



Jerry Cotten

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CAMP BRYAN AND
A TALE OF TWO LETTERS

Alice Cotten
GOING HOME AGAIN:
THE RETURN OF THOMAS WOLFE

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

Raleigh, North Carolina • 15 May 2019

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*Together with Tributes to Jerry and Alice Cotten on the Occasion
of Their Acceptance of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 2019*

15 May 2019

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

Raleigh, North Carolina 27619

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS

Number 59

Jeffrey J. Crow, Editor

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Introduction

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY

P. O. Box 20632 • Raleigh, North Carolina 27619 • Telephone 919-230-1524

www.ncsociety.org

Chartered on 11 September 1975 as a private nonprofit corporation under provisions of Chapter 55A of the General Statutes of North Carolina, the North Caroliniana Society is dedicated to the promotion of increased knowledge and appreciation of North Carolina's heritage through the encouragement of scholarly research and writing in and teaching of state and local history, literature, and culture; publication of documentary materials, including the numbered, limited-edition North Caroliniana Society Imprints and North Caroliniana Society Keepsakes; sponsorship of professional and lay conferences, seminars, lectures, and exhibitions; commemoration of historic events, including sponsorship of markers and plaques; and through assistance to the North Carolina Collection of UNC-Chapel Hill and other cultural organizations with kindred objectives. The Society is administered by an entirely volunteer staff and a motto of "Substance, not Show."

Founded by H.G. Jones and incorporated by Jones, William S. Powell, and Louis M. Connor Jr., who soon were joined by a distinguished group of North Carolinians, the Society was limited to a hundred members for the first decade. It elects from time to time additional individuals meeting its strict criterion of "adjudged performance" in service to their state's culture—i.e., those who have demonstrated a continuing interest in and support of the historical, literary, and cultural heritage of North Carolina. The Society, a tax-exempt organization under provisions of Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, expects continued service from its members, and for its programs it depends upon the contributions, bequests, and devises of its members and friends. Its IRS number is 56-1119848. The Society administers a fund, given in 1987 by the Research Triangle Foundation in honor of its retiring board chairman and the Society's longtime president, from which more than 400 Archie K. Davis Fellowships have been awarded for research in North Carolina's historical and cultural resources. The Society also sponsors the North Caroliniana Book Award, recognizing a book that best captures the essence of North Carolina; the William Stevens Powell Award to a senior student who has contributed most to an understanding of the history and traditions of The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; and the H.G. Jones North Carolina History Prizes for winners in the National History Day competition.

continued

A highlight of the Society's year is the presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award to an individual or organization for long and distinguished service in the encouragement, production, enhancement, promotion, and preservation of North Caroliniana. Starting with Paul Green, the Society has recognized Albert Coates, Sam J. Ervin Jr., Sam Ragan, Gertrude S. Carraway, John Fries Blair, William and Ida Friday, William S. Powell, Mary and James Semans, David Stick, William M. Cochrane, Emma Neal Morrison, Burke Davis, Lawrence F. London, Frank H. Kenan, Charles Kuralt, Archie K. Davis, H.G. Jones, J. Carlyle Sitterson, Leroy T. Walker, Hugh M. Morton, John L. Sanders, Doris Betts, Reynolds Price, Richard H. Jenrette, Wilma Dykeman, Frank Borden Hanes Sr., Maxine Swalin, Elizabeth Vann Moore, W. Trent Ragland Jr., W. Dallas Herring, John Hope Franklin, Betty Ray McCain, Joseph F. Steelman, William B. Aycock, Fred Chappell, Henry E. and Shirley T. Frye, Robert W. and Jessie Rae Scott, James E. Holshouser Jr., Bland Simpson, Lindsay C. Warren Jr., Lee Smith, Thomas W. Lambeth, Myrick Howard, Herb Jackson, Willis P. Whichard, H. David Bruton, Catherine Ward Bishir, Jerry and Alice Cotten, and, on the occasion of its sesquicentennial, the North Carolina Collection.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 2018

- James W. Clark Jr., *President*
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- *Secretary-Treasurer emeritus*: H. G. Jones (1924-2018)



ABOVE: The original cup is in the North Carolina Collection at UNC-Chapel Hill's Wilson Library.

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY AWARD RECIPIENTS

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|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1978 — Paul Green | 1994 — North Carolina Collection |
| 1979 — Albert Coates | 1995 — J. Carlyle Sitterson |
| 1980 — Sam J. Ervin Jr. | 1995 — LeRoy T. Walker |
| 1981 — Sam Ragan | 1996 — Hugh MacRae Morton |
| 1982 — Gertrude Sprague Carraway | 1997 — John L. Sanders |
| 1983 — John Fries Blair | 1998 — Doris Waugh Betts |
| 1984 — William C. & Ida H. Friday | 1999 — Reynolds Price |
| 1985 — William S. Powell | 2000 — Richard H. Jenrette |
| 1986 — Mary D.B.T. & James H. Semans | 2001 — Wilma Dykeman |
| 1987 — David Stick | 2002 — Frank Borden Hanes Sr. |
| 1988 — William McWhorter Cochrane | 2003 — Maxine Swalin |
| 1989 — Emma Neal Morrison | 2004 — Elizabeth Vann Moore |
| 1990 — Burke Davis | 2004 — W. Trent Ragland Jr. |
| 1991 — Lawrence F. London | 2005 — W. Dallas Herring |
| 1992 — Frank Hawkins Kenan | 2005 — John Hope Franklin |
| 1993 — Charles Kuralt | 2006 — Betty Ray McCain |
| 1994 — H.G. Jones | 2006 — Joseph F. Steelman |
| 1994 — Archie K. Davis | |

continued

2007 — William B. Aycock
2007 — Fred Chappell
2008 — Henry E. & Shirley T. Frye
2008 — Robert & Jessie Rae Scott
2009 — James E. Holshouser Jr.
2010 — Bland Simpson
2011 — Lindsay C. Warren Jr.
2012 — Lee Smith
2013 — Thomas W. Lambeth
2014 — Myrick Howard
2015 — Herb Jackson
2016 — Willis P. Whichard
2017 — H. David Bruton
2018 — Catherine Ward Bishir
2019 — Jerry and Alice Cotton

NORTH CAROLINIANA IMPRINTS, NUMBERS 1-59 (1978-2019)

- No. 1.** *An Evening at Monticello: An Essay in Reflection* (1978) by Edwin M. Gill
- No. 2.** *The Paul Green I Know* (1978) by Elizabeth Lay Green
- No. 3.** *The Albert Coates I Know* (1979) by Gladys Hall Coates
- No. 4.** *The Sam Ervin I Know* (1980) by Jean Conyers Ervin
- No. 5.** *Sam Ragan* (1981) by Neil Morgan
- No. 6.** *Thomas Wolfe of North Carolina* (1982) edited by H.G. Jones
- No. 7.** *Gertrude Sprague Carraway* (1982) by Sam Ragan
- No. 8.** *John Fries Blair* (1983) by Margaret Blair McCuiston
- No. 9.** *William Clyde Friday and Ida Howell Friday* (1984) by Georgia Carroll Kyser and William Brantley Aycock
- No. 10.** *William S. Powell, Historian* (1985) by David Stick and William C. Friday
- No. 11.** *"Gallantry Unsurpassed"* (1985) edited by Archie K. Davis
- No. 12.** *Mary and Jim Semans, North Carolinians* (1986) by W. Kenneth Goodson
- No. 13.** *The High Water Mark* (1986) edited by Archie K. Davis
- No. 14.** *Raleigh and Quinn: The Explorer and His Boswell* (1987) edited by H.G. Jones
- No. 15.** *A Half Century in Coastal History* (1987) by David Stick
- No. 16.** *Thomas Wolfe at Eighty-seven* (1988) edited by H.G. Jones
- No. 17.** *A Third of a Century in Senate Cloakrooms* (1988) by William McWhorter Cochrane
- No. 18.** *The Emma Neal Morrison I Know* (1989) by Ida Howell Friday
- No. 19.** *Thomas Wolfe's Composition Books* (1990) edited by Alice R. Cotten
- No. 20.** *My Father, Burke Davis* (1990) by Angela Davis-Gardner
- No. 21.** *A Half Century with Rare Books* (1991) by Lawrence F. London
- No. 22.** *Frank H. Kenan: An Appreciation* (1992) edited by Archie K. Davis
- No. 23.** *Growing Up in North Carolina*, by Charles Kuralt, and *The Uncommon Laureate*, by Wallace H. Kuralt (1993)
- No. 24.** *Chancellors Extraordinary: J. Carlyle Sitterson and LeRoy T. Walker* (1995) by William C. Friday and Willis P. Whichard
- No. 25.** *Historical Consciousness in the Early Republic* (1995) edited by H.G. Jones
- No. 26.** *Sixty Years with a Camera* (1996) by Hugh M. Morton
- No. 27.** *William Gaston as a Public Man* (1997) by John L. Sanders

- No. 28.** *William P. Cumming and the Study of Cartography* (1998) edited by Robert Cumming
- No. 29.** *My Love Affair with Carolina* (1998) by Doris Waugh Betts
- No. 30.** *A Single but Huge Distinction* (1999) by Reynolds Price
- No. 31.** *Richard Jenrette's Adventures in Historic Preservation* (2000) edited by H.G. Jones
- No. 32.** *Sketches in North Carolina USA 1872 to 1878* (2001) by Mortimer O. Heath; edited by H.G. Jones
- No. 33.** *Roots and Branches* (2001) by Wilma Dykeman
- No. 34.** *Glimmers in the Gloaming* (2002) by Frank Borden Hanes Sr.
- No. 35.** *Coming of Age in North Carolina's Fifth Century*, by Maxine Swalin and *The North Carolina Symphony*, by John L. Humber (2003)
- No. 36.** *Reflections* (2004) by W. Trent Ragland Jr.
- No. 37.** *Photographers in North Carolina: The First Century, 1842-1941* (2004) Essays by Stephen E. Massengill, H.G. Jones, Jesse R. Lankford
- No. 38.** *North Carolina Conundrum* (2005) by John Hope Franklin
- No. 39.** *Poetical Geography of North Carolina* (1887; 2006) by Needham Bryan Cobb
- No. 40.** *The Goodliest Land* (2006) by Betty Ray McCain
- No. 41.** *Hayes: The Plantation, Its People, and Their Papers* (2007) by John G. Zehmer Jr.
- No. 42.** *Center of the Universe* (2007) by Fred Chappell
- No. 43.** *William B. Aycock: Our Champion* (2007) by Judith W. Wegner
- No. 44.** *Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina* (2008) by William S. Price Jr.
- No. 45.** *Robert Scott and the Preservation of North Carolina History* (2009) by H.G. Jones
- No. 46.** *A Historic Occasion* (2009) by Shirley Taylor Frye and Henry E. Frye
- No. 47.** *Surprise of the Century* (2009) by James E. Holshouser Jr.
- No. 48.** *The Colonial Records of North Carolina* (2010) edited by William S. Price Jr.
- No. 49.** *The Grandfathers* (2010) by Bland Simpson
- No. 50.** *A Resumé of Two Historic Adventures* (2011) by Lindsay C. Warren Jr.
- No. 51.** *Faces and Places of My Heart* (2012) by Lee Smith
- No. 52.** *A Love Affair with an Entire State* (2013) by Thomas W. Lambeth
- No. 53.** *Why Historic Preservation Matters* (2014) by Myrick Howard
- No. 54.** *A Place to Dig* (2015) by Herb Jackson
- No. 55.** *David Lowry Swain and the University of North Carolina, 1835-1868* (2016) by Willis P. Whichard
- No. 56.** *A North Carolina Country Boy* (2017) by H. David Bruton
- No. 57.** *Religious Traditions of North Carolina: Histories, Tenets, and Leaders* (2018) edited by Glenn Jonas
- No. 58.** *Reborn Digital* (2018) by Catherine Ward Bishir
- No. 59.** *Camp Bryan and a Tale of Two Letters* by Jerry Cotten, and *Going Home Again: The Return of Thomas Wolfe* by Alice Cotten



Photos by Jerry Cotten

TOP: Paul and Jean Carr, Georgann Eubanks

MIDDLE, left: Libby Thomas and Johnny Randall MIDDLE, left: Barbara Tremblay

BOTTOM: James Eaton, Steven Cotten, Marty Moore (???????? (???????? ONE EXTRA GUY???)

[Editor's Note: *Dr. H. G. Jones, founder of the North Caroliniana Society, died on October 14, 2018. On November 12, 2018, friends and family gathered in Chapel Hill to celebrate his life. The following memorials were offered at that time. Dr. Fred Sparling also spoke on the interest in Inuit people and culture that he and Dr. Jones shared.*]

Opening Remarks

WILLIAM O. WHITE

Good afternoon. Welcome to this celebration of the incredible life of our good, good friend Houston Gwynne Jones. I am honored to participate in this celebration this afternoon, but also I am very humbled as this great gentleman, truly one of the most incredible friends in my life, was such a giant in North Carolina. H. G., I hope this celebration makes you smile.

While some of you may know, I was H. G.'s administrative assistant for approximately two years when he was director of the then Department of Archives and History. In fact, I was his state government intern in the summer of 1969 when he took his first vacation. He almost backed out and probably would have had I not reminded him that the deposits he had made were nonrefundable.

I left Archives and History in August 1971 to attend the UNC School of Law. Throughout the next forty-seven years, H. G. remained a close friend and a very integral part of the lives of my wife Kathy and me, as well as our three sons. He loved running into them when they were undergraduates at UNC. In fact, had I not gone with H. G. to introduce him at a meeting of the Institute of Government's program for state government interns in June 1970, I would not have met my future bride. For that, I am eternally grateful to my friend H. G.

H. G.'s instructions to me were detailed, as only H. G. could do, and filed in a red folder entitled, "LAST WORDS for My Executor's Information." It said in part: "I prefer to go out quietly, without formal funeral services." In keeping with his directive, we will endeavor today to be quiet. In the event that fails, I am prepared to ask his forgiveness.

How do you describe this incredible man? His instructions for the tombstone that he, of course, designed, reads: "A native of Caswell County. Archivist, Historian, Teacher, Author, Founder of the North Caroliniana Society." This afternoon we will explore the many, many attributes of this gentleman. Suffice it to say, a complete discourse is impossible, for even H. G. lamented that he did not have the time or energy to write his autobiography.

*"A native of Caswell County. Archivist, Historian, Teacher,
Author, Founder of the North Caroliniana Society."*

continued

H. G.'s tombstone was erected many years ago at his grave site in the Old Chapel Hill Cemetery, Section IV, Row Q, the southernmost space in Plot 9. It is a granite monument sculpted entirely to his specifications and drawings, which prior to his death only contained his motto, *non prius vincor quam desistam* (I am never defeated until I quit). His motto gave me a lot of difficulty in H. G.'s last days as I felt that he had quit. One of the charge nurses at the Arbor at Galloway Ridge reassured me that "H. G. had not quit, only changed his goal." As all of you know, once H. G. made up his mind, there was no turning back.

H. G. was born on January 7, 1924, on a small tobacco farm near Kill Quick, Locust Hill Township, Caswell County, North Carolina. On February 1, 1994, H. G. wrote, concerning the existence of Kill Quick:

Let me set the record straight: Kill Quick was and Kill Quick is. That idyllic spot is located where the Ruffin Road dead-ends into the Park Springs Road between Dove's crossroad and Hell's Half Acre (renamed Providence when a post office was established under the Eisenhower administration). There is a simple reason why you have had difficulty in locating it on a map: When a post office was established by the McKinley administration in 1898, some Yankee employee in the post office department decided to save a fraction of a cent in the cost of printer's ink by dropping the 'Kill' and making the name 'Quick.' That is sort of like dropping 'Tar' and alphabetizing Tar Heel (two words) under 'Heel,' but bureaucrats being bureaucrats, those in the State Highway Department followed the example. . . . Such insensitivity to our history!

Then he added parenthetically:

Now you must understand that I did not live at Kill Quick (there is only a store, the house and school having fallen down long ago), but I did grow up near there across two creeks from Kill Quick, and I passed it every school day for eleven years, watched baseball games across the road on Saturday afternoons, bought a Double Cola and Moon Pie whenever I had a dime, and began my political career there. Back in the New Deal, farmers regardless of age were allowed to vote for or against crop controls. Having heard from my teachers that FDR was the second Messiah, I assumed anything he recommended was right, so I dutifully stopped the school bus (which I drove for \$9.25 per month) and cast my vote for the Agricultural Adjustment Act. I was not prepared for my father's reaction when I proudly told him that I had done my civic duty. I can still hear him disowning me for voting to permit the Washington bureaucracy to tell him how much tobacco he could plant and sell. Perhaps that experience explains why, after wearing a Wendell Willkie button in 1940 and stumping for Harold Stassen in 1948, I never got the hang of politics. Particularly here in Chapel Hill where, in those rare instances when I vote for a winning candidate, I wonder immediately how I could have been so badly misled.

H. G. loved Caswell County and all of North Carolina. He would grin that infectious grin when someone mentioned Caswell County. He particularly was fond of Milton but gleamed at all the towns or crossroads of Caswell County: Frogsboro, Prospect Hill, Topnot, Tiptoe, and Rabbit Shuffle, just to name a few

that H. G. enjoyed showing me on numerous trips to Kill Quick, Pelham, or to homecomings at his childhood church Bethesda Presbyterian Church.

All of you have read, H. G.'s obituary, I am sure. What an incredible, productive life, one that influenced and affected the lives of many. As to the obituary, again my instructions stated: "It will be long, I know, and expensive, but I have earned it, so pay for it." That was very different from the quote of Bill Friday as to his epitaph: "With H. G. every dollar got used twice." How true, as this man really was frugal. I was surprised to find that he still had the first check from my Raleigh checking account, written January 20, 1970, uncashed. Some of you may also know his beloved friend and colleague Fannie Memory Mitchell, who was hired also in 1956 by Dr. Christopher Crittenden to be head of records management when H. G. was hired to be state archivist. Mrs. Mitchell's birthday is two weeks after H. G.'s, and in January 1959 one sent the other an unsigned birthday card. As late as September 21, 2018, Fannie Memory encouraged H. G. to "get feeling better. We've got to keep the birthday card going."

"It will be long, I know, and expensive,
but I have earned it, so pay for it."

His life was one of many, many accomplishments, several of which you will hear about this afternoon. Some of the intriguing "side-bar" facts you may or may not know:

At a very young age, H. G. began keeping a diary (some notes I have found go back to age five), which he continued until he was unable to make any entries in late September 2018. Truly, if an author has the incentive, the biography of Houston Gwynne Jones will have more volumes than Sandburg's *Lincoln*.

Before H. G. was sixteen, he was correcting mistakes in the press regarding North Carolina history, particularly if they related to Caswell County. In the December 9, 1939 issue of the *State*, H. G. noted that the author of "Born in Carolina" in the November issue stated in the thirty-third sentence: "Bedford Brown of Caswell was a minister to Spain." H. G.'s letter to the editor humbly corrected the mistake: "Bedford Brown was a U.S. Senator from North Carolina from 1829-40 and his home is here at Locust Hill where I live. It must have been Romulus M. Saunders of Milton whom you meant as minister to Spain."

H. G. entered Lees-McRae College in the summer of 1941, pressing clothes in the laundry and working in the college library. Later in life, he helped found the Jones-Pritchett Endowment for Lees-McRae College Archives. H. G. believed that had it not been for Mr. Pritchett's admitting him in the summer of 1941, without even seeing his high school transcript, he would still be on the tenant farm in Caswell County.

H. G. joined the U. S. Navy in September 1942 after working as a file and mail clerk in Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company in Greensboro, serving off-

continued

hours as a volunteer air raid lookout atop the Guilford County Courthouse. After Pearl Harbor, the whole nation was on alert.

H. G. served in the Mediterranean and Pacific during World War II. He spent six weeks in the 118th Station Hospital in Italy recuperating from his hands' being broken when a winch malfunctioned during a German air raid. He noted that his skipper could not spell and thought he was the victim of a "social disease." Hence, H. G. did not receive a Purple Heart.

H. G. enrolled at Appalachian State Teachers College in June 1946, and going year-round, he graduated Magna Cum Laude in English and history in May 1949. He edited the school's weekly newspaper, the *Appalachian*, and taught two courses in American history in his last semester.

H. G. enrolled at George Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee, and, after taking courses at both Peabody and Vanderbilt, received his M.A. in history in June 1950.

H. G. joined the faculty of Oak Ridge Military Institute in the fall of 1950 and taught there until May 1953. Billy Joe Davidson, a student of H. G.'s, received the highest paid bonus to a baseball player to that time. The Cleveland Indians paid him \$150,000. Also, Dr. H. David Bruton was another of H. G.'s students at Oak Ridge.

During the summers of 1951 and 1952, H. G. conducted doctoral work in history at New York University. He transferred to Duke University on a university fellowship in 1953 and finished his course work in 1955. But he did not complete his dissertation, "The Public Archives of North Carolina, 1663-1903," until June 1965. His diary lists close friendships with Bob Wright, Jim McAllister, Willard Gatewood (University of Arkansas–Fayetteville), Bill Rock (Bowling Green State University), Murray Downs (North Carolina State University), and others, but these were the ones most often recorded. Their chief interests appeared to be eating (at the Palm, Blue Light, Acorn, Dutchess, and Danziger's in Chapel Hill) and arguing politics. To Bob Wright he noted: "We are poles apart politically—but that doesn't matter." Wright was considerably more conservative than H. G. on most issues. H. G. later wrote Wright in January 1996 when Wright was a distinguished professor at the University of Arkansas–Little Rock: "I hope you have stuck with your opinions, for you were correct and I was wrong four decades ago!"

"I hope you have stuck with your opinions,
for you were correct and I was wrong four decades ago!"

H. G. was director and state historic preservation officer at the Department of Archives and History from 1968 to 1974. During my tenure, I recall vividly when we were traveling to meet with the Kelly-Springfield Tire heirs who owned the Reed Gold Mine. We spent the night at a Holiday Inn in Salisbury, and as we were loading the car the next morning, a couple was retrieving their beautiful Irish setter from the kennel on site. The dog bolted straight to H. G. and me, and I assisted

the couple in getting their dog into their car. Then, on to Charlotte for our meeting in Senator Herman Moore's office, only to find that the owners of the dog were the Kellys from Springfield, Ohio. Mr. Kelly stated affirmatively that the Reed Gold Mine would be owned by the state of North Carolina.

Also, H. G. would smoke his pipe all day at the office but never at home or in the car. It must have been his office vice. He also believed that you should mow the backyard first, so you would have to mow the front before you could stop.

H. G. was curator of the North Carolina Collection and adjunct professor of history at the University of North Carolina from March 1974 to December 1993. (H. G. explained that adjunct professor means that you serve without pay.) H. G. has been featured in many scholarly magazines and journals during his lifetime and was even featured in the North Carolina vs. Illinois football program on September 5, 1987, pages 22-23. You may recall that it was difficult to get any material from Coach Dick Crum for any article.

In addition to those listed in the obituary, I have an incomplete listing of his offices held, honors received, consultantships, books, articles and chapters written, papers delivered, speeches made, panels on which he served, professional memberships, committees, and conference participation. I will be happy to share the almost ten single-spaced pages if someone needs a cure for insomnia. It is interesting to note, however, that H. G. declined membership in any non-professional organization except the Sandwich Club of Raleigh, which met monthly, hosted each month by a member who was required to give a learned paper on a subject about which he knew nothing two weeks earlier.

To our family, H. G. was a frequent visitor and always at Thanksgiving and Christmas. His only request was country ham, and it had to be salty. When he was unable to drive to Raleigh or Roanoke Rapids, we would bring the country ham and yeast rolls to Chapel Hill and later to Galloway Ridge. Our youngest son remembers vividly one Christmas when an elderly godmother to our oldest and H. G. got into a discussion of the risqué nature of the Abercrombie and Fitch catalog. H. G. was generous to our children on birthdays, Christmas, and weddings. I still have a very special necktie that H. G. gave me the Christmas after I graduated from law school in 1974. It has the scales of justice on it and was purchased by him from Cable Car Classics in San Francisco. H. G. would take overnight trips to San Francisco or Seattle just to keep up his frequent flyer miles. Also, I have a watch that was a birthday present to me in 1971 after a wealthy benefactor of the National Trust for Historic Preservation told us that it was bourgeois to have only one watch. For H. G. it had to be different—rectangular and without any second hand or numerals on the face. He even helped me buy my first automobile in 1971: a red 1955 Chevrolet Corvette. I believe they were made only in red or white. What would you expect from H. G.?

In his Bible I found a prayer attributed to John Henry Cardinal Newman (1801-1890):

continued

*O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life
Until the shadow lengthens and the evening comes
And the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over
And our work is done.
Then, of Thy great mercy, grant us safe lodging and a holy rest,
And peace at last; through Jesus Christ, Our Lord.*

Houston Gwynne Jones lived as he once asserted: “Modest expectations lead to tremendous happiness when you fall heir to more than you ever hoped for. And I have.” Too, after his retirement, he wrote: “A month has passed since I died and went to Heaven. (Well, what more can one ask of Heaven? They elevated me to a delightful perch from where I can look down upon the reading room and see who’s *really* working: I am surrounded by the greatest state collection in the nation, I am reasonably free of bureaucratic entanglements and red tape. . . .)”

“Modest expectations lead to tremendous happiness when you fall heir to more than you ever hoped for. And I have.”

On October 13, 2018, before I left H. G.’s room for the last time, I was holding his right hand and Joyce Sparling was holding and rubbing his left arm, and her husband Fred was at the foot of his bed. I recited Psalm 46:10 to him in the way I believe is the most meaningful:

Psalm 46:10
*Be still and know that I am God.
Be still and know that I am.
Be still and know that I.
Be still and know that.
Be still and know.
Be still and.
Be still.
Be.*

H. G.’s last words to me were “Thank you for coming.” His deep, blue eyes conveyed to me more than “thank you.”

Thank you, H. G., for your friendship, love, and concern for my family and me for almost fifty years. North Carolina has lost a truly loyal Tar Heel: an archivist, historian, teacher, author, visionary, and friend. Truly, a Tar Heel born and bred. Thank you.

Dr. Jones As My Teacher

H. DAVID BRUTON

When I was sixteen years old, my mother packed me up and sent me to Oak Ridge Military School (ORMI). She always said it was to prepare me for the University of North Carolina. Most of my family believed it was because I was a juvenile delinquent!

Dr. Jones was the history teacher at ORMI. That was his first job just after service in the U.S. Navy in World War II.

Probably the first thing I learned from Dr. Jones was to love to read and study history. In fact, for a number of years I believed that when I grew up, I would become a history teacher.

Dr. Jones also taught me how to be a leader. I was promoted beyond my competence to be the first-floor Brooks Hall commander. I was a failure. I could not get the boys older and bigger than I was to make up their beds correctly or keep their rooms clean. Dr. Jones lived upstairs on the third floor. He was the faculty member in charge of Brooks Hall. Patiently, he taught me how to manage each first-floor cadet. Later in the year, the first floor won several citations as the best-kept floor on campus.

Maybe one of the most important things Dr. Jones taught me was to accept authority. I spent a lot of time at first walking off demerits on the “chain gang.” I was a bit of a juvenile delinquent (my wife of sixty-two years says I am still a juvenile delinquent).

Maybe one of the most important things Dr. Jones taught me was to accept authority. I spent a lot of time at first walking off demerits on the “chain gang.” I was a bit of a juvenile delinquent (my wife of sixty-two years says I am still a juvenile delinquent).

Dr. Jones kept being my teacher all of my adult life. One example: When I was chairman of the State Board of Education, Superintendent of Public Instruction Craig Phillips and his professional educators wanted to combine North Carolina history into an integrated social studies curriculum. I believed North Carolina history should retain its special emphasis. Dr. Jones helped me preserve the special emphasis on North Carolina history in our public schools.

One of my most cherished possessions is a large framed oil painting of the cover of the William S. Powell textbook used at that time in the eighth and ninth

continued

grades. The North Carolina History Teachers Association gave it to me for the preservation of a separate North Carolina history course.

There are many other examples of Dr. Jones's guidance throughout my life. One thing that I have come to understand in my eighty plus years is that "I do my best work when I don't get caught at it." I am going to close now by talking directly to Dr. Jones. I never talked to him man to man. He was always Dr. Jones my teacher. I was always his pupil, never his peer. I never achieved his level of intellect, education, industry, or accomplishment. "Dr. Jones, you have been caught at it: teaching me, loving me, guiding me, protecting me. Dr. Jones, I love you."

And Then, H. G. Jones Fired Me

KEVIN CHERRY

From the late 1980s through the early 1990s, I was Dr. Jones's graduate assistant in the North Carolina Collection at UNC-Chapel Hill. Needless to say, I enjoyed my work in the collection immensely, and over several years I managed to expand my shifts until I was working right at 30 hours per week while taking a class every now and again. I had been thrown in the briar patch. Life was good. One day, Dr. Jones called me into his office and told me that I was not going to appreciate what he was about to do—at least not today. But I might appreciate it sometime in the future. He then told me that I was too good at what I was doing and that I enjoyed it way too much, and that if he let me, I would stay right there and do that work from now on. And then, H. G. Jones fired me. I might be one of the few people ever fired for enjoying his job too much. Dr. Jones was right. I do now appreciate having been forced out of my comfortable, hyper-extended, graduate assistant life, but I do admit that there are those times—like when someone happens to say the word "monument"—that I daydream about those North Carolina Collection days.

One day, Dr. Jones called me into his office and told me that I was not going to appreciate what he was about to do—at least not today. But I might appreciate it sometime in the future. He then told me that I was too good at what I was doing and that I enjoyed it way too much, and that if he let me, I would stay right there and do that work from now on. And then, H. G. Jones fired me. I might be one of the few people ever fired for enjoying his job too much.

On June 15, 1956, following Dr. Jones's service in World War II—where he was denied the Purple Heart because he received an injury from a flying winch—which his officer misspelled as “wench” not “winch” (apparently, the U. S. Navy did not wish to reward a dating altercation)—Houston Gwynne Jones began his long association with my department, what was then known as the North Carolina Department of Archives and History. Dr. Christopher Crittenden hired him as state archivist. H. G. Jones immediately jumped in and tackled thousands of linear feet of unprocessed materials, and unsurprisingly, he was soon producing an illustrated report showing how the Archives had processed that very backlog. Among Crittenden's, Jones's, and Fannie Memory Blackwelder—now Mitchell's—achievements was the effort to microfilm county records and state newspapers. How many of us have sidled up to a metal cabinet, pulled out a large, flat drawer and selected one of those little plastic bottles filled with film? We just take it for granted now. This was a massive undertaking, and one of the initiatives that we all benefit from to this day. Indeed, we are now digitizing from the master negatives created by his project. As state archivist, Dr. Jones led our archives to be one of the best—vale of humility aside—the best, most comprehensive state archives in the nation. He was generally recognized as one of the leading state archivists of his day, being elected a fellow of the Society of American Archivists, as well as its national president, while serving as a consultant to other state archives around the nation, as well as the National Archives. His investigative report on the National Archives was cited during the Nixon Tapes Trial and helped that institution become more independent, provide even more transparency on government, leading to a greater “check and balance of history.”

His investigative report on the National Archives was cited during the Nixon Tapes Trial and helped that institution become more independent, provide even more transparency on government, leading to a greater “check and balance of history.”

In his first ever biennial report as state archivist, Dr. Jones wrote, “The Department is a public agency . . . [it] exists for the benefit of the people of North Carolina who support it with their taxes.” (Sounds just like him: commitment to public service; he just needed to complain about “bureaucracy” as an aside.) Anyway, Dr. Jones went on to explain how lack of staff was hindering the archives' important work. Within four years, the staff was doubled and almost every biennial report thereafter recorded another new position or two. A miracle in my world. (We all can't be perfect, however, and I have to remind myself that despite his great work, H.G. Jones was a proponent of laminating records, but we all learn.) Under Dr. Jones's leadership, our State Archives received the first Distinguished Service Award for an agency from the Society of American Archivists. I suspect it was created just for us.

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Dr. Jones helped plan our state's Civil War Centennial, 1961-1965 (generally recognized as the best of its kind for the day), the Roanoke Island 400th Anniversary, 1984-1987, the American Revolution Bicentennial, 1976, and the Charter Tercentenary, 1963, a major statewide commemoration of our founding, which included parades, books, and programs by the bushel. It even could claim a full-scale, televised opera. But, perhaps most significantly, he and Dr. Crittenden used this commemoration to draw the attention of the public to the state's public history needs and somehow managed to squeeze money out of the legislature to build a new Archives and History building (which was to temporarily house the State Library until it could get its own matching building across the street; we still wait). We have all probably heard Dr. Jones's story about getting in the car with the governor and riding about Raleigh to show him all of the places where the new building should not go, before stopping on the way back to the Executive Mansion and pointing out the perfect spot right across the way. Upon dedication of the Archives and History/State Library Building in 1968, Dr. Jones suggested that the building, in time, be named for Crittenden but joked that it would always be on Jones Street. Dr. Jones always maintained that his greatest work for Archives and History was the restoration of the State Capitol to its historic glory following the legislature's departure for the new legislative building, and that was great work, but getting a building for Archives and History has to be a close second. Oh, and as soon as that new building was built, he started lobbying for the State Records Center, which soon followed. He was not a man to stop pushing.

On November 1, 1968, Dr. Jones became the director of Archives and History and took over Dr. Crittenden's place at the Virginia Dare desk. He continued to build the archives, but he also expanded our system of state historic sites, bringing on board Reed Gold Mine, Duke Homestead, and the Thomas Wolfe Memorial. Not only was the addition of so many sites in such a short order so significant, but by doing so, he also broadened the stories about the state that our sites can and still do tell: industrial, agrarian, and literary. He also, somehow, managed to build a few new visitor centers at several existing sites. In addition, Dr. Jones greatly expanded the educational activities of the North Carolina Museum of History through projects such as the Mobile Museum of History (a museum on wheels that traveled the state), all the while securing some of the museum's most iconic artifacts, not the least of them being Carbine Williams's workshop. The entire workshop. For work along these lines, he was recognized as a national leader of history museums and historic sites and held national offices in the American Association of State and Local History. He also was one of the first state historic preservation officers, establishing systems we still use to this day, even giving us the name "state historic preservation officer." He also helped bring the North Carolina Humanities Council into existence.

Although he resigned as director in 1974, after only six years, to become curator of the North Carolina Collection in UNC-Chapel Hill's Wilson Library, he continued to serve on committees and task forces for the department. He was

a member of the North Carolina Historical Commission until his death, holding emeritus status for the last few years. Last year, at one of the more secure historical commission meetings we have ever held, he told his fellow members that he was happy to have been associated with the Commission in one capacity or another for seven decades.

One of the greatest honors I have ever received came shortly after I was hired into his old job at the department. He invited me to lunch at his retirement home, and after lunch he invited me up to his room where he went into the back and came out with an 1896 electioneering torch, which had been used in voter processions in the state. He then handed me this artifact and said, "I am passing the torch." I didn't know what to say. Dr. Jones's torch now hangs in the Archives and History director's office just across from the Virginia Dare desk. It is where it belongs.

For History's Sake

JEFFREY J. CROW

H.G. Jones believed in public history. Not only was he one of its leading pioneers, but he was also one of its leading and accomplished practitioners. If he had a credo, it could be found in the title of his first book: *For History's Sake: The Preservation and Publication of North Carolina History, 1663-1903*, published by the University of North Carolina Press in 1966. That book culminated the first decade of H. G.'s distinguished tenure as state archivist of North Carolina. He later became director of the North Carolina Department of Archives and History and then curator of the North Carolina Collection, but he never drifted far from his passionate belief in the preservation of public records and their accessibility through publication. H. G. once explained that early in his work as state archivist he was processing the records of Bertie County for arrangement and description. He realized that those records were the real stuff of history. They captured the economic, political, and social life of a community without any filters. As he rose to prominence nationally in many capacities, he never forgot what state and local records meant to the integrity of history.

For History's Sake won the Waldo Gifford Leland Prize as the best book on archival history and theory. He won the award for a second time for his book *Local Government Records*. By that time H. G. had served as president of the Society of American Archivists, which also elected him as a Fellow of that distinguished association. Besides his national role in the archival community, H. G. also left his stamp on the national movement for historic preservation. The National Historic Preservation Act of 1966 established a liaison officer in each state. Upon becoming director of the Department of Archives and History, H. G. assumed the role of

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North Carolina's state liaison officer. He did not like the title, so in typical fashion he took steps to change it. In 1973 he successfully proposed to the national conference of state liaison officers that they change their name to state historic preservation officer. And so it remains to this day.

H. G. published numerous other books, reports, and articles, held many other positions at the state and national levels—too many to rehearse in such a brief time. So I want to focus my closing remarks on some of H. G.'s personal attributes. As many of you know, H. G. had a mischievous sense of humor. He liked nothing better than to prove an old saw wrong and provide evidence dispelling some theory or belief. Before he published *North Carolina Illustrated* in 1983, he would tease me that he had found a photograph that I would wish that I had discovered in my research. When the book appeared, again under the imprint of the University of North Carolina Press, there was a dramatic photograph of a white supremacist mob standing in front of the burned remains of the offices of the *Wilmington Record*, an African American newspaper that had become a purported cause of the 1898 coup d'état in the port city.

H. G. chaired America's Four Hundredth Anniversary Committee during the 1980s. He believed that publications were essential to any sort of commemoration. After the hoopla and pageantry died down, the publications would remain as a permanent reminder of the events being celebrated. At the Historical Publications Section in Archives and History, we worked with the four hundredth anniversary committee to publish a series of booklets on various topics related to the Roanoke Voyages of 1584-1587. Early on, one of the British authors insisted on spelling Sir Walter Raleigh's name without an *i*, because, according to the author, Raleigh had never used an *i* in his name. Hence, we adopted that spelling for all the publications in the series. H. G. did not object, but he remained skeptical. Eventually, gleefully, he found a document in which Sir Walter Raleigh indeed spelled his name with an *i* and announced the discovery.

As you know, H. G. was a man of unwavering integrity. He often took principled stands even when they were inconvenient or unpopular. In the 1990s a group of descendants of Union troops that had fought at Bentonville in 1865 proposed erecting a monument in the memory of those Union soldiers at the Bentonville state historic site. They had to secure the approval of the North Carolina Historical Commission, of which H. G. was a member. The proposal set off a firestorm of opposition. H. G. was unmoved. He called opposition to a Union monument a species "of southern political correctness." The historical commission voted 6-5 not to approve it.

But the story does not end there. In 2012 the historical commission approved a Union monument at Bentonville without a dissenting vote or even a protest. Given the current controversy over Confederate monuments, the debate over a Union monument sounds almost quaint. Yet, perhaps there is a lesson in H. G.'s principled stand. H. G., we will miss your passion, advocacy, and fidelity to the cause of public history.

Watch Your Time

ROBERT G. ANTHONY JR.

“Watch your time.” That was a lesson I learned early and firmly from H. G. Jones.

Bill Whichard has given Alice Cotten and me a difficult, indeed impossible, assignment this afternoon. We are to talk about Dr. Jones’s nineteen years of service as curator of the North Carolina Collection and what we learned from working with him but to take no more than ten minutes in doing so. That’s five minutes apiece. So this little timer, I hope, will help me stay on time, or at least close to it. I once saw Dr. Jones effectively use a timer, actually a large alarm clock, with Albert Coates. He’s my model for using a timer today.

If I sound a bit obsessed with my time—or lack of it—it is because if I do go over my limit, Dr. Jones will be watching and shaking his head, letting me know that I’m throwing us off schedule. For those of you who had the good fortune to attend any of the many programs and conferences he organized you know that each, regardless of content or scale, had a carefully planned, detailed schedule. Like the departure and arrival of a Japanese bullet train, the start and conclusion of an H. G. Jones event occurred as advertised. Stick with the schedule and don’t allow the event to go over the announced ending time. That is something a catering representative for a meal at the Carolina Inn a number of years ago came to understand. After a few minutes of post-event discussion with Dr. Jones, she finally acknowledged that presetting a salad would have saved seven or eight minutes over serving one after the guests are seated. Don’t worry about the lettuce being a little wilted, Dr. Jones assured her. Next year we expect you to follow the contract. She did.

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I am not going to use my time to review Dr. Jones’s many contributions and achievements as North Carolina Collection curator. They were indeed numerous and notable. Detailed information about his work as curator and his other career accomplishments are in his obituary. It is a truly impressive list. I’m assuming that

most of you have seen the obituary. If not, it is available online. I encourage you to look at it. Like several out-of-state friends of Dr. Jones with whom I've shared the obituary, you'll realize that you may know some things about him but you will learn and be surprised by the many interests and achievements of his of which you were previously unaware.

I have been encouraged by several of you to talk about what it was like to work with H. G. Jones, what was his workstyle, what was especially memorable about him in the workplace? First, I will say that he did value time—and he used his carefully, setting specific goals and then devoting his incredible energy and drive to accomplishing them. His laser-like focus on the task at hand, I believe, was the most important factor in his ability to achieve so much.

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energy and drive to accomplishing them.
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was the most important factor in his ability to achieve so much.

As you know, he often referred to growing up in Caswell County. Now there are and always have been a lot of rabbits in Caswell County. Indeed, on its official website today, the county encourages visitors to come and “enjoy the beautiful rolling hills and streams filled with deer, rabbits, squirrels and wild turkeys.” But I don't think H. G. Jones was ever in his life tempted away from his goal by rabbits crossing the path. He simply didn't have time to go chasing them. Now wild turkeys—that is another story. He did often complain about encounters with turkeys, with folks he felt were delaying him in accomplishing his goals, but his preferred word for them was not turkey but “bureaucrat.”

When Dr. Jones assumed the curatorship of the North Carolina Collection in 1974, he committed himself to increasing the awareness of the collection and its services both on campus and among the citizenry of the state. He quickly expanded our acquisitions program. When he began as curator we had a little over 130,000 cataloged books and pamphlets. When he retired, the collection had almost 200,000. He also successfully cultivated new supporters who established endowments to support our work. The North Carolina Collection is a significantly deeper and broader collection and a more visible and accessible resource for researchers because of his promotional and fund-raising skills.

When Dr. Jones arrived at the North Carolina Collection in 1974, he had the good fortune to inherit Alice Cotten and Jerry Cotten from his predecessor Bill Powell. They welcomed him, and he quickly enlisted them in his plans to “grow” the collection and to serve researchers more effectively. Alice became widely admired and appreciated throughout the state for her deep knowledge of all things North Caroliniana and for her helpfulness to researchers. Dr. Jones recognized that Jerry Cotten had the interest in and skills to organize a true photographic archives

out of the small scatterings of unorganized images—22,000 in number—that had accumulated over the years. Dr. Jones and Jerry encouraged people to entrust their photographs with us, and by the time Dr. Jones retired in 1994, our photographic archives numbered over 300,000 images—more than a tenfold increase. That was a wonderful foundation his successors to build on. Today our photographic archives hold more than 4.1 million images. I know that Dr. Jones was proud, and justifiably so, of the work that he and Jerry did in establishing our photographic archives.

I know that Dr. Jones was also extremely proud of the North Carolina Collection Gallery, an exhibition area he developed out of the former North Carolina Collection reading room when public services were shifted from the east to west side of Wilson Library in the mid-1980s. Today the gallery, with its exhibitions and historic period rooms, educates and entertains thousands of visitors each year, from elementary schoolchildren to Carolina undergraduates to advanced scholars to members of the general public. I wish I could go into more detail about the gallery and all the work he did to develop it. He was truly a visionary in conceiving of the gallery and persuading the library administration to let him repurpose this former reading room into the popular and successful exhibition facility it is today.

I'm afraid my time is about up. I don't want to end, however, without sharing an observation about Dr. Jones from the late Isaac Copeland. Many of you knew Dr. Copeland, who was longtime head of the Southern Historical Collection. Dr. Copeland once observed to me that "H. G. can apply seat of pants to seat of chair better than anyone I have ever known." I can say the same. When H. G. Jones sat down to write he could remain sitting for hours, completely engrossed in the task at hand, determined to accomplish his goal. Frankly, we staff members wondered if he ever got thirsty, if he had kidneys. But I came to know that he did.

On one terribly hot summer afternoon he and I took a number of large bound newspaper volumes to Durham where the library was then renting a storage facility. Neither the facility nor the transport van was air-conditioned. It was hot, the volumes were heavy, and we both had sweated a good bit that afternoon. As we started the drive back to Chapel Hill, Dr. Jones glanced over at me and said, "You look like you could use a Pepsi." So we stopped at a small store where I learned from Dr. Jones another lesson—that you can drink a Pepsi in five quick gulps if you have to, saving time and, by not taking the bottle with you, avoiding having to pay the 2 cents deposit on it. Suffice it to say—as I think most of you now—he was a very thrifty man. We chuckle a bit over his thrift, but we do so knowing that today we are benefiting from it and will continue to do so in the years to come.

My apologies Bill—and Alice—for taking a couple more minutes than I was allocated. Dr. Jones is by now shaking his head over this. But I hope you—and he—will pardon me since it is appropriate that we fully acknowledge and celebrate the extraordinary life of public service of H. G. Jones.

continued

A History of H. G. Jones in Three Objects

ALICE COTTEN

Good afternoon, family, friends, and former colleagues of H. G. Jones. Thank you for being here.

My husband Jerry Cotten and I worked at the North Carolina Collection (NCC) in Wilson Library at UNC for around thirty years, beginning when we were both graduate students. We were there when Dr. Jones arrived as curator in April 1974, through his retirement in 1994, and for almost a decade afterward. It is a privilege to reflect on that time.

A few years ago the BBC and the British Museum collaborated on a project, later a book, called “A History of the World in 100 Objects.” I’m using that idea as a model for my remarks today, though you will be relieved to know that I will use fewer than 100 objects.

Object 1: North Carolina Collection Annual Reports

From his earliest annual reports of the NCC, Dr. Jones stressed both the richness of its holdings and its needs of staffing, space, and equipment, all in order to collect, organize, catalog, preserve, and ultimately make available to the citizens of North Carolina and beyond resources such as photographs, newspaper clippings, rare items, maps, and periodicals. In order to accomplish that, he sought to hire and retain qualified staff by getting positions upgraded, encouraging staff participation in professional associations, and supporting regular salary increases. In keeping with the saying that the squeaky wheel gets the grease, Dr. Jones regularly brought the needs of the North Carolina Collection to the attention of library administrators and the public.

In a personal postscript to his last report as curator of the NCC, dated November 1993, he wrote: “As one who believes that personal knowledge of having done a good job is all the praise that one needs, I have never been a liberal broadcaster of verbal compliments. . . . But . . . let each staff member, student assistant, donor and friend . . . go back and reread the annual reports for the past two decades. In those pages, often sandwiched between discussions about problems and pleas for more staff, each will find subtle if not syrupy acknowledgment of and appreciation for his or her services to North Carolina.”

Object 2: *Thomas Wolfe of North Carolina*, Edited by H. G. Jones.

This object, North Caroliniana Society Imprint number 6, is a collection of academic papers and personal reminiscences delivered at the second annual meeting of the Thomas Wolfe Society in Chapel Hill in April 1981. Dr. Jones was a charter member of the Wolfe Society and in 1981 received its Citation of Merit. He always claimed not to have read anything by Wolfe when growing up, but he justified his interest in the Wolfe Society by the fact that Wolfe was, after all, a North Carolinian, and that the North Carolina Collection included a major and growing collection of Wolfe-related material, including family letters. Publication of this volume was just one example of how Dr. Jones recognized what was important and needed to be done, and then he did it. The volume includes reminiscences of several of Wolfe's friends and classmates during his student days at UNC, including Paul and Elizabeth Green, Albert and Gladys Coates, and Benjamin Cone. Most of it was painstakingly transcribed from tape—because Dr. Jones knew it was important to preserve these memories.

Object 3: Note with Retirement Gift

When I retired from the North Carolina Collection, Dr. Jones presented me with this envelope at my retirement party. I'd like to read the typed note inside.

In appreciation for Alice's nearly 30 years of service to the North Carolina Collection:

I.O.U.

IF: I still have all my marbles;

IF: US Airways is still flying during the low season next fall/winter;

IF: We can book award travel for dates satisfactory to you and your sister

I pledge to furnish a round-trip award ticket each for you and your sister to make that long-awaited trip to London.

H. G. Jones

6 March 2003

He did still have his marbles the next winter, and US Airways was still flying. It was a wonderful, generous gift and a memorable trip for my sister and me.

Jerry and I were able to visit Dr. Jones a few times during his last weeks. On one of those occasions we found him dressed and sitting in a chair in the small room in the Arbor at Galloway Ridge where he moved as his health declined. At his encouragement, we stayed and talked for over an hour. Dr. Jones said that he didn't want to be morbid, but that he did not want to linger, that he had accomplished all that he could do, and that he was lucky to have worked with good people throughout his career. It was his way of saying goodbye, and the three of us knew it. Knowing and working with him was a privilege for which I am grateful.

continued

I Have Finally Accomplished Something

JAMES C. CLARK JR.

Mine are the honor and responsibility to serve the North Caroliniana Society as its president. Dr. Jones founded this organization in 1975. I never studied with him in a classroom or worked on his staff. Still he was my teacher, and in certain senses I considered him my supervisor right up until the day of his death in mid-October. Whenever I visited him at Galloway Ridge, he had a suggestion or a favor to discuss. He was as free with his praise as he was with his advice.

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my supervisor right up until the day of his death in mid-October.

After he was transferred to the brightly appointed hospice floor of the Arbor, I visited him in his last living room on three occasions. First, he was in his recliner. The next two times he was in his bed. In both places his mind was steady and his handshake was firm. Actually he had quite a grip, much stronger than his voice. I knew he was in his right mind when, as I left after the second of these visits, he told me how to take the short cut back to Raleigh and save money on gasoline. I did as he suggested.

When I received word of his death, I was about to leave Raleigh. Before I left, though, I called Dr. Boyd Webb at Galloway Ridge to thank him for his lasting and loving care of Dr. Jones and to express my sympathy. My destination that day was Washington, D.C., where I visited the World War II Memorial in honor of Dr. Jones. I spent time in both the Atlantic and the Pacific sections of that sobering place, just as he had served in both theaters of the world at war during his U. S. Navy days. Returning to North Carolina, my next journey took me to Jefferson in Ashe County. There I called on Dr. Jones's friends at McFarland Publishing Company and picked up the remaining copies of *Religious Traditions of North Carolina*, the Society imprint No. 57 that is dedicated to him and paid for, at his request, by the Jones Endowment of the Society. When we had discussed this business arrangement back at Galloway Ridge in the early fall, he had said to me and others: "Now I feel like I have finally accomplished something." He was not speaking, I believe, as a pious person but as the historian who, some years before,

had inspired this project about our religious traditions. He considered them as much a part of our cultural heritage as any other major element of who we are as a people.

After leaving Jefferson, I visited, in his honor and memory, the campus of Appalachian State University in Boone, one of his alma maters and the one to which he has left a considerable portion of his personal archive. From there I went to nearby Valle Crucis and Banner Elk. As a young man H. G. Jones had worked and studied at Lees-McRae College. Eventually I got back to Chapel Hill where I dropped off the cases of books I had collected in Jefferson and then came on home to Raleigh. I thought later that I should have driven by Duke University en route.

These travels represented my upward path to wisdom; they memorialized my association with this most accomplished individual. There remained one persistent oddity, however. In the lively décor of the hospice floor of the Arbor, Dr. Jones's room included a large, flat-screen television. Whenever I was there, Dr. Phil was featured. It was as if he were on a video loop, always Dr. Phil putting some Humpty Dumpty or other back together again. In a weak voice during my last visit, Dr. Jones referred to his own orderly life that was now plainly falling down, finally crumbling into disorder. Dr. Phil could not fix this wreck. Nor could anyone else. Dr. Jones held my hand a long time; I think he was glad to be going.

The Humorous Side of H. G. Jones

DANA BORDEN LACY

When Bill Whichard invited me to tell some funny stories about Dr. Jones, I was very touched and deeply honored. But funny stories? That could be a challenge. We all know how serious Dr. Jones was about his job, and that he was renowned as a scholar and font of all knowledge on anything pertaining to North Carolina, Inuit art, and World Wars, but funny he was not. Tim Burnett said, "It's a good thing H. G. was a great archivist, as he never would have made it as a stand-up comic."

That being said, I actually remember when I met Dr. Jones. At the time I never dreamed that I would ever call him by his initials. No one even seemed to know what the *H* and *G* stood for, so Dr. Jones it would be. I have been a member of the Friends of the Wilson Library board for thirty years, and my meeting Dr. Jones occurred back in the late 1980s. After a meeting, I was standing in the hall with Nancy Cobb Lilly. Nancy spotted Dr. Jones coming our way and quickly whispered to me who he was. It was very important that I meet him because he was curator

continued

of the North Carolina Collection. He had founded the North Caroliniana Society (NCS). I had never heard of that either. He greeted Nancy with a kind handshake, but it was a very serious moment. I wondered if he had a sense of humor, because he did not smile. He then turned to me and repeated his serious handshake. Nancy mentioned that Frank Borden Hanes was my cousin. This seemed to break the ice, as Frank and Nancy were on the board of the North Caroliniana Society, but still no smile. He didn't have time to chat and was gone.

My brothers and I knew our mother to be a very funny person. She had an enormous vocabulary and used sesquipedalian words with lightning wit, leaving everyone laughing and scurrying to our dictionaries. She admonished my brothers and me that it did not cost a dime to be nice, and we should try to make others feel comfortable and always leave them smiling. Well, H. G. didn't seem to smile. If I was going to be seeing him on a regular basis in Wilson Library, I would have to work hard to get in his good graces. I certainly did not want to be on the wrong side of this very serious, august person. I made it my mission to find a smile. There had to be one in there somewhere. He was obviously just too busy for humor.

Time slipped by. H. G. always remembered my name, and one day I received a mysterious letter from Dr. Jones inviting me to become a member of the North Caroliniana Society. And when Frank retired from the NCS board, I was invited to take his place. H. G. was always very pleasant and seemed glad to see me, not quite as stern as earlier but still always on a serious note. Somehow he discovered that I also had the same DNA as Archie K. Davis (we shared a mutual great-great grandfather), but that drop of ancestral blood was enough to raise my importance with H. G. He and "Cousin Archie" were cut from the same North Carolina patriotic cloth. Archie had been president of the society for many years and rivaled H. G. and Bill Powell as a North Carolina and Civil War scholar. He had also provided an endowment for the Davis Fellows for the NCS. These two even had a secret code. Archie told me that one would call the other every night at 9:20, allow the line to ring twice, and then hang up. That was the signal for the other to call back if he was free to talk. This went on every night for years as they shared wisdom together. What a friendship!

At some point H. G. came down with shingles that attacked his throat and vocal cords. This was disastrous. He never fully regained his strong speaking voice. He told everyone he saw to get the shingles shot, and he was even more serious about that. He needed help, so I started taking on small jobs helping him plan the society dinners and meetings, stuffing and stamping envelopes, and enjoying his company at every opportunity. I would drive to Chapel Hill to join him in the North Carolina Collection's reading room, pitch a couple of my mother's 25-cent words at him, such as "I am here for a bit of perspicacious persiflage," and he would begin to grin. I was making progress.

I noticed over time that he was rather depressed about his various health problems that were creeping up more frequently. Once I had asked about something, and he could not pull up the answer that very moment. He told me

that he was getting old. I said, "Aw, shucks, H. G., someone could whop you up side your head with a two-by-four, taking out 80 percent of your brain, and you would still have 90 percent more brain cells left than the rest of us put together." He smiled. He chuckled. He almost laughed.

My finest hour, however, was shortly before he retired. Unbeknownst to me, the university had commissioned a very fine artist to paint his portrait to hang in Wilson Library. I was in the building and popped into his office unannounced to give him a jar of his favorite Mt. Olive home-roasted peanuts. I found him meticulously dressed with combed beard sitting in his office chair in a paralyzed pose with the most serious expression of his serious self, staring off into space daring not to move, and probably pondering his long career that was coming to a close. He looked as historic as his accomplishments. The portrait was truly a masterpiece. I had asked permission to look. He said, "Dana, What do you think? I haven't been allowed to see it yet." With the most serious reply I could muster, I said, "H. G., This is beautiful. The artist has captured you in every detail." Then spontaneously I added with an equally straight face, "It is going to make the most ideal dart board the university has ever had, and that nose will be the perfect bull's eye." Well, all hell broke loose. H. G. exploded in laughter, practically falling from his chair and breaking his pose. The artist whipped around with a scowl of horror, and I fled the scene before becoming the first person ever to be decapitated with a pallet knife.

"It is going to make the most ideal dart board the university has ever had, and that nose will be the perfect bull's eye."

During those early years of our budding friendship I had been transcribing all my great-grandfather's Civil War letters. H. G. asked me who he was. I told him. A week later I received a large envelope in the mail with copies of my ancestor's military records, his death certificate, and a number of pages copied from the Southern Historical Collection tracing day-by-day accounts of his military unit's battles and movements throughout the war. This was a very thoughtful man.

In reflection, I realize how much being on the Wilson Library board and the NCS board has meant to me, and what a privilege it has been to serve with so many committed and special people. They include some of the finest and most fun friends that I have known. Collectively, H. G. had led us all on the same mission to "cherish, protect, and defend the Good Old North State forever," her culture, her treasures, and her history.

I developed a great affection for Houston Gwynne Jones. I felt that I had truly arrived when I got on his Christmas card list. I will always cherish our long, enduring friendship and the joy he brought into my life. I have many happy memories of this very fine gentleman who indeed knew how to laugh out loud.

continued

Closing Remarks

WILLIS P. WHICHARD

I knew of H. G. Jones long before I knew him. In the days of afternoon newspapers, I was a *Durham Sun* carrier. I did it from the age of ten until the age of eighteen when I left home to enroll at the University of North Carolina. Dr. Jones then wrote a weekly column for afternoon dailies entitled "In Light of History." Even as a boy, I read it religiously.

I thus knew who he was when, as a thirty-year-old freshman member of the North Carolina House of Representatives from Durham, I had a visit from him. He then headed the Department of Archives and History for the state, and he was seeking funding for some needed work at the Duke Homestead Historic Site. I had forgotten whether it was Duke Homestead or Stagville. When I raised that question in one of my last visits with him, he not only recalled that it was the Duke Homestead but also gave me a detailed account of what was involved. Not surprising, I'm sure, to all of you who knew the man.

Apparently, I made a good first impression on him. He entered thinking my interest would be limited to working to please my Durham County constituents by securing funding for a project in the district and left only after a good discussion of the history involved. A legislator, particularly a very young one, with a genuine interest in history appears to have been a novelty to him.

It was the beginning of an almost forty-eight-year friendship. In my second House term I chaired a major committee and handled significant legislation. I thus found it difficult to respond to correspondence during the week and frequently went to Raleigh in the late morning on Sundays for that purpose. If I stopped at the K and W cafeteria in Cameron Village for lunch on the way to the legislative building, Dr. Jones was usually there and pleased to have me join him. Those lunches strengthened and enhanced the friendship.

In 1975 when Dr. Jones, Bill Powell, and Louis Connor formed the North Caroliniana Society, I was invited to be a charter member. In 1986 I was invited to membership on the society's board of directors. In 1992 I was asked to be a vice-president, with a plan that following a two-year Bill Friday presidency, I would assume that office on a long-term basis following the Archie K. Davis model. I accepted but indicated that I would not hold the office beyond the length of Archie's eleven-year tenure.

That, however, did not work. At about the ten-and-one-half-year point, I met H. G. and Bill Powell for lunch to tell them the time had come to select a new president. Dr. Jones refused to countenance the idea, and Bill solidly backed him. I meekly yielded to my elders and superiors, and another nine years passed before I managed to escape the society presidency.

When H. G. retired as curator of the North Carolina Collection, he indicated that he would not sit for a portrait for the collection. The historian in me could not accept this. I asked him to meet me at the Carolina Club for lunch, and I asked President Friday to join us. My pitch was basically that history is not just in musty archival facilities or in the books written from the materials they contain but also on the walls of institutions that reflect their history and the people who have made it. The portraits of his predecessors, Mary Thornton and Bill Powell, hung in the collection. The portraits of his successors hopefully would. There thus would be a gap in the portrayal of the collection's history if his were missing. When I finished, President Friday, in his quiet but persuasive way, just said, "H. G., it's going to be done." And it was. For once, the man did not get his way.

When H. G. retired as curator of the North Carolina Collection, he indicated that he would not sit for a portrait for the collection. The historian in me could not accept this. . . . My pitch was basically that history is not just in musty archival facilities or in the books written from the materials they contain but also on the walls of institutions that reflect their history and the people who have made it.

I visited H. G. with regularity during his physical decline over the last few months of his life. I was delighted that he lived to see the society's imprint on religious traditions of North Carolina. The idea was his, we dedicated the work to him, and as his end approached, I was concerned that he might not get to see it. He did, and his comment was, "It's beautiful."

My last visit with him was on Friday afternoon, October 12, before his passing on Sunday morning, October 14. It was clear that it was time to let him go. Indeed, as Bill White has stated, his goal was no longer to live but to greet death as a welcomed friend.

Alice Cotten mentioned Dr. Jones's participation in the Thomas Wolfe Society. I close with this pertinent passage from Wolfe's last novel, *You Can't Go Home Again*:

Dear Fox, old friend, thus we have come to the end of the road that we were to go together. My tale is finished—and so farewell.

But before I go, I have just one more thing to tell you:

Something has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year: something has spoken to me in the night, and told me I shall die, I know not where. Saying:

'To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave the friends you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth—

—Whereon the pillars of this earth are founded, toward which the conscience of the world is tending—a wind is rising, and the rivers flow.'



Jan Hensley



Jan Hensley



Stephen Fletcher

TOP: Alice and Jerry Cotten
BOTTOM, left: James Clark
BOTTOM, right: Jim Clark, Alice Cotten, Jerry Cotten

Introduction of Honorees

JAMES W. CLARK JR.

For a combined total of six decades Jerry and Alice Cotten devoted themselves to collecting, preserving, interpreting, and sharing with others the printed and visual heritage of North Carolina. Moreover, they were already at work in Wilson Library when H. G. Jones arrived there. Jerry Cotten's topic today is "Camp Bryan and a Tale of Two Letters." Alice's topic is "Going Home Again: The Return of Thomas Wolfe."

Camp Bryan and a Tale of Two Letters

JERRY COTTEN

The date April 1912 is etched into the collective memory by a passenger liner crossing the north Atlantic, colliding with an iceberg, and sinking. *Titanic* dominated the headlines, but in that same month in North Carolina a little-known verbal collision began between two of the state's prominent men. Their exchanges are documented in two letters that I suggest are humorous gems of the letter-writing art of that day. Copies of these letters have been in a folder among my papers for many years, waiting patiently to be shared with a suitable audience. You are that group.

I cannot claim to have discovered these letters, for they reside in the Southern Historical Collection's Bryan Family Papers at the UNC Library. Someone whose identity I have forgotten with the passage of time pointed them out to me. I got in touch with several of the usual suspects such as Bland Simpson, David Cecelski, and Lynn Roundtree in the hope that they might take credit for this find, but I came up dry. If the unrecognized person to whom I am grateful is here, perhaps he or she will make themselves known. Thus, the story of these two letters and the two gentlemen who wrote them, H. H. Brimley of Raleigh and James A. Bryan of New Bern, begins. I have omitted portions of the letters for the sake of brevity but have taken care not to detract from the colorful word-craft of the two writers.

continued

Herbert Hutchinson Brimley, or H. H. Brimley as he was called, was born in County Bedfordshire England in 1861. He immigrated to Raleigh in 1880 with his brother Clement, and together among other endeavors they opened a taxidermy business. Under the auspices of the North Carolina Department of Agriculture, Brimley created a fish and bird exhibit for the North Carolina Exposition of 1884, followed in 1893 by a zoological exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. Soon thereafter, the department hired Brimley full-time. In 1895 he was appointed curator of a two-room museum in the agriculture building located on the north side of Edenton Street opposite Capitol Square. Brimley was an author and a lecturer, and by the first decade of the twentieth century his reputation as a zoologist and naturalist was well established both inside and outside the state. He often traveled around North Carolina to collect (or perhaps I should say harvest) specimens that eventually made their way into the museum. It was in pursuit of this that Brimley became the guest on multiple occasions of a private hunting club that leased several thousand acres located west of Havelock, mostly in Craven County. A centerpiece of the property was Ellis Lake. The land was owned by James Augustus Bryan and appropriately called Camp Bryan.

James Bryan was born in 1839, served in the Confederate army, and for a time was president of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad. He was elected to the state senate in 1899 and served as president of the National Bank of New Bern for more than forty years. Bryan's landholdings totaled some 57,000 acres, and he had wanted to sell some of them in the 1890s. By 1912, however, his interest in doing so seems to have intensified. Hunting and fishing clubs were springing up across eastern North Carolina, and Bryan believed that his property could be marketed as a sportsmen's paradise. He had leased property to George Nicoll, a Boston transplant to the New Bern area, and it may have been Nicoll who put Bryan in touch with a real estate agent in Boston, A. R. Rogers. Bryan hired New Bern photographer Bayard Wootten to make hundreds of photographs to help advertise his property. Aware of Brimley's professional standing and influence, Bryan instructed Nicoll to ask Brimley to write Rogers a letter outlining the advantages of his property from the perspective of a naturalist and sportsman. Undoubtedly, Bryan had high expectations for Brimley's assistance. Brimley had been visiting Bryan's property since at least 1898, but Brimley may have viewed a sale of Camp Bryan as a threat to his specimen collecting for the museum, and his letter to Rogers tipped his hand in no uncertain terms.

*H. H. Brimley, Curator
State Museum
Raleigh, April 9, 1912*

*Mr. A. R. Rogers
79 Milk St.
Boston, Mass.*

Dear Sir:

I have been requested by Geo. A. Nicoll, of New Berne, to write you my impressions of the Lake Ellis game preserve.

This is rather a difficult proposition. I have done quite a lot of collecting specimens down there in spring and summer, and enough hunting during the past six or eight game seasons, to know the place about as well as anyone knows it—and yet it still remains an uncertain proposition as a hunting center. . . .

The tract is large, the country of diversified character, and it would appear . . . as a great place for game, and so it is—in a way. But ‘getting’ the game is another matter, and this becomes increasingly difficult year by year.

Deer Hunting: I know that there are a good many there, but not nearly as many to the area [area] as I have reason to believe occur in other sections of eastern North Carolina. A man who hunts there a good deal told me last winter that he had killed twenty-two deer in fifteen months, but only two of them were killed on the Camp Bryan tract. Still hunting is practically out of the question, and such deer as are run by hounds have no regular runways. I have been on eight or ten deer drives in succession, with from three to six guns on stands, without any man securing a shot. Still, with plenty of time at one’s disposal, the man with a disregard for hard work can get his deer eventually. The mosquitoes make still hunting rather a horror during the fall months, and they are bad on the men occupying deer stands And every deer killed there is earned by hard, back-breaking work. Still the boys get deer, and there are apparently a good many left.

Bear: For the three past seasons I have hunted for bear systematically—but with no result. And I hunted hard and consistently, too, with no regard to personal comfort or to the distance from camp. I have never even seen a bear in the woods, not heard one. And yet I know there are bears there. A small yearling cub was killed two winters ago, some five or six miles from camp, and that is the last one killed from Camp Bryan. One bear every two or three years has been about the average.

Ducks: Eight or nine years ago a thousand or more duck were killed on Lake Ellis during the season. Now, ten per cent of that number would be nearer the season’s total. And this reduction of the possible bag is not so much due to a decrease in the numbers frequenting the Lake as to an acquired habit that has been noted as well on the Long Island waters, Currituck Sound, points in Florida and California, and other coastal waters. The habit referred to is the practice of feeding entirely at night, and leaving the feeding grounds at dawn, to spend the day on the big lakes, sounds and ocean.

Every man who frequents this camp has tried to evolve some method of circumventing these ‘wise’ fowl, but with no result. There may be a thousand black ducks feeding nightly on Lake Ellis, and yet the experienced duck shooter could not tie out on the lake and guarantee to average five head of fowl per day’s shooting. Of course, during the first few days of the open season some may be killed but, after that, the conditions are as I state. This lately acquired habit of the waterfowl

continued

of the coasts seems to be nature's latest contribution to the question of game preservation.

Wild Turkey: Several gangs of wild turkeys are to be found in the black gum swamps around the lakes. Not many are killed, however. I have several times met up with them, and I always carry a turkey caller with me in the woods, but my bag for the years I have hunted down there totals one nine pound hen! Turkey hunting (or turkey 'loafing,' as I characterize it) is a good deal of a gift, and I do not seem to possess it to a very marked degree.

Wild Cat: I have seen wild cat tracks down there on a number of occasions, but I have yet to see my first cat.

Coons: Coons are very plentiful and may sometimes be found prowling around in the day time.

Possum: Quite plentiful.

Skunk: Plentiful. All deer hounds . . . will run a skunk—and kill it if possible. And that ruins them for hunting deer for the time being—and lessens their welcome around camp.

Rabbit (Both cotton-tail and marsh): Common, but practically never seen. I can only remember killing one, and that was 'treed' when possum hunting.

Fishing: The only lakes that now contain any game fish are Great Lake and Little Lake—and it is uncertain about the latter. I have fished and fished these, with nothing but catfish to reward my efforts. The trouble is that the water is too opaquely black . . . for the fish to see bait. A pure white object is not visible more than three inches below the surface.

Mr. Nicoll asked me to write you my impressions of the Lake Ellis preserve 'as a naturalist,' and I hardly know what he means by that. But I suppose he has in mind my spring and summer collecting trips to this region, so I will add the following.

Cormorants, fish hawks and herons next [nest] around Great Lake, and show interesting features of wild life. Alligators are quite common in summer. On Lake Ellis a number of marsh birds nest, and there is a wide variety of reptile and insect life. The largest species of both diamond and banded rattlesnake, and of cotton-mouth moccasin, that I have ever seen I have collected there for our Museum. I never go down there deer hunting in the early part of the season on account of the poisonous snakes, mosquitoes and redbugs (chiggers). But it is a delightful place in the early spring, before the 'yellow flies' come, but while they are there it is 'Hell.' Altogether, for a Nature-lover who can put up with the insect pests of the southern swamps, it is a most enjoyable place for study and collecting.

In reading over what I have written I notice that a pessimistic tone seems to run through it. And yet I do not see that I have overstated or understated anything. I am very fond of the place, perhaps chiefly on account of its wild character. And a good part of the pleasure of hunting and fishing are in the anticipations, anyway.

Very truly yours,

H. H. Brimley

The unflattering letter from the curator of the State Museum of North Carolina reached Boston and the desk of Bryan's real estate agent, A. R. Rogers. He sent a copy of the letter to Bryan in New Bern, and forty-seven days from the writing of Brimley's letter the now indignant landowner responded in kind.

New Berne, N.C., May 25, 1912

Mr. H. H. Brimley, Curator
State Museum
Raleigh, N.C.

My Dear Sir:

Your very beautiful and characteristically descriptive letter to Mr. A. R. Rogers, of Boston, setting forth in your best style, the advantages of my Lake Property as a hunting preserve, and describing with a minuteness peculiarly your own, its greater and more delightful advantages for the study of the progressive Naturalist, as the home of the Rattlesnake, the festive long-bill mosquito, the delightful and omnipresent Yellow Fly, and the sportive Skunk, the pet of the sportsman as well as of the alligator and insect hunter, has impressed me so greatly with your appreciation of my courtesy, extended through Mr. Geo. Nicoll, in permitting you to go upon my land for the purpose of gathering insects, snakes, alligators, and other specimens in furtherance of your calling, and has aroused my interest to such a degree in your personal welfare, that I am unwilling for you to longer expose yourself to the deadly fangs of the enormous Rattlers with which you so often coped or to the poisonous stings of the Yellow Flies and the Mosquitoes, which render the place a 'Hell' as you say, 'while they are there.'

Nor am I willing for you to expose yourself to the attacks of the Skunks—they treat you as uncivilly as they do the Deer Dogs, and then, my! What would become of the Museum and the specimens? And in addition to all this, a Rabbit—a 'cotton-tail or a marsh'—might jump out of a 'tree' at you, or the ghost of that 'small yearling cub' which 'was killed two winters ago, some five or six miles from camp' and which was 'the last one killed from Camp Bryan' . . . might haunt you, and, therefore, in order to keep you out of harm's way, I must beg you not to go on my land again. In fact, fearing, that regardless of your personal safety, you might do so, I have instructed my Agent at Havelock . . . to 'warn you off' should you make the attempt, and hereby notify you not to do so.

I have heard . . . that you do not consider yourself in any wise indebted to me for the privilege of hunting Snakes and other specimens on my property. . . . If such is true, I beg to advise you that you are grievously mistaken . . . as the Club has never been my lessee but my guest, and has enjoyed the privileges of the place through my courtesy alone, and am therefore sure that they would never have invited you to share these privileges with them had they known of the hostility which your letter to

continued

Mr. Rogers indicates that you entertain for me. Nor would Mr. Nicoll or any of them have invited you had they . . . imagined that after accepting their hospitality . . . you would have attempted to blacken it as you have done. . . .

At this point, Bryan counters the thrust of Brimley's letter by making reference to written testimonials that Bryan included with his letter to Brimley. These documents provided accounts by local persons as well as out of state visitors from as far away as New York. Bryan's letter to Brimley continues:

In addition to these [testimonials], I am offered from others to whom I have read your letter to Mr. Rogers, affidavits which tell a very different story in regard to my property . . . which, if occasion requires, I will obtain.

These affidavits refer to statements which you are said to have made in regard to the hunting conditions, game, etc., on my property, very different from those contained in your letter to Mr. Rogers.

I shall have copies . . . of these . . . made, and put them away for future reference, if need be. But I hardly think they will be needed unless you indulge in other like productions, for your present letter to Mr. Rogers is . . . full of venom and the desire to prevent a sale of the property. . . .

*Very truly yours,
James A. Bryan*

On this note Bryan and Brimley went their separate ways. James A. Bryan died in 1923. The property in question was unsold and remained leased until 1947 when his heirs sold approximately 8,000 acres to some forty businessmen. Known today as Camp Bryan Farms, it still exists as a private sporting club. The camp has a storied history and was visited over the years by many notables including sports legends Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Ted Williams. Other parts of the Bryan property were incorporated into the Croatan National Forest. Though he died in the 1920s, Bryan's belief in Camp Bryan as paradise for the naturalist and sportsman endures to this day.

In a sense the dreams of both Bryan and Brimley were realized. H. H. Brimley, often assisted by his brother Clement, continued acquiring specimens from across the state to enlarge the museum in Raleigh until the former's death in 1946. At his passing the *Raleigh News and Observer* noted that Brimley with over sixty years employment might be the longest serving government employee in the history of North Carolina. From a modest two-room museum in the 1890s, his efforts and those of his brother over many decades provided a foundation for what became the present and much acclaimed Museum of Natural Sciences on Jones Street. If you could go there and search among their holdings even today, you might well find one of those stuffed North Carolina critters looking a little worse for the wear that once called Camp Bryan home.

Going Home Again: The Return of Thomas Wolfe

ALICE R. COTTEN

One of the most rewarding associations I made through my position as reference historian in the North Carolina Collection was with the Thomas Wolfe Society. I had read *Look Homeward, Angel* in college and knew that Wolfe was from Asheville, but little more. Because he was born in North Carolina and graduated from UNC, Wolfe is well-represented in the North Carolina Collection through printed materials, manuscripts, and photographs. I realized that I needed to learn more about this author and joined the Thomas Wolfe Society in the mid-1980s.

One day a researcher requested a volume of programs of the annual meetings of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association. I glanced through the item and saw “Thomas Wolfe” listed as an opening day speaker in 1936. “Lit and Hist” was formed in 1900 as the umbrella organization for promotion of cultural events in the state. During what was referred to as “Culture Week,” those who were active in various statewide cultural associations gathered in Raleigh for programs and social events. Jerry and I had been members since the early 1970s, and if Thomas Wolfe had been a speaker in 1936, I wanted to know more. The story proved intriguing, revealing much about Wolfe’s efforts to write while wrestling with numerous distractions, including his personal life; disagreements with his editor and publisher; and legal issues over libel, royalties, and the physical possession of some of his manuscripts. One of the distinctive periods in Wolfe’s life is his self-imposed exile from North Carolina for seven years after the publication of his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*. How this exile ended and its connection to the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association is an interesting story. But first some background on the author.

Thomas Clayton Wolfe was born in Asheville in 1900 and attended the University of North Carolina from 1916 until his graduation in 1920. He was editor of the student newspaper; published poetry and prose in campus magazines; wrote and played the lead in his play, *The Return of Buck Gavin*; received the Worth prize in philosophy; and at 6’ 3” was literally a big man on campus.¹ Wolfe went on to Harvard to study playwriting, taught English at the Washington Square College of New York University, and traveled abroad, writing all the while. In late

continued

1928 Charles Scribner's Sons editor Maxwell Perkins expressed interest in Wolfe's manuscript, *O Lost*. Scribner's published an edited version of that manuscript the following year under the title *Look Homeward, Angel*. Wolfe dedicated his first book to "A.B.," Aline Bernstein, an accomplished New York set and costume designer with whom he had a romantic relationship beginning in 1925. She was nineteen years his senior, married, and had children. By 1931 their close relationship had unraveled, yet he could still write her, "I shall love you all the days of my life and when I die, if they cut me open they will find one name written on my brain and on my heart. It will be yours."²

Look Homeward, Angel received mostly favorable reviews, and the young author's career rose to a new level.³ There were some negative consequences, however. Wolfe's portrayal of life in fictional Altamont closely resembled actual people and events in his hometown of Asheville. Wolfe later wrote that people in Asheville were "so outraged that they denounced me and my book . . . from the pulpits, from the street corners, and from the public press. . . ."⁴ Jonathan Daniels, who had been a student at UNC with Wolfe, in a review in the *Raleigh News and Observer*, declared *Look Homeward, Angel* "a novel of revolt" in which "North Carolina, and the South are spat upon."⁵ Wolfe's response to the book's reception in Asheville and other parts of North Carolina was to avoid his native state. Assured by the critical success of his book elsewhere, however, Wolfe resigned his position at New York University in early 1930 and never taught again.

After receiving a Guggenheim Fellowship, Wolfe settled in Paris in May 1930 to write. He was working on a lengthy manuscript, occasionally publishing shorter pieces in *Scribner's Magazine*. In 1933 Wolfe took the manuscript to Perkins, who suggested focusing on the first part and saving the love story for a later book.⁶ By early 1934 author and editor began working together almost every day to revise. In late 1933 Wolfe retained outstanding literary agent Elizabeth Nowell to identify shorter segments of his voluminous writings that would be suitable for periodicals. She remained Wolfe's agent for the rest of his life.⁷

Weary after the writing and extensive revision of his large manuscript, Wolfe left on March 2, 1935, for his sixth trip to Europe. Six days later Scribner's published his second novel, *Of Time and the River*. Wolfe was treated as something of a literary rock star in Berlin, which he thoroughly enjoyed, even as he heard about a darker side of Germany emerging under Hitler.

Wolfe returned to New York on July 4. Less than a month later he left on his first trip to the American West to speak at the University of Colorado Writers' Conference in Boulder. He loved the West and wrote Max Perkins about it, reassuring his editor that he was not wasting time but was absorbing material for more writing.⁸ Wolfe's successful talk at the writers' conference was published as *The Story of a Novel*, in which he described the process of writing *Of Time and the River* and credited Maxwell Perkins as editor, mentor, and friend.⁹ In April 1936 the *Saturday Review of Literature* carried Bernard DeVoto's review of *The Story of a Novel*. DeVoto maintained that, though Wolfe might be a genius, he depended

too much on Maxwell Perkins and others in the Scribner's office. This charge contributed to the author's growing belief that he needed to consider a new editor and publisher.

This brings us to 1936, the year of Wolfe's invitation to speak at the annual meeting of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association. In April Wolfe received an after-dinner speaking invitation from V. F. (George) Calverton, editor of the left-leaning New York publication, the *Modern Monthly*. Wolfe's response reveals a distaste for such events. He wrote, "I am sorry there has been a misunderstanding about my speaking at the *Modern Monthly* dinner. . . . I don't remember how, or whether, the question of my speaking at the dinner came up, but if it did I am sure I expressed myself pretty vigorously as not wanting to speak at the dinner, or for that matter at any dinner. . . . If I have anything at all to say to people I will have to say it through writing or not at all."¹⁰ After a desperate plea from Calverton that announcements had already gone out listing him as a speaker, Wolfe finally agreed to attend. At the dinner he lauded the *Modern Monthly* for its "very vital and valuable function" but afterward dropped his friendship with Calverton.¹¹

On June 25 Wolfe turned his attention to North Carolina. His college friend William Polk in Warrenton, an attorney and president of the Literary and Historical Association, had invited Wolfe to speak at the association's annual meeting in Raleigh in early December. Wolfe had not returned to North Carolina for seven years, since the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel* had aroused resentment in the state. This invitation might be a suitable opportunity for Wolfe to end his exile and return home. Despite his stated reluctance to give after-dinner talks, Wolfe told Polk he was "very much interested" and asked for more information. He wrote humorously, "Just how historical does a speaker have to be when he talks to the Historical Association? . . . Would I be tongue-tied with terror every time I looked around and found the cold and fishy eye of the experts upon me? . . . Would I be checked in my full flight by the presence of J. G. de Rouhac Hamilton, his face fixed on me with a very fishy look, as though to say 'If this be history, I'm a horse'?" Wolfe added, "If I got going in Raleigh, the Lord knows what would happen—I've got too much to tell them. . . ." Wolfe suggested that Polk find another speaker, and then if Wolfe did get there he would speak for ten or fifteen minutes after the announced speaker. He ended the letter by adding, "The main thing, really, Bill . . . is that I have got started working on another big piece of work . . . and I want to keep at it as hard as I can without feeling that I am tied down by anything outside."¹²

Less than a month later Wolfe was again bound for Europe. He was frustrated by his then-stalled writing, by continuing disagreements with Perkins, and by the fact that his considerable German royalties from *Of Time and the River* could not be taken out of that country. Berlin was pristine, showing off for visitors attending the August 1936 Olympic Games. Wolfe sat in U. S. Ambassador William E.

continued

Dodd's box at the Olympic stadium and cheered loudly for African American athlete Jesse Owens. He met a beautiful woman and fell in love, at least for a while. Wolfe admired much about Germany, and his books sold well there; but by 1936 he could no longer ignore the increasing militarization and oppression of the Nazi regime. Wolfe left Germany by train on September 8. He would never return.

Near the border with Belgium he witnessed police arrest a passenger traveling in the same compartment as Wolfe, a Jewish man trying to flee the country with some of his life's savings. Wolfe realized that he had to tell this story and began writing when he reached Paris. In a September 16 post card to Elizabeth Nowell, Wolfe told his agent, "I've written a good piece over here—I'm afraid it may mean that I can't come back to the place where I am liked best and have the most friends, but I've decided to publish it."¹³ His novella *I Have a Thing to Tell You* appeared in the *New Republic* in March 1937 and was also included in the posthumous novel *You Can't Go Home Again* (1940).

Wolfe reached New York on September 24, 1936. From October through December 4, he wrote 721 pages, over 180,000 words.¹⁴ In addition to material for a new autobiographical novel, this manuscript included two versions of *I Have a Thing to Tell You*¹⁵ as well as "The Child by Tiger," a powerful short story addressing the issue of race, based on an event from Wolfe's childhood in Asheville.¹⁶ These two items are among the most socially conscious works that Wolfe ever produced.¹⁷ In the midst of this outpouring, his professional relationship with Scribner's and Max Perkins continued to deteriorate.¹⁸ A year later Wolfe signed with Harper and Brothers and editor Edward Aswell. His legal problems also continued. In a June 1936 letter to a friend Wolfe wrote, "Until a year ago I still had some lingering and naïve belief that law and the courts had some connection with human justice. . . . It is, of course, not true."¹⁹

Back in North Carolina, Bill Polk, president of the Literary and Historical Association, was staying in touch with Christopher Crittenden, the group's secretary-treasurer and executive head of the North Carolina Historical Commission. After receiving Wolfe's letter of June 25, 1936, Polk realized that his friend was not willing to commit to speaking in Raleigh in December. Crittenden began to explore other possibilities for a speaker, including Pearl Buck and Margaret Mitchell, both of whom politely but firmly declined.

Wolfe sent a letter to Polk in early October, again saying he should get another speaker, but the North Carolina folks were persistent. Jonathan Daniels, editor of the *News and Observer*, whose review of *Look Homeward, Angel* years earlier had not been kind, wrote to Wolfe on October 21, inviting him to a dinner at his home for speakers at the Literary and Historical Association banquet. Wolfe replied that a trip to Raleigh for him was uncertain, but that if he did get there he would love to come to dinner. He told Daniels of his recent experience in Europe, writing that "the great engines of war are ready" and that "I've become enormously interested in politics for the first time in my life, not only in

Europe, but even more at home.”²⁰ Wolfe mentioned the negative reactions of passengers on his ship when he told them he was going to vote for Roosevelt, whose administration, he continued, “has made the only decisive movement . . . in the direction of social progress and social justice since the administrations of Woodrow Wilson.”²¹

Crittenden, increasingly anxious, wrote Wolfe on November 6 that he was putting his name on the program for December 3. He wrote again on November 25, telling Wolfe that there was a lot of interest in his upcoming visit and asking for a summary of his talk.²² On November 30 Wolfe finally wrote to Crittenden that he had hoped to be able to come to Raleigh but could not because he was too busy writing.

On December 2 Wolfe, having seen the printed program with his name listed as speaker, sent Polk a telegram saying that he could not come. He also wrote a letter to Polk, explaining his need to continue writing and detailing his legal problems. He concluded, “I think also that the time is coming when I may have something to say to North Carolina that will interest it. But I’m not sure that I am ready yet. When I do feel ready, I hope you will give me another chance to say my piece.”²³ The December 2 *Raleigh News and Observer* carried an article titled “Wolfe to Speak at Session Here.” The next day, the day of the meeting, the paper ran another article announcing “Novelist Wolfe Out as Speaker.” It began, “Thomas Wolfe decided yesterday not to look homeward.”

The meeting, held at the Woman’s Club on Hillsboro (sic) Street in Raleigh, took place without Thomas Wolfe. Polk’s presidential address, “North Carolina Prophets and the Twentieth Century,” was a call for North Carolina to step up and solve its considerable educational, economic, and social challenges and to be no longer a state “whose favorite reading was the speedometer.” Dr. Alex M. Arnett, history professor at what is now UNC-Greensboro, filled Wolfe’s slot and gave a paper on former North Carolina Representative Claude Kitchin.²⁴ (As an example of how a footnote to history can easily be forgotten, the website of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association mistakenly includes Thomas Wolfe in a sentence listing prominent speakers at past annual meetings.)

Wolfe continued writing in New York until Christmas Day when he stopped, exhausted. The next day he began a six-week trip south that included Richmond, New Orleans, Atlanta, and his first return to Chapel Hill since his graduation in 1920. Though he did not go to Asheville on that trip, he returned to his hometown in spring 1937 and again that summer.²⁵ Wolfe’s return to North Carolina in 1937 after an absence of over seven years may have emerged from the invitation he received in 1936 to address the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association. Several examples support this. On December 15, 1936, Wolfe wrote to Thea Voelcker, the German artist he had met in Berlin, and with whom he had a brief romance, “You know, I was practically an exile for years in my native state, they became so angry at me because of the first book I wrote.

continued

But now, I think, they feel better and they want to see me again.”²⁶ On Christmas Eve he wrote to another friend, “I’m going home the day after Christmas for the first time in seven years. Yes, I think they’ll let me come back now. I don’t know that all is forgiven but they asked me to make a speech, which is something, isn’t it?” His agent and biographer, Elizabeth Nowell, summed it up well: “Wolfe had been overjoyed by what [the invitation] signified . . . now at last he had been invited not only to come home to North Carolina but to come as the honored guest of its leading cultural society.”²⁸

In April 1938 Wolfe accepted an invitation to lecture at Purdue University’s annual Literary Awards Banquet on May 19. In his Purdue lecture, “Writing and Living,” Wolfe talked about his career, his increasing concern for social issues and world events, and how this concern was reflected in his writing. He then left on a whirlwind trip to the western United States that included visiting eleven national parks.²⁹ He became ill in Seattle in early July and was brought by train to Baltimore’s Johns Hopkins Hospital in September. He died there from miliary tuberculosis of the brain on September 15, 1938, just short of his thirty-eighth birthday.³⁰ Having declined to address the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association in Raleigh in 1936, Wolfe never had another opportunity to give a major public address in his native state.

His final novel, published posthumously in 1940, was titled *You Can’t Go Home Again*, words Wolfe had heard and then used himself.³¹ Wolfe had turned down a request to contribute to a series on “Living Philosophies” to be published in the *Nation*, suggesting to the journal instead that upon his return from the West he would submit to them a revision of his Purdue speech. In early May 1938, two weeks before leaving for Purdue, Wolfe wrote to Elizabeth Nowell about his plans for “transforming . . . the simple Purdue statement into the terms of poetic and imaginative fact,” telling her that he had “more or less committed [himself] to letting [the *Nation*] see it.” It is poignant now to read of his excitement about this project and his plans to “come back and settle in for the summer.”³² In a May 12, 1938 unpublished letter to Freda Kirchwey, editor of the *Nation*, Wolfe elaborated on his proposal, describing how he planned to rework the piece into more imaginative and poetic form, ending on a hopeful note, looking to the future.³³

[By publication deadline there has been no response from the Estate of Thomas Wolfe to requests for permission to publish excerpts from this letter; therefore, it cannot be quoted here. Similar text is found, however, in *The Notebooks of Thomas Wolfe*, 2: 939, and *The Letters of Thomas Wolfe*, 711-712. Similar wording also appears in the posthumous novel *You Can’t Go Home Again* (1940), 706, though that version does not include words relating to hopefulness and to humanity’s home being in the future.]

- ¹ For more information on Wolfe's student days at UNC-Chapel Hill, see Richard Walsler, *Thomas Wolfe Undergraduate* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1977).
- ² Thomas Wolfe, "To Aline Bernstein," March 1931, *My Other Loneliness: Letters of Thomas Wolfe and Aline Bernstein*, ed. Suzanne Stutman (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1983), 325
- ³ For examples of local, national, and international critical reception, see Ted Mitchell, ed., *Thomas Wolfe: An Illustrated Biography* (New York: Pegasus, 2006), 131-143.
- ⁴ Thomas Wolfe, "Writing and Living," *The Autobiography of an American Novelist: Thomas Wolfe*, ed. Leslie Field (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1983), 121.
- ⁵ *News and Observer* (Raleigh), October 20, 1929.
- ⁶ Richard S. Kennedy and Paschal Reeves, eds., 2 vols. *The Notebooks of Thomas Wolfe* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1970), 2:641.
- ⁷ For more information about Elizabeth Nowell and Thomas Wolfe, see Richard S. Kennedy, ed., *Beyond Love and Loyalty: The Letters of Thomas Wolfe and Elizabeth Nowell* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1983). Kennedy's introduction is particularly informative.
- ⁸ Thomas Wolfe, "To Maxwell E. Perkins," July 30, August 12, August 26, September 1, September 12, 1935, *The Letters of Thomas Wolfe*, ed. Elizabeth Nowell (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1956), 483-490.
- ⁹ An abbreviated version of *The Story of a Novel* appeared in three parts in the *Saturday Review of Literature* in December 1935. In April 1936 Scribner's published an expanded version as a monograph.
- ¹⁰ Thomas Wolfe, "To V. F. Calverton," April 3, 1936, *Wolfe Letters*, 497-498.
- ¹¹ Quoted in David Herbert Donald, *Look Homeward: A Life of Thomas Wolfe* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1987), 359.
- ¹² Thomas Wolfe, "To William T. Polk," June 25, 1936, *Wolfe Letters*, 534-536.
- ¹³ Thomas Wolfe, "To Elizabeth Nowell," September 16, 1936, *ibid.*, 541.
- ¹⁴ Kennedy and Reeves, *Notebooks of Thomas Wolfe*, 2:841.
- ¹⁵ A perceptive analysis of this story is John L. Idol Jr., "Germany as Thomas Wolfe's Second Dark Helen: The Angst of 'I Have a Thing to Tell You,'" *Thomas Wolfe Review* 19, no. 1 (1995): 1-9.
- ¹⁶ An excellent examination of this story is James W. Clark Jr., "Getting Dick Prosser Right," *Thomas Wolfe Review* 20, no. 2 (1996): 21-31.
- ¹⁷ A thoughtful, scholarly article suggesting that "the albatross of racism" enabled Wolfe to write "so authentically and powerfully about racism in America" is George Hovis, "Racism Revisited: A Response to Robert H. Brinkmeyer Jr.," *Thomas Wolfe Review* 34 (2010): 87-100.
- ¹⁸ A recent examination of this author/editor relationship is Joseph Bentz, "Who Are You Calling a Genius? Reconsidering the Wolfe/Perkins Relationship," *Thomas Wolfe Review* 40 (2016): 23-40.
- ¹⁹ Thomas Wolfe, "To Hamilton Basso," June 24, 1936, *Wolfe Letters*, 532.
- ²⁰ Thomas Wolfe, "To Jonathan Daniels," October 23, 1936, *ibid.*, 552. Original in Jonathan Daniels Papers, #3466, Southern Historical Collection, Wilson Library, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.
- ²¹ *Ibid.*, 553.
- ²² Copies of these letters and other materials related to the 1936 meeting of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association are housed in a box titled "General Correspondence, 1936-1938" in Records of the Literary and Historical Association, North Carolina State Archives, Raleigh, N.C.
- ²³ Thomas Wolfe, "To William T. Polk," December 2, 1936, *Wolfe Letters*, 562.
- ²⁴ *News and Observer*, December 4, 1936.

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- ²⁵ For additional information, see Elizabeth Evans, "Thomas Wolfe's 1937 Visits South: You Can Go Home Again," *Thomas Wolfe Review* 8, no. 2 (1984): 36-48.
- ²⁶ Thomas Wolfe, "To Thea Voelcker," December 15, 1936, *Wolfe Letters*, 564-565.
- ²⁷ Thomas Wolfe, "To Marjorie C. Fairbanks," December 24, 1936, *ibid.*
- ²⁸ Elizabeth Nowell, *Thomas Wolfe: A Biography* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1960), 370.
- ²⁹ *Thomas Wolfe's Purdue Speech: "Writing and Living"* was published first in 1964, edited by William Braswell and Leslie Field (Purdue University Studies). In 1983 both *The Story of a Novel* and *Writing and Living* were published as *The Autobiography of an American Novelist: Thomas Wolfe*, edited by Leslie Field.
- ³⁰ For articles by physicians about Wolfe's final illness and death, see Frank C. Wilson, M.D., "In Search of the Tubercle Bacillus: The Death of Thomas Wolfe," *Mosaic: An Interdisciplinary Critical Journal* 20, no. 3 (1987): 57-63; and S. Robert Lathan, M.D., "Thomas Wolfe: Chapel Hill Days and Death from Tuberculosis," *Proceedings of the Baylor University Medical Center* 25, no. 4 (2012): 334-337.
- ³¹ Wolfe apparently first heard "you can't go home again" from Ella Winter, journalist, activist, and widow of Lincoln Steffens. Winter notes the occasion in *And Not to Yield: An Autobiography*. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1963), 176. See also David Donald, *Look Homeward*, 434-435.
- ³² Thomas Wolfe, "To Elizabeth Nowell," May 3, 1938, *Beyond Love and Loyalty: The Letters of Thomas Wolfe and Elizabeth Nowell; Together with "No More Rivers": A Story by Thomas Wolfe*, ed. Richard S. Kennedy (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1983), 105.
- ³³ Thomas Wolfe, "To Freda Kirchwey," May 12, 1938. Wolfe, Thomas, 1900-1938. Correspondence, 1938. Nation Records. Series I. General Correspondence. Sub-Series W. Item identifier: MS Am 2302 (4835), Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. The author thanks Jacqueline Dean for bringing this letter to her attention.

Jan Hensley



Jan Hensley

Jan Hensley



Jan Hensley

Stephen Fletcher



TOP, left: *Abbie and Bill Dickinson* TOP, right: *Ted Teague, Elaine Westbrooks, Robert Anthony*
MIDDLE, left: *Bennett Cotten* MIDDLE, right: *Steven Cotten*
BOTTOM: *Jerry Cotten, Jane Hunter*



Jan Hensley



Jerry Cotten



Stephen Fletcher



Stephen Fletcher



Stephen Fletcher

TOP: *Martin Brinkley*
MIDDLE, left: *Claudia and Joe Templeton* MIDDLE, right: *Robert Anthony*
BOTTOM: *Ann Henley; Steven Cotten*

Introductory Remarks

MARTIN H. BRINKLEY

At this point in our program, it is traditional to say something about the North Caroliniana Society. So I will say two sentences: Our passion is North Carolina and our motto is “Substance, not Show.” This means that we do rather than talk about doing, and we seek service rather than publicity. For example, we did not seek publicity for this event, because we wanted it to be held in the presence of Alice and Jerry Cotten’s family and close friends.

Not all of you heard Alice and Jerry’s remarks this afternoon, but there’s no need to ask for copies, because they, along with the full proceedings of this meeting, will be published later this year in our *North Caroliniana Imprints* series, a complimentary copy of which will go to you in the mail. For that reason, in choosing our speakers, we try to think of persons who have unique perspectives on our award recipient and who can put into the public record (for that is what the *Imprints* will do) some aspects of the recipient’s life that may otherwise go unrecorded. For Alice and Jerry Cotten, that is a challenge, but we are up to it.

I would particularly like to welcome Elaine Westbrooks, vice-provost of University Libraries and university librarian, and directors of University Libraries, and Maria Estorino, director of the Louis Round Wilson Library and associate university librarian for special collections, who are joining us as guests this evening.

JOSEPH AND CLAUDIA TEMPLETON

Joe and Claudia Templeton have been friends of the Cottens for nearly forty years. Joe joined the chemistry department faculty at UNC in 1976, bringing the Templetons to Chapel Hill from their native Iowa. The couples met at Binkley Baptist Church, where in the early 1980s both became part of a “parenting class” potluck group that still meets to this day. Their sons became fast friends and partners in crime as well.

ROBERT G. ANTHONY JR.

Robert G. (Bob) Anthony Jr. is curator of the North Carolina Collection at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill library, a position he has held since July 1994; and since 2009 he has also been director of the North Carolina Digital Heritage Center. Prior to joining the staff of the University Library, he held positions at the North Carolina Division of Archives and History. From 1985 to 1986, he was manager of the Carolina Room at the public library of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County. He holds the B.A. degree in history from Wake Forest University and the master’s of library science from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

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Anthony is coauthor of *Fifty Splendid Summers*, a brief, informal history of the North Carolina Writers Conference, and articles on Thomas Wolfe, North Carolina maps, and Tar Heel library history. He is also a contributor to the *Dictionary of North Carolina Biography*, *Encyclopedia of North Carolina*, and *Southern Writers: A Biographical Dictionary*. For more than thirty years, he has compiled or co-compiled the *North Carolina Bibliography*, an annual listing of newly published books that appears in the *North Carolina Historical Review*.

He has served as president of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association and the Historical Society of North Carolina.

In 1997, Bob Anthony received the Distinguished Alumnus Award from the School of Information and Library Science of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. In 2014, he was honored by the North Carolina Writers Conference for his contributions in support of the state's literary arts community. In 2016, the Thomas Wolfe Society presented him its Citation of Merit for "his significant furthering of the literary heritage of Thomas Wolfe by facilitating research and publishing and through faithful stewardship of Wolfe archives." Also in 2016, he was recognized as "Tar Heel of the Week" by the *Raleigh News and Observer*. Last month (April), he received the C. Knox Massey Distinguished Service Award from the university.

ANN HENLEY

Ann Henley received a Ph.D. from the University of Alabama and taught in North Carolina State University's English department for more than two decades. She is the editor of *Southern Souvenirs: Selected Short Stories and Essays of Sara Haardt* and author of articles on a number of women writers, including Haardt, Virginia Woolf, and playwright Margaret Edson. A Mississippi native, Ann lives in Chapel Hill, where she has served on the Inter-Faith Council Board of Directors and the vestry of the Chapel of the Cross. Thanks to the Chapel of the Cross, she has come to know and treasure Alice and Jerry Cotten as fellow travelers, bibliophiles, and ardent samplers of fine (and sometimes not-so-fine) food and drink.

STEVEN COTTEN

Steven Cotten is the son of Jerry and Alice Cotten. He grew up in Chapel Hill and has an undergraduate degree in botany and biochemistry from N.C. State University and a Ph.D. in pharmaceutical sciences from UNC-Chapel Hill. After completing a fellowship in clinical chemistry at UNC, Steve worked at the Ohio State University's Wexner Medical Center as director of chemistry, immunology, toxicology, and point of care testing. He is currently assistant professor of pathology and laboratory medicine at UNC, with special expertise in neonatal toxicology testing. Steve lives near Pittsboro with his partner James Eaton and their dog Boone. When not working, Steve enjoys gardening, antique hunting, and exploring North Carolina.

A Conversation About Jerry and Alice Cotten

JOE AND CLAUDIA TEMPLETON

[Editor's note: *Joe and Claudia Templeton, friends of the Cottens for more than thirty-five years, were out of the country and unable to be present on May 15. Ted Pratt, another friend of the Cottens' and a videographer, recorded the Templetons on their porch reminiscing about Jerry and Alice. This is the text of the Templeton video played on the evening of May 15.*]

Claudia: Did you see the beautiful invitation we received to the event honoring Jerry and Alice? They are the 2019 North Caroliniana Society awardees. What a wonderful and well-deserved recognition of their continuous contributions to our big, bold, bountiful state of North Carolina. They are in mighty distinguished company, and I wish we could be there.

Joe: Let me see. . . . Well, that picture confirms what I have long thought. Alice is a real knockout. What she sees in Jerry remains a mystery to me.

Claudia: Joe, Jerry has many admirable attributes to which you would do well to aspire.

Joe: OK, big talker, then just name two examples of “admirable attributes” you see in Jerry.

Claudia: Well, just think how long we have known them and been friends. What? Over thirty-five years! Most obvious to me is how capable but understated they both are. So, above all I would say accomplished and modest. Do you want more?

Joe: Yes, yes, I do.

Claudia: How about incisive and succinct? They are both scholarly and well read. I can't count the number of emails I've received from Alice with a link to an article in the *New York Times*. But, lest that makes it sound like they are stuffy, how about witty and droll?

Joe: OK, OK. I see your point. Let me word the question differently so the list of answers is not endless. Is it possible to imagine a “new and improved” Jerry and Alice?

Claudia: Wouldn't it be great if they would toot their own horn more! They are both superb role models for quiet competence and unassuming accomplishments.

Joe: I suppose you have an example for that too.

Claudia: For sure. Did you notice that Jerry took the photo on this invitation? And not only that, he doesn't profit from his photography skills. He has volunteered to take photos of new members of his church and be photographer on mission trips

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to Honduras. He could compete with Bayard Wootten if she were alive today! Plus, they are both connoisseurs of art and wine, in case you didn't know. And, surely you can recall some examples of Jerry's acute sense of humor, Joe. What about that time when you all played "Dictionary"?

Joe: Is that the game where you open any page in the dictionary, pick an obscure word, and then everyone either makes up a definition to share, hoping to fool all the other players, or writes down the correct definition to get extra points?

Claudia: That's the one.

Joe: Oh, yes. Jerry excels in that game. I recall when someone opened to the Ts and chose the word *thurifer*, t-h-u-r-i-f-e-r. You just knew given Jerry's life in the library, his decades of religious study, and his familiarity with religious rituals, he was simply going to write down the correct definition of *thurifer* and score lots of points.

Claudia: Did he?

Joe: Of course he did. I recall him lifting up his 3x5 note card and reading aloud, "thurifer, t-h-u-r-i-f-e-r: a long road with no stop signs."

Claudia: Be serious.

Joe: OK. OK. I did call over to Wilson Library to find out what Alice and Jerry actually did over there just in case we want to mention some of their professional activities. I don't think Bob Anthony can recall that far back.

Claudia: What did you find out?

Joe: Alice was perfectly suited for her role as the North Carolina Connection. I bet she got to travel all over the state, maybe even to Anson County. I'm sure she knows everybody from Thomas Wolfe to Bill Whichard.

Claudia: Joe, I think she worked in the North Carolina Collection. But in terms of connections, think about how many connections they both have around the state and the ones Jerry made all over the world back in the days when he was a ham radio operator.

Joe: You may be right. I had forgotten Jerry was a ham. But even more surprising, I was told Jerry was the photogenic anarchist. That really surprised me because he's not that good looking, and he has a penchant for careful organization.

Claudia: I believe he was the photographic archivist, Joe.

Joe: Maybe so. My guess is that Jerry and Alice were among the "keepers of the treasures of humanity" for the Old North State. I heard Bill Ferris use that memorable phrase recently.

Claudia: For sure. I think Alice must have nearly run the Thomas Wolfe Society, and Jerry's book *Light and Air* surely was a substantial contribution to the narrative of North Carolina women at the frontier of male-dominated professions. Did you know that this tribute to the photography of Bayard Wootten was recently republished?

Joe: I didn't really know what *Light and Air* was about, so I always assumed it was a description of Jerry and Alice. You know, one a lightweight, the other a breath of fresh air, sort of analogy. Or is that a simile?

Anyway, I think the picture of Jerry and Alice on page 113 is a great one.

Claudia: There is no "Jerry and Alice" picture in the book.

Joe: Well, it is abstract, but it represents Jerry and Alice perfectly. Do I have to draw you a picture? Jerry has always been a square, but he is slowly bending as he ages, and, as always, Alice is right there behind him, propping him up.

Claudia: You got that right. I bet Alice did plenty of editing for Jerry on that book given her keen attention to detail. Speaking of detail, maybe we should tell some potluck stories.

Joe: Do we have any memorable stories worth sharing from over three decades of monthly potluck meals with the Cottens and other longtime friends? I know Jerry tried, but he was never as funny as Jim or Pat or Tom.

OK, how about this potluck question? Who is the better cook, Alice or Jerry?

Claudia: Oh, that's a challenging question. I always love the hors d'oeuvres and salads that Alice prepares. But, it is hard to beat Jerry's pork roast.

Joe: My memories of outdoor meals at Mortimer Campground, back in the '80s, cause me to lean toward Jerry for entrees. Man, that guy can cook. He does all that sauce stuff, too. Maybe I'll think of Jerry as sauce, Alice as saucy.

Claudia: Do you think Steve and John and Paul stories would be appropriate? You know, because the Cottens were such wonderful parents, we trusted our three adolescent boys and let them babysit for each other once a month at one of our homes when we adults went off to potluck.

Joe: Well, the Cottens had a great sense of humor about some of the stunts that those three boys pulled during their evenings at Jerry and Alice's home. I recall one freezing winter's evening, while we adults were enjoying potluck dinner elsewhere, that trio of almost-teens ran an inch of water on the tile floor of the Cottens' screened porch where it quickly formed an ice rink. Who needs skates, when you've got socks? The Cottens' poor dog Lucy didn't stand a chance playing ice hockey with those Three Musketeers.

Claudia: And there is always the "moving" story with Steve as the lead actor. When they moved from Heritage Hills to Morgan Creek, I believe Steve was puzzled when the ironing board appeared for loading. He innocently asked his mom, "What is this?" Apparently, Alice didn't iron much back then.

Joe: Wasn't there another "moving" story? One about Jerry backing his car out of the dealership for trade-in because reverse was the only gear that worked?

Claudia: You got it! And, do you remember how Jerry 'moved' a snake from their front porch using a rake? In a single stroke, he tossed that serpent through the air out of harm's way. Too bad they had left their car window open. Bull's Eye! They are modest, but they have sometimes shared hilarious tales on themselves. Remind me, just what is our task?

Joe: We have been invited to present plaudits aplenty for this year's award recipients.

Claudia: I'm not sure we have either the skills or the knowledge to adequately do this.

Joe: I agree completely.

Claudia: Maybe, as proud of them as we are, we should just pass. *continued*

Our Power Couple

ROBERT G. ANTHONY JR.

Several months ago, when our honorees asked me if I would say a few words about them this evening, I immediately agreed. I could not imagine declining the honor. After all, I had the pleasure and privilege of personally working with each of them for more than two decades. I learned much from them and as the years have passed have come to value that experience more and more.

But, alas, what I did not learn from them was the skill to describe adequately them and their many contributions to the North Carolina Collection, to our special collections program in Wilson Library overall, and to the university and state communities of which they have been and continue to be dedicated, active citizens.

I wondered how I should approach my assignment, so like any cool, “with-it” librarian these days—I should pause here so my current colleagues can chuckle at that self-description—my first action was to turn to my smart phone for helpful information. Our honorees have had separate careers, each distinguished for notable personal accomplishments. But, because both of their careers, collectively numbering sixty years, were with the same department, the North Carolina Collection in Wilson Library at UNC-Chapel Hill, they are often referred to together as a couple. Jerry and Alice Cotten. Alice and Jerry Cotten.

So back to my phone—I decided to ask Siri for help. Siri, as every four-year old knows, is a “virtual assistant” connection on an iPhone by which you can use voice queries to seek information. So I put my phone in front of my face—like this—and said “Hey, Siri.” She responded, “Yes?” I then commanded, “Define *power couple*.” She quickly answered, “Power couple means a couple consisting of two people who are each influential or successful in their own right.”

Bingo! I had the solution to my problem, how to describe our honorees tonight. They are a model power couple that is receiving long-overdue recognition for their work. Now the historical record offers a good number of examples of power couples—Cleopatra and Marc Antony. Napoleon and the Empress Josephine. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Johnny Cash and June Carter. Bill Clinton and Hilary Rodham Clinton, of, if you prefer, Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis Reagan. Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow. I could go on. The above-mentioned couples were ones of achievement and fame. But, frankly, not everyone agrees on the quality and merit of their accomplishments. About our honorees this evening, Alice Robinson Cotten and Jerry Wayne Cotten, there is no debate. Each devoted their careers to meeting efficiently and graciously the research needs of the thousands of individuals who visited or contacted Wilson Library for assistance in studying the history, literature, public affairs, and visual record of North Carolina.

Now the historical record offers a good number of examples of power couples—Cleopatra and Marc Antony, Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, Johnny Cash and June Carter, Bill Clinton and Hilary Rodham Clinton, of, if you prefer, Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis Reagan, Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow. I could go on.

Alice and Jerry have also been active public-minded citizens of the Chapel Hill and university communities and of our state. But I am going to focus my remarks on their professional work with the University Libraries.

Jerry earned his undergraduate degree in history from North Carolina State University, and then enrolled in the graduate program in history at UNC-Greensboro, earning his master's degree in 1973. While in graduate school, he met the late Bill Powell, who offered him a reference position in the North Carolina Collection. He accepted. In addition to assisting researchers, compiling indexes, and organizing clippings files, Jerry took an interest in the small, unorganized but important collection of photographs that had accumulated over the years.

This was during a time when staff in Wilson Library microfilmed newspapers and other materials for preservation and access purposes, provided photocopying services, and made photographic prints for researchers. But the quality and efficiency of these services did not meet the library's nor researchers' needs. In 1980, H. G. Jones, then curator of the North Carolina Collection, volunteered to assume administrative responsibility for this work—on the condition that the services be consolidated into a department to be known as the Photographic Services Section with Jerry Cotten as supervisor. The catch was that there was not state money for all the positions needed to do the work. Jerry and his staff would have to generate enough profit from services to pay several salaries. Jerry accepted this challenge and met it. This was not easy.

In the department's peak years, the work included annual production of more than a half-million catalog cards for UNC-Chapel Hill and twenty-six other institutions from around the state; 375,000 microfilm images; 5,000 photographic prints, negatives, and slides; more than a half-million quick photocopies; and other reproduction work. By 1984-1985, Jerry was responsible for ensuring that his department generated enough revenue to cover the salaries and benefits of three full-time positions, including his own, plus the cost of all equipment and supplies. I am unaware of any other colleague, certainly in my time with the University Libraries, having that level of revenue generation responsibility.

During this time, Jerry retained his responsibility for and keen interest in the photographic archives of the North Carolina Collection. He was, frankly, frustrated that he had too little time to build the archives and develop appropriate access to these invaluable resources. Nevertheless, he regularly sought opportunities to

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increase his knowledge of photography and his skills as an archivist. In 1988, the Society of American Archivists granted him formal archival certification in the first year of accreditation of individuals by that organization. He was a frequent lecturer about photography in general and the North Carolina Collection's photographic archives specifically to local and state historical societies and at professional conferences, something he has continued to do in retirement. Despite limited time do so he nevertheless did grow the archives, from around 10,000 images in 1972 to more than 300,000 when he retired in 2002.

Jerry's work with photographs, I think he will agree, led to one of the most significant events in his life—the development of a multi-year, intense, and passionate relationship with a second woman. Now Alice and Jerry are a modern couple and are open about this—Jerry's involvement with photographer Bayard Wootten. He admits that in 1972 when he saw his first photograph of Wootten—well, more precisely by Wootten—he was intrigued. A subsequent discovery of several envelopes of prints by her, quoting him now, “aroused more than my passing interest.” He soon learned of the existence locally of 94,000 of her negatives and facilitated their acquisition by the North Carolina Collection. A few years later, he secured from her niece another important gift of Wootten's photographs. More additions followed, in 1986, 1995, and 1996.

Having focused his archivist skills on first preserving and making accessible Wootten's work, Jerry next sought to make it better known to scholars and the general public. He developed slide shows and several exhibits about her and her more than fifty-year career as a professional photographer, sharing his appreciation of her talent and contributions to the visual record of North Carolina with dozens of societies and organizations. In 1998, he published *Light and Air: The Photography of Bayard Wootten* with the University of North Carolina Press. The book received the Mary Ellen LoPresti Award from the Art Libraries Society of North America, Southeast Chapter. In 2017, UNC Press issued a new, revised printing of the book.

Jerry's successful collecting of Wootten's photographs illustrated well how he developed and nurtured relationships with individuals with materials and resources important to the work of the Library. His dedication to and passion for photographic archiving were obvious to all with whom he engaged. They recognized and respected his skills and trusted him. When Stephen Fletcher, Jerry's successor as photographic archivist, and I, arranged for the late Hugh Morton to have dinner with us to formulate plans for the placement of his photographs with us, we were pleased and relieved when Jerry, long retired, said he could join us for our dinner and conversation.

Durwood Barbour of Raleigh, a major collector of picture postcards, would frequently attend public events in Wilson Library, usually with an exciting new acquisition in his pocket to show Jerry. Each time Jerry would admire the card and then gently remind Durwood that the North Carolina Collection would be the most appropriate place for his collection if and when he decided he could

no longer care for it. Even after he retired, Jerry continued to cultivate Durwood, helping me develop a relationship with Durwood that resulted in our acquiring the Durwood Barbour Collection of 7,833 postcards in 2003.

Jerry started our photographic archives and nurtured it for the first thirty years, applying professional standards in preservation and description and helping us earn a reputation for quality reference service. For those of us today who have responsibility for acquiring and preserving the visual record of the Tar Heel State, Jerry left us with a wonderful foundation on which to build. From those first 10,000 or so poorly organized prints and negatives, the North Carolina Collection photographic archives today holds 4.1 million images

Now for the other half of our power couple.

Alice Cotten earned her undergraduate degree at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, and then enrolled in the graduate program in history at Chapel Hill, receiving the M.A. degree in 1974. While still in the graduate program, she accepted a library assistant position in the North Carolina Collection in 1973. Several years later she was appointed reference historian, serving in that capacity until her retirement in late 2002.

She was a busy woman from the first day. By the time I began work as a graduate student assistant in the North Carolina Collection in 1979 under Alice's direction, she was already one of the most engaged members of the library staff. I'm exaggerating a bit, but it did seem like she was asked to serve on at least half of the library's internal committees and task forces. But her personal priority and passion were always for providing high quality service to researchers. She clearly enjoyed helping them find information, regardless of how obscure or difficult the topic. She was excellent, always patient, and courteous in "negotiating the question"—clarifying with the researcher what specific information or material is needed. Her sister, Bonnie, who is with us tonight, reminded me a few minutes ago of an excellent example of Alice's skill at negotiating the question. Several years ago Alice had surgery in UNC Hospitals. After she had regained consciousness, the attending physician, wanting to ascertain Alice's level of awareness, asked her, "Can you tell me the name of the president?" Alice responded with her own question—"Of the United States or the university?"

The acknowledgments by authors in many a North Caroliniana book include testimonials to how valuable Alice Cotten was to researchers during her thirty years as a librarian. For example, several years ago, the author of a history of the Carolina Inn wrote of Alice and our other honoree this evening, "Many thanks to Alice Cotten and Jerry Cotten, who seem to know where everything ever produced about this institution is hidden." I will not hazard to suggest how many times other staff members, including me, especially me, faced with a question or request we didn't know how to answer, would say, "Let me check with Alice on that."

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Alice served the libraries and university communities in too many ways for me to enumerate them all this evening. They included chairing the UNC-Chapel Hill professional librarians association and the task force on the reopening of Wilson Library after major renovations in the mid-1980s—illustrations of the respect her colleagues had for her. She was an active member of state and national associations of librarians, including chairing the North Carolina Chapter of the Special Libraries Association and chairing the Museums, Arts, and Humanities Division of the national Special Libraries Association. For many years, she served as member of the editorial board and as book review editor of *North Carolina Libraries*, the quarterly journal of the North Carolina Library Association. In 2003, the Historical Society of North Carolina, a membership-by-invitation organization of leading academic and public historians, librarians, and archivists who specialize in North Caroliniana, elected her its president, only the sixth woman to be so honored in the then fifty-eight-year history of the association.

The Chapel Hill Historical Society, the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association, the North Caroliniana Society, and the Paul Green Foundation, are among the numerous other literary and cultural heritage organizations that have benefited over many years from her service and thoughtful engagement.

Since I've revealed and discussed in this public forum Jerry's long-term and passionate affair with Bayard Wootten, it seems only fair that I make you aware that Alice also succumbed to the charms of another. In her case, the relationship, which has lasted for four decades and shows no signs of losing intensity, has been with the author Thomas Wolfe. She was present shortly after admirers of the novelist formed the Thomas Wolfe Society, and her devotion to Tom has manifested itself in numerous ways over the years. Many have succumbed to the charms of Thomas Wolfe both during his lifetime and since his death in 1938. But few of his groupies have demonstrated their attraction to the man as much as Alice. She has served on just about every committee the Wolfe Society could create—board of directors, publications, local arrangements, awards. She has also documented her devotion to the man in multiple publications—spending hours transcribing his childish scrawl in three composition books he kept while a student at the North State Fitting School in Asheville from 1912 to 1915. The Wolfe Society published her transcriptions as its annual publication for 1990. She transcribed responses by legendary editor Maxwell Perkins to questions about Wolfe for the society's 1997 annual publication. In 2002, she coedited for publication by the society the essay by Wolfe, "What a Writer Reads." I could list other publications, lectures, and presentations about Wolfe by Alice Cotten. But I believe I have made my point—that this skilled, effective, universally admired reference librarian was and is also an excellent researcher, writer, and editor. Always patient and courteous with researchers and coworkers, even when they were not, even when their behavior and attitude would have tested the legendary patience of Job, Alice was consistently the model of the ultimate professional for her colleagues, like me, who have had the privilege to work with and learn from her.

I probably should stop here but feel I ought to comment on one rumor about Alice that's out there, one I personally cannot substantiate. If it is true, well, then I blame Thomas Wolfe. A longtime Wolfe Society member who I have never otherwise had reason to doubt has whispered to me about an incident that happened out of state, in Pennsylvania, during a meeting of the Wolfe Society at Gettysburg. It seems that after the majority of us conference attendees had retired for the evening, several of whom shall remain nameless had not. They apparently somehow persuaded—or more likely tricked—Alice in joining them in returning to the Gettysburg National Military Park—which was closed for the night—to revisit a monument or plaque or to see or do something that for some reason could not wait until the next morning. So off they went, eventually coming upon a small grassy ditch in an area swamplier than it appeared to be. My six-foot, two-inch tall source for this story had no trouble crossing the ditch and avoiding the muddy bank. But he says he remembers that Alice, at five-foot-four or so miscalculated and stepped into some grass-covered goo. Her foot sank a few inches and when she tried to pull it out her foot came up but her shoe did not. What my source remembers so vividly to this day is that Alice was slightly bothered by this. To quote him, “And you know what that means for Alice. Yes, she frowned. And—as I think I recall—there might have been a hint of an irritated sigh.”

Now let me reemphasize that I was not a member of this party of miscreants, so I cannot verify the accuracy of the story. And, even if it is true, the incident occurred in Pennsylvania and involved a group under Thomas Wolfe intoxication. We should give Alice a pass on frowning and sighing in slight irritation over this momentary interruption in her remarkable career of gracious service to research and scholarship.

So did she get her shoe back? Well, yes, she did, moments before this party of stumblebums, if you will, was caught. Nabbed. Spotted by one of the National Park Service's finest riding by in a patrol car. According to my source, one of the apprehended party, a Ph.D. holder who usually speaks with what has been described as a refined southern scholar style, resurrected his native western North Carolina mountain drawl and pled innocence and ignorance of the daylight-only park access rules. It worked. And the party returned to their rooms for the rest of the night and the final day of the Wolfe Society meeting.

All that was long ago, in 1996, in Pennsylvania. Tonight we are gathered here in Chapel Hill in North Carolina to honor Alice Cotten and Jerry Cotten with nary a frown or slight sigh of irritation amongst us--only smiles and applause and sincere gratitude for two people who richly deserve the North Caroliniana Society's Award for 2019.

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Remarks

ANN HENLEY

It's an honor to be a part of this special event and to be among so many distinguished North Carolinians—especially since I am an outlander, a Mississippian to be exact. I want, however, to make it clear that, though I'm not from here, I have excellent North Carolina credentials.

In the early eighteenth century, three Henley brothers settled in Orange County on what became known as Henley Mill Creek. Two of the brothers apparently prospered; they moved to Hillsborough and built houses. Two hundred years later, shortly after I moved to Chapel Hill, I took my father, then in his eighties, on a walking tour of Hillsborough. I pointed out the plot on the corner of Churton and Queen Streets that Darby Henley had owned. And walking a block or so down Queen Street, I said, "This is the lot that your great-great-ever-so-great-grandfather John owned." Whereupon my father turned to me and said, "Sister, I just want to know one thing: Why did those fools leave North Carolina and go to Mississippi!" It was a tough question and one I couldn't answer.

But it was my good fortune to reverse the migration pattern, to move to North Carolina and to experience the best of the Old North State by teaching in one of its great universities (being privileged to have as a colleague your distinguished president) and by having as treasured friends the finest of North Carolinians, tonight's honorees, Alice and Jerry Cotten.

Alice and Jerry have become such good friends that it's hard to remember when I didn't know them. Why I know them is easier: It's because of our involvement in various kinds of work with the Chapel of the Cross. And I'm pretty sure that I met Jerry first—in 2006 on the first of a number of mission trips members of Chapel of the Cross's Global Mission Committee (always including Jerry) would make—and continue to make—to Honduras.

Our Global Mission Committee worked with the Episcopal Diocese of Honduras to form a partner-parish relationship with a congregation in El Progreso, a large town in the brutally hot, humid Sula River Valley. In those first years, our mission teams worked at the church of San Patricio alongside parishioners building a new sanctuary. After working in town during the mornings, Jerry would be part of a caravan of rented taxis heading out to Agua Blanca, a mission San Patricio's vicar had established for campesinos—squatters, day laborers with no property, no civil rights, no social services. Though we try to work *with* our mission partners and never just give handouts, we often found ourselves, out of sheer necessity, distributing clothes left over from our ABC sale. One year we delivered rice and beans to these people who, chased out of one location, had settled into a camp they built themselves out of scrap lumber and bits of corrugated tin, and who, with no access to water, were

digging a well with little more than their bare hands.

More recently our group has been involved with La Esperanza de Jesus, a project of the Diocese of Honduras for abused and abandoned children. Our mission trips to La Esperanza typically begin with a visit to the state orphanage in San Pedro, an institution so appalling in its neglect of its charges that *Oliver Twist's* plight pales in comparison. We saw babies, three to a crib, sucking listlessly on bottles of milk propped on folded diapers; older children with developmental disabilities clad only in diapers and tethered to the wall with long cotton cords.

I say "we saw," but we continue to see, because of Jerry's remarkable photographs, all the squalor and desperation of Honduras as well as its occasional beauties. Jerry has said that one of the chief joys of those trips to Honduras is the opportunity they give him to do some of the best photography of his life. Those photographs, framed by his compassionate heart and focused by his artist's eye, are printed indelibly on our consciousness. You can see two of those photographs on the display. He took this in Las Joyas, a village near La Esperanza so remote that it's reached only on horseback or on foot and so impoverished that until the last couple of years its residents used one sluggish stream for drinking water and as a latrine. In this little girl's eyes you can see all the dignity and desperation that comprise Honduran existence and the reason they are willing, as Jerry says, to risk the cruelties that await them at our southern border rather than live lives of constant fear and deprivation.

In addition to being a faithful missionary, Jerry has contributed to global outreach at Chapel of the Cross by chairing our committee for several years. A kind of seat-of-the-pants operation when he took over, under Jerry's leadership it became a well-defined, focused entity with a charter and by-laws. We hosted the bishop of Honduras; we published a global mission brochure describing our work; and we organized a pilgrimage to our other primary project, the Kwasa School near Johannesburg, South Africa. Jerry has many leadership skills, chief among them what I call "preemptive capability," and what Jerry calls "looking for the problem that's coming." If you know Jerry, you know that no one is more expert than he in seeing a problem way off down the road—and no one more adept at taking strategic steps to avoid it.

However, one of the best things Jerry did for the Global Mission Committee was to recruit Alice. Alice had been active in local outreach at Chapel of the Cross for years, but good teammate that she is, she swapped local for global—and immediately became our invaluable secretary.

But that's only one of countless ways Alice has been involved at Chapel of the Cross. She's served on the vestry; she proofreads the Sunday bulletin every week; and each year she helps organize Cook's Corner at the ABC Sale. She and I have worked together, not just on global mission but also as discussion leaders for our women's Bible study. (Alice just did a fascinating analysis of the Jezebel narrative found in First and Second Kings. Wouldn't have thought to pair Alice with Jezebel, but it was her choice.) As Eucharistic Visitors, we take communion to parishioners no longer able to attend services, and as Lay Eucharistic Ministers, we assist priests as chalice-bearers

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during communion. Through the years I've noticed Alice in the Vesting Room before services, always reaching out to others—whether a visiting bishop or a nervous teenager about to be crucifer for the first time—with a warm welcoming smile and a question or two that tells them she is genuinely interested in them and genuinely glad they're with us.

Perhaps Alice's principal role in the parish is as one of the facilitators of the centering prayer group that has become a core component of the spiritual life of our parish. The initiative grew out of a Lenten Quiet Day and soon expanded to include not just members of Chapel of the Cross but also people from a wide range of faith traditions and some with no faith affiliation at all. Their regular Tuesday afternoon meetings centers around a long period of focused silent meditation. The sincerity and depth of Alice's devotional practice is so respected at Chapel of the Cross that, when we were short of priests a few months ago, the rector chose Alice to lay hands on parishioners who wished to receive a blessing during the Eucharist.

I want to make it clear, however, that the Holy Spirit isn't the only kind of spirit with which Alice is intimately acquainted. In fact, I'm confident that Alice is the only Lay Eucharistic Minister at Chapel of the Cross—or maybe anywhere—who gets calls from the folks at the ABC stores when they're stocking a liquor they know she likes.

Picture this: Alice walks into a bar. She settles herself at the bar and, while Jerry has a beer, engages the bartender in conversation. Training on him the same warm smile she uses for bishops and acolytes, she finds out that he's from Lenoir and has been tending bar here about five years. She asks what his current best cocktails are. She says, oh, she'd certainly like to try one, which one should it be? And after a taste, "Oh, I've never had anything quite so good. I'd love to know how to make this!" Alice walks *out* of the bar with a fistful of drink recipes, which she takes home and, choosing among her own ample supply of ryes and vodkas and gins and bourbons, concocts her own versions.

Alice and I are part of a very small group that began as "church ladies going to the beach" but quickly morphed from Bible study to book club to good friends taking occasional trips to all kinds of interesting places. Occasionally, we discuss a book we've read, but we always serve up cocktails. My daughter has named us—with attention both to our religious origins and to our more secular proclivity—the "Imbiblers."

One of the Imbiblers' favorite destinations is the Cottens' lovely Craftsman cottage outside Blowing Rock. Beside the cottage is a garden so typical of the North Carolina mountains that it seems to have sprung up naturally—until you notice the way a gardener's hand has twined the jasmine just so over the trellis or the way the day lilies have been placed so that their orange pops against the surrounding green and white. In this garden Alice and Jerry have followed the principle that animated Alexander Pope and the other great landscape gardeners of the 18th century—identifying and expressing the "genius loci," the spirit of the place.

To my mind, Alice and Jerry are North Carolina's "genii loci," the spirits of all

that is best about this state. And nowhere is that genius more apparent than in the many ways they serve the Chapel of the Cross: their steady devotional practices, their radical hospitality, their constant seeing and serving Christ in all people, and—whether in their literary pursuits, in relationships with friends and family, or in the creation of a lovely North Carolina garden—their always seeking the things that are true and lasting.

Remarks

STEVEN COTTEN

Normally when I give lectures they are work-related and scientific in nature, so talking about my parents is actually a refreshing change. I hope you will learn a little more about the two wonderful people we are celebrating tonight, but more importantly, I will get to tell some jokes at their expense.

What was it like growing up with Jerry and Alice Cotten as parents? I will try to distill it down into a single sentence: There were stacks of paper everywhere.

Any horizontal surface that isn't a toilet seat or stove was (and still is) covered with stacks of paper. There are stacks on the kitchen counter, stacks on the coffee table, stacks on both end tables beside their bed, stacks on the dining room table, even stacks on top of other stacks. To this day I'm not sure what color our kitchen counters are. I think they are probably a mix of yesterday's *New York Times*, *Southern Living* magazines, the *Thomas Wolfe Review*, publications from the North Carolina Archaeological Society, and hand-written grocery lists. For all practical purposes their house should be called the Wilson Library South Campus. The bookshelves are filled with copies of *Cabins in the Laurel*; *The Gift of the Magi*; *Look Homeward, Angel*; *Old Southern Apples*; *The Devils Tramping Ground*; *The History of the Outer Banks*; and some author named Lee Smith.

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But you know what was missing? How about some Nicholas Sparks? *The Notebook*? *Message in a Bottle*? *Nights in Rodanthe*? Nicholas Sparks has written twenty novels, most of which have been made into successful movies that have buoyed our local coastal economies through film and tourism. How many books have you written, Dad? Just one? Would it have been too mainstream to stock one

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David Sedaris book at your Wilson Library South Campus? Apparently so, but that is my parents, collecting and cataloging the unique, the obscure, the untold, the almost forgotten stories of North Carolina.

Tonight, I'd like to take the time to share with you a couple of the unique, the obscure, the untold, the almost forgotten stories of Alice and Jerry Cotten.

When I was younger, we had an orange tabby cat named Whiskers. She was not a particularly affectionate cat and had very, very, sharp claws. One time, my dad was sitting on the couch in our living room in Heritage Hills when Whiskers out of nowhere jumped up and scratched his arm. As I recall, my dad jumped up, grabbed the nearest thing, a candlestick, and hurled it down the hall at her. Whiskers remained unscathed and went on to scratch another day, but the situation seemed oddly familiar. It was Jerry Cotten, in the hallway, with the candlestick. For those of you who don't know this reference, this is how you win the board game *Clue*: a person, a place, and a murder weapon. We played this game every year at Wrightsville Beach, so I'm assuming he was just practicing for our next beach trip.

While we are on the topic of the beach, I'd like to tell you the story of why you should never get into a canoe with my mother. During one of our annual beach trips with my parents, aunt, and cousin to Wrightsville, we went to the Fort Fisher Aquarium. In addition to the aquarium exhibits, you can sign up for excursions around the surrounding marshes and beach to explore different marine habitats. That year we signed up for a canoe paddle through the salt marsh on the surrounding island. My mom and I were in a canoe together, along with the other family members who had paired off into their own canoes, creating a family flotilla as we set out to explore. The day was going well as we slowly meandered around the island, but things took a turn for the worst when a powerful thunderstorm swept up the coast. Given the liability, our guide recommended we head straight back to the dock and get out of the water. What started as a light drizzle quickly gave way to a torrential downpour. My mom and I, however, couldn't figure out how to paddle in a straight line to get back. Despite our best efforts and heavy paddling, the boat just zigzagged back and forth instead of going in a straight line. Was it the wind? Was it the tide rushing out of the inlet? Everyone else had made it back to shore, but we struggled to keep up as we continued to get soaked to the core. Eventually, after what seemed likely an eternity, we slowly zigzagged our way back. We were wet, and I was mad and perplexed. What did we do wrong? Later in life, on a different canoe trip, I came to the answer. If two people get into a canoe, the lighter person should always sit in the front, otherwise the boat will never go in a straight line when you paddle.

Most of you know my parents as either historians or archivists, but in fact they secretly were moonlighting second or third careers the entire time. In addition to working at the library and raising me in their spare time, they were also gardeners, chefs, bakers, and photographers, even architects. My dad found time to be a master gardener, turning our modest backyard in Heritage Hills into a delightful garden filled with flowers, shade loving plants, a tree house, a water feature, and one of the last additions I remember, sharp volcanic rocks to create a Japanese inspired section of

the yard. He also is a skilled photographer, evident by their gorgeous Christmas cards featuring pictures he has taken throughout the year. Every year is remarkable, but in 2001, my parents featured a picture my dad took of the New York City skyline. It was a shot of the cables of the Brooklyn Bridge cutting up at an angle in the foreground and the twin towers of the World Trade Center standing straight up like pillars in the background. The card even included a quotation from Thomas Wolfe. It was particularly timely and moving because the World Trade Center had collapsed just three months earlier. As a frame of reference, the Christmas card James and I sent last year included a picture of our cat sticking her head out of a cardboard box.

My parents both have a passion for food. They have not one, but two potluck groups that have met on a regular basis since at least the 1980s; one from Wilson Library, and one from Binkley Baptist Church in Chapel Hill. This was both exhilarating and exhausting as a kid. I ate very well as a child and got to see the homes of artists, chemists, physicians, and librarians across the Triangle and even sneaked in some cable TV while the adults ate fancy meals in the dining room.

My mom is certainly the baker in the family, and now she is also the bartender. These are two categories of things that require recipes, so it makes sense she excels at both. The great thing about recipes is that they need to be written down. Recipes are not just a list of ingredients and measurements; they are dynamic and emotional. Everyone is familiar with the Thanksgiving classic sweet potato casserole. My mom's recipe started off with the usual suspects: sweet potatoes, butter, white sugar, brown sugar, and vanilla topped with marshmallows. Through the years though, the recipe has been heavily edited and annotated with footnotes so now it resembles the first draft of a book that just got returned from the publisher with copyedits. The marshmallows were the first casualties. In its current draft, her sweet potato casserole recipe is stripped down to its essence, giving the star of the show, the sweet potato, center stage. The recipes in our house, particularly the baking recipes, are unique. When the card catalogs of Wilson Library began their long slow decline into antiquity, being replaced by databases and search engines, my mom discreetly took these cards home and repurposed them into recipe cards. If you were to pluck a recipe from one of the many stacks of paper on the kitchen counter, there is a high likelihood that on the back you will find an author, title, subject headings, and a call number from an item in Wilson Library. I'm pretty sure this amounts to destruction of North Carolina state property, but it will be our little secret.

You would think that when my parents retired they would stop contributing to the historical record; however, this has not been the case. Whenever my parents travel, my mother keeps a journal of the trip. Specifically, she documents every restaurant and every meal we have eaten that day when we return to the hotel for the night. She could tell you where we ate and what we had in Cinque Terre, Italy; Nova Scotia, Canada; London; or Mesa Verde, New Mexico, on any given Wednesday night.

For Christmas last year, my dad gave me a digitized version of an 8mm film he took at the Love Valley Rock Festival near Statesville, North Carolina, on July 16,

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1970. It might be considered the Woodstock of the South, with attendance of up to 200,000 people. To his knowledge, and to my knowledge, this is the only video in existence that is not of the stage. I had never even heard of this music festival, yet my dad had not only heard of it, he attended it, filmed it, and preserved it for future generations.

The items in Alice and Jerry Cotten's North Carolina collection are quite rare. Do you want the recipe for "Robert's Market Chocolate Pie" from Wrightsville Beach? It's only been published once, but they've got it. Do you want to know what the sunset looks like on Flat Top Mountain off of the Blue Ridge Parkway in the spring, summer, or fall? They've got photographs. What about a receipt of sale for Royal Crown Pottery? It was the work of a small ephemeral North Carolina studio dating from around 1940, the small, torn piece of paper found tucked inside the wall of the Merry Oaks Post Office when the building was being moved. They've got it.

In the year 1900 there was a total solar eclipse whose path of totality passed directly over North Carolina. Scientists had determined the best place to view the eclipse in North America was Wadesboro, North Carolina. Both Princeton and the Smithsonian sent teams of researchers there to document the eclipse. The Wikipedia page for the 1900 eclipse mentions the trip to North Carolina and includes a map of the path of totality; but my parents, through luck and possibly deceptive southern charm, have come into possession of copies of all of the pictures taken during the scientists' trips down to Wadesboro at the turn of the century. The pictures were obtained during a vacation to Princeton where they befriended another librarian working at the library where images were stored. The photos are quite remarkable and would make an excellent addition to a dissertation for any graduate student in North Carolina history.

I'll end with this final thought. The archives of Alice and Jerry Cotten are a treasure trove of North Carolina—past and present. My mom's ancestors immigrated to the U.S. through Savannah in 1823 and eventually settled in Anson County, North Carolina. My dad's side of the family has resided in Chatham County since the first U.S. Census in 1790. Both of them have dedicated their lives to preserving and documenting what they love about this beautiful state we call home. Some of the items in their collection are known, and others are still waiting to be discovered, hidden beneath stacks of paper.

Closing Remarks

JERRY COTTEN

Before we depart for the evening, I would like to take five minutes to share with you some thoughts about the North Carolina Collection and a few of the people who passed through its doors while we were there.

I first came to the collection as a researcher in 1971. Like no other place on campus, it had an inviting presence with its leather chairs, Chippendale-style furnishings, chandeliers, and unrivaled holdings that illuminated the history, literature, and culture of an entire state. Books, pamphlets, maps, newspapers, broadsides, and photographs were all there along with a staff familiar with the vast holdings. It was an appropriate setting in which to study literary treasures handed down through the ages. Now more than a century old as a department, it has been one of the University of North Carolina's ambassadors to the people of the state. For decades it has been an incubator providing intellectual nourishment to countless researchers interested in North Carolina's historical and cultural life.

The people served, whether from across the room or across the world, were a palette as varied as the materials on the shelves. I remember the day Col. Paul Rockwell came in from Asheville. Before the U.S. entered World War I, he and his brother Kiffin joined the French Foreign Legion and later were combat pilots with the Lafayette Escadrille. Kiffin was the first American in that group to shoot down an enemy plane, but he did not make it home to Buncombe County and is buried in France. Paul was dedicated to preserving his brother's memory and gave us wartime photographs.

Civil rights icon Pauli Murray, a crusader against racial and gender discrimination and a friend of Eleanor Roosevelt's, was also the first African American woman ordained a priest in the Episcopal church. She came in to donate a photograph, giving it to the institution that in the 1930s had denied her admission as a student because of the color of her skin.

Students employed part-time in the collection went on to careers near and far, ranging from Archives and History in Raleigh to the U.S. Embassy in Australia. During our years at the collection, two of our student employees died, ages twenty and twenty-one. Sometimes life is indiscriminate and unfair, but it is always precious. I will remember Harry Etheridge from Wilson and Jamie Batten from Wendell.

Beginning with Mary Lindsay Thornton in 1917, the North Carolina Collection has had four curators. I was fortunate to work for three of these Bill Powell, H. G. Jones, and Bob Anthony. Each had a unique set of talents and deep roots within the state. They set examples for others by their scholarship and personal involvement with cultural organizations locally and statewide that made friends for the North Carolina Collection and the library far beyond the UNC campus.

I worked under Dr. Jones for twenty years, and his passing last fall at the age of ninety-four left a void that many of us feel. He worked like a man with little time and much to do. North Carolina was his significant other. We were at his house one night, and he started talking about all the UNC students that came jogging through his neighborhood each day. Then with a note of sadness in his voice, he expressed regret that there was no way to harness all that wasted energy. The parents of one of the students who died came to the North Carolina Collection to see the place

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where their son had worked. I did not envy H. G. Jones that day, but I admired him more than he ever knew. He possessed that thing we call vision and a willingness to move great obstacles in its pursuit. He was a resourceful administrator and prolific author, but his most enduring creation is, I believe, the North Caroliniana Society. He cultivated the friendship and influence of those who might share his passion for the Old North State and in turn for the society. As its resources have grown since its founding in 1975, so has its impact upon the study and understanding of North Carolina's heritage. A part of this has been its steadfast support of the library's North Carolina Collection. With a history stretching back to the nineteenth century and a legacy built on generations of supporters, the words "North Carolina Collection" mean something in our state. It was a rewarding place to work and a chance for us and many others to contribute to something much greater than ourselves.

Closing Remarks

ALICE COTTEN

As the New Zealand Prayer Book says, "It is night after a long day. What has been done has been done; what has not been done has not been done; let it be."

It has indeed been a long day! Jerry and I are grateful to each of you for your presence, and to the North Caroliniana Society for this award. Like many of life's most valuable gifts, this one was neither earned nor deserved. We accept it with humility and gratitude, knowing that throughout our careers we received much more than we gave: An opportunity to work with materials documenting the history and culture of this state we have always called home; the privilege of working with colleagues and students who were not only bright and creative but who also became friends; the satisfaction of meeting researchers and helping them connect with materials they needed; and the joy of working at an institution that we truly believed was a light on the hill. It was a wonderful experience, and it would be hard, or impossible, for us to imagine careers we could have enjoyed more.

We want to express appreciation to the North Caroliniana Society for this award and for its support of North Carolina history by providing financial resources to institutions, scholars, and teachers who collect, preserve, write about, and teach an evolving history of our state. We are also grateful to colleagues and researchers with whom we worked; to our families, especially our son, Steve; to those who spoke this evening; and to all of you who have honored us by being here. Thank you.

Ted Pratt



Ted Pratt



Stephen Fletcher

TOP: Jerry Cotten, Jim Clark, Alice Cotten
 BOTTOM, left: Alice Cotten BOTTOM, right: Jerry Cotten



Photos by Jan Hensley

TOP: Jeff Miles, Dannye Romine Powell, Ansley Wegner
 MIDDLE, left: Jeff Sumpter, Gudrun Thompson
 MIDDLE, right: Christine Flora, Diane Taylor, Joe Flora
 BOTTOM, left to right: Gretchen Jordan, Alison Barnett, Donna Cornick

Presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Book Award

DANNYE ROMINE POWELL

Each year since 2003, the North Caroliniana Society has presented an award for the book published during the previous year “that captures the essence of North Carolina by contributing powerfully to an understanding of the state.” Competition for this award is always keen, and this year was no exception.

The selection committee, David Bruton, Jeff Crow, and I, met on April 1 this year at “Someday Farm” near Carthage, the lovely home of David and Frieda Bruton. Joining us this year for David’s “country cooking,” were Caroliniana president Jim Clark and my husband Lew Powell. This year I snapped a photo of my overloaded plate—collard greens, pork chops, and fritters so crisp they sang. To top it off, Frieda served us her delicious homemade pound cake with fresh strawberries.

It’s a wonder David, Jeff, and I were able to reach a decision, but we did. We concluded that the book we chose not only “captures the essence of North Carolina” but that it also would be as relevant to readers in thirty–even fifty–years as it is today. And that it would appeal to all ages, including my fourth-grade grandson.

This year’s winner, published in 2018 by the North Carolina Office of Archives and History, is *This Day in North Carolina* by Ansley Herring Wegner with Jeff Miles.

The book is handsome, inside and out, a showpiece for the coffee table. But by no means is this book merely for show. This 378-page wonder is packed with information about North Carolina, “matching people, place, and events with days of the years.”

You will learn, for example, that on July 2, 1935, the state’s first ABC store opened in Wilson, selling 825 bottles of liquor at a total cost of \$1,003. You’ll also learn that on July 6, 1935, two ostriches raced down Brevard’s main street, each ridden by a young woman without “bridles, saddles, or any other equipment.”

The authors did not omit the sad notes. On October 14, 1965, poet Randall Jarrell was “struck and killed by a car while walking at dusk along the side of NC 54 Bypass in Chapel Hill.” And on March 10, 1948, flapper Zelda Fitzgerald, wife of F. Scott Fitzgerald, died in the fire that consumed Highland Hospital in Asheville.

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The authors also introduce people I hadn't known. Lunsford Lane, for example, born into slavery in 1803. His owner, Raleigh banker Sherwood Haywood, recognized Lane's intelligence and encouraged his "talent for business." By 1835, he was able to purchase his freedom, but in 1839, when he returned for his family, he was arrested for entering the state as a free black. Returning again in 1842, he was arrested for being an abolitionist. Eventually, Lane succeeded in freeing his mother, his wife, and seven children. The family moved to Massachusetts where he spent the rest of his life working and lecturing on abolition.

The authors have given us a whole world in these pages. The man whose body stayed in a funeral home in Laurinburg for sixty-one years. The grave in Surry County that holds the bodies of Chang and Eng, who searched for years for a doctor who could separate them where they were joined at the hip. And a whole cast of luminaries: Ava Gardner, Choo-Choo Justice, Michael Jordan, Randolph Scott, William Friday, Ronnie Millsaps, Andy Griffith. I could go on and on.

Congratulations, Ansley and Jeff. You have given us a gorgeous book that will entertain, educate, and surprise its readers for years to come.

North Caroliniana Society Necrology since May 2018

JAMES W. CLARK JR.

- Marie Watters Colton
- Joe A. Hewitt
- John Douglas Helms
- C. D. Spangler Jr.
- Phail Wynn Jr.
- H. G. Jones



Photos by Jan Hensley

FIRST ROW, left: James Clark, Jordan Jenkins, Virginia Powell

FIRST ROW, right: Douglas Dibbert, Don Curtis

SECOND ROW, left: Dana and Scott Lacy SECOND ROW, right: Jim and Melinda Wilde

THIRD ROW, left: John Blythe, Ronnie Morgan, John Mack (?????? ONE EXTRA GUY???)

THIRD ROW, right: Joe Ferrell, Emilie Patton de Luca

FOURTH ROW, left: Ellen and David McDonald FOURTH ROW, right: Peggy and Ted Pratt



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