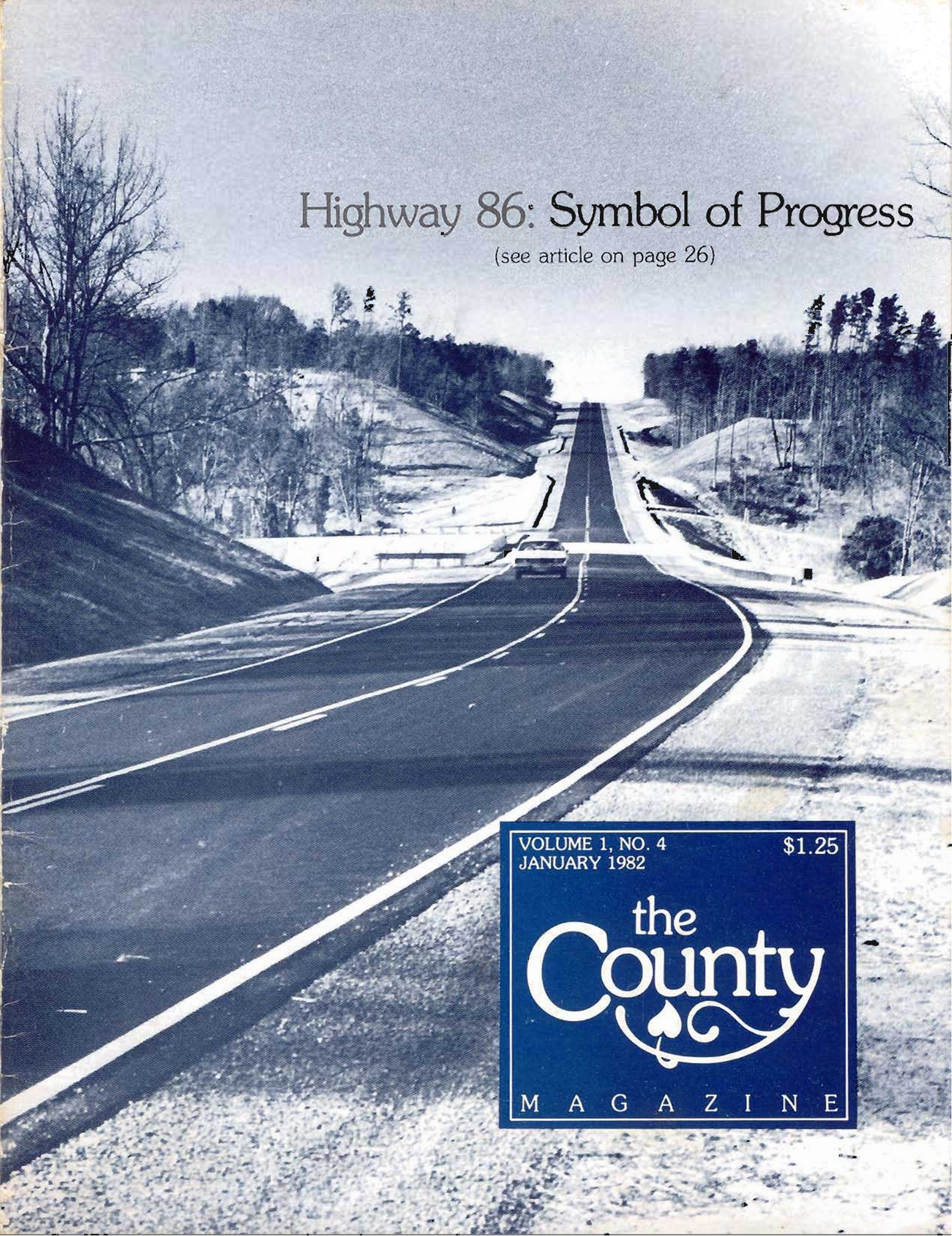


Highway 86: Symbol of Progress

(see article on page 26)



VOLUME 1, NO. 4
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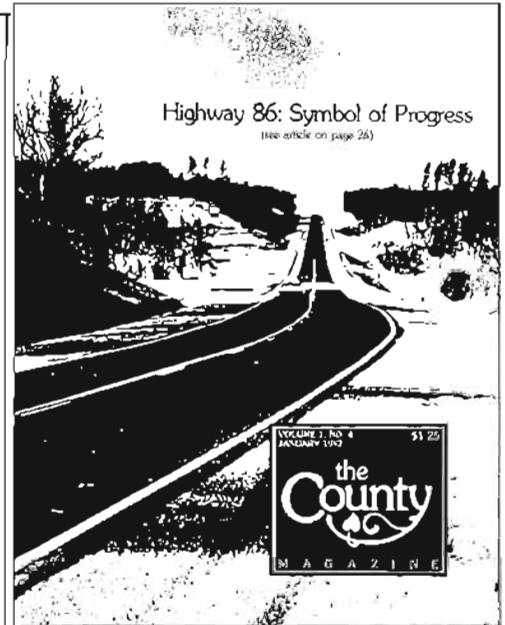
The beginning of each new year is a fitting and proper time to set our goals for improvement and progress, both as a community and in our personal lives. This is why this issue of THE COUNTY MAGAZINE has been dedicated to progress — those people and events that light the way for a brighter future for Caswell County.

In this issue you'll read about the building of a highway that linked Caswell with our industrial neighbors to the north and the educational and manufacturing centers to the south. You'll learn of the struggles, dreams and goals for the future experienced by two Caswell manufacturing firms, Royal Textiles and Potter Electronics, and why their founders chose Caswell as their home base.

One of the best known planners for the county's future, Ryland Farmer, is featured in this issue. Farmer reveals his reasons for giving his efforts towards Caswell's progress, and why he still believes in the county's future, despite the cynicism expressed by others.

The County Traveler takes us to the Tobacco-Textile Museum in Danville for a look at the memorabilia from the past in those two industries so critical to Caswell's residents.

Frank Robertson tells you how to take care of that Christmas



Cover Photo: The newest improvements to Highway 86 promise to help lead Caswell County into future growth. The new stretch of highway was hailed by Governor Jim Hunt as a sign of progress for Caswell

poinsettia now that you have it home, Martha Carter talks of that school kids dream, snow days, and Mark Harrelson visits with Uncle Albert for a look at the aftermath of too much Christmas turkey. And Dwight Chandler takes a look at the down-home memories of the mysteries of the season.

Sit back and enjoy this issue of THE COUNTY MAGAZINE. And remember, progress is not always bad, but no progress is never good.

In this Issue:

| | |
|---|----|
| the County at Work | |
| <i>The Future is Now at Potter Electronics in Yanceyville</i> | 6 |
| the County Traveler | |
| <i>Danville's Tobacco-Textile Museum</i> | 10 |
| the County People | |
| <i>Ryland Farmer makes Volunteering a Way of Life</i> | 14 |
| More County People | |
| <i>Stanley Oakley: a Man with a Purpose in Life</i> | 18 |
| the County at Work | |
| <i>Manufacturing — a Better Way for Caswell's Future</i> | 22 |
| the County Landmarks | |
| <i>Highway 86: a Symbol of Progress in Caswell</i> | 26 |
| a County Profile | |
| <i>Voices Lift High the Songs of Life</i> | 28 |
| Snow Days | |
| <i>a childhood memory</i> | 13 |
| From the Editor | 4 |
| By the Way | 9 |
| the County Gardener | 12 |
| Scenes from the Past | 21 |
| Fenceposts | 31 |

From the Editor...

FRANK G. CARTER, JR.

Winter cold permeates the January air. When we first began the COUNTY MAGAZINE concept, not so many months ago, I remember seeking refuge from the intense August heat in the air conditioned comfort of the stores around the county. Selling ads in the bright comfortable mornings was no problem, however, later in the day, the nicely pressed shirts and fresh suit and tie gave way to short sleeves and loosened collar. So strange is it . . . the way everything changes. Now we sit and gaze at a burning fire, almost entranced, when just a few short months ago, we strolled about after sunset to enjoy the quiet of a summer evening. Short pants, short sleeves, and a few short days ago. But it's a part of life, just like the growing up, the growing old, the discovery . . . the recovery. And so goes the joy, the elation, the regret, the sorrow — the living of it all.

A year constitutes one full revolution of this tiny planet around a friendly, fiery sun. The hurling, whirling mass makes its way around the corner of the universe, almost unnoticed, except by us — the people who live here. Our earth is ever changing, yet creating little havoc as it races in its endless orbit, only to get to the point of its starting, a little worse for the wear. A few more of us are

born, some of us die, and some just keep living, without giving, and taking only what we need. The human condition is described by some writers as hopelessly inundated with sorrow, grief, and depression. Yet, somewhere, there are those who constantly remind us that things are getting better and it will all be O.K. in the end. Where are those drugstore philosophers when you need them?

Caswell County is undergoing change at this very moment . . . not that we haven't been since the founding, but the change that is coming is exciting. We are now the focal point of some very meaningful and positive changes that may affect the lives of not only our children, but ourselves as well. Your editor speaks of a new awakening of a sort. The kind of feeling that comes to a community maybe only once in its existence. This feeling is one of promise that the future will be bright and that this place we call Caswell will be the leader in a number of new and exciting enterprises. From talking with our business leaders, it is evident that a new spirit of pioneering exists, especially among the farsighted entrepreneurs whom you will read about in this issue — a stirring contrast from the days when we all depended on the surrounding towns for our livelihoods. Imagine, Caswell as not only a place to come home to in the evening, but a place to work! A place to call home around the clock, and not just after work or on weekends. Caswell County has become the type of area that many business and industry leaders nationwide are taking a close look at as potential locations for expansion. We have the clean, uncluttered environment, the abundant resources, the talented people, and the nearby training grounds for quality leaders. Caswell

possesses one of the best combinations of small-town life and big-city proximity that can be found anywhere. And the real beauty of the situation is that we can plan our growth to coincide with the amount of progress we want, when we want it.

Some of the people who have been busily at work making this happen are featured in our magazine this month. Many more are waiting in the wings for their particular areas of effort to be recognized. THE COUNTY MAGAZINE has discovered what many people of Caswell have known for a long time . . . that we have in our midst a pioneering breed — a group of headstrong, thinking persons who are hard at work to make Caswell a better place to work and live. We want to feature some of them this month, and more later on. This issue will take a look at some of our old friends at work in the county, and a newcomer or two on the block. What are their ideas when it comes to community growth, to maintaining the quality lifestyle we now enjoy? What are their goals, aspirations, and dreams for this part of the "goodliest land?"

A few weeks ago, our governor was present to dedicate a stretch of highway that was at best, perilous in recent years. He



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remarked that Caswell was well suited for good, clean, quality growth, and that improvements such as the Highway 86 project would help stimulate this type of growth. Indeed it will, and other projects in the field of transportation, commerce, and trade will help our county to rise to its potential as a leader in economic development . . . where we should be. Hopefully, these are not just dreams, but unfolding realities that can make this county GREATER. As your editor, I write about a hopeful future and a well documented past in THE COUNTY MAGAZINE. As our readers, please take note of the people you are about to meet . . . and let them take you to a new and exciting Caswell County which they have helped to create. No longer is there a yellow brick road . . . it is now paved with opportunity. Oz awaits your visit.

Continued from page 26

Rose and Secretary of Transportation Tom Bradshaw to get the project in the works again, and finally, in October 1978, the two men committed themselves to Little to see the project completed.

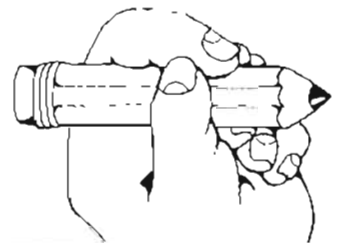
Dedication ceremonies for the new section of Highway 86 were held just a few short weeks ago in December, and with those ceremonies, Highway 86 joined the ranks of some of the state's best roadways. No one is any prouder of the improvements than Helen Little.

"I felt the highway improvement was vital to Caswell's future," said Little. "Not only was it a treacherous roadway that was claiming too many lives, it was our link to the Research Triangle Park to the south, and it may bring some industry to Caswell now that it has been improved."

Helen Little is continuing to

work for the improvement of Caswell's Highway 86, working closely with Billy Rose to get funding for the widening and improvement of the highway from Prospect Hill south to Orange County, and from Topknot to Hightowers.

From its beginning in 1920 to the dedication of the newest section in December 1981, Highway 86 has perhaps more than anything else symbolized the growth of Caswell County. Just as human and animal labor has given way to machinery to straighten out the problems of the past, so has Caswell grown to embark upon a new future, bright with the prospect of continued growth.



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the Future is Now . . . at Potter Electronics in Yancey

What do Hughes Aircraft, the United States Air Force and Navy, and the military forces of England and Italy all have in common? They all do business with some folks in Caswell County who supply them with some very important pieces of equipment.

Potter Electronics in Yanceyville is the local business with the international trade. Manufacturing electroluminescent lighting from simple steel and a few chemicals, Potter Electronics has become known world-wide for its products, used extensively in aircraft, radar installations and navigational instruments.

Stated simply, the product manufactured by Potter Electronics is a piece of steel coated with several layers of chemicals, including a phosphor that glows when an electrical current is run through it. This eerily glowing product is used mainly for backlighting of instruments, and for devices that must be used in darkness.

The story of Potter Electronics and how it came to Caswell County begins several years ago, in Pennsylvania.

"Electroluminescent lighting has been around for about thirty years," said Dave Emmett, President of Potter Electronics. "Some was manufactured by Westinghouse, some by GTE, and others, and most was put to military use.

Sylvania was also a manufacturer of this lighting, and in the early 1970's, they decided to close their plant in Pennsylvania. A few of the engineers who worked there heard about it, and bought the license to make the lighting."

In less than five years, according to Emmett, the new company was almost bankrupt, due to lack of marketing skills among the owners. That's when he was persuaded to take on the marketing for the product, and through his efforts, the company was turned around, but the debts were just too high for the company to continue.

"After the plant closed down, Hughes Aircraft asked me to form a company to continue making the lighting, and so Potter Electronics came into being," Emmett explained. "As to why we selected Caswell, out of all the spots we could have gone, we just found that North Carolina was much more cooperative and anxious to have new industry."

Emmett noted that inquiries were sent to California, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Virginia, and while good response came from Georgia, "they wouldn't let us talk to anybody there locally."

"We got great response from North Carolina, from the Division of Industrial Development," he said. "They gave us several places to

consider, and we picked Yanceyville, because the building was suitable, and the electrical wiring and service were better than anywhere else."

Potter Electronics located its equipment in the old Royal Textiles building, across from Cole Chevrolet in Yanceyville.

The remote location doesn't present much of a problem to the local manufacturing firm. "Our product can be shipped by truck or air freight, and we ship all over the world, so one location is just as good as another as far as that goes," he said. "We have shipped from Yanceyville to New England, all Air Force facilities in the country, England and Italy." All this is done so unobtrusively, according to Emmett, that residents of the town often wonder if the company does any business at all.

The fact that a major supplier of government materials is located in Caswell is surprising enough, but even more surprising is that Potter Electronics is the only manufacturer of electroluminescent lighting in this form in the United States, and possibly the only one in the world.

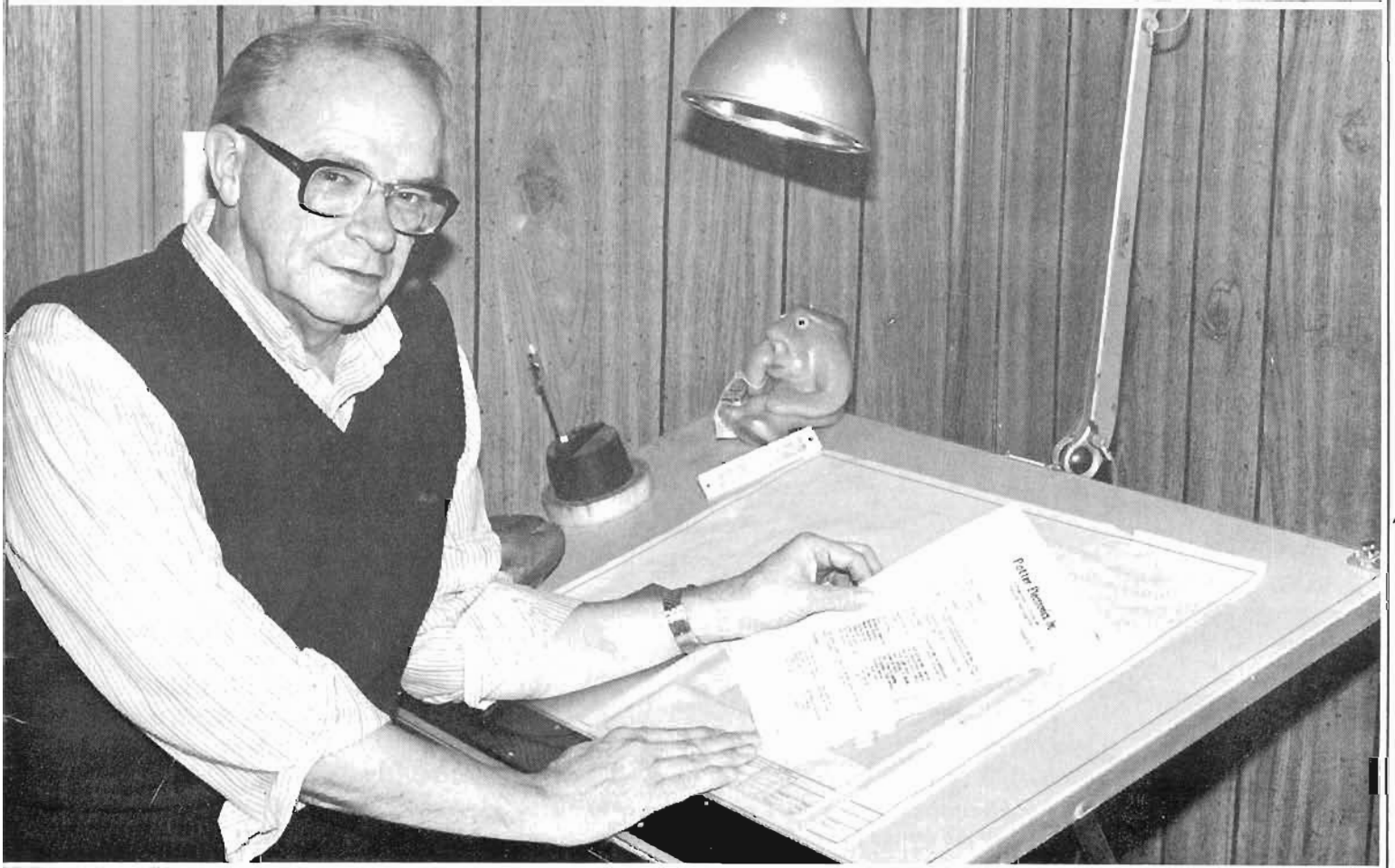
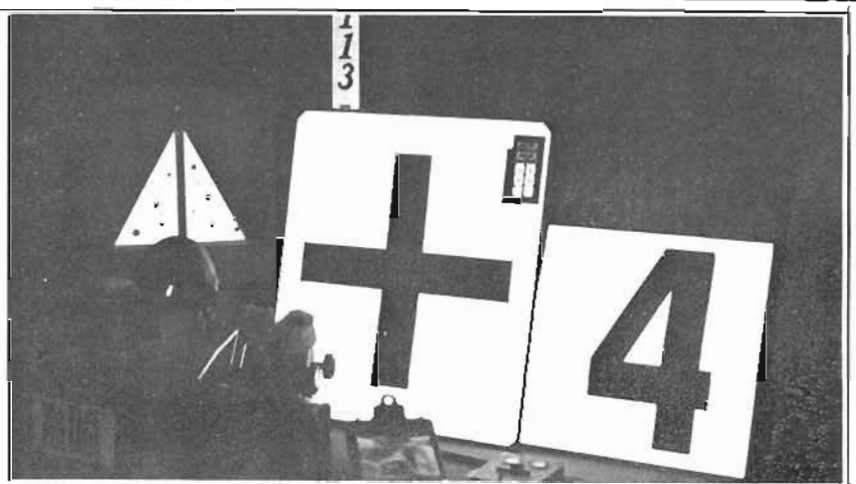
"The present situation is not what we expected when we settled here," said Emmett, who puts his years of experience in marketing with GTE-Sylvania to good use in the company.

ville

the County at Work

Examples of the products manufactured at Potter Electronics emit enough light in a totally darkened room to illuminate objects placed on a bench in front of them. ➤

Dave Emmett, President of Potter Electronics, looks forward to a bright future for the electroluminescent lighting industry. Expansion of the local plant is planned for 1982 ▼



"When we first got here in 1978, we believed we had commitments from telephone equipment manufacturers that would allow us to pre-wire electrical harnesses for their equipment, but they backed out on us, leaving us only with the lighting business."

After that initial setback, Emmett and his crew set to work to perfect the process for making this particular and distinctive kind of lighting. This process was finally perfected early this year, and is now patented to Potter Electronics.

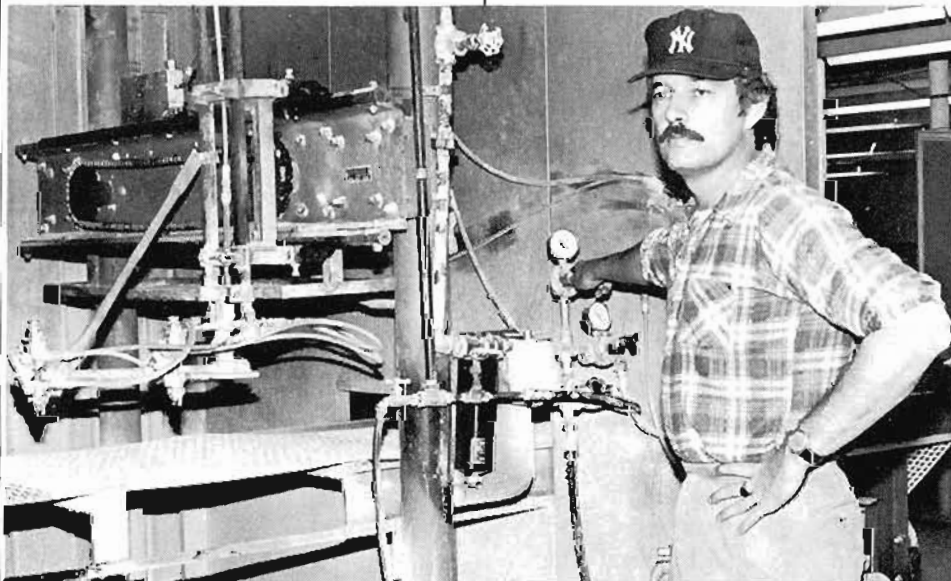
Potter Electronics has not grown so big as to be an impersonal, faceless member of Caswell's manufacturing community. Employing only six people now, Emmett noted that plans for expansion are nearly complete, and that expansion should take place shortly after the first of the year.

For the future, Emmett sees a swing towards a bigger share of the consumer market in electro-luminescent lighting. "The projections are that the industry will see business worth some \$700,000,000 in 1986, and we sure would like to participate in that market," he said, smiling at the prospect.

And smile he might — the consumer potential for this type of lighting are fascinating, to say the least. Since electro-luminescent lighting panels can emit light for as much as ten years, and use a very small amount of power (a one-square foot panel uses only one-tenth amp of current) they seem to be the answer to at least part of the energy problem.

One potential customer has already approached the local industry with an idea for outdoor billboards lighted by electro-luminescent process. The light emitted from a prototype built by Potter Industries is sufficient for the advertising message on the board to be seen for a surprising distance, without the glare and power consumption noted with outdoor billboards lit with floodlights. For the time being, the customer is concentrating on perfecting a small board to be used on the sides of trucks on the highway.

Whatever the future holds for Potter Electronics, there's no disputing the fact that Potter Electronics is an industry Caswell can be proud of, thanks to a few men who 'saw the light at the end of the tunnel'.



Keith Stogner, Manager of Potter Electronics, brings pride and expertise to his job, which produces products used by the armed forces of several governments.



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BY THE WAY...

A Narrative

J. MARK HARRELSON

Well, the Christmas season has come and gone once again, and as always has left us with the joys of the season: family and friends visiting, the glow in the eyes of the children and, of course, a few extra pounds around the middle from all the Christmas feasting.

This was the problem that apparently descended upon Uncle Albert this year. The day after Christmas, Albert got out of bed and was getting dressed, humming a song, celebrating the joy of the season. The song was soon strangled, though, when he tried to fasten his pants and couldn't quite negotiate the meeting of button and hole.

Now this situation may not upset the average man, but Uncle Albert and Aunt Thelma have been fighting the battle of the bulge for years, and they had a wager between them: whoever lost the battle and gained some pounds first would have to do a weeks worth of work for the other as payment. Accustomed to running a store, Albert had no wish to spend a week doing all of Thelma's housework.

That's where I came in. Unc called me that morning and, in a breathless tone of voice, implored me to come over, to help him in "an emergency." When I arrived, Albert was dressed in a robe, (the better to hide his expanded waistline), and was anxiously pacing back

and forth. "You've got to help me, nephew, before Thelma finds out about this," he said, explaining his problem to me.

Luckily, Aunt Thelma was over at my Uncle B.J.'s house at the time, so we could work without being seen. The solution appeared to be simple: Albert would just have to work off the extra poundage he had gained over the holidays.

We went to work immediately. Grabbing a coil of clothesline, I cut enough for Albert to use as a jump rope. Despite the fact that he hadn't jumped rope since he was a little boy, Unc did alright. At least until the cat, unaccustomed to seeing this spectacle of a large man bobbing up and down and shaking the house, wandered over to take a look and got in the way. The cat caught the rope, the rope caught Unc's leg, and the floor ended up catching Unc, with a gloriously earthshaking crash.

"Nephew, maybe we better try something different," said Unc, and so we did. Taking one of my cousin's bicycles, we placed it up on blocks on the back porch so that the rear axle was supported, and the rear wheel was off the porch floor. I warned Unc to be careful as he climbed aboard, and soon he was pedaling away at a high rate of speed, intent on burning up those nasty calories.

A little too intent, maybe. The motion of the bike swayed the blocks we had placed under the axle, and all of a sudden, the rear wheel hit the porch and Unc flew off into the back yard.

Exhausted and limping, Unc leaned on me for support as I helped him back into his room. "I'll just lie down for a rest, and then we'll start up again, nephew," Uncle Albert assured me, but the sound of snoring that soon pervaded the atmosphere told me that we

were through exercising for the day.

As I left Unc's room, I ran smack into Aunt Thelma, who was just coming through the front door, carrying a pair of jeans. "Oh, I'm so glad I caught you," she beamed. "These are Albert's jeans that I just picked up from your Uncle B.J.'s house. Seems that in all the confusion yesterday, one of his boys picked up Albert's jeans instead of the ones he got for Christmas. His jeans must be in the bedroom."

Well the truth had finally come out. Albert had tried to put on his nephew's jeans that morning, and mistakenly thought that he had gained the weight by over-eating. Carefully I exchanged Albert's jeans for the other pair, and left, leaving Albert to awake, none the wiser, and a true believer in the power of exercise.

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Danville's Tobacco-Textile *a Monument to Our Own Ing*

In nearby Danville, Virginia, there exists a monument to two aspects of life that are near and dear to many residents of Caswell County — textiles and tobacco.

The Danville Tobacco-Textile Museum, on the corner of Lynn and Shelton Streets in Danville's warehouse district, has become the focal point for a look at both the tobacco and textile industries from their beginnings to the present prominent spot they share in Southern life.

Displaying housing tools, machinery and a myriad of products from both industries, the museum provides a pleasant and relaxed atmosphere in which to take a leisurely trip through time, from the days when tobacco was used as money in the colonies, through the discovery (in Caswell County, of course) of the method used to produce the Bright Leaf flue cured tobacco, to the modern-day methods of tobacco production.

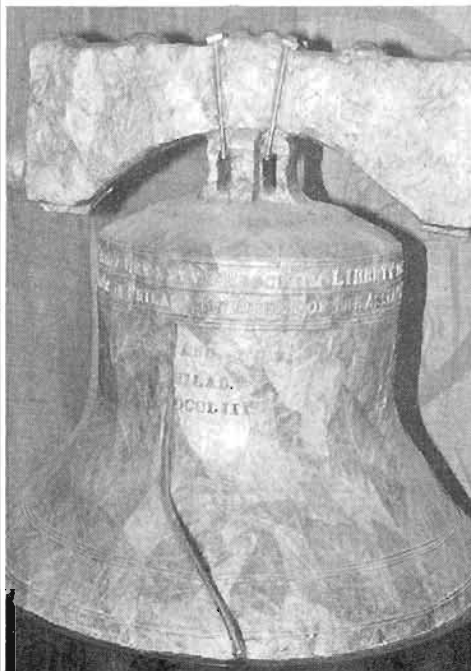
The impact of the textile industry on the lives of Southerners is not lost on the museum, either. Nearly half the building is devoted to the industry, with machinery, diagrams explaining the various processes used in the making of fabrics, and samples of the fabrics made in Dan River Mills displayed.

The standing exhibits are coupled with two film

presentations to complete the museum's offerings.

The museum is open from 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Monday through Friday, and there are staff members available to answer questions from visitors. If you plan to go, make sure you can spend some time there: the museum's exhibits will hold your interest for hours.

We do not have the space in this magazine to detail the thousands of individual items on exhibit in the Danville Tobacco-Textile Museum, but the photographs printed here offer a representative look at what's in store for the museum visitors.



Museum enuity

the County Traveler



Top Right: Reminders of the tobacco advertisements are stationed throughout the museum.



Bottom Right: These examples of cigarette brands and packages from the past are just part of the enormous display of memorabilia from the tobacco industry at the museum.

Far Left: A replica of the Liberty Bell, made entirely from tobacco, was presented to the museum by R.J. Reynolds tobacco company.

Center Photo The legendary tobacco store wooden Indian guards the entrance to the Tobacco-Textile Museum in Danville.

The County Gardener

FRANK ROBERTSON

Last month I told you how to buy your poinsettias and have them survive the Christmas season with blooms. There is no need to throw the plants out after Christmas. I have seen plants still blooming in the Spring, but this takes a lot of care and just the right environment.

Not every home is suitable for keeping your poinsettias that long, but having them bloom through January should be no problem if you take care of them. They also make attractive green plants after the blooms have gone.

Poinsettias like and need a lot of light. A southern window is a good location if you avoid letting the plant get too hot. Sun coming through a window can intensify heat, so do not let the plant stay where temperatures may get over 87 degrees. At temperatures above this point, the rate of respiration is greater than the rate of photosynthesis. This means that the plant is consuming food at a faster rate than it is producing it. A little common sense will tell you that this situation can't last for long. Another way to put it is that the plant is getting old much faster but is growing much slower at the same time compared to temperatures below 85 degrees.

The most critical thing about temperaure is to keep the plant between 60 and 85 degrees.

You should let the soil dry out partially before you water. Then put enough water in so that 10 percent extra runs out the bottom.

Another important factor to consider is fertilizer. You should use half ratio or about 200 ppmN through mid-Spring. Then increase your fertilizer to 400 ppmN/week.

There are two trace elements that are very important to poinsettias—magnesium and molybdenum. One teaspoon per gallon of water of epsom salt every three months should provide sufficient magnesium. Molybdenum can be found in various trace element mixes. You should avoid using nitrogen in an ammonium form. If you do, liming may be necessary if the pH of the soil goes higher than 5.5 acidic. Avoid over-liming, because this may cause a zinc deficiency.

You will probably need to repot the plant in the mid to late Spring as it will probably outgrow its original container. Remember to use a well-drained, sterile soil. A few weeks after you repot, you can pinch the plant to make it fuller. Use a sterile knife, (dipping it in a 10% Clorox solution) and cut the end of each branch off. You can cut as much as you need to, but remember that each leaf will produce a branch.

If all this sounds like too much trouble for the plant, it's not. Most of these things need to be done for all plants. Quite often they are not, but that doesn't mean they aren't important.

That's enough about poinsettias for one winter: lets talk about some other things. If you haven't planted your bulbs for this Spring yet, the time is getting short. You can still plant them, but you won't have much luck if you wait til after this month. If you are trying to grow

your own bedding plants, you'd better sow those begonia seeds soon, because they are slow to germinate.

If you are going to try to grow your own plants for hanging baskets, you need to get started on them also, because it takes a while for them to fill out.



Remember that January and February are the darkest months of the year. Put your plants in the brightest spot available, unless they don't need it. Also remember that the plants are not growing much so they should need less water and about half the fertilizer.

Well, that's about if for this month. Good growing, and have a happy 1982!



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Snow Days

a childhood memory

MARTHA CARTER

With the harsh, cold, snowy, winter days of January fast upon us, warm days of spring seem far away. I remember childhood days of winter; the frozen January days when school was out because of snow. We always watched for the mailman, Mr. Allen, and would take a thermos of hot coffee to him when he arrived at our mailbox. It was dangerously icy and cold on those days and hot coffee was a welcomed sight. We then would take Grandma her mail because elderly people shouldn't risk falling on the ice.

There were chores to do for Grandma too. Like bringing in some firewood and feeding the birds (Grandma always fed the birds — still does). Then there was always a treat of some sort. I remember Grandpa always had corn candy and all the grandchildren knew where he kept it. And Grandma would open a jar of her canned peaches. They were delicious with homemade oatmeal cookies. And there were also the fried apple pies. What treats for young stomachs and older ones too.

After warming up the fire and satisfying my sweet tooth the galoshes would be pulled back on, the scarf and stocking cap positioned, the coat buttoned up and finally the gloves applied. Then I would say my thank you's and my goodbyes and journey across the yard —

home. Once home off came the gloves, the hat, the coat and scarf, and finally, after much tugging, those hated galoshes. (It was terrible to have to wear them to school too). It was now time to sit back and watch a little TV or play school with my sister. (Yes, play school.)

As the afternoon progressed we would put our outer wear back on and go outside for some snow-play. You know, snowmen, snowball fights, sledding. Almost every yard had a snowman. It was very stylish. And with night approaching, a sledding place had to be located. If the stars were out and the moon was full then it was great for night time sledding. You didn't have to worry about what you might find not covered up by snow in the cow pasture if you went sledding at night. At least you couldn't see it.

After a few times of falling off the sled and running into bushes, my frozen hands and feet were ready to go inside the house for an easy thaw. And here we go again pulling off the many layers of clothes needed for proper sledding and wet clothes at that. Now what could warm a young body up more than a cup of hot chocolate with a marshmallow (a fat one) on top and a big bowl of popcorn. Mama knew what we liked. Of course mamas are supposed to know things like that.

Then there were those cold ice storms of January when the icy glaze of winter covered everything. Icicles glistened in the sun and the cracking and popping of tree limbs was heard. Winter took its toll on Mother Nature's forest. Those were the days when the power and telephone lines were weighted down with heavy ice and families stayed in close to the only source of heat — a fireplace — if you were lucky enough to have one. That

fireplace could be turned into a stove or a furnace with just a few minor adjustments.

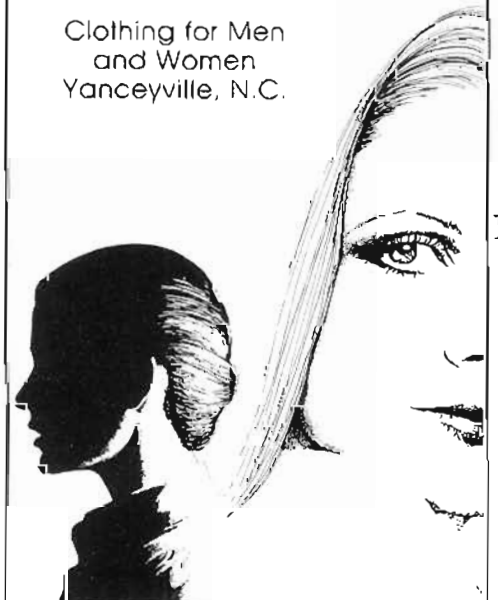
We always brought out the iron skillet and a coffee pot. Some mighty good eating came from within that crackling fire. And of course the Rook cards and Monopoly game were brought out. But you had to go to bed when it got dark because the only light was the fireplace.

I guess you could say a lot of eating, playing, sleeping, and family togetherness was a part of those cold January days. Somehow I miss them but childhood memories are just that — childhood memories. We have to grow up — in body anyway. But maybe some of those memories can be passed down to my little girl. Memories of cold, January days, going to Grandma's house, sleigh riding and hot chocolate. Memories like that will live on and on.

Watlington's

on the Square

Clothing for Men
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Ryland Farmer

Makes Volunteering a Way of

If there is one person in Caswell County today who most exhibits the spirit of optimism, the virtue of hard work and the willingness to volunteer to work for a good cause, Ryland Farmer of Yanceyville would come very close to meeting those specifications.

Serving the county in various ways, most notably as chairman of the Caswell County Planning Board since its beginning in 1966, Farmer has left his mark on the county and its people in what must surely be one of the best examples of the kind of volunteerism upon which much of the good things in life are brought into being.

Life for Ryland Farmer began much like it did for everyone else in Caswell in 1919. Born on a farm in Blanch, Farmer had to walk a mile to catch the school bus, and had the farmwork to do when he got back home, in addition to the schoolwork. Attending Caswell schools, Farmer graduated from Bartlett Yancey in 1938, and then attended college at Guilford and at N.C. State.

Upon graduation, Farmer realized what countless other Caswell-born students have realized — if he came back to Caswell County then, there wasn't much choice in occupations. If no 'public work' was found, then the only

alternative was farming, and the Blanch native had other ideas.

Farmer and six others piled into an automobile and headed north, to Hagerstown, Maryland, where, after a night's rest, all six went job hunting and found employment at Fairchild Aircraft, a manufacturer of planes that then had a sizeable government contract to build planes for the war effort.

Twenty years later, Farmer had advanced to the position of chief of quality control at Fairchild, and had a family — what seemed like an ideal life. But as they say, you can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy, and so it was with Ryland Farmer.

"I had wanted to come back to Caswell County for a long time," said Farmer. "I wanted to come back mostly for my children, so they could grow up here. I just hadn't had the opportunity."

In 1962, that long-awaited opportunity came to be. John O. Gunn, owner of Caswell Motor Company, was ready to sell his business, and on July 1st, 1962, Farmer became the new owner of the local Ford auto dealership.

Once back home, it didn't take Farmer long to become involved in county affairs. "In the Fall of '62, the county commissioners voted to acquire space on the

County Home Road to build a new courthouse," Farmer recalled. "The merchants in town didn't want that to happen, and the board told us that if we could find the land in town that they would reconsider their decision."

So Farmer went to work, and with the help of Neal Watlington and John O. Gunn and some others, options on land in Yanceyville were acquired. This land is where the new courthouse and other government buildings are located now.



▲ Farmer and his children Sarah Lou and Lee in 1956.

Ryland Farmer today in his office at Caswell Motor Company. Farmer bought the car dealership from John O. Gunn in 1962. ▶

Life in Caswell

the
**County
People**



The county called on Farmer again in 1966, when the Caswell County Planning Board was formed. Farmer was named chairman, and has served in that capacity ever since.

Other committees and board appointments followed, and Farmer has willingly served on the Resource Conservation and Development board, the Industrial Development Team, and the Caswell Industrial Bond and Pollution Control Board, as well as lending aid to other boards and groups.

Perhaps, however, Farmer is best known in the county for his work on the County Line Creek Watershed project, a job that has taken up more of Farmer's waking hours than he ever suspected.

"I never realized how much time it would take for start to finish," Farmer said. "When you're dealing with something that big, and with the number of agencies and boards, it just takes time to get and keep everything straight and organized."

"We were in the RC&D with Alamance County, and an application for funds was drawn up," Farmer explained. "The application just fit Caswell — low income, poor industrial development — and out of six counties that submitted plans for the funding, the County Line Creek watershed project came out as number one."

According to Farmer, this small victory was just the beginning of an uphill battle to find enough funding for the project. "There was a lot of travel, a lot of talk that had to come about before we finally figured it out," Farmer said.

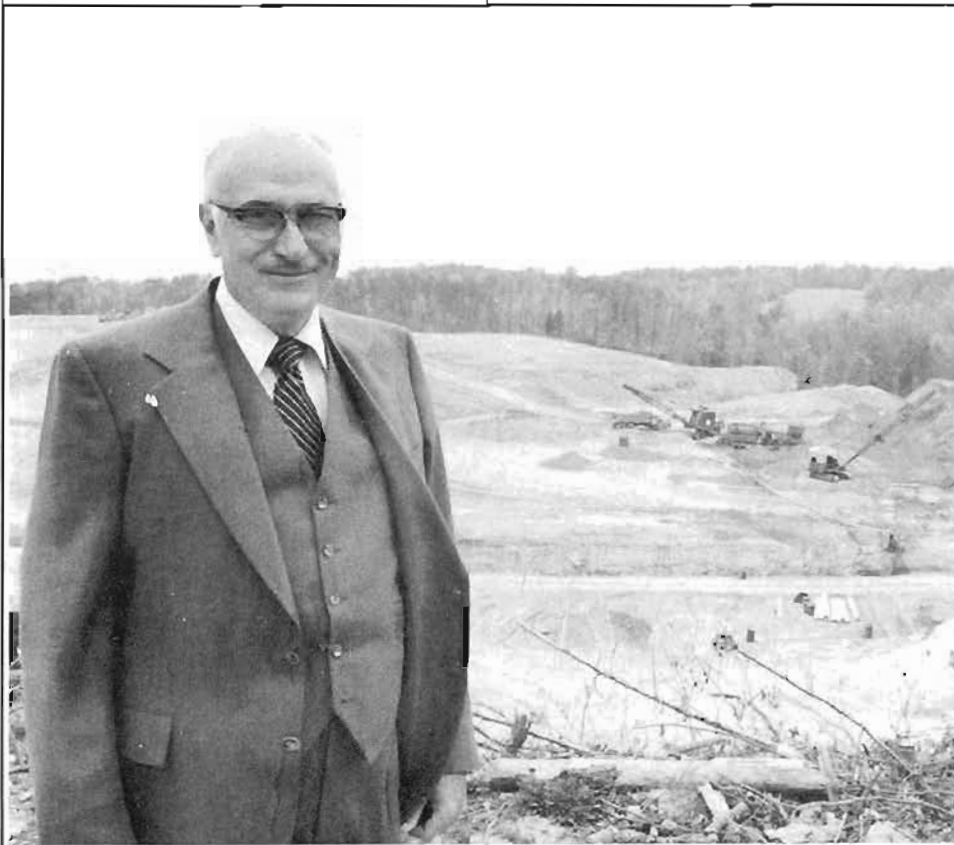
From all of Farmer's work, plus that of others in the county, and the help of those in government, enough funding was finally put together from a variety of sources, including the county, the Yanceyville Sanitary District, EDA, the state Clean Water Bonds, the Soil Conservation Service, and the Soil and Water Commission, to build the watershed. "What we ended up with

is the largest impoundment in the United States ever built according to public law 566, dealing with small watersheds," Farmer stated with pride.

In honor of Farmer's unceasingly hard work on the project, the County Line Creek watershed project has been officially named the S. Ryland Farmer Lake.

As with any individual who works for the public, even in a non-elective post such as Farmer's, some criticism has been leveled at Farmer. "Not a lot has been directed at me face-to-face, but I've heard a lot of criticism," he said. "It's never been bad enough to make me want to change my mind about what I thought was right."

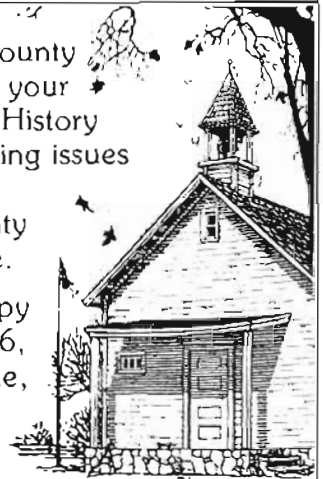
With his biggest battles behind him, Farmer continues to work for the good of the county, serving on the planning board, dealing with some hefty problems. "We need zoning, and I feel that eventually it will be approved, just as the mobile home siting ordinance and the land use plan and the sub-



◀ Ryland Farmer stands before the Country Line Creek Watershed construction site.

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division ordinance have been," Farmer said.

As far as the future of Caswell County is concerned, Farmer is very optimistic. "I think a lot of people don't realize the number of good things we have in the county today," he said. "I've seen good growth in the county in the past 15-20 years, and I think the county will continue to grow."

"The watershed should be a great benefit to Caswell. The predictions are that we here in the United States will face a water shortage in the coming years that will make the energy shortage look like almost nothing. With that big water supply, it will be very attractive for industry to move into Caswell."

Farmer pointed out that progress

cannot be assured unless everyone works together. "If we don't work together to get industry to locate here, I don't know where our children will go," he said. "We educate them here and they take their skills and knowledge somewhere else, because there's nothing to keep them here," he added.

The coming growth and the work necessary to make that growth come about are right up Farmer's alley. The man who unselfishly gave of his time to the county is a tireless worker, and even while spending countless hours working on projects for the county, he still can be found at his business at Caswell Motor Company from 6:30-6:00, morning to night, just about every workday.

"I made a promise to myself

when I moved back here that I would do two things: work for the county, and serve the church," said Farmer. "I've never minded the time I gave either one."

With Farmer and others like him working for the interests of Caswell, the future generations have little to worry about. For with his work, Ryland Farmer has made Caswell County a better place for us all.

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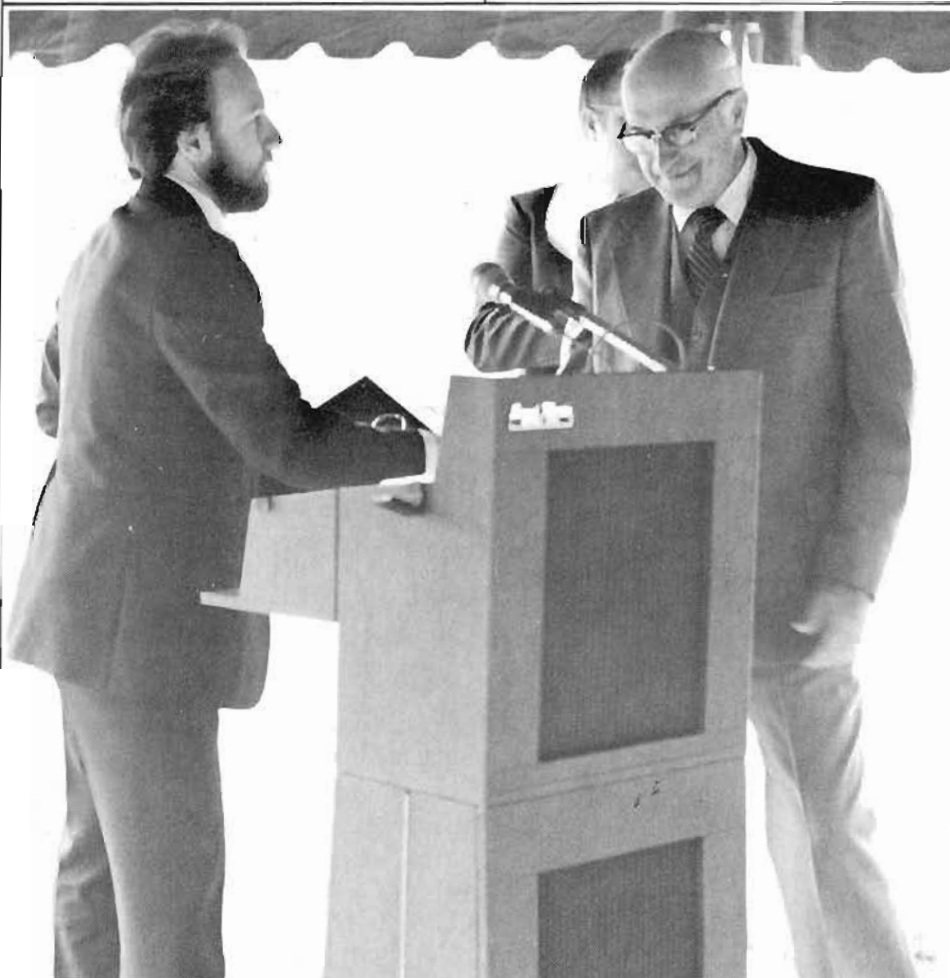
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County manager Steve Stewart presents Farmer with a plaque honoring his work on the watershed. The lake will be named the S. Ryland Farmer Lake.



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17



Stanley Oakley

a Man With a Purpose in Life

Mention the subject of missionaries to most people today, and they develop a mental image of the young men and women who traveled within the last century to places such as Hawaii and China to share their faith with others. While missionaries are still going abroad today, there are those who never leave this country to complete their mission.

So it is with Stanley Oakley, a young member of the Church of Jesus Christ, Latter Day Saints (Mormons). A member of the Caswell ward, Oakley recently returned from a two year mission to the west Texas town of El Paso.

Oakley's two year mission for his church began when he was selected as a Spanish-speaking missionary for the town of El Paso, whose population is some 80% Mexican. His entire mission was spent working in the town's barrios, spreading the message of the LDS church to the mostly Catholic residents.

The mission was not an easy one, but then being chosen for the honor of representing the church on such a mission was not easy, either.

"The mission program is open to all young men and women of the church who are between 19 and 26 years old," Oakley explained. "It's not required that you go on a mission, though —

it's entirely voluntary."

Oakley explained that the first step in becoming a missionary for the church is to notify the Bishop of the ward, who then interviews the applicants to determine their suitability for the post. Once chosen (and all aren't), the young man or woman must pay all expenses connected with the mission. "You've got to use your own money, or that of your family to pay for everything," Oakley noted. "The church doesn't pay for things like transportation or rent or food."

Missionaries from the LDS church are sent in pairs to a location in any one of 287 countries. According to Oakley, the missionaries always travel in pairs for several reasons, perhaps most importantly for safety. "It's safer to travel in pairs, as far as personal safety is concerned, and then you always have two witnesses to whatever happens," he said. "Then too, it's just like the original apostles were sent out, 2 by 2."

The personal safety factor is quite real for the missionaries, who must endure persecution from those who believe them to be religious fanatics. "We never were really in a life-threatening situation, but people would try to knock us off our bicycles, and kids would throw rocks and cans at us," Oakley revealed.

A typical day for Oakley and his

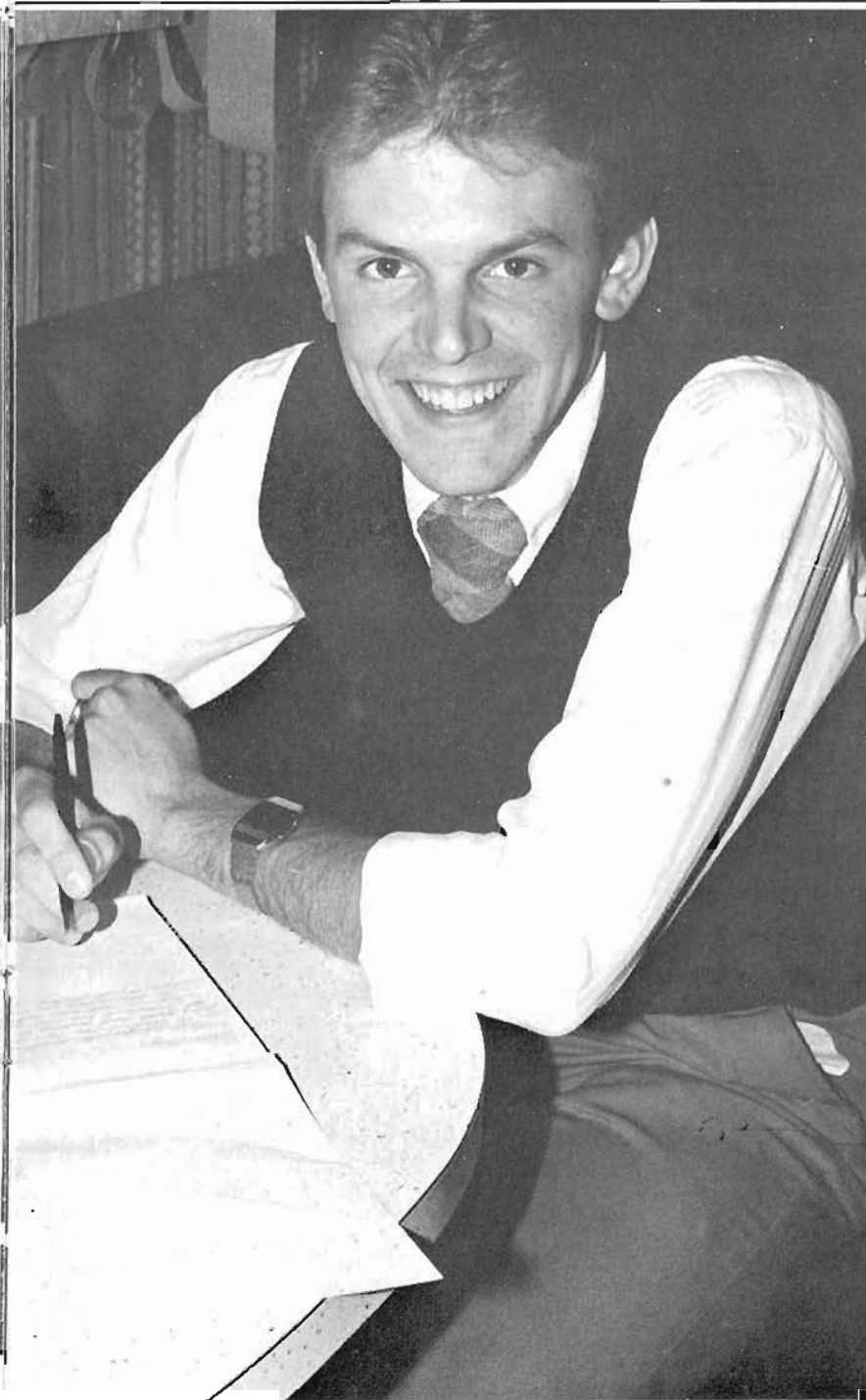
partner in El Paso found the pair up and making their rounds at 9:30 a.m. "We would go door to door all day, asking if the people would like to hear about the teachings," Oakley explained. "If they did, we would schedule some time, usually in the evening, when we could discuss the religion with them." These discussions would be divided into seven separate areas, covering all aspects of the church.

After the discussions were complete, the prospects would be baptized into the Mormon church. Many of these baptisms were conducted by Oakley. "I had the pleasure to baptize about 50 people into the church, and I understand that at least 45 of these are very active in the church now," he said.

The prospect of having to pay one's own way in a strange town for two years may not be the most attractive thought imaginable, but, like most missionaries, Stanley Oakley had his own special reason for wanting to undertake such a task. "My religion was a very special thing in my life, and I wanted to share my faith with others," he explained. "I felt that by doing this, I could share the happiness I feel in my faith with others."

This sharing of his faith not only affected those to whom he ministered, but has also affected

More County People



▲ While in El Paso, Oakley and his companion traveled the streets on bicycles, much like any other LDS missionaries.

◀ Stanley Oakley feels that his mission for his church has significantly changed his life for the better.

▼ Oakley poses with a Mexican family that was converted to and baptized into the Mormon church during Oakley's mission to El Paso.



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Oakley, "It changed my life in many ways," he admitted. "It taught me a lot of self-discipline, and gave me a new outlook on life. I'm more tolerant of other people now, and I am stronger in my own beliefs now."

Oakley believes the changes effected in his life will have a bearing on the lives of others in his church, especially the younger members. "I think they can see the changes in my life, and they will want this to happen to them also."

Perhaps this is what made Oakley decide to carry on his own mission — others from his church, including his older sister Melody, carried out their own missions before him, and Oakley revealed that he could see the benefits these others gained from their work. "When you're in that kind of atmosphere for 24 hours a day, for two years, you get a stronger and more sure sense of commitment in your own faith,"

he said. "It certainly was the best two years of my life."

Oakley's commitment to his church did not stop with the end of his mission. As a member of the LDS church in Anderson, he has gained new responsibilities, and continues to serve as an example for other people of that church to follow.

"You have to be an example for others," Oakley said. "If you let your light shine, others will see it and follow. It's kind of like a fire — everyone feels the warmth emanating from it and they want to get close, in order to share that warmth."



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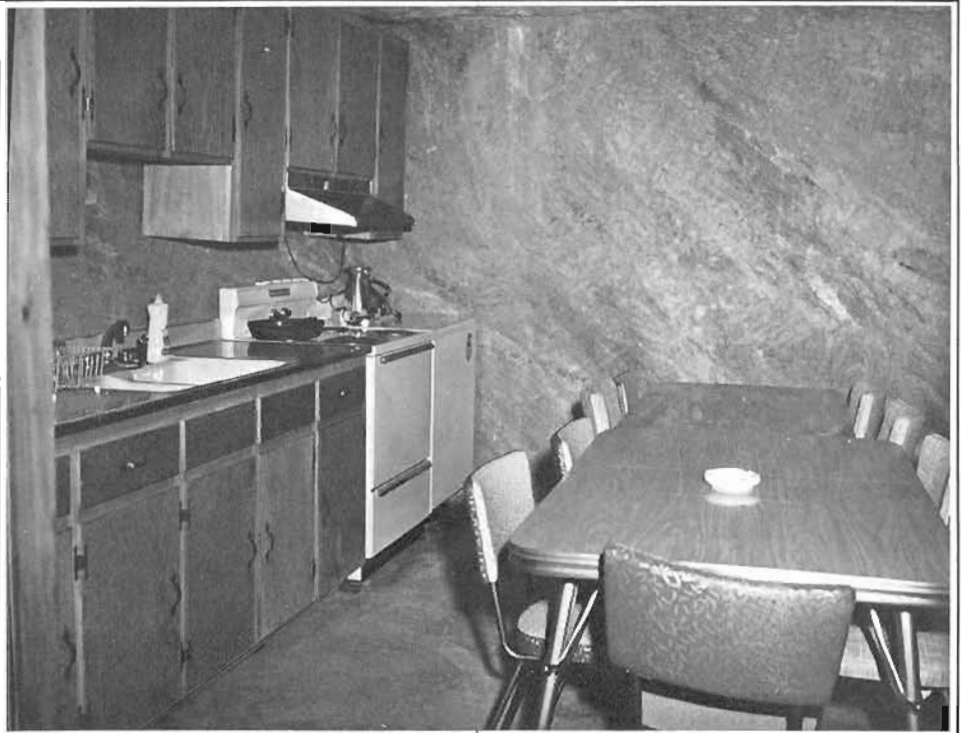
Scenes from the Past

J. MARK HARRELSON

In the early 1960's, an unusual landmark was being built in West Yanceyville, as Dr. L.G. Page designed and constructed his Underground Motor Apartment.

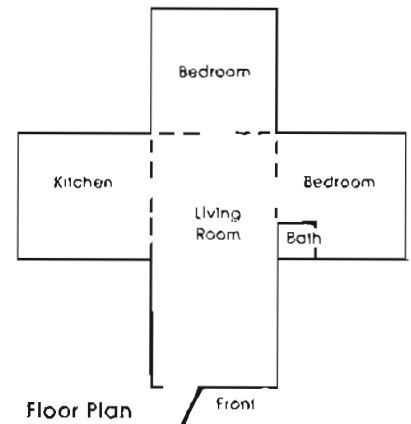
Dr. Page had always figured that an underground house was a good idea, with the natural insulation, efficient use of land and comparative low cost making the project attractive. With the proliferation of underground bomb shelters across America in the late 1950's, he felt the time had come to give his idea a try.

Dr. Page first dug the trenches that would become the walls of the underground rooms, and



then poured in the concrete to form the walls and ceiling. As can be seen in the three photos, Dr. Page's underground apartment was attractively furnished, complete with bunk beds, a full kitchen and even a television set and radio receiver. In all, the apartment had four rooms.

The underground apartment is no longer in use.



Manufacturing *a Better Way for Caswell's Fu*

When Roy and Bill Atwater founded Atwater Hosiery Mill in 1949, little did they dream that they would become one of the largest suppliers of athletic supporters, padding and related items to professional and college teams in the country. But a change in markets, combined with hard work, strategy and luck resulted in just that.

Full fashion hosiery was the name of the game in 1948 when the Atwaters began their business. From that point, with ten employees and sales of \$100,000, the local enterprise went through a series of ownership and names changes, becoming the Cole-Gunn mill, Royal Hosiery and later the Royal Textile Mills, until the year 1971, when the plant employed over 200 workers and had sales in excess of \$6 million.

Then "the bottom fell out" of the hosiery business, and that is where the story of today's Royal Textile Mills begins.

"The future didn't look too good in 1974," said Chip Atwater, vice-president of the company. "We had a building full of machinery and no market for hosiery, so we knew there had to be a change."

That change came in the form of athletic goods, specifically athletic supporters for male athletes. "We decided that we had to make a push on this, and

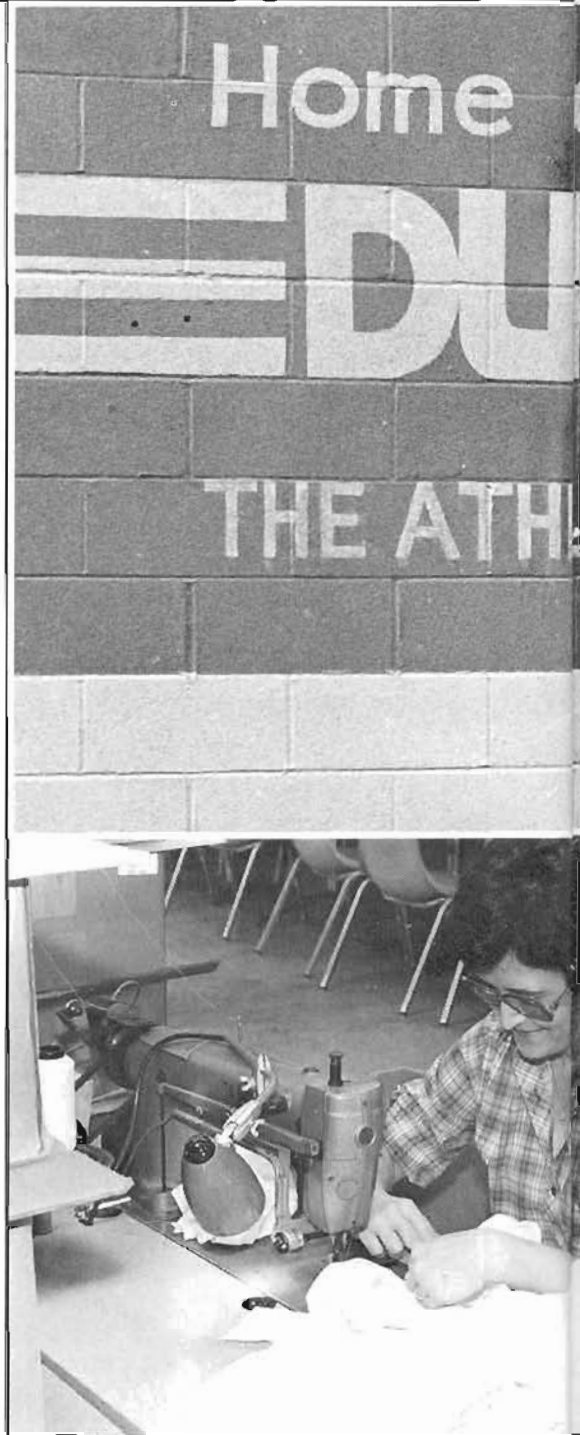
so we started making supporters, and put both our salesmen out to work on that one product," Atwater noted.

According to Chip Atwater, the new product began to turn the plant around, but not immediately. As a matter of fact, the Atwaters had almost decided to stop production before the new product, named The Duke, took hold in the market and began to turn a profit for the local plant.

The Duke, the first polyester athletic supporter, became the basis for the successful line of athletic padding manufactured today in Yanceyville by Royal Textile Mills. An improvement over the old style woven cotton supporters, which would lose its form after washing and would not conform closely to the body, The Duke has enjoyed a vast market, including exclusive use by such professional teams as the Dallas Cowboys, Denver Broncos, and the Washington Redskins.

"After we perfected The Duke, we began to really push the sale of the supporter after Mark (Mark Atwater, vice-president of Royal) attended a sales seminar to find out what the market wanted," Chip Atwater explained. "One thing led to another, and we began to produce and market other items."

Today, Royal Textile Mills



ture

the County at Work



▲ Mark and Chip Atwater spend much of their time promoting the sale of products from Royal Textiles, while maintaining the operation of the business.

◀ A relatively new product from Royal Textiles is the athletic bra, designed for the safety of the ever-increasing number of female athletes in the traditionally rougher sports

markets, besides The Duke, supporters, knee and elbow pads, athletic brassieres for women athletes, and has begun marketing lightweight jackets.

The athletic accessory market has proven to be a growth situation ever since Royal Textile Mills began production of the items, and has allowed the company to expand to the point of having 50 full time employees on the payroll and sales in the millions annually.

To be sure, other companies have imitated the successful design of The Duke products, but the local company still enjoys a healthy slice of the market, and future expansion of the local plant is always a possibility.

"We would like to expand the facilities and develop new product lines as we can," noted Chip Atwater. "We are staying abreast of the markets and what will be needed in the future. We want to be ready to supply those needs when they occur."

From the Royal Textile Mills plant, located on North Avenue in Yanceyville, athletic padding and supporters, all bearing the symbol of top quality, The Duke name, are shipped to outlets throughout the United States. Each shipment is a reminder of the hard work of some very dedicated Caswell County residents, who stuck with a changing market and funneled their efforts into creating a superior product. Roy Atwater, president of Royal, and his sons Chip and Mark, and everyone who was involved in the development and manufacture of The Duke products, share a sense of pride in their accomplishments that all too seldom is lacking in today's life. And because of this pride, this hard work, the people of Caswell County have yet another aspect of their lives about which they can be proud.



The complete line of products from Royal Textile includes athletic supporters, padding and jackets



Cloth coverings for the athletic padding made at Royal are cut from long lengths of the material.

**You can't
get here
from there!**

(without a roadmap)

T. J. R E Y N O L D S

My plants hate me. Not all the time, just the several months out of the year that we have to live together in the same house! January is especially bad. When most other plants are dormant or quietly resting in the still of the night, my plants are secretly plotting ways to develop root rot, open a resident boarding house for indigent mealy bugs or just plain croak. This month one went so far as to hang itself. Sound impossible? ... not for my creeping wisteria.

I haven't always had trouble with plants, but then I haven't always had plants! I remember my first flower purchasing excursion at a local florist greenhouse. It should have been obvious to me then that I was heading for trouble.

I checked a name tag — streptocarpus, it sounded like a fish with a bad throat infection. Next I looked at a podocarpus; it made my feet hurt just to think about it. Then, a nephrolepis which to me indicated severe brain damage. No one should buy a plant whose name sounds like a debilitating disease without first getting some background information!

Needing help I timidly approached the florist.

"What type of flower were you looking for?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing special," I sighed. "Just a simple little plant. One that requires very little water, fertilizer, care, and does well in

a dark room."

"Our dried flower arrangements are over there," she said flicking her finger in a pointing motion as her eyes rolled back.

"But I'm interested in a live one." I emphasized while picking up a speckled leaf beauty.

"What type of plant is this?"

"It's called aloe."

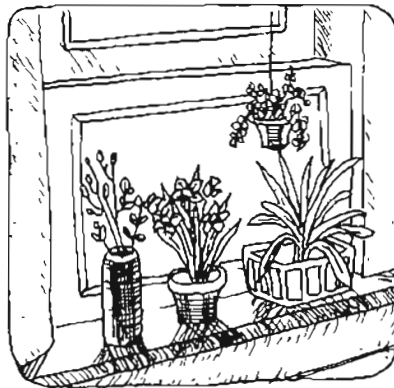
"I know it's low, but a low what?"

She cleared her throat. "You must be just starting."

"Yes, I am. How did you know?"

I still don't understand the problem. Some people just naturally have a green thumb. I have difficulty just naturally having a green plant. I have read every manual, book, guide and pamphlet ever published on the subject of caring for them. It hasn't worked.

Someone told me my attitude was wrong, that I wasn't relating to my plants. They suggested I talk to and encourage them. Supposedly they would respond



and do better. How can I relate to plants? I have difficulty relating to my kids — and we're the same species!

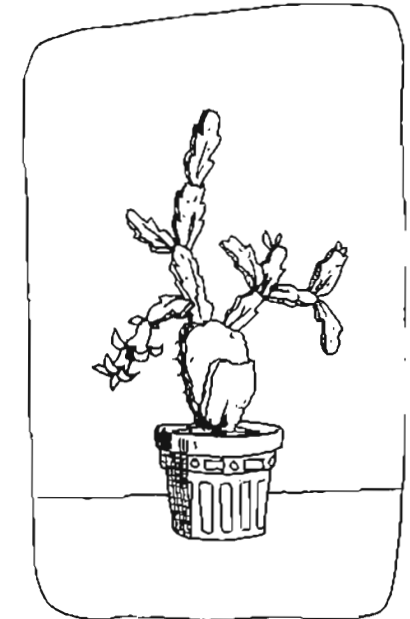
Recently I invited my neighbor (the green thumb variety) over to get her opinion on the problem.

"Helen," I cried shoving a fig plant into her hands. "I need

help! My crepe myrtle has turned into a chiffon gertrude. My dumb cane is smarter than I am (at least it knows when to give up.) Even my fig plant is weeping in your hands. What am I doing wrong?"

"I can see why some of your plants aren't doing well," she said looking up at a hanging basket. "This one has cob webs all over it."

"I don't see what's wrong with that," I stammered. "They told me when I bought it that it's



called a spider plant."

"And what is this?" she moaned disgustedly.

"That's my diffenbachia."

"I can see that, but what's all this ... this stuff around it?"

"I staked it up. When it started to grow taller, it had a tendency to fall over. I read somewhere that if you staked a plant, it would grow taller and be healthier."

"Well ... that's true," she sighed heavily, a pained expression on her face. "But this one must have cost you a small fortune!"

"Yeah, I didn't realize staking could be so expensive. Even on sale beef is \$3.98 a pound!"

In another issue: Forcing Can Be Fun

Highway 86

a Symbol of Progress in Cas

Highway 86 is a roadway with a dual personality. The newest sections cut through the north-south axis of the county in an almost arrow-straight run, while the older portions curve and twist like a snake, climbing hills and dipping into low valleys to keep the traffic slow. In either case, Highway 86 means 'home' to many a weary Caswell traveler returning from a far-off journey.

1920 was the year of birth for Highway 86, as state highway construction crews began the struggle to turn a horse and buggy path into a good hardtop road for the citizens of Caswell. With mules, drag pans, pick and shovel and plain old human muscle, the highway was slowly cut from the hard-packed soil of Caswell County. The workers, lacking the modern machinery available today, followed the lay of the land to find the path of least resistance for the new roadway, giving us the curvy, snaking highway known today as "Old 86".

26 The next sixty years were to see some improvements made to the new roadway, but they came piecemeal, a little here and a little there.

In the late 1940's, highway crews went back and widened the curves on the highway, but it remained a collection of curves, dips and rises until the early 1960's. At that time, the state appropriated money to build a

new section of highway for 86, from the Virginia state line south. According to Ed Rowland, former supervisor of maintenance for the State Highway Department in Caswell, this was the first major improvement for the Caswell landmark.

"The straight section built in the early 60's was a contract job, not built by state crews," said Rowland. "And they really had a time building that road."

"At that time, we didn't have the techniques we have now to find out what kind of land you have to cut through, and the contractor who built the new section had to go through a lot more rock than he thought. He did a whole lot of blasting on that project to get through the rock."

Rowland speculated that the contractor probably lost money on the project because of the extra effort needed to cut through the rocky soil. "Of course, today you're compensated for any extra unforeseen problems like that," he added.

The next major improvement for Highway 86 came in the late 60's and early 70's, when the roadway was widened from the intersection of Highway 62 at Alvis Briggs' in Yanceyville to Topknot, south of Yanceyville. Still, there was room for much more.

The portion of Highway 86 from Hightowers south to Prospect Hill was gaining a reputation as a killer, with S-curves that invited auto accidents, slopes that proved treacherous in the winter, and periodic flooding of Lynch Creek. During the latter, that portion of Highway 86 was rendered impassable, with waters sometimes completely covering the bridge over Lynch Creek.

Enter Helen Little. In 1977, Governor Jim Hunt appointed Little, a merchant from Yanceyville, to the board of the N.C. Department of Transportation. With her appointment, Little immediately began a campaign to see the southern portion of Highway 86 improved.

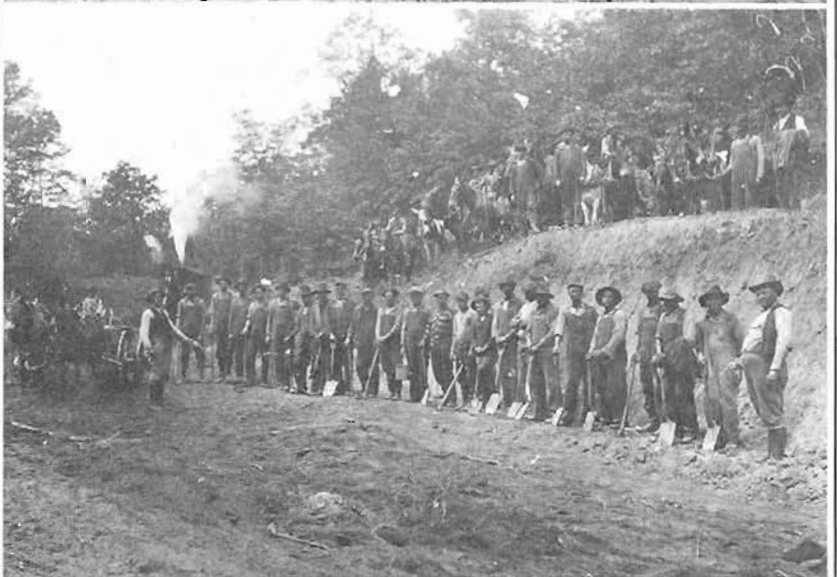
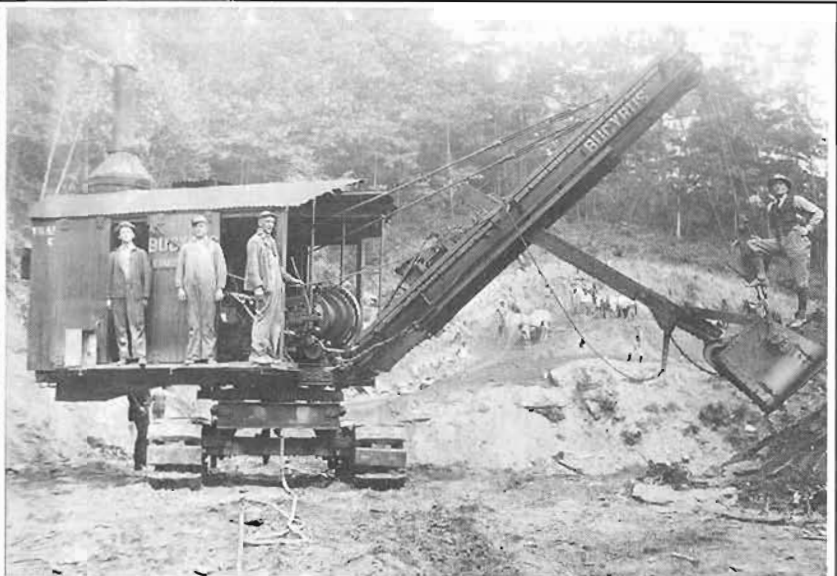
"When I was appointed to the board, the improvements for that portion of the highway had been put on the shelf," said Little. "I felt that this was one of the most needed, most important highway improvement projects for Caswell County, and so I began to work to get the project back for the county." According to Little, the project was then set up on a time schedule that would have the first public hearing scheduled for 1984. "If it had taken that long, we never would have gotten the improvements made," she said.

Helen Little worked closely with Highway Administrator Billy

Continued on page 5

well

the County Landmarks



▲ Steam shovels similar to this one were used to build the first section of Highway 86 in 1920. At that time, maintenance of the roads was the responsibility of the county (Photo courtesy of Clyde Cantrell)

Mules were also used extensively in the building of highways in the early 1920's (Photo courtesy of Clyde Cantrell).

◀ Helen Little of Yanceyville was a major force in the completion of the Highway 86 project, working tirelessly for the project while on the N C Board of Transportation Little also gives much of the credit to Governor Jim Hunt.

Voices Lift High the So

William Wells has been in Caswell County for only eight years, but he has in that time touched the lives of hundreds through his work with the choral classes at Bartlett Yancey Senior High School.

Through his efforts, many students have come to gain a new appreciation of music and the efforts necessary to produce good musical selections. But beyond that, Wells has taught his students discipline and the value of hard work, both qualities that are very necessary to performing in the chorus, and good characteristics to have for the rest of their lives.

Wells, a native of Reidsville, graduated from A&T State University with a B.S. in Music Education. His position in Caswell was his first teaching assignment after college.

"Music is a very demanding field, but it's my favorite," said Wells of his vocation. "It takes a lot of work, so it's not always enjoyable for everyone."

And a lot of work it is, as Wells instructs four different groups in the art of music. Beginning with a chorus for the eighth grade students at Dillard Junior High, he continues with instruction for a ninth grade chorus, and a concert choir formed from the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grade students at Bartlett Yancey. A special jazz and show choir also demands part of

Wells' time.

William Wells and his students perform several concerts during the year, sharing their talent and their enjoyment of their study with others in the county. A Christmas concert is traditional now in Caswell, as is a Spring concert. Added to this schedule are performances at PTA meetings, elementary schools and what Wells terms "community service" concerts.

According to Wells, the study of music means much more to a student than just the simple act of singing. "To do well in music, a student must learn to read music, read and work with math properly, and he must learn to work with others so that the combined effort produces the proper effect."

In his eight years of working with the students of Caswell County, Wells has built the



ngs of Life

a County Profile

*William Wells as his students see him ...
directing the class in song* ➤

*A high point for some of Wells' students
this school year was when they ap-
peared with the National Opera Com-
pany's production of "Der Fledermaus"
at the Caswell Civic Center.* ▼



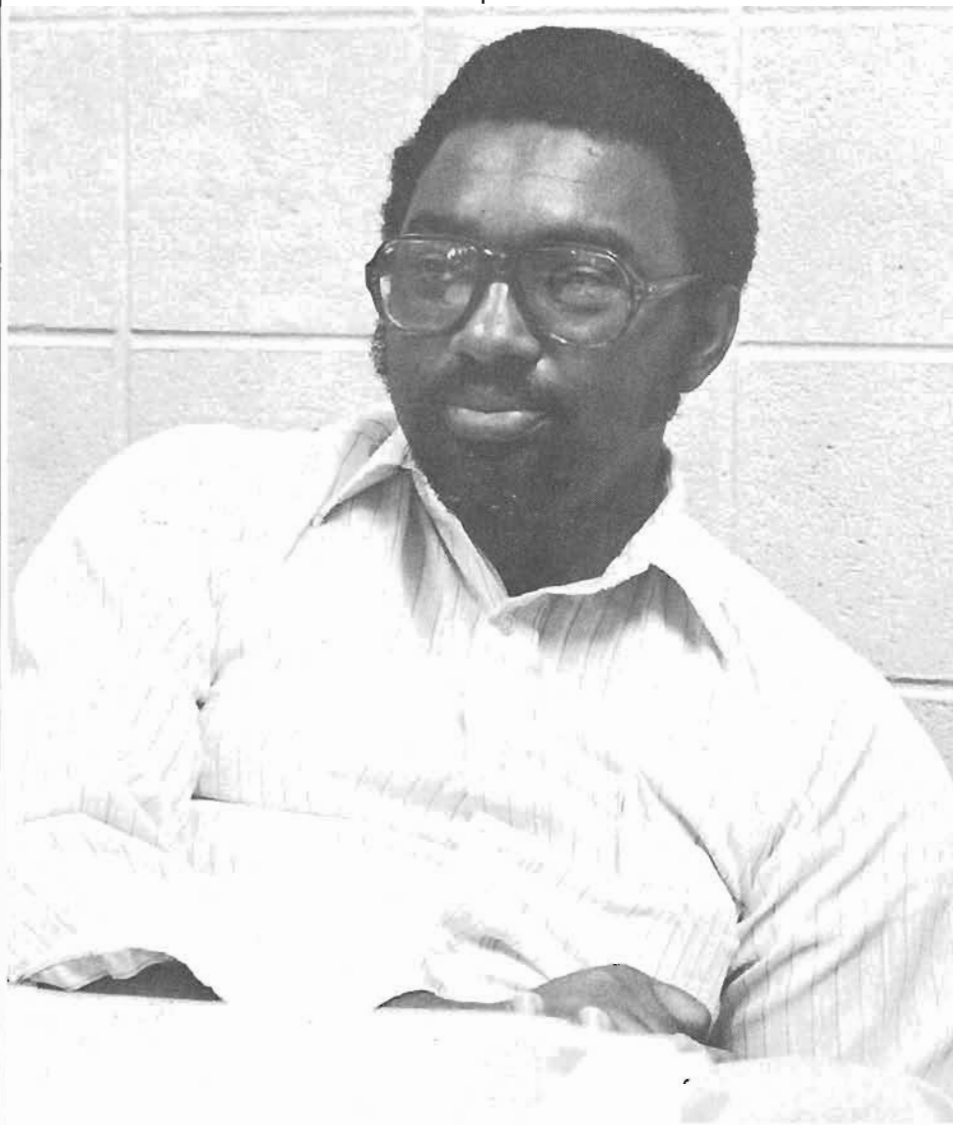
music program in the schools into a definite asset to Caswell. As an indication of his success in working with the students, at least four have gone on to major successfully in the music field in college after graduation from Bartlett Yancey, and many others continue their studies in music on a part-time basis.

Like any other teacher, William Wells is quick to point out that his efforts could not be very successful without the help and support of parents. "Without the help and interest of the parents of the students I have taught, the music program in the Caswell schools would not be nearly as effective as it is now," he admitted. "The response has been terrific, and the parents really work to support the

program. Through their efforts, a great deal of equipment has been purchased, and the program has been made a success."

In a way, William Wells is like a parent himself, in that he feels a sense of pride in watching his students learn, from the basics to the most sophisticated areas of music. "I get my enjoyment from seeing the end result," he revealed. "I get to watch the process from start to finish, and I get to see the student grow in his knowledge. That's what makes it all worthwhile to me."

Such are the feelings that make good teachers. And if the experience of his students are any indication, the county is fortunate to have a teacher in William Wells.



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Fence posts

DWIGHT O. CHANDLER

To Lose Yourself

The wind blew hard across my face as it came down the slope, racing toward the pond. Some of the falling snow stung as it bit into my skin and I tugged at my collar, trying to sink further down into my coat.

Yes, I was cold. Dreadfully cold. But, despite the chill in my bones and sore nose from rubbing it with the back of a frozen glove, I wasn't feeling so badly.

In fact, I felt pretty well. Guess that's because I love to get out and walk about in a deep, fresh snow. To listen as your own footsteps punch crisply through the crusty white stuff and remain behind as you continue on. To smell the freshness in the air, see the clearness of the sky, or just experience that certain feeling that accompanies only certain times.

A lot of folks probably don't like walks in the snow. Guess that's because to really enjoy a walk in the snow you have to do a little more than walk. You have to concentrate on looking, listening, feeling and absorbing the surroundings as you walk or you'll miss most of what you're there for.

Some of the nicer things to see while out are the signs that tell you what has happened since the snow fell and left a blanket of white to snitch on the passers-

by who sneak about through the world.

Not far from the house I came across a deer track which headed out of the woods on the bottom and continued up the hill toward another stand of younger trees. Instead of following the tracks, I opted to back-track and see how far I could retrace his trail. (I say 'he' because in my mind's eye I could picture a stout, 10 point buck stepping proudly across the open field.) After winding a short ways back into the woods I came upon a fairly large pine that had been brought down by a mixture of snow, wind and ice. There, beneath the cover of the outstretched limbs suspended a few feet off the ground, was the bedding spot from which the buck had left a little earlier. The



spot looked so warm and cozy I realized that most of the wildlife that has to make it through the cold and weather are far more prepared for it than we humans are.

Thinking of that warm and cozy setting jarred my memory back and I realized I'd been walking for almost an hour and it was getting close to time for me to

head back to my own warm and cozy spot. That would be another thing I like about walks in the cold winter air . . . returning home and settling in against a nice, hot fire.

After knocking off my wet boots and shedding a couple layers of clothing, I chunk and prod at the fire for a few minutes, then fall back into my recliner.

Now, I don't care what anyone else has to say, but there's nothing in the world much more relaxing than sitting and watching (at least halfway) a slow-burning, hypnotizing fire as it sends flowing wisps of smoke bleeding up the chimney. To get lost in the flames and become so caught up in them that you are completely unaware of anything else going on about you. It's really nice to be able to become that relaxed and peaceful. I'll admit that it doesn't happen many times, but I cherish the moments when it does, just as I cherish the thoughts and sights and sounds of winter itself.

I'm writing these words to you a short while before January, of course, and we're currently in our first really cold spell of the season. You know, when you keep a chill all day long, for the first time of the year, and realize that winter is almost here to stay. Well, being that as it may, if I had only one wish now to be granted for the New Year, it would have to be this:

That while you are reading this, you can turn to the window and gaze out across the yard, or field, or meadow, and see a peaceful, slow-falling snow laying a blanket upon the world. And after while you'll be able to take a short walk in the brisk winter air, return home and chunk the fire, then sit back and get lost in the flames.

If you're lucky, maybe no one will find you for a while. You can only hope.

NEXT MONTH

IN

the
County



MAGAZINE

*75 Years of
Teaching in Caswell*

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