



The Dedication of
THE JOSEPH PALMER KNAPP BUILDING

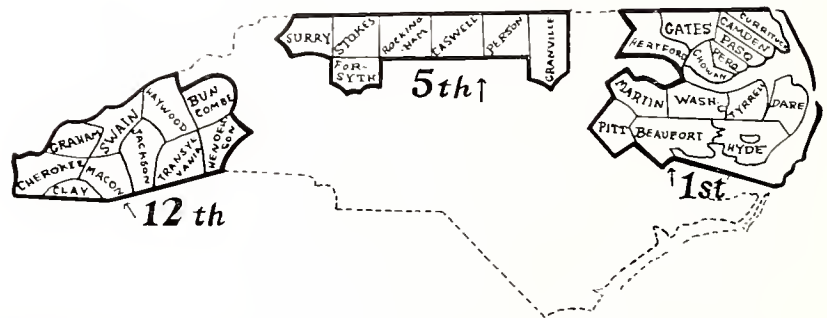
Home of the Institute of Government, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill
"A New University of Public Officials in the Framework of the Old University of North Carolina"

The Dedication of THE JOSEPH PALMER KNAPP BUILDING

City councilmen, county commissioners, state legislators, and federal congressmen are invited to these dedication exercises, beginning at 2:30 o'clock on successive days, and continuing until noon next day, with each day bringing together officials by congressional districts from the Eastern, Piedmont, and Western parts of the State:

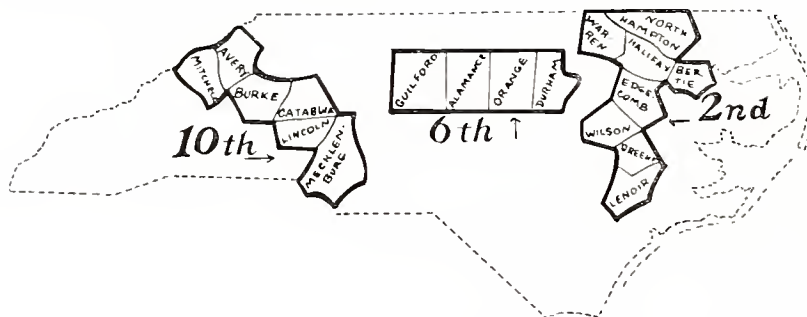
FROM THE FIRST, FIFTH AND TWELFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS

... starting with registration at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, November 27, and continuing until noon the next day.



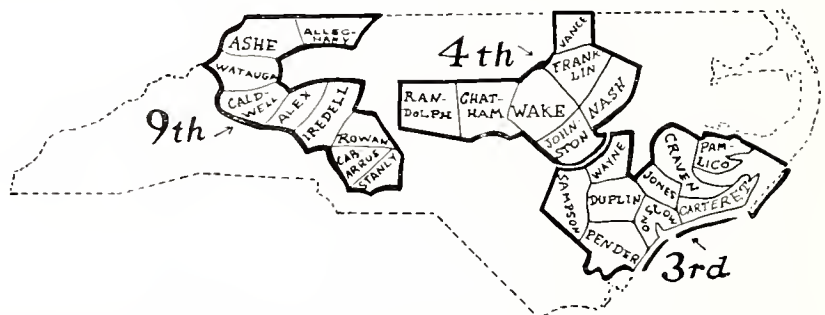
FROM THE SECOND, SIXTH AND TENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS

... starting with registration at 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, November 28, and continuing until noon the next day.



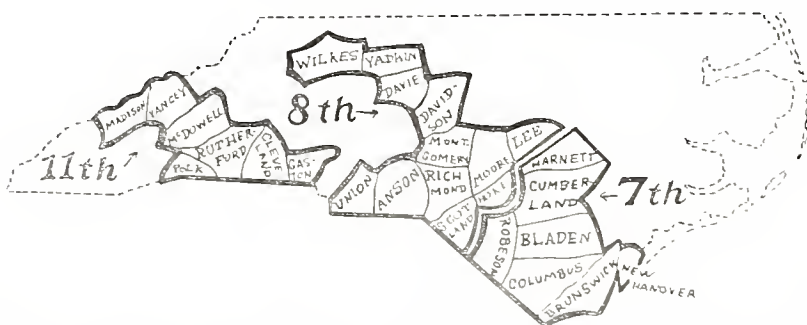
FROM THE THIRD, FOURTH AND NINTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS

... starting with registration at 2:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, November 29, and continuing until noon the next day.



FROM THE SEVENTH, EIGHTH AND ELEVENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS

... starting with registration at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, November 30, and continuing until noon the next day.



Dedication Program

The program will be the same for all four meetings, beginning at 2:30 o'clock each day and continuing through the afternoon, evening and next morning according to the following schedule:

AFTERNOON

2:30 p.m. *Registration at the Joseph Palmer Knapp Building*

3:30 p.m. *Afternoon session begins in the Auditorium of the Joseph Palmer Knapp Building*

First showing of murals on auditorium walls, giving the artist's conception of significant moments in the history of North Carolina

Discussion of the murals by the artist, Francis Vandever Kugler

Acknowledgements to givers of gifts which have helped to build the Institute of Government from its beginning in the 1920's to the 1960's, by Albert Coates, Director of the Institute of Government

EVENING

6:30 p.m. *Dinner in the Ball Room of the Carolina Inn.* All visiting officials will be guests of the Knapp Foundation, the Institute of Government, and the University of North Carolina

Dedication Exercises

Chancellor William B. Aycock, Presiding

Presentation of Building and Murals by Clarence E. Stouch, Chairman of the Knapp Foundation

Acceptance by the Governor of North Carolina

Remarks by the Lieutenant Governor

Presentation of the Newly Elected Governor and Lieutenant Governor

Pictures illustrating the growth of the Institute of Government from its beginnings in the middle 1920's into a new University of Public Officials in the old University of North Carolina in 1960

MORNING

8:30 a.m. *Morning program begins in Joseph Palmer Knapp Building*

Tour of Building and Exhibits:

Maps of North Carolina showing the changing Congressional Districts from 1789 to 1960

Maps of North Carolina showing the changing State Senatorial Districts and apportionment of seats in the State House of Representatives from 1776 to 1960

Exhibits of work of the Institute of Government from the middle 1920's to the 1960's

9:30 a.m. *Separate meetings of Congressmen with the city councilmen, county commissioners, and state legislators from their respective districts*

10:30 a.m. *Joint meeting of all groups in the auditorium of the Joseph Palmer Knapp Building*

William Clyde Friday, President of the Consolidated University of North Carolina, presiding

Addresses:

The Senior United States Senator from North Carolina

The Junior United States Senator from North Carolina

12:00 noon Adjournment

[1960]



Welcome To Chapel Hill

ALBERT COATES

Director of the Institute of Government

CHAPEL HILL

In Colonial days a road ran from New Bern on the eastern shore of North Carolina through Hillsboro to the west. Another road ran from Petersburg in Virginia through Pittsboro to the south. These roads crossed on a high hill in Orange County where ruins of an old English Chapel suggested the name of Chapel Hill. *You are welcome in Chapel Hill.*

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

In 1789 the General Assembly chartered the University of North Carolina. In 1793 the cornerstone of the Old East Building was laid. On January 15, 1795, the door-

of the University were opened. Thirty days later Hinton James from Wilmington walked through these open doors to become the first University student. Forty-one students followed him to this campus during the spring. Four hundred and fifty were here on the eve of the Civil War; four thousand in the 1930's; seventy-five hundred on the heels of World War II; and 8,000 in 1960—coming from every part of North Carolina, all sections of the United States, and many countries in the world. *You are welcome in the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill.*

INSTITUTE OF GOVERNMENT

In the 1920's a law school teacher started teaching

courses involving city, county, and state government in the University Law School; found he did not know enough to teach them; and started going to school to officials working on the job in city halls, county courthouses, and state departments throughout the state.

He found these officials needed to know what he had learned from the books as badly as he needed to know what they had learned on the job, and started swapping his theory for their practice, his research for their experience, his government in books for their government in action.

In this swapping process he saw his classroom as a statewide center—with lines of communication to officials in every city hall, county courthouse, and state department in North Carolina; with all he was learning about government in books flowing out to them, and all they were learning about government in action flowing back to him, and coming to a focus in his classroom.

This cooperating partnership of law school teacher and public officials grew into the Law School Association in the early 1920's, the State Association of Governmental Officers in the late 1920's, and the Institute of Government in the early 1930's. *You are welcome in the Institute of Government of the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill.*

NEW UNIVERSITY OF PUBLIC OFFICIALS

The Institute staff has expanded from one part-time man to one full-time man, to ten, and now to twenty—going out from Chapel Hill to study the workings of government in city halls, county courthouses, and state departments; setting forth the results of their studies in guidebooks; teaching those guidebooks in training schools; demonstrating their teachings in governmental laboratories; and putting their accumulating knowledge and skill to the further use of officials all over the state in a clearinghouse of governmental information. Out of the work of these men, studying law and government in libraries in Chapel Hill and working with officials on the job, there is coming a new University of Public Officials in the framework of the old University of North Carolina. *You are welcome in this new University of Public Officials in the framework of the old University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill.*

JOSEPH PALMER KNAPP BUILDING

The first officials coming to Chapel Hill in the latter 1920's met in a law school office and through the years moved to law school basement, to law school attic, to Peabody basement, to an abandoned house on fraternity row, to the old Methodist Church, to the first home the Institute could call its own—on Franklin Street—in 1939.

They came in handfulls in the 1920's, in hundreds in the 1930's, in thousands in the 1940's; outgrowing the building on Franklin Street and cramping Institute activities to the stifling point. Staff offices took over the basement and attic. Secretarial workers took over the one

and only classroom. The library overflowed its single room into the hall and frazzled out to shelves in private offices. Mimeograph, assembly, and mailing facilities operated in the corridors, and storage was non-existent.

In this critical and uncertain moment Margaret Rutledge Knapp picked up an unfinished interest in her husband's life, and her associates in the Knapp Foundation united with her in offering half a million dollars which was matched by the General Assembly of North Carolina, giving us this building in the name of Joseph Palmer Knapp in 1956. *You are welcome in the Joseph Palmer Knapp Building housing this new University of Public Officials in the name of the Institute of Government of the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill.*

THE YOUNGEST DEPARTMENT IN THE OLDEST STATE UNIVERSITY

Over 500 city, county and state officials came to schools and conferences in this building in the closing months of 1956; 1,500 in 1957; 6,000 and over in 1958; and 7,500 in 1959. They came to give and get advice and counsel, to take part in conferences with Institute men and with each other, and to go to school in courses of instruction ranging from two days to twelve weeks. If we have been privileged to draw the outlines of the Institute of Government, these officials coming to Chapel Hill in growing numbers year after year have filled in its features and breathed into them the breath of life. *You are welcome in this youngest department of the oldest State University in the United States.*

THE FELLOWSHIP OF A GREAT TRADITION

In coming here as part of the Institute of Government you are coming here as part of this University's living, breathing, growing student body of eighty-five hundred men and women studying on this campus now. You are coming here as part of a larger body of fifty thousand living Alumni scattered throughout the state, the nation, and the world. You are coming here as part of the great tradition of University men and women, living and dead, who have followed Hinton James to this campus since the fifteenth of February, 1795. In short, you are coming here into the tradition of a University which was born in the days of confusion following the American Revolution; which was born again in the aftermath of civil war; and which has survived panics and depressions and booms and busts and two world wars.

Great men stand out in this tradition: Archibald Murphy in the early 1800's; John Motley Morehead and Calvin Wiley in the 1840's and '50's; Zebulon Baird Vance in the days of Civil War and Reconstruction; Charles Brantley Aycock at the turn of the century. Like a bell from distant hilltops we can hear their names, ringing out to us the spirit of a people which sees in disaster only a challenge the brighter to burn, and which when darkness hedges it about, builds in itself a dwelling place of light. *You are welcome in the fellowship of this tradition with all of its lifting power.*



JOSEPH PALMER KNAPP

JOSEPH PALMER KNAPP

IN

NORTH CAROLINA

ALBERT COATES

Director of the Institute of Government

Joseph Palmer Knapp was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1864; went to the public schools and for a year to Columbia University, and then into business where he made fortunes for himself and others; lived for eighty-seven years; and died in 1951. His ashes lie buried in North Carolina and in Currituck County where he built a home base on which he lived and worked for a great part of his time from 1918 to the 1940's.

I leave it to others to tell his story in home, school, college and business;

In working his way through every printing process and business operation of the American Lithographic Company to become its directing head;

In printing books and publishing a variety of national magazines—including *Collier's*, *The American*, *The Woman's Home Companion*, and *Country Home*;

In developing the multicolor printing process and applying it to *This Week* as the first Sunday supplement for mass distribution through daily newspapers from coast to coast;

In serving as director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and chairman of its finance committee;

In creating loan funds and retirement systems to help thousands of employees in companies originating in his restless brain;

In the world of sports and recreation where his excellent spirit won trophy after trophy of distinction for artistry and skill.

From Brooklyn to Currituck

The story of his life in North Carolina begins with his 1916 trip by rail, ferry and horse and buggy to Currituck County in quest of good hunting, and the building of his hunting lodge on Mackey's Island where he hunted, fished, and welcomed personal friends and business associates for thirty years.

For fifty years or more before him sportsmen had been coming to Currituck County, catching fish, shooting ducks, enjoying life, going away, and leaving behind them little if anything besides the wadding from empty gun shells,

wages paid to hunting guides, and money for room and board at hunting lodges. But this man took root and grew and flourished here as native to the soil and looked on ducks, fish, sky, land and water as natural resources belonging to people living on this soil, and needing to be converted into better life for homefolks as well as into sport for strangers.

From Hunting and Fishing to Hunters and Fishermen

When he saw sportsmen gaining pleasure out of Currituck without giving a *quid pro quo* to develop its resources, he helped Currituck leaders push through the General Assembly of North Carolina a law requiring non-resident sportsmen to pay license fees for the privilege of hunting in their skies and fishing in their waters and with these revenues turn a local system of neighborhood paths into a countywide system of public roads.

When he saw salt water from the Elizabeth River and sewage from Norfolk flowing into the northern end of Currituck Sound after the locks were removed to widen the inland waterway in World War I—polluting the waters, killing the fish, destroying the feeding ground of ducks, and cutting into the livelihood of people he had come to love—he helped them push a bill through Congress authorizing Army engineers to restore the locks. And as military authorities pleaded lack of funds earmarked for this purpose as an excuse for indefinite delay, he wrote a personal check for a quarter of a million dollars to stop the stall and start the work at once.

When he saw the thinning flights of ducks in Currituck waters and traced the cause to breeding grounds in Canada which were destroyed by draining marsh lands for planting wheat in World War I, he organized sportsmen throughout the East in "Ducks Unlimited" to help the Canadian government restore the breeding grounds and bring in ducks to cloud the skies of Currituck as they had done before.

While he was sitting in his duck blind on Currituck Sound a fishing boat with local fishermen came close enough to keep the ducks from coming in. A friend beside him start-



Artist's drawings of the Joseph Palmer Knapp Building, home of the Institute of Government

A gift of \$500,000 from the Knapp Foundation in December of 1952 was matched by an appropriation of the same amount from the General Assembly of North Carolina in 1953 to provide this building housing the Institute of Government.

The research and teaching wing of the building contains twenty-four staff offices; seminar rooms for smaller groups; classrooms for groups ranging in size from fifty to seventy-five to one hundred; an auditorium equipped with visual aids for teaching purposes; and laboratory space for demonstrating differing methods, practices, and techniques in government.



Institute of Government
of North Carolina

shown above and on the covers of this Dedication Issue of POPULAR GOVERNMENT

The administrative wing contains offices for administrative personnel; secretarial space; reception center and conference rooms; library and publication center; mailing and storage rooms; and a staff lounge, roof deck, and small kitchen.

In the bedroom wing are sixty-five double rooms with twin beds, closets, and connecting baths; with book shelves, chairs, desks, and lamps for study and writing; and living rooms on all floors for the use of students and their visitors.



Joseph Palmer Knapp in Currituck

ed to ask them to withdraw to a point which would not interfere with hunting, and he stopped him with the observation that those men were fishing for a living while he was hunting for fun. He folded up his duck blind for the day, bought the fishermen's catch, asked them to supply him with fish for the season, and turned them from critics into friends.

When in later years he saw the dwindling schools of fish in Currituck Sound and along the Outer Banks sapping the income of men who fished for a living, he helped existing agencies plan and finance research into the ills of the fishing industry in the effort to correct them.

From Farms to Families on the Farms

When he saw the hard life of Currituck farmers in the 1920's grow harder as the coming depression of the 1930's cast its shadows before, he looked for ways to help these friends and neighbors to help themselves:

While eating blueberries in a New York restaurant he wondered if Currituck farmers could raise and sell them, and financed a study quickening the growth of the blueberry industry in the state.

While hunting quail in Georgia he wondered if Currituck farmers could propagate and release quail to attract hunters who would pay them hunting fees, and helped them push through the General Assembly a bill permitting neighboring farmers to organize quail farms and join their lands in game preserves.

While eating fruits canned and preserved by choice recipes of Currituck housewives, he wondered if they could put their handiwork into prize packages for market, and

paid the salary of a demonstration agent to help them do it.

While hunting and fishing on Mackey's Island, he saw price and crop failures bring Currituck farmers to the disaster point of mortgaging their homes to get supplies to plant another crop, and helped them organize the Currituck Mutual Exchange to finance them in making and marketing crops.

When he saw that local bankers were unable or unwilling to take the credit risks involved in financing this Exchange, he furnished a hundred thousand dollar credit with his bankers in New York and added his endorsement to its notes.

When he saw the farmers' income sources limited to ducks and fish and potatoes, he helped them expand their economic base to include corn, soybeans, hogs, poultry, and livestock. Everything that Midas touched turned into gold and nearly everything that Joseph Palmer Knapp touched in these depression days turned into Currituck.

From Parents to Children

As he was coming home from hunting he saw a little group of children going home from the Knott's Island schoolhouse—bright, alert, and responsive, but without the schooling opportunity of children in other places he had known in this and other states, and started out to see if he could help them get it.

He called on the United States Bureau of Education for advice, financed a study of schooling needs in Currituck County, and in the years that followed worked with local leaders in the effort to meet those needs.

He helped them unite one-teacher schools into many-teacher schools; provide transportation for children to these schooling centers; build new school buildings and adjoining homes for teachers; add new courses in home economics, vocational guidance, health education, and public school music to the curriculum, along with audio-visual methods of instruction; bring in more teachers and lengthen the school term from six months to nine; furnish free textbooks, free lunches, free school nurses, and free health clinics.

He put up money for the school superintendent to use in helping parents who could not pay part or all of the cost of school book rentals, or correct physical defects of their children discovered in the clinics, or provide proper clothing for them to wear to school.

When local revenues did not go far enough to provide the needed buildings and teachers and the nine months term, the records show him over and over again making up the difference—sometimes half, sometimes three-fourths, sometimes all.

He carried his efforts for the children in the schools to the point where local officials could say he put more money into the county treasury one year than the people of the county paid in taxes.

When North Carolina followed this pioneering leadership in later years in equalizing schooling opportunities on a statewide scale, he matched state funds to finance a study of the schools of North Carolina against the background of the schools of the nation to find out what was needed to bring them to the level of the best.

A neighbor dropped in to see him at his home on Mackey's Island in the 1920's, and found him reading *The Tragic Era* by Claude Bowers. He started pacing up and down the living room with the book open in his hand, saying: "Here is the first book I ever read giving a picture of what the Southern people were up against after the Civil War. It is contrary to everything I was taught

in Northern schools; and yet the man who wrote it is a reputable scholar and has documented every statement he has made with facts of record. 'Reconstruction' was a cruel wrong to the South that made bad matters worse. I can't right this wrong everywhere but I am going to do all I can to right it here in Currituck County." To the last jot and tittle he did his best to keep that pledge, even to the point of building a Confederate monument on the Currituck County courthouse square.

From People on the Ground to Government on the Spot

The part of his story leading to this building begins as he walked into a meeting of the Currituck County Board of Education in the middle 1920's to find out what they were doing with the money he had given for the schools and if they needed more. The Superintendent could not tell him what was owed, who it was owed to, or when it came due; nor could local officials. And after a week of trying they saw they didn't know how they stood and couldn't find out.

At this point, Mr. Knapp turned to Dudley Bagley of Moyock who was present representing the local bank which was County treasurer and said: "Young man, can you tell us how things stand?" "I can tell you the exact condition of every County Fund on hand and of everything paid out," Bagley replied, "but the bank keeps records of disbursements and not of obligations as they are incurred by the county authorities." "Can you find out how things stand," asked Mr. Knapp. "Yes sir," said Bagley, "but it may take a little time."

He took the time, got the facts, found the County had incurred outstanding obligations amounting to \$47,000, which was more than twice the Superintendent's estimate, and that the County needed \$15,000 at once for bills already due. The members of the Board were worried, and worried even more when they were told of their personal responsibility under the law for exceeding the budget approved by the County Commissioners. One of them grew frantic when he found he could not come out from under by resigning on the spot. Mr. Knapp said: "Don't do that. I got you all into this mess by giving you more money than you know how to handle. Now I'm going to get you out of it. I'll put in the mail tonight a check for \$15,000 needed to cover the bills now due, and you can call on me for the rest as you need it."

This might have been a stopping point for many men. For Mr. Knapp it was a starting point. He wanted to do something about it. Here were people he knew and loved and trusted, with plenty of common sense and with honesty beyond question. But he saw that common sense was not enough to handle uncommon problems, created by sudden and unexpected revenues he had provided, in some years doubling the County's normal operations. He saw that common honesty was not enough to keep books and records in such shape the County could tell what shape it was in. He saw that money wasted in honest inefficiency was as great a burden to taxpayers as money lost in conscious fraud. He saw the need for systematic training of public officials for the public service before going into office and thereafter in continued training on the job. If lawyers needed schooling for advising human beings, and ministers needed schooling for guiding the human spirit, and doctors needed schooling for working with the human body, why not schooling for officials working with the body politic?

At this point his friend and neighbor, Dudley Bagley, told him of the efforts of a law school teacher in the University of North Carolina to provide this schooling for of-



Margaret Rutledge Knapp and Mrs. Albert Coates plan decorations for the Knapp Room of the Joseph Palmer Knapp Building.

ficials, and he wrote a letter to find out what was going on in Chapel Hill, saying:

"My dear Professor, Senator Dudley Bagley was discussing with me the question of training for public service, and he said that in the book on 'The Institute of Government' I would find much of interest.

I would be glad to have the opportunity of reading it, and if not too much trouble, will you kindly ask the proper people to forward it to me, with bill."

The Professor sent him the book and other materials describing the work of the Institute of Government and received this letter in reply:

"My dear Professor, It would be difficult to express sufficiently my appreciation of your letter of January 1st and of the merits of the publications and 'Popular Government' which you so kindly sent to me at Mackey's Island. They will be preserved carefully—read and re-read. After I have had an opportunity to study them, I will write you again."

But he did not write; and time marched on. One day I got a telephone call from Dudley Bagley saying he was going to see a man who had expressed an interest in helping the Institute of Government, and that he would let me know how he came out; but no word came; and I knew no news was bad news. I saw in the paper that Joseph Palmer Knapp's ashes had been brought from New York and buried in Currituck County. I put two and two together and stopped with my wife at Mr. Bagley's home in Moyock, on the way to her home in Portsmouth, Virginia, for the Christmas holidays, and found out why he had not called me.

The coming of World War II had carried Mr. Knapp to New York for closer supervision of his business interests; but he continued his interest in the work of the Institute of Government by calling Mr. Bagley to New York to talk about ways and means of helping, and by listing the Institute of Government on a memorandum to his editors suggesting feature stories about institutions which were "doing things". But on the very week of Bagley's visit the *Saturday Evening Post* carried an extended feature story on the Institute of Government. He hated this rival of *Collier's* magazine worse than sin and didn't want to talk about helping anything or anybody.

The Bagleys then told us of the Knapp Foundation and its continued interest in North Carolina, and Ida Bagley told us that while Mrs. Knapp had been discussing gifts for fisheries and curriculum studies she had said she would like to see her husband's name on a building symbolizing his interests in Currituck County and North Carolina. And then and there in the Bagley's living room on Highland Farm I told them of this building of my dreams.

The help of many friends in and out of the University got the dream of this building before the Knapp Foundation; and in the early days of December, 1952, it wrote a letter to the President of the University, offering a half million dollars toward a million dollar building. The North Carolina General Assembly matched this gift in 1953. Plans for the building were drawn, the contract was let, the building was completed, and we moved in during the fall of 1956.

Joseph Palmer Knapp

I knew of Joseph Palmer Knapp but never saw him while he was living in the flesh. I have seen his face in photographs and himself in action in moving pictures taken as he worked and played. I have followed his tracks in Currituck County and looked at him through the eyes of friends and neighbors who knew and loved him. And I have seen his spirit, form, and features come alive with all the stinging freshness of demonstrated truth in "... the choir invisible of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence";

In the lives of people who walked on crutches and now walk on legs;

In the lives of children—like the little boy who learned what seeing was when the school health clinic discovered and corrected his defective vision and he walked from shadows into light; and the little girl who did not know she could not hear as others heard until the clinic's hearing aid opened to her ears the wonders of the world of sound;

In the lives of men and women caught in the bind of failing crops and falling prices, whose homes he saved from mortgage sale and tax foreclosure;

In the lives of three hundred farm families bringing to him Christmas gifts of home-grown fruits and vegetables preserved according to their choicest recipes, in appreciation of better cooking, better diet, better health, and better living from knowledge spread by home economics courses and home demonstration agents;

In the sound of music carried into homes throughout the county by children who learned from music courses in the schools and played in bands and sang in music festivals;

In wreaths of flowers brought by children from the schools to put upon his grave at Christmas time—children who never saw or knew him any more than I did, but feel through parents, friends, and neighbors a magic force still working in their lives.

In the vacant place he left against the skies of Currituck, there is coming into focus the form and figure of a man who went *local* when he saw the ducks in Currituck; went *native* when he saw that hunting guides respected him for the shots he could make rather than the checks he could sign; went *North Carolinian* when he built his home at Mackey's Island and turned from a periodic visitor into a resident citizen; went *Southern* while reading Claude Bowers on *The Tragic Era*, and started doing what he could to right the wrongs of Reconstruction at his doorstep; went *American* in wanting a child on Knott's

Island in Currituck to go to teachers in buildings with equipment as good as any child would have in Brooklyn where he was born and raised.

In this form and figure of Joseph Palmer Knapp coming to us through the noise and fog and static of the years with a face rugged with the wind and weather of Currituck winters, we see the spirit and image of a man:

Who loved to try a marksman's skill against the curve and speed of a duck in flight;

Who loved to test his mettle in a battle of wits with trout, salmon, friend, or foe;

Who loved excelling to the point of quitting violin lessons after hearing Kreisler play;

Who hated cruelty to the point of firing a keeper from his job for leaving a dog to suffer with a cankered ear;

Whose poker face in a business deal became an open book in the fellowship of friends;

Who lived and died with the look of eagles in his eyes, the sweep of wings in his spirit, the love of human beings in his heart, and left this building signed with his name, and "the vivid air signed with his honor."

Margaret Rutledge Knapp

I saw Margaret Rutledge Knapp in fleeting moments in her later years—in the home of Bernie Griggs on Kill Devil Hills; in her own home in New York City; in my home and in the Carolina Inn and in this building here in Chapel Hill; and in many gracious letters which she wrote to us. I saw her through the eyes of Ida Bagley and Dudley who knew her in the days before and loved her always. She came into the life of Joseph Palmer Knapp in the 1920's with a spirit as proud, imperious, and independent as his own, and moved in his orbit in a pattern of point and counterpoint.

In music, says the *American College Dictionary*, "counterpoint" is "the art of combining melodies." From the beginning she folded her life and interests into his. She shared his duck hunting, trout fishing, salmon sport, and other outdoor interests; and with his teaching acquired an amateur's skill which a professional could respect.

She turned his hunting lodge into a home and the grounds around it with their formal plantings into a southern garden with the color, warmth, and quietude of boxwood, camellia, crepe myrtle, dogwood, magnolia, wisteria, and azaleas, and with native cedars, live oaks, and pines from the woods on Mackey's Island.

She helped select, appraise, and package foods processed for market from family recipes in Currituck homes; wrapped Christmas gifts of her own choosing for every school child in the Knott's Island schoolhouse which was her own gift to her Knott's Island neighbors; brought music in systematic courses into public schools throughout the County; and, not by accident, started a program of audio-visual instruction in the schools with the showing of "Peter Pan."

As slowly failing eyesight took her husband out of duck blind, trout stream, salmon river, and business office, he saw through her eyes as she followed him into the privacy of their home in New York City. In the prolonged and agonizing frustrations of spirit unbearable to him, and bearable to her because of him, he never called her that she did not come—bringing new and deeper meaning to the age old words she had spoken to him long ago, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness in health, to love and to cherish, til death us do part. . . ."

His spirit became her spirit as she brought his ashes to the Currituck County he loved and picked up the un-



MARGARET RUTLEDGE KNAPP—Detail from a portrait by Francis Vandever Kugler

finished interests of his life. His voice became her voice as she stood in the Board Room of the Knapp Foundation in New York City, saying: "Joe Knapp pulled his weight in everything he did as long as he lived, and he will keep on pulling it in everything done in his name, as long as his name is in my keeping," and with this single sentence lifted the Knapp Foundation gift from a quarter to a half million dollars. Her will became her own as she pushed through the Knapp Foundation a gift of one hundred thousand dollars for the murals of the Joseph Palmer Knapp Building as the crowning glory of its walls.

She saw many of them as they were painted by the artist of her choice. A few weeks before her ashes were brought to Currituck County we talked with her about the dedicating ceremonies coming to a climax with the showing of the murals, with herself unveiling them one by one while the artist talked about them; and she lived in this unveiling moment in advance.

She saw this building as it was coming to completion in the spring of 1956. We turned on every light from basement to cupola in her honor in the evening. She rode around it and saw and revelled in it from all angles—a thing of use and beauty glowing in the night. In her name we will turn on all these lights from basement to cupola in every

dedication ceremony. We want all of you to ride around the building and see it as she saw it—in memory of her and of the man whose name was hers.

Magic often works its way in Chapel Hill. Years ago I was looking from the sunlight into the deep glades of Battle Park, and with my own eyes I saw a swarm of white butterflies turn into a tree of dogwood blossoms. All my life I have been told to "read between the lines" and I would see things not in the lines. And if you look around you in the building, between the faces in the crowd, and through the doors, and along the corridors and all around it, you may now and then catch fleeting glimpses of Margaret Rutledge Knapp. You will see in her the spirit of a woman who went to a party of friends gathered in her honor a year or two ago, against the advice of her physician who said she would go at the risk of her life, and took with her a trained nurse, a doctor of medicine, and a doctor of divinity to be prepared for all eventualities. And looking over her shoulder with an approving smile you will see the face of the man whose name is carved at the doorway of this building, still pulling his own weight in the work he saw was needed in the meeting of public officials in Currituck County Courthouse forty years ago—Joseph Palmer Knapp.



(Above) A meeting in the Government Laboratory



(Right) Men studying in one of the bedrooms of the Knapp Building

(Below) The auditorium of the Knapp Building

The Building In Use...





(Above) The Staff Lounge



(Above right) A view of part of the Library



(Right) One of many classrooms

(Below right) The Crime Laboratory used in law enforcement instruction

(Below) One of the staff offices





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