

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS AND
COMMENTS.

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See What I Am Missing.

we cannot do without *The State's Voice*."

What a change these forty odd years since 1892 have made! Then Mrs. Crittenden was little Edith Taylor, one of the daughters of the president of the college. The library then had only a student in charge of its treasures. Among the many failures of omission on my part and that of the faculty, probably the failure to learn how to use that library was the greatest. I recall getting and reading, all within a week I believe, the series of E. P. Roe's novels. What if I could have had my interest turned to the great biographies and other worth-while volumes even then to be found in the rather limited contents of that library! Only what would now be considered of high school rank was the one text book in history taught at Wake Forest—and I didn't have to take that—and, of course, didn't.

Little Edith Taylor is now the expert librarian, and the library has grown gratifying. But the boys who do not use it will be no better off than we poor devils who loafed our time away with vast wealth of knowledge accessible for the asking.

By the way, the dogwood season has swiftly sped while I have been confined at home, but three stanzas from the fancy of Mrs. Crittenden which I caught in the Biblical Recorder of two weeks ago, helps me to vision the glories of the period, while the memories of the Sampson wood, of old in which the contrasting color was that of the yellow jessamine and of the Chatham woods where the redbud competes strenuously for the spring honors enable me to produce a composite mental picture of many springs with various settings of loveliness. Read this dozen-line tribute from Mrs. Crittenden to the dogwood blooms:

Arcturus from the April sky
Looked earthward, and with wond'ring eye
Beheld 'mid darksome forest trees
Stars, in effulgent galaxies.

Phoebus at day dawn caught a view
Through panopolies of purple hue,
Of chequered woodlands far below,
Burgeoning branches flecked with snow.

Mere men nor snow nor star desried,
But dogwood blossoms, spreading wide,
Nor dreamed some starry flower might be
The avatar of Merope.

Beautiful; yet my first love of spring's garlands was the yellow jessamine of the coastal plains. A spring or two in the mountains acquainted me with the glow of the ivy and the rhododendron. The habitat of the redbud, or Judas tree, must be exceedingly limited. I had lived in the mountain counties of both Carolinas and in the Georgia piedmont. Yet it was not till I went to Chatham that the redbud impressed me sufficiently, if seen at all, to interest me and acquire identification. Are there any near Wake Forest? Any in Stokes, Wilkes, or Haywood county?

But, after all, the dogwood is the one almost universal woods flower of North Carolina. From the mountains to the sea it flaunts its white petals before the April breezes.—But I should like to know how it happened that a few clusters of mountain laurel or rhododendron linger on a knoll just a few miles down there in Sampson.

Dear Mr. Peterson: Enclosed find \$1.00 for renewal of my subscription. I was waiting for you to come along; I wanted you to spend a night with me. I am sorry to know of your sickness and hope you will soon be well again.

Yours very truly,
Cameron, N. C. H. P. McPHERSON.

You see what I am missing by not being able to run by Cameron this spring. However, I am in hopes that I shall be able to make a few trips this year, and it would be a delight to spend a night in the home of my good friend Mr. McPherson.

He Should Prove a Popular Officer.

If Marshal W. T. Dowd of the Middle N. C. Federal District doesn't prove a popular official it will surprise me. Here is the way my good friend responded in part to the statement in the April 1 issue of *The Voice* to the effect that the editor had been ordered by his physician to discontinue his wanderings through the state, thereby cutting off the chief reliance hitherto for subscription funds:

"I have enjoyed every copy of your valuable paper and each copy has been a reminder that I

owed you for a year's subscription. I would always go to the office with the best intentions of sending my check but like lots of others, I suppose, I always forgot to send it. I am now enclosing my check for \$2.00, which pays one year in advance . . . I shall speak to some of the boys about sending you a subscription. With very best wishes and kind personal regards, I am

"Sincerely yours, W. T. DOWD."

But a postscript and another dollar are attached for a subscription for Chief Deputy H. C. Stallings.—Now judge whether the writer of that letter can be anything but a most kindly and likeable gentleman. And, by the way, I found W. T.'s brother over at Glendon last year, and he is of the same type of fine fellow.

Good Advice, But the Task Somewhat
Difficult.

Writes Rev. Jonas Barclay, Presbyterian pastor at Pittsboro and one of the finest characters I ever knew:

"I am sending you \$2.00, for which you will please advance my date a year and send paper for a year to my brother McKee Barclay, etc. Take my advice and print the date of expiration on your labels as it may mean cash to you. . . . I read a book yesterday by Gerald W. Johnson, 'By Reason of Strength.' It is a story of Scotland, Richmand, and Robeson counties. If you haven't read it, try to get hold of it. Try Dr. A. R. McQueen; he can lend you 'Foote's Sketches,' too, if you do not have it.

I would like to see in *The Voice* your reaction to the article in *The Saturday Evening Post* of April 20, 'Pieces of Money' by Garet Garrett. . . ."

First, let me remind Brother Barclay that I published an answer to Garet Garrett's article in the *Post* when he wrote about what devaluation would mean when the decree of devaluation had just gone forth. My sentiments are the same now as then. I think I can find a copy of *The Voice* containing that answer and send it to Brother Barclay. My strength hasn't increased sufficiently to restore my thinking apparatus thoroughly, but I think Brother Barclay may turn over to the editorial page for comments upon Mr. Garrett's current rigamarole.

Older readers of *The Voice* probably have seen scores of McKee Barclay's cartoons. He was one of the most dependable cartoonists during the Wilson campaign, during the Tom Pence regime as publicity director. The Barclay brothers are natives of Kentucky. Of course, I learned to know and love Rev. Jonas Barclay at Pittsboro, but it was several years before I was aware that I had met his brother McKee down in Sampson. McKee Barclay was a good friend of David Millard, wealthy Baltimore druggist, who came a visiting his kinfolk in Sampson and made headquarters while down there at the home of my cousin John R. Peterson. McKee Barclay had come down with him once and there I had met him and viewed quite a number of his cartoons. Up at Pittsboro one day I got word that David Millard was at Brother Barclay's and when I went around to see Mr. Millard, I found Cartoonist Barclay with him, and thus the relationship was discovered.—I am wondering, though, whether the *Voice* will ever greatly interest our Baltimore friend.

Now as to the advice to print the expiration dates on the labels.—Looks easy, doesn't it? But with a semi-monthly paper a subscription list can be more cheaply typewritten than set up in type, thus tying up much metal, using many galleys, and occupying needed space in the print shop. Then each issue the renewals and the new subscriptions are to be listed for the printer, proof-read, corrected by the printer, and then the old type lines are to be taken out, the new lines put in, maybe the arrangement now requiring more or less space than the old and necessitating rearrangement of possibly two or three post office lists. And all the listing on the books must still be done.

Thus far the lack of the expiration date has been of little importance, as the paper was new and the subscriptions in almost all of the towns of even date. But the dates are now becoming necessary, but typewriting the dates with the names is quite another task. The typist who can write several thousand names without the date in a half-day finds that the same list with the dates become a two-days' job.

We are not ready as yet to have the lists put in type—want to get them cleared up first. But for this issue the typist has written the dates of all subscribers on the labels and all subscribers are asked to look at them. Until the lists are put in type, the typist will write in the dates of expired subscriptions at least and occasionally all dates, in which case the attention of subscribers will be called to their labels, as in this issue.—Even a small mailing list is a troublesome matter.

It is a job for one or several on a paper of large circulation. But putting the same list in type for a semi-monthly and for a daily costs the same. Typewriting the lists of the daily would be fourteen times as big a task as typewriting that of the semi-monthly. To make ends meet it takes a study of every situation.

Three Brothers Each Sui Generis.

Two or three days before this was written came Rev. E. J. McKay to show me something of his new 200-line religious poem which is soon to go to the printer. On my typewriter desk at the moment lay a clipping about the celebration of the completion of Dr. J. F. McKay's fiftieth year as a practicing physician at Buie's Creep, and only a few days previously my good friend Jno. A. McKay had come a-visiting his sick neighbor with a basket of fruit. Here are three brothers, each of his own peculiar type.

Their father came to Harnett from Robeson many years ago. He was the second physician by the name of John A. McKay and he wanted his son John A. to follow as the third. But that youngster was a born mechanic and declined to become the third physician in the family. Therefore, Joseph F. became the physician. But the fourth physician in the line, a son of Dr. J. F., bears the name John A.

The testimony of long acquaintances at the celebration of Dr. McKay's golden anniversary as a physician was more than sufficient to prove that Dr. J. F. had magnified his profession during those fifty years. And just across the block from me is the considerable farm implement factory of John A. McKay's which, together with many testimonials of merchants volunteered to me in a broad area as to the high quality of the McKay planters and other implements, testifies that John A. knew in what direction his talents and interest lay.

The latter has become notable (notorious with some people) through his books on the limitations of the school work, or its lack of limitation for evil. The secret, as I judge it, of Mr. McKay's attitude toward the present school work is the fact that he knows that the majority of boys and girls have no talent for the mastery of most of the text book lore nor any use for what of it they do get by the ordinary school room approach. But don't think that he attributes to that large group any inferiority of intellect, or of capacity for learning by the methods adapted to their psychology. He himself has found the way to the acquirement of knowledge and skill in many directions by following the bent of his mind, and feels that the thing-minded boy and girls are absolutely wasting their time and talents when they stay in school for years harassed with what they neither understand nor desire to understand.

The next time you read one of his books, (and he has another just about ready for the press) bear in mind that he sees the ruin he pictures as accruing from an attempt to run children of all kinds of talents through a machine fitted only for the few *abstract-minded*—a thing which enrages him as much as it would to see a farmer using one of the McKay stalk cutters in an attempt to harrow his cornfield. The stalk cutter neither passes through the same molds as the harrow nor is fitted for the same work. As he sees it, the injured group of boys and girls naturally glide into loafing ways or criminal ones.

Those three brothers, in many respects, as unlike as if they were no kin, have, each in his own way, lived busy and useful lives.

Out of Robeson, the pronunciation of McKay (as it is spelled) is about to be forced upon the family, but down in the heart of Scotchdom the name is still pronounced as if it were spelled McKoy. The old Judge's family down in Sampson had adopted the spelling with an O, in order, I presume, to save the Scotch pronunciation of the name—and the sound is really the name and the important inheritance, and not the spelling of it.

And here it is worthwhile to note that another, young Dr. S. R. McKay, has come up from Robeson and is practicing in Lillington. Young Dr. McKay's father used to be one of my good friends in my Lumberton newspaper days, and is still living, or was when Dr. S. R. told me whose son he was last year. If he and Dr. J. F., together, can complete a hundred years of practice it will have been a remarkable contribution of Robeson county to the health of Harnett people.

About Getting Old.

In a most kindly letter from Will Vass, Raleigh banker and the long-time-ago valedictorian of our great old class at Wake Forest, while hoping that the editor would soon be recovered from his attack of angina pectoris, the baby member of the class confesses that for the first time in his life he is "beginning to feel a little down and

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