

giving money or other articles to ne'er-dowells, but it sought to discover rational ways of helping people help themselves.

He had a profound understanding of human nature. I have heard him characterize in a few terse sentences someone who was doing his job well, or another who would have been a misfit in any position where brains were necessary, or still another whose common sense had all been shot away by the training he had received. For some workers in the mountains he had great respect and spoke warm words of commendation; for others he had a sort of benevolent disgust, for he knew that their methods were wrong and that their labors would be in vain. But this knowledge never stood in the way of his seeking every opportunity to enlighten such misguided workers and to give them a rational point of view.

He was intensely interested in the best phases of civilization in the mountains, and sought to induce the highland people and all others interested in the region to preserve the best. He recognized the superior native ability of the highlanders, and he always insisted that the problems of the mountains would finally have to be solved by the mountain people. Others might assist here and there, but in the end the real work of progress would have to be done by native brains and hands. To this end, he pointed out, the majority of denominational schools should formulate their plans. He took the position that as the public schools become more efficient, the less influential church schools should give way and seek new fields of labor.

He hated sham or hypocrisy. Whether he found it in educator or theologian, in politician, farmer, or any other man, he despised it. His own sincere nature, thoughtfully serene, open-minded, altruistic, stood out in sharp contrast beside that of people who love to pose and who spend their time and substance in the pursuit of selfish ends.

He was a student of men and affairs. He thought deeply and sanely. He possessed a rare genius for seeing things in their true color and setting. His conclusions were marked by a clarity and directness which led others to rely on his judgment and act on his suggestions.

He was never dictatorial, yet so sure was he of the accuracy of his information and the rightness of his conclusions that it gave him a self-confidence which, though never imposing itself on the opinions of others, enabled him easily to be master of a conference, group discussion, of any other meeting in which he participated.

He was a devoted husband and father. His high and holy conception of the sanctity of family relationships was so touching and beautiful that no written or spoken word can adequately describe it. His faultless consideration for his family always impressed me as being one of his outstanding characteristics. Always cheerful, never impatient, his manly thoughtfulness for those dearest to him won at once the hearts of all who knew him best.

The last time I saw him he was under the shadow of the illness that took him away a few months later. On that occasion he said, "There are so many things I want to do, want to get finished up! But my old heart won't let me work much at a time." He was still working at the task he had set himself to do, to represent the people of the highlands aright to the rest of their countrymen. He knew that they had often been misrepresented by heads of schools, fiction writers, and newspaper paragraphers, and he wanted to correct the impressions that had been made. He wanted the rest of America to see the great region and its people as they really are. To this end, with a fine spirit of chivalry and altruism, he devoted his last days.

Among the thousands of people I have known in many fields of endeavor John C. Campbell occupies a place in my memory which is permanent and satisfying. I valued his friendship while he lived, and I have reverence for the memory of the days of inspiration and comradeship which remains since he was called away. He was a herald of glad tidings, a prophet of better understanding, closer cooperation, and holier fellowship. His devotion to his friends was beautifully sublime in its sincerity.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man'."