden	Weisbaden
Cologne	Cologne
Austin Lovelace	Lovelace, Austin
Warwick	Warwick
Highlands	Highlands
Iona	Iona
Dublin	Dublin
Brussels World's Fair	Brussels World's Fair
Coker College	Coker College
Syria	Syria
Dead Sea scrolls	Dead Sea scrolls
Frankfurt	Frankfurt
Sue Flexer	Flexer, Sue
Brussels	Brussels
Zürich	Zürich
Rüschlikon	Rüschlikon
Fritz Blanke	Blanke, Fritz
Anabaptists	Anabaptists
John Hughey	Hughey, John
John Moore	Moore, John
Baptist Seminary	Baptist Seminary
Tracy Early	Early, Tracy
Tom Frazier	Frazier, Tom
American Society of Church History	American Society of Church History
American Historical Association	American Historical Association
Rotterdam	Rotterdam
Vthe Hague	Vthe Hague
Basel	Basel
Bitso	Bitso
James Price	Price, James
Governor Witt	Witt, Governor
Migros	Migros
Nordenhaug	Nordenhaug
Gasthaus	Gasthaus
Gasthoff	Gasthoff
University of Zürich	University of Zürich
Arndt	Arndt
Günter Wagner	Wagner, Günter
Eduard Sweitzer	Sweitzer, Eduard
Grossmunaster	Grossmaunaster
Dezeley	Dezeley
Gasthaus Rosa	Gasthaus Rosa
Karl Barth	Barth, Karl
Tom McCullough	McCullough, Tom

Joe Dick Estes	Estes, Joe Dick
R. C. Briggs	Briggs, R. C.
Rudolph Pfister	Pfister, Rudolph
Ebling	Ebling
Popkes	Popkes
Leojud	Leojud
Zwingli	Zwingli
Zwingli's	Zwingli's
Avignon	Avignon
Barcelona	Barcelona
Madrid	Madrid
Valencia	Valencia
Toledo	Toledo
Valley of the Fallen	Valley of the Fallen
Escorial	Escorial
Biarritz	Biarritz
Lascaux	Lascaux
Loire Valley	Loire Valley
Lyons	Lyons
Geneva	Geneva
Bern	Bern
Perugia	Perugia
Lausanne	Lausanne
Ostia	Ostia
Gottard Tunnel	Gottard Tunnel
Viverelli	Viverelli
Chichester	Chichester
Spurgeon's College	Spurgeon's College
Beasley-Murray	Beasley-Murray
Black Mountain	Black Mountain, North Carolina
Camp Rockmont	Camp Rockmont
Herschel Hobbs	Hobbs, Herschel
Harmon W. Caldwell	Caldwell, Harmon W.
Caldwell	Caldwell, Harmon W.
Walter Martin	Martin, Walter
Winbert Daniel Flexer	Flexer, Winbert Daniel
Winbert	Flexer, Winbert Daniel
Bubber	Flexer, Winbert Daniel
Jim Gould	Gould, Jim
Gould	Gould, Jim
Robert C. Norman	Norman, Robert C.
Howard "Bo" Callaway	Callaway, Howard "Bo"
Earl Hargett	Hargett, Earl
Brunswick College	Brunswick College
Mrs. E. F. Flexer	Flexer, Mrs. E. F.
Gail Williams	Williams, Gail

Sheley McCoy	McCoy, Sheley
Faye Barber	Barber, Faye
Virginia Ralston Babylon	Babylon, Virginia Ralston
Bowman	Bowman, Georgia
Elberton	Elberton, Georgia
Kathleen Anne McCormick	McCormick, Kathleen Anne
Gordon Funk	Funk, Gordon
Convention Press	Convention Press
South Georgia College	South Georgia College
Will Smith	Smith, Will
Douglas	Douglas, Georgia
James A. Dunlap	Dunlap, James A.
Sapelo Island	Sapelo Island
Bobby Bowden	Bowden, Bobby
Dekel DeLoach	DeLoach, Dekel
Tom Cunningham	Cunningham, Tom
Christian Sizemore	Sizemore, Christian
Fred Badders	Badders, Fred
Kathy McCormick	McCormick, Kathleen Anne
Lightsey	Lightsey
Lakey Knob	Lakey Knob
Knoefel	Knoefel, Arthur Eugene
Eugene Talmadge	Talmadge, Eugene
Ellis Arnold	Arnold, Ellis
Sanders	Sanders, Governor Carl
George L. Simpson, Jr.	Simpson, George L. Jr.
Dr. L. M. Massey	Massey, Dr. L. M.
Harold Tribble	Tribble, Harold
Noah Langdale	Langdale, Noah
George State University	Georgia State University
Charles Campbell	Campbell, Charles
Bert Reid	Reid, Bert
Malcolm Knight	Knight, Malcolm
Advisory Council	Advisory Council
Committee on Educational Policy	Committee on Educational Policy
Eidson	Eidson, John O.
Georgia Association of Junior Colleges	Georgia Association of Junior Colleges
Southern Association of Junior Colleges	Southern Association of Junior Colleges
Southern Association of Colleges and Schools	Southern Association of Colleges and Schools
Southern Association	Southern Association of Colleges and Schools
Irby D. Ingram	Ingram, Irby D.

Charles Elder	Elder, Charles
Robert R. Johnson	Johnson, Robert R.
McGuirk	McGuirk
E. C. Bradley	Bradley, E. C.
Mrs. Coffee	Coffee, Mrs.
Mac Himaya	Himaya, Mac
Spooner	Spooner
George Cook	Cook, George
Truluck	Truluck
Bill Hendricks	Hendricks, Bill
Eighth Congressional District Honors Program	Eighth Congressional District Honors Program
Wesleyan College	Wesleyan College
Douglas High School	Douglas High School
Waycross	Waycross, Georgia
Mike Mosely	Mosely, Mike
Max Harrell	Harrell, Max
Gregory Pope	Pope, Gregory
Oeuda Preston	Preston, Oeuda
Montgomery Preston	Preston, Montgomery
Kinnerly	Kinnerly-Bryan
Presidential Scholars	Presidential Scholars
Ralph McGill	McGill, Ralph
Rotary Club	Rotary Club
Zack Henderson	Henderson, Zack
Hubert Dewberry	Dewberry, Hubert
Country Club Estates	Country Club Estates
Paul Carroll	Carroll, Paul
Miss Lizzy	Lizzy, Miss
Phara Lynch	Lynch, Phara
Nicholas Quick	Quick, Nicholas
Nick Quick	Quick, Nicholas
Walter B. Matthews	Matthews, Walter B.
Starr Miller	Miller, Starr
Douglas Leavitt	Leavitt, Douglas
Donald Hackett	Hackett, Donald
Betty Lane	Lane, Betty
Fielding Russell	Russell, Fielding
Georgia Watson	Watson, Georgia
John Boole	Boole, John
Phi Kappa Phi	Phi Kappa Phi
Boy Scouts of America	Boy Scouts of America
Armstrong State College	Armstrong State College
Georgia Education Association	Georgia Education Association

GEA	Georgia Education Association
Council of Deans and Vice Presidents	Council of Deans and Vice Presidents
Augusta College	Augusta College
Meridith College	Meridith College
Bruce Heilman	Heilman, Bruce
Colvin	Colvin, Clair
Charles "Chuck" Johnson	Johnson, Charles "Chuck"
Chuck Johnson	Johnson, Charles "Chuck"
Ralph Andrews	Andrews, Ralph
Savannah State College	Savannah State College
Ft. Valley State College	Ft. Valley State College
Albany State College	Albany State College
Prince Jackson	Jackson, Prince
Kirbylene Stephens	Stephens, Kirbylene
American Council on Education	American Council on Education
American Association of State Colleges and Universities	American Association of State Colleges and Universities
Warren F. Jones	Jones, Warren F.
Streakers	Streakers
Ben G. Waller	Waller, Ben G.
Hassey McElveen	McElveen, Hassey
Jones Lane	Lane, Jones
Hanner Field House	Hanner Field House
Callaway Professorship	Callaway Professorship
National Association of Schools of Music	National Association of Schools Music
NCATE	NCATE
AACSB	AACSB
National Association of Collegiate	National Association of Collegiate
Georgia Southern College Foundation	Georgia Southern College Foundation
Bob Hope	Hope, Bob
National Direct Student Loan Program	National Direct Student Loan Program
University System of Georgia	University System of Georgia
University System	University System of Georgia
Rick Mandes	Mandes, Rick
Gerald Ford	Ford, Gerald
Jimmy Carter	Carter, Jimmy
Archbishop TuTu	Archbishop TuTu
Margaret Mead	Mead, Margaret

Erskin Caldwell	Caldwell, Erskin
Dean Rusk	Rusk, Dean
Paul Ehrlich	Ehrlich, Paul
Georgia Committee for the Humanities	Georgia Committee for the Humanities
Eugenia Price	Price, Eugenia
Joyce Blackwell	Blackwell, Joyce
Georgia Southern Regional Planning Board	Georgia Southern Regional Planning Board
Bullock County Chamber of Commerce	Bullock County Chamber of Commerce
Coastal Empire Council, Boy Scouts of America	Coastal Empire Council, Boy Scouts of America
“As I See It”	“As I See It”
“Community Update”	Community Update”
“Downtown”	“Downtown”
“At Random”	“At Random”
Commission on Colleges	Commission on Colleges of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools
Self-Study	Self-Study
Cooperative Extension	Cooperative Extension
NCAA	NCAA
College World Series	College World Series
Ron Polk	Polk, Ron
Omaha	Omaha, Nebraska
Doctorate in Education	Doctorate in Education
Paul LaGrone	LaGrone, Paul
Origin James	James, Origin
Buddy Rabitsch	Rabitch, Buddy
William Cook	Cook, William
Augusta College	Augusta College
Armstrong State College	Armstrong State College
Hilton Bonniwell	Bonniwell, Hilton
“Special Studies Program”	“Special Studies Program”
“Special Studies”	“Special Studies Program”
Keith Hartburg	Hartburg, Keith
Richard Rogers	Rogers, Richard
William H. Bolen	Bolen, William H.
Marvin Pittman School	Marvin Pittman School
Frank Dunham	Dunham, Frank
Hanner Field House	Hanner Field House
Landrum Center	Landrum Center
Rosenwall Building	Rosenwall Building
Williams Center	Williams Center
J. I. Clements	J. I. Clements
J. E. Rowe	Rowe, J. E.

Bill Cook	Cook, Bill
Lamar Dodd	Dodd, Lamar
Fred Messersmith	Messersmith, Fred
<i>I Would Bring Stars</i>	<i>I Would Bring Stars</i>
DeLand Museum	DeLand Museum of Arts
Polk County Museum of Arts	Polk County Museum of Arts
Hot Springs Art Center	Hot Springs Art Center
Folk Art Center	Folk Art Center
Jack Averett	Averett, Jack
Dean Averett	Averett, Jack
Dean Miller	Miller, Starr
Ron Roberts	Roberts, Ron
Wake Forest University	Wake Forest University
Sul Ross State University	Sul Ross State University
Gillespie Museum	Gillespie Mineral Museum
Gillespie Museum	Gillespie Mineral Museum
Gillespie Mineral Collection	Gillespie Mineral Museum
Furman University	Furman University
John Johns	Johns, John
Earl Edington	Edington, Earl
Harold Bennett	Bennett, Harold
George Painter	Painter, George
George Borders	Borders, George
Richard T. Dillon	Dillon, Richard T.
Frank Wheeler	Wheeler, Frank
Wendell Jarrard	Jarrard, Wendell
Ken Kirchman	Kirchman, Ken
Richard Beauchamp	Beauchamp, Richard
Graves Edmondson	Edmondson, Graves
Maude Roberts	Roberts, Maude
Baptist Village	Baptist Village
Orrie Roberts	Roberts, Orrie
Gualala	Gualala
Mary Hood	Hood, Mary
Charles "Chuck" Bugg	Bugg, Charles "Chuck"
Marvin Emerson	Emerson, Marvin
June Weigel	Johnson, June
June Johnson,	Johnson, June
Palm Beach Atlantic College	Palm Beach Atlantic College
Ticton	Ticton
Mike Chertok	Chertok, Mike
John Pelham	Pelham, John
Doyle Carlton, Jr.	Carlton, Doyle, Jr.

Doyle	Carlton, Doyle, Jr.
Board of Overseers	Board of Overseers
College of Law	College of Law
Law School	College of Law
George Busby	Busby, George
John Sperling	Sperling, John
Furlong	Furlong, Ed
Redlands University	Redlands University
Douglas Strickland	Strickland, L. Douglas
Paul Geren	Geren, Paul
Glenn Wilkes	Wilkes, Glenn
Darrell Bengé	Benge, Darrell
Fred Cooper	Cooper, Fred
Bill Alexander	Alexander, Bill
Faculty Senate	Senate Faculty
Board of Trustees	Board of Trustees
Charles W. Campell	Campbell, Charles W.
William J. Clapp	Clapp, William J.
Ralph H. Ferrell	Ferrell, Ralph H.
David H. Harshaw	Harshaw, David H.
Arthur N. Morris	Morris, Arsthur N.
Florida Baptist Convention	Florida Baptist Convention
Stan Crews	Crews, Stan
Paul Raymond	Raymond, Paul
Garth Jenkins	Jenkins, Garth
Garth	Jenkins, Garth
Dean Jenkins	Jenkins, Garth
Robert Chauvin	Chauvin, Robert
Hugh McEniry	McEniry, Hugh
James Jordan	Jordan, James
Tomas J. Turner	Turner, Thomas J.
Tom Prince	Prince, Tom
J. E. Davis	Davis, J. E.
William Hollis	Hollis, William
David Rigsby	Rigsby, David
Tippen Davidson	Davidson, Tippen
Summer Music Institute	Summer Music Institute
Douglas Lee	Lee, H. Douglas
Doug Lee	Lee, H. Douglas
Glenwood	Glenwood, Florida
Edmunds	J. Ollie Edmunds
Underhill, Amory	Underhill, Amory
Underhill	Underhill, Wm. Amory
T. Wayne Bailey	Bailey, T. Wayne
Everette Huskey	Huskey, Everette
Bob Graham	Graham, Bob

Seventh Judicial District Commission	Seventh Judicial District Commission
nursing program	nursing program
Daytona Beach Community College	Daytona Beach Community College
Charles Polk	Polk, Charle
DBCC	Daytona Beach Community College
Foreign Mission Board	Foreign Mission Board of the SBC
Univerity Inn	University Inn
Gary Meadows	Meadows, Gary
Phi Beta Kappa	Phi Beta Kappa
John Hague	Hague, John
ICUF	Independent Colleges and Universities of Florida
Bill Proctor	Proctor Bill
Flagler College	Flagler College
FACU	Florida Association of Colleges and Universities
Tuition Voucher	Tuition Voucher
Florida Student Assistance Grant	Florida Student Assistance Grant
Florida State Board of Missions	Florida State Board of Missions
Jim Stewart	Stewart, Jim
Jim Nemec	Nemec, Jim
Peggy Colgate Egan	Egan, Peggy Colgate
Farris Rahall	Rahall, Farris
LeRoy Highbaugh	Highbaugh, L. LeRoy
Richard, Dillon	Dillon, Richard
Eugene Lynn	Lynn, Eugene
Gene Lynn	Lynn, Eugene
Pick Hollinger	Hollinger, Pick
Archie Greenberg	Greenberg, Archie
Jack Eckerd	Eckerd, Jack
Dennis McNamara	McNamara, Dennis
Jessie Ball duPont	duPont, Jessie Ball
Bryan Robinson	Robinson, Bryan
<i>Ghost Story</i>	<i>Ghost Story</i>
Lakey Knob	Lakey Knob
Southern University Conference	Southern University Conference
Evans Johnson	Johnson, Evans
Claribel Jett	Jett, Claribel
Mrs. Flagler Matthews	Matthews, Mrs. Flagler
Ed Ball	Ball, Ed
Bill Mills	Mills, Bill

Nylen	Nylen, David
Dano Davis	Davis, Dano
Geoffrey Gilbert	Gilbert, Geoffrey
Paul Langston	Langston, Paul
Marjorie Gilbert	Gilbert, Majorie
Dan Stringer	Stringer, Dan C.
John Howell	Howell, John
Morgan Patterson	Patterson, Morgan
Board of Music Advisors	Board of Music Advisors
Henry Stetson	Stetson, Henry
John B. Jr.	Stetson, John B. Jr.
Minter	Minter, Elsie "Cricket"
Freiburg, Germany	Freiburg, Germany
University of Madrid	University of Madrid
University of Neuchatel	University of Neuchatel
Summer Opportunity Program	Summer Opportunity Program
Brad Crain	Crain, Brad
Winter Term	Winter Term
Ross Allen	Allen, Ross
Samuel Tillman	Tillman, Samuel
Landon Smith	Smith, W. Landon
Muskogee	Muskogee, Oklahoma
Bruce Jacob	Jacob, Bruce
Graves Edmondson	Edmondson, Graves
Wayne Hanks	Hanks, Wayne
Richard Pearce	Pearce, Richard
W. A. Criswell	Criswell, W. A.
NCAA	National Collegiate Athletic Association
NAICU	National Association Independent Colleges and Universities
John Silber	Silber, John
Healy	Healy, Father Timothy
Hodding Carter	Carter, Hodding
Max Cleland	Cleland, Max
John Paul Stevens	Stevens, John Paul
Harland DeLand	DeLand, Harland
Ben Hulley	Hulley, Ben
Emma Kelly	Kelly, Emma
Richard Moreland	Moreland, Richard
Charles Campbell	Campbell, Charles
Marvin Emerson	Emerson, Marvin
Etter Turner	Turner, Etter

POSTSCRIPT

I announced my retirement from the Chancellorship at the end of the fiscal year 01-02 (May 31, 2002).

The Board of Trustees in its May meeting honored me with a very long and complimentary resolution making me Chancellor Emeritus.

At the Silver Circle dinner, April 29, 2002, my faithful and efficient secretary, June W Johnson, and I were also recognized for thirty years of faithful service at Stetson. Twenty-five of those, in the case of June, were as my secretary.



June W Johnson and Pope A Duncan at Silver Circle Dinner