

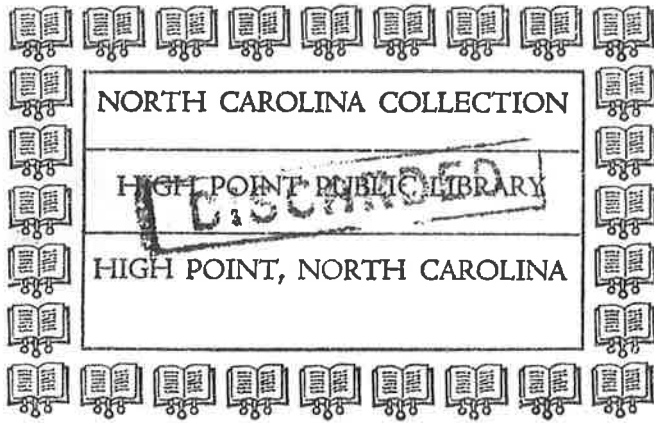
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JAYHAWKING
over the
STATE RECORDS
MICROFILM PROJECT

A layman's attempt (in rough)
at a psychological interpretation

WILLIAM SUMNER JENKINS

Chapel Hill, 1952



NORTH CAROLINA COLLECTION

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On Christmas the fancy carries one back to his parental hearth, the rallying-place of primordial affections and impulses and the repository of the endearing mementoes of childhood; and he can recall the primal influences which shaped the course of his life and he returns to live again through the scenes of his yore.

In the autobiographical sketch of my first diary is written:

I was born May 17, 1902, in a brown house on East Main Street, about one-fifth of a mile from the Court House in Lincolnton, North Carolina. . . . The first thing I remember is when Hugh was born in 1904, I being two and one-half years old.

Our Christmases were always delightful, and we children always had an abundance of toys and things to eat. We would get up early every Christmas morning, and we always had a Christmas tree from the year I was born until part of the boys went away from home. I always liked for Christmas to come around, and ever since I can remember, have looked forward to it and have saved money to buy presents.

I have on the desk before me Edward Everett Hale's The Man Without a Country, from Father, Christmas, 1904. Over it hangs the daguerreotype of Grandma, and I can see the little old lady now in her lounging wrapper, sitting in her rocking chair in the back bed room as she read it to me once long ago. I attribute my acquisitive zeal for collecting books to the verse on the bookplate of The Man Without a Country:

If this is borrowed by a friend
 Right welcome shall he be
 To read, to study, not to lend
 But to return to me.
 Not that imparted knowledge doth
 Diminish learning's store
 But books I find often lent
 Return to me no more.

The diary records that on:

Christmas, 1907, Mr. Allen gave us boys a little black half-pug dog named Dandy. He was the only pet we ever had, and he really seemed one of us. He was smart and knew lots of tricks and rarely ever got sick. He was lying by the curb in front of the house one Saturday night when they were having a big supper for the soldiers on the Court Square, and an auto came along and ran over him. Father, Hugh and I, with the aid of some friends, chloroformed him, and the next morning we buried him on the back lot under the Persimmon tree.

Ah! the picture of little Dandy peacefully curled up, with Blair and me in new shoes and stockings bought with blackberry money, and blue knickerbockers and white Sunday shirtwaists made by Mother, me sporting my pride red knit necktie, and little Hugh barefooted and no tie, all sitting on the banister of the west porch of St. Luke's. The scenes that picture brings back -- Dandy chasing snakes away at blackberry picking time; or trailing along behind as I delivered the Charlotte Chronicle by Mr. McKee's Candy Kitchen, in the slush of a melting snow in the early winter night, feet wet with lessons to get, and back to school the next morning, but happy.

One surely must be born with a love of history in him to have the impulse for historical research, but I am positive that my concept of historiography developed from Father's influence. For like patriotism, one of the noblest of the impulses of societal man, (even though Dr. Johnson did say it became "the last resort of every scoundrel"), which has its roots in one's native community soil, historiography, the most fundamental of the social sciences, is nurtured by projecting native incidents and associating them with events found in new situations. Thus the body of historiography grows and develops as the study of the indigenous experiences of a locality is extended into wider areas and the results are compared with the results of studies of situations made in foreign communities. As the diary relates:

From the earliest date I always wanted to be like my father. I wanted a bald head like he had, but not now, for I am afraid I won't have any too much hair anyway. I have always liked to hear the stories my father tells of the old town and of his travel experiences, and I think I shall write some of them some day.

Father knew the traditionary lore of our community and he could weigh the apocryphal and separate it from the authentic as probative evidence for a valid conclusion, whether the matter under discussion related to Biblical exegesis or profane hermeneutics. Clark's Commentaries on the Bible was his stand-by for supporting an argument with the theologian. But I recall him best in the evenings sitting around the open fire, before the massive brass andirons which he proudly kept polished, reading to us the continued stories in the Youth's Companion. He was equally proud of the fact that his subscription to the Companion had continued unbroken since 1872, when he was ten years old. It was from listening to the stories in the Youth's Companion about the Indians and life on the Frontier that I found an early interest in the history of the West.

The influence of Mother, with her penetrating and understanding deep brown eyes, was more vicarious than the extrovert influence of Father. Her influence came by way of her caned deck chair. Lounging in her chair, I learned at an early date in life the meaning of reflective repose, and even of the indulgence of the mind's vision, and soon began to dream of the mansions I would build. And my interest in history rapidly developed with the reading of Green's Short History of the English People and John Esten Cooke's Robert E. Lee (both of which are here on my desk), and other biographies and historical works.

Her raw pig-hide temperament was so tough, however, that I knew Pigskin had not become emotionally affected from her travail. I often wondered, too, just how much permanent mental impairment had resulted from those cobwebs which had collected in her mind while I was on Eniwetok. At any rate, fearing that she was failing when we were in Carson City, I had gotten Arkita's Leather Shop to cut me a new bag from her service pattern. It was a perfectly beautiful affair, tailored out of soft tan doe skin, with black lacings to secure the sides and compartments, and my monogram was tooled on one side and a magnificent Braham bull's head on the other. The thing is so ornate that I have never dared carry it into a library for work for fear of distracting the serious and arousing the curious, and in hindsight I realize that I never would have paid its special price, had it not been for the rosy eyes I was seeing through at the time. Dynamite told me later that the whole affair disgusted Pigskin and that she was really disappointed at such showmanship in me, of all people. But I, by way of a cover up, always insisted that its purchase was in order to have available a royal carriage for the rich jewel, "The First Records of Carson Valley," which I had finally found in the private safe of Mr. George Sanford and had been graciously permitted by him to copy, following a quest for the Holy Grail over the West.

But where was all of this ranting of my faithful servants leading to? It seemed to me that Dynamite, after all, was a gratuitous recipient of Pigskin's ire; and besides, a cop had been standing at the corner eyeing Dynamite, and for her sake I did not want another courtesy ticket to be added to her already large glove compartment collection. But before I could intervene in the debate, Pigskin started off on a new line of attack. She protested that scholars just did not understand her function in the work, and, therefore, could not appreciate her function in the work, and, therefore, could not appreciate her full worth in our endeavor at the preservation of the nation's historical records. She disdained the connotation of "briefcase" or of "handbag." What did people think she was anyway, a mechanical repairman for Jim's camera, like the tool chest which Dynamite carried around in her trunk? Or did they think she was simply a finding aid for my finger tips to locate "wants"? She said that it would amaze people if they only could know how much information data had passed through her clearing house mind, had been classified and filed away, and had been recorded in her checklists and guides. The volume of information was so large that she had lost track of the computed figures of the cubic space it filled. She did know, however, that our record books of the work completed alone would run into many volumes, and that the notes I had taken on the material we had searched through would fill many file cabinets.

Dynamite had borne this whole divulgence of Pigskin patiently; but now, as it had apparently spent itself, she was ready with a solar plexis straight to the body. Admitting all that was claimed, she informed Pigskin that she was "Life's Omnibus" on which we all rode to work, that none of us could begin a day's work anywhere until she transported the equipment, and that the transportation included Pigskin and all of the resources of her fat "Bank." Besides, she had lost count of

Pigskin was very proud of the fact that James had given her to me as a token of his confidence in my future, and she had stuck by me faithfully, giving her full support to my endeavors through the vicissitudes of my peregrinations over the country. She had been in every state Capitol, archives, and library in the country and carried an inventory of their holdings in her head, and there were few private collections in the country, the contents of which she was not amazingly familiar with. She was telling Dynamite how actually dependent upon her proficiency I had become in all of the quests after the desiderata of our microfilms, and that as long as I had her with me I could go into any library in the country without a formal introduction, for she always kept Dr. Evans' letter with her and credentials from the Library of Congress would get us into the treasure rooms anywhere. Also, that I could go directly to the stacks and find the materials wanted with the aids she carried along, without the long delay involved in the red tape of using the card catalogues. But she also remembered the occasion in St. Louis, back in November of 1941, when I went off without her and walked right by the Mercantile Library without realizing they had the unique manuscript of the "Journal of the Governor and Judges of the Territory of Missouri," which had fortunately escaped the fire of the Capitol and the destruction of the early records of Missouri. Then she gave me a dirty dig in the ribs by informing Dynamite that due to my negligence in the matter it was not until after the War that we were able to copy it, and the Library had to bear the expense of a second trip just for that purpose.

Pigskin was a conceited little devil but I had to admit, humiliating as it was, that there was a modicum of truth in what she was saying. My only resentment was that she took it upon herself to spill the beans and disillusion Dynamite, who seemed to have formed a high regard for my competence. Then too, I felt that dwelling upon the idea of her importance had caused Pigskin's head to swell somewhat, and that it had caused her to be lackadaisical in her work. She seemed to have lost something of her pristine alertness and attention to detail, for I had caught her recently leaving Jim's record book out of her breast bag when we left the Oregon State Library and "dad-gum-it!" we had to make a special trip back just for it due to her inadvertence to the duty of her job. Dynamite knew this full well. But I realized that she had had a long and rigid service and that the hardships of constant overtime, around the calendar, work must have taken something out of the ardor of her spirit, if not her scholarly incentive. The physical wear on her body had taken its toll also. The work gear that she had gathered in order to keep abreast of the expanding project had grown so in volume until her carrying bags were bursting at their seams, and her sustenance was literally oozing from her breasts and spilling out. After a recent accident, when I had negligently dropped her in going into the Washington State Library, we had had to suspend work and have forty emergency stitches taken in her right breast. This had disturbed Dynamite so that she had offered to arrange space in her trunk as an annex for Pigskin to store her surplus supplies.

the rolls of microfilm which she had carried; but she knew that she could transport all the information facsimiled on the more than thirty miles of it in the cubic space of her own rear baggage compartments.

Dynamite was also aware of how much I valued her resourcefulness to combat the travel difficulties of our work. She was very proud of the snapshot of "Little Dynamite Boiling over the Continental Divide" where she negotiated Trail Ridge Road at its highest point. Dynamite had such a human understanding and enjoyed the pleasures of the trip as well as she had endured its rigors. She liked to recall that occasion in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, when I came out of the Cowboy Bar, "The Finest Rustic Bar in the World," and had a snapshot made standing beside her; and by the time we had driven to the Church of the Transfiguration outside the vicarious effacacy of my spirituous relaxation was so potent that she could not count the tips in the vista of the Tetons. But the story that Dynamite likes to tell best is about the night at the Boise "Club Rendezvous"; "The First Club in all the Great State of Idaho", when I contrived to get a charter membership card in good standing by using my Library of Congress identification card.

Dynamite, however, had a point to make in the argument. In a very quiet way she informed Pigskin that he lacked an understanding of the true nature of our work and that compiler and computer of figures as he was, he could appreciate only the technological side of our work and not the fundamental elements of historiography itself. She said that all the time Jim was driving her "omnibus" over the country side, I was jotting down notes on the scenery we were passing through and making associations in my mind with; and that Pigskin was sleeping in her upper berth. She told Pigskin that he had not looked down into the blue waters of Crater Lake and seen the Oversoul of nature's preservative force as we had. Nor could Pigskin appreciate the feeling of the Pioneer of nature's open loneliness as we had that night when we drove through the great Wawona tree in the Mariposa redwood forest. And certainly Pigskin could not be moved by the antiquity and space of nature's creative force unless she had seen the Grand Canyon from Kiabab Plateau with us as Coronada's party had done in 1540. How Dynamite loved to follow the trails of the Spanish Conquistadors through the old Southwest. I think that Pigskin got the greatest satisfaction out of our work around Santa Fe because then she could indulge her fancy to the ultimate.

I was ready now to concede victory to Dynamite, but that Pigskin came right back at her and said "Shucks, I am the spark plug of your 'omnibus' and I carry the keys to its ignition;" and that in addition he had worked out with me a system of remote control over our entire system, so that he sat at the switchboard and could direct operations from all directions. Well, this had gone far enough, the cop at the corner had become restless and Jim came up at that moment; so we got in the "omnibus" and drove away.

Dynamite, Pigskin, and I left Jim Hiatt in Denver November 23 and set out on our long drive back to Washington. Being lonesome, I took Pigskin down from his upper berth to chat with me. He began to talk about how much he and Dynamite appreciated the contribution Jim had made to the project, and he commented on how he and I would engage in historical discussions, as we drove along in the "Omnibus." Then he asked me if I remembered that night after we had left Olympia, Washington, when Jim told me that some of the earliest social legislation in the United States had been enacted in the state of Washington, and that I was surprised to find out he had found this information while turning and microfilming the pages in the messages of the governors. Pigskin said that his facility for gathering information while he was operating the camera reminded him of the pioneer days of our research on constitutional amendments, when we had developed the faculty of rapidly scanning the records and forming patterns in our mind of the subject matter we were searching for, as the index finger moved down one side and up the other to turn the pages. In order to index the voluminous notes we had transcribed by this technique, we had also designed a "Card Index Box." Then we had devised a system of symbols to be entered on the index cards, which classified the subject matter transcribed on the note cards, and indicated on which note card each transcription could be located. Within the little "Card Index Box" we had compiled and indexed notes from the public documents of the United States for the entire history of the amending process of the Constitution. So Pigskin seemed to feel that we could rely upon this as an experimental system when the time came to arrange and edit the microfilms for printing.

Pigskin knew that at times on the trip late at night, when we were driving to a new work place, I had become concerned about the whole problem as to whether or not the project was making a practical application of its basic principle; that is, the preservation of historical records. Our venture in itinerant microphotography being a pioneer work in many ways, we would naturally have to remain in the dark as to its contribution to research procedure, until after the results of the collecting phase had been determined. Meanwhile, without any other pattern to follow, we would have to cut our own, and that necessarily became a matter of trial and error. I knew likewise, Don Holmes was concerned about the blind spots in our work system and the possible loss of one of our "Record Books," but that he also realized that no insurance policy could be purchased to cover the venture.

* * *

We drove on for days and registered late one afternoon in Topeka, Kansas, at the Hotel Jayhawk, the home of that famous bird that flies backwards - "he doesn't care where he is going, but he sure wants to know where he has been!" Pigskin said that he thought the Jayhawk had a point. But I told him the Jayhawk didn't have anything on us, that we could play that game with anybody--just let our fancy get to work and we could jump, hop, and skip all over the West. (But I started out to tell the story of Eniwetok.)

* * *

Ben Wilkinson and I spent the night of August 28, 1947, in Concord, New Hampshire, in the old home of Franklin Pierce, which had just been turned into a tourist home. Ben said it was the onliest time he had ever stayed in a president's home. I was sprawled out, lying on top of the president's great four poster bed in my dressing gown, with my hands folded behind the back of my head and looking around the walls of the room at the portraits of Pierce's official family, when Pigskin knocked on the door and asked if he might come in and talk shop. Finding me in the reclining and relaxed condition and enjoying the ambition of my childhood diary, he suggested that we play the Jayhawk game together. I told him that Ben and I had had a hard long day and that I could not see any relation between Jayhawking and shop talk. So Pigskin asked me if I thought I really knew the significance of Jayhawking since that time we met the Jayhawk in Topeka, Kansas, and that the more he had thought about what the Jayhawk did the more he realized that it had a very important value for us in our work. As a matter of fact, he said that he had come to the conclusion that Jayhawking was the very kernal of our methodology. I told Pigskin that I appreciated the fact that he preferred to be profound in his thought rather than flippant, but that I thought such a self-analysis would so involve both of our minds that I never would get on my way to the story of Eniwetok. But when Pigskin got his mind on an idea that he thought had merit in it, he was the most determined little devil in pursuing it to its practical conclusions I have ever seen. He persisted and said that Jaywalking was nothing in the world but one looking out the back windows of ones mind and that it was the mental set. Then to coax me into playing his game he said that I must have remembered those times when I had ridden on the back platform of an observation car to see the scenery of the countryside receding into the background. The only trouble with Pigskin so far as I was concerned was that he could turn his switch on but he could not turn mine off, which fact we were both to learn later to our distress. So I said that what he was saying was very well but how could Jayhawking have any practical value to us at such a time in such a place and by so leading I gave him a fatal opening and the play began.

Looking down on me from the wall over the foot of the bed was the portrait of Jefferson Davis, Judge Robert Winston's "High Stakes and Hair Trigger." How much I liked to recall the Judge's note to me on the publication of pro-slavery thought: "You have written a scholarly and brave book and I thank you for it" and how we used to stroll through Battle Park and to the Meeting of the Waters and the Judge's description of Arcadia, Benjamin Sumner's first classical school for boys in Person County. And I remembered that I had read the proof of his Robert E. Lee.

Changing my stance so as not to be caught by another curve like that, I turned over on my right side and looked up at "Old Fuss and Feather's" Winfield Scott, commanding general of the army in Mexico, and remembered that Lee had reconnoitered in the campaign to Mexico City. And then there began to come back to me a scene of my childhood. It was on September 12, 1847,

one hundred years ago lacking two weeks to the day, that the storming of Chapultepec occurred. My mind had returned to that Thanksgiving afternoon forty years before when Father and we boys had walked out into the country to see old Mr. Will Clanton, the last surviving Mexican War veteran in Lincoln County, and he had described the scaling of the walls of the castle while the drummer boy beat the charge and his company rushed up the hill with scaling ladders. He had not seen the drummer boy since that day until the occasion on which Father was present in 1872. Mariah, Father's free born mullato nurse had taken the children over to the Academy where a political picnic rally was going on; and fighting had broken out between the federal troops stationed to carry out the reconstruction laws and the local unreconstructed rebels. As Mariah gathered the children under her protection to take them home, pulling Father along with her, looking back he saw out of the corner of his eye Mr. Clanton just mowing down a group of pursuers with a long split fence rail as they were pressing him back. Then a federal grabbed him from behind and began to beat him over the head with the butt of his pistol and blood gushed forth. At that moment a lieutenant rushed up and rescued him ordering the men away. Mariat and the lieutenant helped Mr. Clanton into Grandma Jenkins' house for bandaging. The lieutenant turned out to be the drummer boy in the storming of Chapultepec. (I do not recall that Mr. Clanton remembered his name, but I have often thought that I would try to run him down in the war records.)

Father's old home was the first frame house and was built in Lincolnnton about 1800 by his Great Grandfather, Michael Schenck, a Swiss-German emigrant. He came down from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1795 with the great German-Scotch Irish migration and later built the first cotton mill in the South. (I have one of the spindles from the mill in "Retreat.") Later, Michael's son, Dr. David Warlick Schenck, built an apothecary to one side of the home and there Grandma and her cousin, John Richardson, as children learned to mix pills and administer aid. (I have the drug implements in "Retreat", and also a picture of the home taken in 1872.) Across the street from the old home place, which was located on the south side of the street, in the middle of the first block on East Main Street Hiram Rhoades Revels, the free mullato had a barber shop in the basement of the Lawson Henderson store. His son, James Pinckney Henderson, was born just around on the southwest corner of the Court Square, was educated at the Lincoln Academy and became the first governor of the State of Texas. (I deposit with the Southern Historical Collection a copy of the Lincoln Courier of September 13, 1845, which has announcements in it of Rhoades Revels Barber Shop and of Benjamin Sumner's Classical Adademy.) Father remembered the occasion when Rhoades Revels returning from his term in the Senate, stopped to see Grandma Jenkins. They sat in the parlor and Father and Mariah were present.

At this time Pigskin called time out and asked me where we had started? And looking again over the foot of the bed I said that it was with Jefferson Davis and that I knew he had been succeeded in the Senate of the United States by Rhoades Revels. So Pigskin said that he had scored a home run.

I told him frankly that this matter of geneological interest, or ancestor worship, had gone far enough and that it was leading us nowhere. He caught me right in the pit and said that I had missed the point, just like the fish had missed the net in that case in Bull Warren's personal property case book. I should have known better than make that one for Charlie McCormick years ago broke it off in me in one of his law classes. Pigskin said that people just did not understand the true significance of Jayhawking. And having heard me explain in class so many times the root relationship between historiography and patriotism he was going to give me an object lesson to support the theories that I had been expounding for the benefits of my students, so that no one could say I had spun them out of thin air. And he said that lesson was that a study of historiography and the methodology of the project are one and the same thing; and that the sooner we accepted the fact and planned our future in light of it the better. Pigskin asked me what we would do if we lost Ben's record book, or if he lost the Redbook; how could we assemble the film in its proper order later? It was her memory faculty that I would have to depend upon and that the success of any methodology selected for editing the films would have to rely on her to steer the course by. And, therefore, if I realized the fact during the collecting phase of operations, and registered a picture in my mind of all the conditions surrounding the work as we professed, I would avoid many headaches later. For in that way, when someone lost material or could not find a record of its original location, then he would be able to return in his mind, and recall those earlier conditions.

I thought I could understand now what Pigskin apparently saw quite clearly, but I could not yet reduce it to any exact formula. So we dropped the matter, and I fell asleep.

* * *

(The sex was not correctly conferred on Pigskin and Dynamite until after the beginning of this typing and explains why Pigskin appears at times as "she." This is being issued under great pressure, and because of the gratuitous diligence of the secretary. Please accept it as a hasty rough draft.)

In the fall of 1947, Peter Long accompanied me as photographer on "The Travelogue." We copied the rich records of the Five Civilized Tribes located in the Indian Archives of the Oklahoma Historical Society.

On October 30th, we were working in the chambers of the Supreme Court of Arizona. Pete had the camera set up on the library table in the research room and was copying the minute books of the territorial court. As was his custom, he was smoking a large black cigar, chatting with any passer by, and expounding to them the great merit of the work we were engaged in. Pigskin and I were in a back alcove near the archives vault examining the journals and entering the collation in the "Record Book", which indicated the order in which the film was being filmed and would control the sequence in which we would edit the microfilms later. When in came Chief Justice Stanford in a broad brim, light tan, gallon size, cowboy hat, inquisitive about what was taking place. Towering over Pete, who is well over six feet tall himself, Justice Stanford was very much impressed with Pete's sales talk, and agreed that, "You boys are doing a great work, coming all the way out here and making the records of the great state of Arizona available for the benefit of all the people of the whole nation. Put your trust in the common man, son. I was one time Governor and now I am Chief Justice of the Great State of Arizona and I have always put my faith in the people; they will never let you down, son".

Then he asked Pete what he was preparing to do in life, and Pete told him he was going to enter the law school at the University of North Carolina after our microfilm trip was over; and that he expected to settle at his home in Beaufort, S. C., so that he too could attain the governorship of his native state someday. So the Chief Justice gave him his card and asked him to keep in touch with him.

After this incident, Pete told the inquisitive observers of his operations that he and Dr. Jenkins were "democratizing the processes of research for the benefit of the common scholar, and that we were running a race with time, which would result in the conquest over both time and space in the progress of research itself".

This incident calls to mind a later one, when we were working in one of the great rare books collections in another part of the country, at which time Pigskin overheard a conversation going on between Pete and the librarian, and the facts of which he reported to me. The custodian of this exclusive treasure house, with the protective instinct of a mother who thinks that her own crow is the blackest and with a certain stilted arrogance, asked Pete if he realized how our work was cheapening scholarship; and, if I knew what the members of the Bibliographical Society of America thought

But there was Sunday morning for slumber under Barbara's blessed piano keys...until Hughie came knocking at my bedroom door; "Uncle Bill, can I come in and talk some questions with you?"

Dynamite looked the part of a worn out servant who had earned her retirement and now spent most of her time parked in front of the house peacefully sleeping her life away. She seemed to be unable longer to contend with the hazards of Washington traffic; and as it was easier on my own nerves I would leave her undisturbed and catch a street car to work in the mornings. But Pigskin missed their association and began to grieve. So I took him out one night with me and the two had a long sentimental chat, reminiscing over the days of the "Travelogue". And Pigskin told her all about the workshop and said that Dynamite should be thankful that she did not have to live through that sort of life. But Dynamite confessed to Pigskin that she felt somewhat destitute and neglected in that the project had now developed to a place where she was no longer able to be a part of it. And she said that after I had left her that morning a cop on his beat had come up and noticing that one of her back tires was down had informed her that she could not sleep on a public park bench and threatened to arrest her for vagrancy.

On January 12, I had a confidential talk with Pigskin. He said that nobody knew so well as he the strain that my eyes had been subjected to and reminded me that Jim Hiatt had often marmelled from his own experience during the "Travelogue" how I could continue such excessive hours in the work I was doing. But I know if the eyes were weakening the body needed rest. Pigskin assured me that I need not be concerned about the operation of the workshop, that by remote control through her and her check-lists my mind could direct operations and that even Barbara's restful Lullaby could come to me over the air. Then he reminded me of that lesson he had taught me in President Pierce's four poster bed.

Pigskin said that our parting with Dynamite was the saddest experience he had ever lived through. As we drove away from her used-car resting place in a swank Dynamite Rambler, she seemed to turn her head and look at us longingly over her battered left ear for a last glimpse. Pigskin said as she faded out of the mirror behind us that the occasion impressed him as one of paradox in pathos in that he, Pigskin, rather than the Brahman Bull had to officiate in the mercy act. And I realize, as I look at her now, in "Retreat" hanging under the portrait of Jimmie as a barefoot boy, along side of the Brahman Bull, that his sarcasm was justified. But I know that from his oversoul, Pigskin had told Dynamite about little Dandy which he had read in my diary, whom Hugh and I had buried under our persimmon tree, because he would be down below barking up at us and wagging his tail when we climbed up to pick persimmons for Thanksgiving.

Pigskin had come to me early in January and said that he thought we should view realistically the situation then facing us and that in his opinion the concatenation of events at that time indicated a crucial turn in the future progress of the project. He reminded me that as reporters we were really responsible to joint editors and that our responsibility for copy we delivered had a different significance to each of them. As a matter of fact he pointed out that the concept of the project held by each editor and his interest in the copy, though not inconsistent, was necessarily of different import. Consequently the editor's separate responsibility to the enlightened "over-sponsor", who had financed the project, and his motive for going forward with the utilization of the resources already assembled required a careful analysis and a concrete presentation of the salient requirements to all the parties concerned.

Pigskin realized that as reporters we were placed in the precarious position of finding an immediate tactical procedure to follow, due to the seeming paradox in our dual relationship with the editors and our balanced loyalty to them, on the one hand, and our future responsibility for the integrity of the project on the other hand.

Pigskin said that all the time the reporting force had been exhausting the resources of the bag-holding editor in order to beat up the snipe~~s~~ from the bushes the other editor had sat in the cheering stands and occupied the fortuitous position of participation in the anticipated celebrating of the score and of a joint shareholder in the receipts from the game. He thought it logical to apply the principle of reciprocity and accord recognition to the vision of the bag holder for selecting the hot spot ~~where~~ he had sat while the snipe~~s~~ were being coaxed into the bag.

Pigskin felt that we could give a refined tone to our pragmatic presentation of the case by couching it in the language of Emerson's law of Compensation. In that the bagholding sponsor was due credit for the vision of the project and also for contributing generously from his publishing resources, the joint sponsor should assume a commensurate responsibility for the implementation of future work and for the utilization of assembled resources; or, metaphorically speaking, that the joint sponsor should prepare the fish ketch for market. Such a commitment furthermore would be in fulfillment of the obligation of the joint editors to the over-sponsor and give credit to him for an enlightened vision in the foundation support of the whole project. Finally Pigskin said that he had conferred with Dynamite about the matter and that Dynamite felt such an attitude on the part of the joint sponsor would go a long way as a recognition of the incentive of the reporter and of the expenditure of energy by the whole reporting force; and that it would consequently justify the joint sponsor's contribution in making the services of the reporter available for the project. I was highly gratified with Pigskin's clear analysis; and, in order to give him a lift and a reward for the

careful study he had made, I told him in terms of the "Gad Fly of Chapel Hill", that he had seen the begriff.

Acknowledgment from the joint sponsor not being forthcoming our practical problem became one of how to expedite it. Pigskin and I spent off hours strolling out the problem over the Capitol grounds. He reminded me that throughout the project we had never had to combat an antagonistic attitude, nor had our problem been one of enlightenment as to our objectives, for we had found a pervading interest in the work amongst those from whom we had sought cooperation. The one factor which had frustrated our incentive had been the occasional unawareness on the part of some of opportunity to render service. He thought, therefore, that the logic reduced us to the responsibility of stimulating spontaneity. So I carried a copy of Time's write up of the project over to the Senate Office Building and explained to Frank Graham, the original joint sponsor, the conclusion we had arrived at. But we were confronted with the fact that Mr Graham had been formally removed from his joint hot spot by the appointment as Senator; and, therefore, knowing Frank Graham, I immediately realized that any help which he could give would be purely in the nature of a non-stimulated personal commendation of our unrelenting work on the job. The telephone was on the desk before the Senator. I recalled that in the law of property there was "a use upon a use"; and then I remembered the vicarious effect of my own spirituous stimulation on Dynamite when we viewed the Vista of the Titons. Pigskin winked and reminded me that our scholarly integrity was already compromised by starting the game of inciting the incentive of others so I left the rest to the discretion of the Senator.

On March 15, 1950 Pigskin was bursting with pride when we went into Don Holmes' office and reported to him that during the adjourned session the snipe hunters had overflowed the holders' bags and that we were delivering several hundred reels of microfilm beyond the accounting requirement.

I realized that the satisfaction of the editor over an overflowing bag could not relieve the hot spot of the reporter who had a transcendental responsibility for the integrity of the news he was reporting. There remained a further obligation of the reporter to salvage significant paraphernalia of scholarship from the marginal materials still buried in the residue of microfilms; and then would continue the long range obligation of errata for the whole collection. Pigskin was sole custodian of the key to those doors but he and I would need support to use the key and to unlock the doors. He reminded me that our obligation now was that of informing sponsors of opportunity and expressed confidence that they would be receptive to our suggestion for aid.