"WHEEL TRACKS"

Service Publication

of the

YANCEYVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Rotary Club

Biographical Sketches

1942 - 1943

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

FOREWORD

The work in this book is a labor of love, done in the spirit of Rotary fellowship and helpfulness. The biographical sketches were conceived in the mind of the editor, Tom Henderson, and born of his individualism. So far as your committee is informed, this is an innovation in Rotary's far-flung tracks, and, taking in an even wider field, we doubt if any other civic club or fraternal body has had its entire membership biographically memorialized and, may we say, eulogized.

It should be stated for the editor that when he started these sketches, he had no idea that his undertaking would be so well received by his fellow members, nor did he even dream that they would be deemed worthy of preservation in permanent book form. The appreciation of the club is expressed in this brochure, financed by the membership, following a favorable report and recommendation of this committee appointed by President Fred Upchurch.

It should be further stated for the editor of "Wheel Tracks" that he has zealously guarded against dealing in slander, scandal, abuse, or even sarcasm, which might tend to injure or offend, or even embarrass. Such humor and wit as he has employed in his writings was, and is, intended to be harmless and good-natured. Perhaps the Rotary-Anns will throw the mantle of charity over his self-presumed witticisms anent the faults of wives and his veiled insinuations of domineering inclinations and proclivities.

Your committee has approved the publication of these sketches in this book, in the consciousness that Rotary is devoted to fellowship, play, and kind words, as well as to song, service, ethical conduct and good deeds.

S. M. Bason, Dr. S. A. Malloy, Erwin D. Stephens

Special Committee on Publications

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF : HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

I AM ROTARY

A Sower of Good Seed

(Dedicated to the Yanceyville Rotary Club)

My field is the round world—

I am the spirit of "Service above self"—
I am the proponent of the maxim of living: "He profits most who serves best"—
I am the exemplar of ethical conduct and human idealisms—
I am the exponent of the gospel of the "brotherhood of man"—
I am the personification of the friendships of business and professional men—
I am the standard-bearer of the banner of community service and civic uplift—
I am the unofficial spokesman of nations and races of every clime—
I am the language of universal goodwill and kindly, helpful interest—
I am the songster of joy, laughter, sunshine and play—
I am the friend of youth and its patron in every endeavor to set true and straight the rudder of life—
I am the enemy of hatred, spite, jealousy, covetousness, greed and war—
I am the messenger to all men of all nations, carrying the teachings of the Golden Rule of "Doing unto others as we would have others do unto us"—
I am faith and hope and love in the lexicon of life—
I am Rotary.

Sincerely,

Tom Henderson.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Oct. 13, 1942

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 7

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Stephen Arnold Malloy.

Club Classification: Doctor of Medicine.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Steve.

Distinguishing Attributes: A heart throbbing with sympathetic understanding and generous impulses, possessed of the touch of the healer of the physical ills and mental worries of mankind; fun-loving, smiling face; devotion to service, helpfulness and ethical conduct.

A spotless garment, interwoven by the Master Spinner from the warps,, woofs and weaves of life's complex loom;

A Godly vessel, symmetrically pottered and brightly burnished in the crucible which burns away the dross and gloom.

A good physician, aye, yea, and more, a faithful friend who walked with me along life's hard and stony road.

And when my own burdens grew too heavy for me to bear, he took on his shoulders a part of my back-breaking load.

The metre may not measure the poetry, but the words measure the life and character of my friend and personal physician. The friendship stretches back over a period of 45 years, to the time when this writer in "The Little News" announced his arrival in Yanceyville on June 1, 1898, to fling his professional shingle to the breezes. Dr. Steve was born Oct. 26, 1872, near Wentworth, a son of Col. David Morton and Elizabeth Massey Malloy. His father was a doughty and courageous Irish descendant who distinguished himself as a Confederate officer and, later, as a constructive leader of Republicanism in the dark days of the reconstruction era. He attended a community school, taught by an older sister, I believe, got his academic education at Guilford College, took his preliminary professional training at the University of Maryland, and finished at the University of Louisville. After passing the State examination, he came at once to Yanceyville, and has been here ever since. He has not only been a leader in his profession and in the Democratic party, but also in our social, civic and religious life, as well as in the industrial activities of the community and county. Two years ago Orange Presbytery met with the Yanceyville church in honor of Dr. Malloy's 43 years of service as a ruling elder. He has been identified with Masonry for 43 years, first with the John A. Graves Lodge and now with the retaken charter of Caswell Brotherhood Lodge No. II. The Democrats of Caswell last year honored him for his 20 years of faithful and laudable service as chairman of the party in Caswell. Two years ago the doctors of this doctorial district signally honored him with a magnificent banquet, when he was eulogized in glowing tributes by the eminents of his profession. Perhaps Rotarian Dr. Houston Gwynn, his associate in practice since he himself finished his training and likewise beloved of thousands, best summed up Dr. Malloy's life in saying: "No man can truly measure the great heart of the man and properly judge the skill of him as a physician but one like I who have watched that tender heart moved to tears and seen that skill reach its loftiest endeavors around bedsides when death hovered near and human agencies seemed unavailing." He is a charter member of the Yanceyville Rotary club and, as much as any member, he practices the idealism of "service above self."

Dr. Malloy married Miss Nannie Kerr, a daughter of the late John Hosea and Katharine Yancey Kerr, a gentle scion of one of Caswell's oldest and most prominent families. This union was blessed with one daughter, Katharine Yancey Malloy, now Mrs. James I. Pritchett, III, of Danville, Va. Truly, it may be said he has been a kind husband and an indulgent father, as well as an outstanding churchman, civic-minded citizen and Sarmaritan-like physician.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF : HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Oct. 20, 1942

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 8

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Sam Murphey Bason.

Club Classification: Banker.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Sam.

Distinguishing Attributes: Warm heart, loving disposition (including wife, children, stray dogs and pretty girls,) even-tempered (up to a maximum degree,) friendly personality devoid of artificiality, executive abilities and leadership qualities, a despoiling husband and an adoring father.

Sam was born Dec. 3, 1894, at Swepsonville, Alamance County. He was a son of a gallant Confederate soldier, William H. Bason, now dead and Flora Murphey Bason, a great-niece of Caswell's illustrious Archibald D. Murphey. Paraphrasing Paul's language in accepting Timothy, Sam's credentials are presented in the pious and Godly life of a sweet and gentle and consecrated mother. Sam attended school at Swepsonville, Burlington and Oak Ridge, and then matriculated at the University—going in the front door and coming out the back, as he tells. He was president of both his junior and senior classes at Burlington High, president of the literary society and captain of the baseball team. He loves baseball today like a hog loves corn—and the same may be said of football, basketball, tennis, boxing and cock-fighting. His educational career was interrupted by his enlistment in the first World War—"to make the world safe for democracy." He saw eleven months of active participation in France and Belgium. After the war, he entered the banking business in Burlington. He came to Yanceyville in 1920, and took over the management of the Bank of Yanceyville, of which institution he is the popular president and ramrodding factotum. His zeal and loyalty to his bank during the dark and hectic days of bank closings is known to all men. His integrity, his honesty, his truthfulness, his candor and his faith were inspiring incentives, spurs and backings in the reorganization and reopenment of the bank. In connection with his duties in the bank, Sam has built up over the years a successful general insurance business. He was the first president of the old Caswell Chamber of Commerce, is twice pastmaster of his Masonic lodge, was the first president of our Rotary club. He played an important part in organizing the Rotary club, in rounding up the charter members and in getting the Burlington club to sponsor the baby. He was recently appointed by Gov. J. M. Broughton a member of the N. C. Gasoline and Oil Inspection Board. He helped organize the Caswell Knitting Mills, the Coble Creamery, the Caswell Hardware Co.—and whatnot! He was foremost in getting lights, water, sewerage and fire protection.

Sam is a Democrat, of perhaps Ku Klux Klan flavor, but he is neither hide-bound nor overly biased. While he has never actually sought political honors, they have come to him. He successfully managed the campaigns of Lieut.-Gov. J. Elmer Long, a native Caswellian, Solicitor Carlyle Higgins and Congressman Frank Hancock. In 1937, Gov. Clyde R. Hoey named Sam the Fifth Division Road Commissioner, and for four years he did a whale of a good job, his square-shooting personality, abilities and impartialities winning popularity and friendships of the best citizens of the nine counties—even though an overly zealous Reidsville lady did tell me: "That durned old Sam Bason is doing more for the restoration of Yanceyville than John D. Rockefeller is doing for Williamsburg."

In 1922, Sam married the lovely, gifted and good Martha (Marnie) Hatchett, who has made an almost ideal wife and mother. That "almost" takes account of Marnie's moralistic idealisms, ideologies and extraordinary conversational proclivities. They have three unusually bright and attractive children: Billie has been and still is at the University, switching from classical education to war preparation; Carolyn, this year's graduate of N. C. College for Women, and "Dot" this year's graduate at Bartlett Yancey High. Billie and Dot take after their pappy, while Carolyn is in many lovely ways a replica of her mammy.

Sam is a Presbyterian, his forefathers for generations having been pillars of Hawfields. He is actively associated with the Yanceyville church, and for many years a forward-pushing chairman of the board of deacons.

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SERVICE ABOVE SELF : HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Oct. 27, 1942

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 9

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Thomas Jones Ham.

Club Classification: Druggist and Pharmacist.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Tom.

Distinguishing Attributes: A Virginia gentleman—an "F. F. V.", suh, with cultural attainments and devout backgrounds; hospitable, tender, faithful and truthful, with a face and a figure that the feminine gender love and adore.

Thomas Jones Ham was born in the city of Richmond, Va., on Aug. 22, 1896, a son of Thomas Jones Ham and Ida Virginia Cogbill Ham, of aristocratic English descent on both sides of the house. He grew up in the best part of the oldest residential section of the city on the James. His father was a railroad engineer and, for almost a lifetime, was associated with the Southern Railway Company. His mother and father were devoutly pious and loyal followers of the tenets and teachings of John Wesley. He graduated at the famous John Marshall High School, the University of Richmond, and then took his pharmaceutical course at the Medical College of Virginia. He was a bit impulsive and, maybe, a little hot-headed in his youth days, and fought many a fight for younger kids and other underdogs, but he was a bright student, warm-hearted, square-shooting and generous. In this connection, it may be told that his old daddy once took him behind the coal-shed, got a paddle, and said to him: "Son, I can understand your extravagancies, your sizzling bouyances of spirit and your impulsive tendencies to devilment, but, Son, don't you never tell me a lie!"

Tom came to Yanceyville in August, 1922, and bought the name, goodwill and stock of the drugstore left by the deceased Nat Brandon. He quickly became acclimated to our clime and folks, his pleasing personality, civic-mindedness and flare for helpfulness to others winning for him a place in our hearts from the start. In 1926 he married Margaret Dawson, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, then living in Durham and rated the best feminine business executive in the Bull City. She is a charming lady, with all of her executive ability, and has made him an ideal wife and business partner, and Tom now says: "All that I am, I owe to my good, smart and forbearing wife." Working hand in hand, Tom and Margaret have builded, fixtured and stocked a brick drugstore on the public square that would do credit to a much larger town. They chose to build a home on the second floor of the drug building, equipping it with all modern conveniences and adorning it with Mrs. Ham's exquisite taste and artistry. They will later build a home on the triangle where the Milton road spurs off from the Hillsboro and Durham road. Tom and Margaret have no children, but they adopted a son, Robert Ham, who has just graduated at the University of North Carolina and passed, with honors, the State's pharmaceutical examination for license. Tom and Margaret have also builded a lovely "country estate home," between Milton and Semora, and given it the name of "Mar-Tom." Here they spend parts of the summers and entertain handsomely.

Tom is a Mason, of Solomonic stripe and pride. He is a live-wire member of our Rotary club, and never lags in "putting his shoulder to the wheel." He is a Methodist—of the sort who shouts for Methodism, backs her programs with his money and his labors, and roots for the Duke football team. Margaret spurs on his Methodism, and is their pastors' "chief de aide." Their labors and activities for the new Methodist church, aside from large cash contributions, were unstinted. They also take a lively and helpful interest in every good cause in the community and county. Tom occupies a high position in the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association. He was influential in getting water and sewerage in Yanceyville, and has served faithfully and usefully as a Sanitary District Commissioner. He is, withal, a sound friend and a dependable druggist, and, it may be said, he also serves his fellowman who with fidelity pharmaceutically understands the indecipherable Latin hieroglyphics of your doctor's diagnosing hands. Tom and Margaret both are honors to the drug business and valued acquisitions to our citizenship.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Nov. 3, 1942.

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 10

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Roy Faucette Whitley.

Classification: Presbyterian Minister.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Roy.

Distinguishing Attributes: Lovable personality, dignified demeanor, consecration to Christian living, teaching and preaching, patronizer and leader of youth and devotee of chaste wit and good humor.

I went into the Garden of Life to hunt a flower of lovelier blossom and sweeter perfume—

A flower of daintier petals, statelier bough, and richer, more colorful bloom;

I found a man with a soul radiating wisdom, holiness, justice, goodness, truth and love—

A man faithfully serving his fellowman and humbly ministering in the name of the God above.

The first Sunday of the past October marked the tenth anniversary of Roy's coming to Caswell County and his association with the group of Presbyterian churches of Yanceyville, Bethesda, Griers and Pleasant Grove, in the relationship of pastor. At that time, each of these churches expressed her love and appreciation with the gift of a substantial check. Without odious comparison, it may be said that no minister has ever labored more faithfully, efficiently and acceptably for so long a time in Caswell and won for himself so largely the respect and regard of people of all denominations, both white and black.

Roy Faucette Whitley was born in Burlington, N. C., on January 18, 1903, a son of John Riley Whitley and Emelia White Whitley. The father was a well-known merchant in West Burlington and an elder in the Presbyterian church. His mother must have been a Godly woman, for this Christian home dedicated its offspring and reared them "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and from it came two Presbyterian preachers. The Rev. John C. Whitley is equally beloved in Leaksville, and is doing a wonderful work there.

Roy graduated from Burlington High in 1925, went to Davidson College, and received his A. B. there in 1929. In 1932 he got his Bachelor of Divinity degree from Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va., and in 1942 he attained unto his Master of Theology degree from the same seminary. It is said that his thesis was voluminous and notable. Those who know Roy well, know that he will not be satisfied with his educational achievements until he has won his Doctor of Theology degree.

In preparing for this little sketch, I asked Roy to give me a little data anent dates, genealogies and attainments. In complying, he overlooked a wife. And, I had summed her up as the biggest part of his earthly possessions and treasures. I know he was very properly married to Barbara Swartz, of Danville, Va., on Sept. 25, 1936. She had heretofore had much training for a Presbyterian preacher's wife, having been a sort of assistant pastor to Dr. Dunglinson, of Danville's First Presbyterian church. Barbara is smart and capable, and a guiding beacon light to Roy's feet. Sad to relate, they have no children.

Roy is a charter member of the Yanceyville Rotary Club. He is a Mason, and his annual sermons to Masons are classics of high rank. He is a former Scout Master, and has done fine work with boys in the Boy Scout organization. Among his activities in Orange Presbytery, he has been in charge of youth work.

Incidentally, this group of churches is the only charge he has ever had, although he has been sought by larger churches with more money. He has successfully put on building programs in all of his churches, and has more than doubled the membership. It is now generally accepted that he will labor on here until he is superannuated. Yanceyville will be richer in those things which are good and pure and true and beautiful.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF . HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST.

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Nov. 10, 1942

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 11

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: John Henry Gunn.

Club Classification: Sheriff of Caswell County.

Club Fellowship Appellation: John Henry.

Distinguishing Attributes: Modesty, unassumingness, honesty, truthfulness, kindliness, tenderness and true-blueness in fidelity and loyalty.

The Gunn family of Caswell has a reputation for precociousness and first-handiness, a grandsire having been fast on the trigger in firing the first cannon at Yorktown. (See monument to the memory of Starling Gunn at the ancestral home one mile, as the crow flies, from Yanceyville, now owned by the descendants of LaFayette Murray.) The Gunns have also been prolific, and have produced many little Gunns.

If I am not mistaken, I first saw John Henry at a "shingling bee," when, community-spirited, we were nailing the first shingles on the decayed roof of the old Yanceyville Co-Educational Academy (formerly Dan River Institute under the principalship of Archibald C. Lindsay and Archibald E. Henderson) under the inspiration and leadership of Nanseen Siman Asswad, a native of Jerusalem and graduate of Guilford College who had followed to Yanceyville his fellow-schoolmate, Dr. Steve Malloy. I went to school with John Henry, and we have been friends for nearly 45 years. There was nothing mean or little in his make-up then; he never took an unfair advantage and he never hurt the feelings of anyone; his life and character have weathered the storms of all these years, and he is the same square-shooting, lovable personality today as he was when he was commuting to school, via horseback, from his home midway between Page's Mill and Allison's Shops.

John Henry Gunn was born Feb. 6, 1882, a son of Hiram L. and Virginia (Jennie) Jones Gunn. He first married Hattie Smith, a lady of excellent character, piety and zeal, but this happy union was ended with her death in 1933, after she had borne him three fine sons and a lovely daughter, namely: Rotarian William Gunn, Henry Gunn, Elvin Gunn and Rotary-Ann Annie Gunn McKinney. Incidentally, John Henry is the first of our Rotarians to have the honor of father-and-son clubship and that of father-and-son-in-law (Rotarian Clyde McKinney.) On Dec. 29, 1938, John Henry was again happily married, this time to Miss Elizabeth Tolbert, of Greenwood, S. C., a schoolteacher of personal charms and cultural attainments who has proven an ideal mate. The Reverend Clem P. Williamson, Negro preacher and warm friend unto the Sheriff, claims some credit for this, in that he says he wrestled mightily with the Lord that he might provide him with another good wife—even after the Sheriff had lost all hope. No children have yet been born of this mating.

John Henry's popularity is attested in that he has been elected Sheriff of Caswell County seven times. This coming December he starts on his seventh term, for another four years. He so conducts himself and his office that he has few, if any, enemies. So kindly and inoffensive are his manners that even the sinners he arrests appreciate his gentlemanly courtesy and kindness. He is a Mason, a Methodist, a Democrat and a Charter Rotarian. He is intensely proud of his Masonic membership, stretching over a period of about 35 years. His Methodism goes back further than that. He is fond of sports, especially fishing and deer-hunting—and he is a pastmaster over the barbecue pit. Another first in his life was the ownership of the first second-hand Ford to come to Caswell (purchased from John A. Massey and dubbed "The Redhorse."

John Henry is a natural-born machinist, and loves the hum of wheels. It was his early ambition to be a railroad engineer, and he followed his cousin, Richard (Buster) Gunn to North Dakota, with this intention, but he was detoured by Buster's illness and decision to return home. North Dakota lost a good citizen and the railroads a potential engineer of fidelity and safeness. Sheriff John Henry Gunn exemplifies the best in Rotary fellowship and the finest in friendship and citizenship.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Nov. 17, 1942

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 12

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Holland McSwain.

Classification: Superintendent of Public Instruction of Caswell County.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Holland.

Distinguishing Attributes: Happy-hearted, smiling-faced, fun-loving, polished manners, erudite speech, scholarly attainments and other Scottish instincts, intuitions and inheritances.

Some years ago, in "Honeysuckles and Bramblebriars" in 'The Caswell Messenger', Erwin Stephens' semi-official organ of the Yanceyville Rotary Club, this writer congratulated Caswell County on having four Presbyterian descendants of Scotland in her family Democratic government, (Rotarians Dr. Steve Malloy, Herbert Seagrove, Ralston Thompson and Holland McSwain,) and went so far as to say he wouldn't want better foundation stock for stocking a community. Ralston Thompson, who customarily "treads where angels fear to tread," took a gratuitous fling by remarking that "that would be a heck of a foundation—three of the quartette having only gal babies, and Holland McSwain being barren of even a chit of a child. As often, Ralston spoke too quick. Holland has since won the "milk-bottle award" of Cherokee Council of Boy Scouts two years, and his two boys, born respectively in July 1937 and in December 1939, are youthfully worthy and promising of a fine line of succession.

From between the rows of corn and cotton of a Cleveland County farm, Holland caught the inspirational image of the "Great Stone Face" of the Blue Ridge mountains and the frocked-tailed-coat, baby-bow-tie and Sampson-like locks of Clyde Roark Hoey, and it was predestined then he would have to be a politician or leave Cleveland County. He elected to major in school work, which, in North Carolina, is supposed to be free of political taint. His now dead Scottish father believed firmly in the Solomonic injunction against "sparing the rod and spoiling the child," while his now sainted mother fed him on calomel, sassafras-root tea and the Shorter Catechism. No wonder, with these backgrounds, he grew up in piety and with the ambition to be either a preacher, or a teacher, or a Democratic politician.

In jotting down a little data for me, Holland didn't do like Roy Whitley did, namely, overlook a wife. In fact, Holland couldn't do that, if he dared. She is as smart as he is, if not a little smarter, and was a school ma'am before she started the running of a boy nursery. She is talented, also, in music and song. In converting her to Presbyterianism, Holland didn't have far to go, she being a Lutheran and her antecedents having martyred with Martin Luther in Germany at the time Holland's were fighting with John Knox and John Calvin in Scotland. She, like Rotarian Sam Bason's and Rotarian Roy Whitley's wives, is also solicitudinous and possessive. She was Ollie Barringer, of Rowan County, and they were joined in wedlock August 29, 1929.

Holland was born April 23, 1903. Later on in boyhood, Holland's father moved to Shelby, and became a merchant. After the fourth grade in a little two-teacher school, Holland attended Shelby High, and went on from there to graduate at the University of North Carolina. He taught one year in Columbus County, and came to Caswell as principal of the Milton school in 1928. He then served as principal at Anderson and Prospect Hill. In 1935, he succeeded Vance Swift as Superintendent of Schools—and it now looks like we will have a hard time ousting him, even if the Republicans do take over, so acceptably is he serving. He is a charter member and Past President of our Rotary Club, Past Master of Caswell Brotherhood No. 11 Masonic Lodge, President (3 yrs) Cherokee Council Boy Scouts and a deacon of Griers Presbyterian church.

Holland and his pretty wife are splendid acquisitions—in spite of his obsessions to newdealisms.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF - HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Nov. 24, 1942

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 13

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Joyce Virgil Early.
Club Classification: Methodist Minister
Club Fellowship Appellation: Joyce.

Distinguishing Attributes: Humility, piety, reverent attitudes, spiritual zeal, scholarly attainments, worthwhile achievements, friendliness and personal attractiveness.

An humble shepherd, faithfully tending his flock on a lonely Judean mountainside,
Caught the sudden call to leave his all and take his place by the Master's side;
An obscure fisherman, casting his nets for a livelihood into the sea of Gallilee,
Unhesitatingly obeyed Christ's instant command: "Leave your nets be and follow me."

Throughout the ages since, the Divine call has come to men in all the walks of life to become shepherds in the pastures of the Lord, where men and women have lost their way, and to become fishermen of men in the sinful sea of life where they were engulfed and struggling between the rocks of Scylla and Charybdis. Of course, some scoffer may arise to ask who is to know whom God has called, but it may be assumed that the "wolves in sheep clothing" are congnizant of their impostoring and that the true shepherds and fishermen are known by their good works and deeds of mercy. Joyce Virgil (I guess the Virgil honors the author of "The Aeneid") tells me that a definite call came to him on "Mother's Day," May 8, 1932. Just the night before, a fellow-student had dashed into his room and told him he wanted him to preach for him at the mission the next night. Joyce refused to "preach," but he did promise to make a "Mothers' Day" talk. When he stood to speak, all "stage fright" left him, and a calmness took possession and has lasted until this day. A young man, who has since entered the Christian ministry, was converted that night, and Joyce got, along with a call to service in the Lord's vineyard, a hungering to convert others. Since entering the ministry about nine years ago, Joyce has received more than 500 souls into his churches; 137 of these being on the Yanceyville charge.

Joyce was born at Lattimore, Cleveland County, on June 25, 1910. Even as a child, he was obedient to those in authority, reverent in attitudes and studiously ambitious, with a zeal for working with young folks and youthful organizations. These early traits were emphasized, enlarged and cultured at Asbury College and Asbury Theological Seminary, at Wilmore, Ky., where he graduated. He was licensed as a local Methodist preacher on Aug. 6, 1933, and on Nov. 23, 1934, he was admitted "on trial". Bishop Paul B. Kern appointed him to serve his trialship on the Mamers Circuit, in Harnett County. At the Conference of 1936, Bishop Kern sent him to Hillsboro. This move caused a good brother at Mamers to say: "When I get to Heaven and St. Peter questions my credentials, I'm going to claim the inheritance because of the good work I've done 'breaking in' Joyce Early and other Methodist 'colts'." On the Hillsboro charge Joyce had a part in building, paying for and dedicating two new churches, values at $4,000 and $8,000 respectively. He is serving his third year with the Yanceyville group, embracing Yanceyville, Prospect, Locust Hill, Bethel and Shady Grove. At Bethel and Prospect new heating systems have been provided and the buildings painted, while a spacious basement has been added to Shady Grove. His new $15,000 church on Main Street in Yanceyville is completed and will be dedicated in the near future. It is said he resides in one of the best parsonages in the entire Conference. He is doing a wonderful work in all his churches, and is greatly loved. He is a Rotarian in every sense of the meaning of its founding principles.

Joyce was married on Dec. 28, 1934, to Miss Christine Stansbury, of Wessen, Miss., a young "Mississippi Miss" he had been thrown with at Asbury. When I first saw her, I was sure she was Joyce's daughter, so pretty and youthful. Later, I was convinced he had "robbed the cradle." They have a handsome little son, five years old, bearing his father's name and his mother's looks.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Dec. 1, 1942

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 14

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Ernest Frederick Upchurch.

Club Classification: Civil Law.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Fred.

Distinguishing Attributes: Legal ability, fidelity-to-trust, faithfulness-to-friends, civic-mindedness, public-spiritedness and warm-heartedness.

Introducing now our present president of the Yanceyville Rotary Club, Fred Upchurch, dean of the bar of Caswell County and for the past third of a century a leader in every cause and movement for the uplift and progress of his adopted county. He was born Aug. 14, 1877, at Cary, Wake County. His early education was obtained at the old Cary High School, then a private institution. He then went to Wake Forest College, and later took his law course at that college under Profs. N. Y. Gulley and S. M. Mordicia, two of the outstanding teachers of law of the past 50 years or more. He took the State examination in August, 1903, and practiced in Wake until he came to Yanceyville in September, 1909.

In jotting down a few notes for me, Fred put down the date of his marriage as Jan. 20, 1904, but, like so many husbands, he overlooked the maiden name of his wife. Afterwards, in conversation, he apologized and told me her name and some of her family history. She was Mary C. Stroupe, of Old Salem, of the Dutch ancestry which founded the Moravian community more than two hundred years ago. Ever since the founding of Salem College (where most of Caswell's daughters were educated in antebellum days,) some of her family have been teaching there. Fred confesses the culture and the aristocracy is on her side of the house. In spite of being a grandma several times, she is still about the chic (k) est and debonairest wife hereabouts. In truth, I will say she is about the brightest and quickest in repartee. I have never been able to match tongues with her. She squelches and emeshes me, and I have to resort to the written word to hold my own. She is, withal, graciously alluring. I hand to her, also, a large part in the borning and rearing of three sons and a daughter. Norman, the oldest, since graduating at Wake Forest, has been teaching in Caswell, mostly at Bartlett Yancey High; he was principal of Archibald Murphey school for several years. His students have always praised him, as teacher and playfellow. Frederick, Junior, also graduated at Wake Forest and took law under Gulley. He is now in Atlanta, Ga., an attorney for W. L. B., after years of service in the same capacity for H. O. L. A. He is popular and has a lovely little family. My first wife often declared that Frederick was one of the sweetest boys ever raised in Yanceyville. And, she was a good judge. Behold me! Jimmie, the third son, went to Wake Forest, but had to give up his studies on account of his health. He is now keeping books for Bob White Wilson, in the inter-state trucking business. He, also, has a pleasant disposition, a lovely wife and a beautiful daughter. Emma Lou, Fred's daughter, is a sweet little redhead, with gentle and endearing charms, and she now helps her father run his law office.

Aside from building a lucrative law practice, Fred Upchurch has occupied many positions of honor and trust. He was elected to the State Senate, session of 1915, and he fathered several bills of statewide importance, including "Forfeiture of Vehicle Conveying Illegal Liquor," "Introduction of Bills of Laden to Make Out Prima Facie Case Against Common Carrier" and "Bill to Discount Taxes Paid On Or Before a Certain Date and Penalty for Delay." From 1914 to 1932, he was County Attorney. He has been for several years Prosecuting Attorney in the Recorder Court. In 1908, before coming to Yanceyville, he helped create and organize at Cary the first high school in the State, and later he was highly instrumental in organizing Bartlett Yancey High. He had a big part in establishing our Rotary club, was largely responsible for our Fair Association, as well as the Coble Creamery plant and The Caswell Knitting Mills, and, in the midst of the Hoover depression, he worked hand and hand and heart and heart with Sam Bason and others in reorganizing the Bank of Yanceyville.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF . HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Dec. 8, 1942

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 15

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Henry Writch Hooper.

Club Classification: Retail Grocer.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Henry.

Distinguishing Attributes: Dependableness, honorableness, fairness, truthfulness, courteousness, and pleasing personableness—including business dealings, civic upbuilding and friendly associations.

The way to make friends is to be friendly; the way to hold them is to be unselfish, sincere, loyal and square-shooting. Henry Hooper, possessing in his nature these attributes of heart and brain, found this out long before the popular author had written his book on "How to Win Friends and Hold Them," or something like that title. I have known Henry all his life, while Dr. Steve Malloy, who ushered him into the world, will testify whereof I speak. Even as a small tot, when he was toddling around in his Uncle Albert's store, he had winsome ways which endeared him to all the customers. He early showed an aptitude for merchandising, and this uncle who, without any training in storekeeping, had established a successful business on a foundation of accommodating service, encouraged Henry's tendencies, having in mind the hope that this beloved nephew would well and faithfully carry on the store he had established after he was gone. Albert has been dead for 16 years, but his store lives and serves more progressively and prosperously in a much wider field, holding the customers of yesteryear and adding new ones day by day, in spite of rationing and red-tape. Surely Albert Hooper, if he can see beyond the shades of the grave, rejoices in seeing that Henry has not misplaced the confidence he had in him. "Hooper's Store" is the oldest business institution in Yanceyville, with the exception of "Harrelson's Store."

Henry was born June 24, 1905, in Yanceyville, just beyond the corporate line of that date, being the eldest son of William Henry and Eula Harris Hooper. "Billie" was born just about the time the Civil War ended, when the South was flat on her back, and he came up the hard way, with little schooling and arduous toil, but he had the curiosity which seeks to learn, and before his death he was a well-informed man, with a philosophy of life all his own—devoted to temperance, civic righteousness and religious beliefs. Henry's mother came from Person County, and I speak of my own knowledge when I say there has not come to Caswell a better, nobler, Godlier wife and mother, of higher ideals, greater energies and more consecrated devoutness. Henry finished at Bartlett Yancey High, and then went to Oak Ridge Institute, where he majored in business training. On Christmas Day, 1928, he married Katie Everett, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nick Everett, who had some years before moved from their native home of Caswell to Danville. The union has been a happy, congenial one. Like most wives, Katie has some idiosyncracies, but she has also many fine qualities, is a good sport and doesn't overly abridge Henry's liberties or draw the lines too taut—appreciating the value of a good husband. They have a lovely home, are full of hospitality and are fine neighbors. They have two bright, sprightly and promising sons. Charles Henry is already evidencing a predilection for a business career, while "Jackie" is full of mischief and very lovable.

One of Henry's early ambitions was to be a Mason, and he attained this honorable ambition shortly after attaining his majority years. He has enjoyed its principles, privileges and honors. In planning his new store building, to take the place of the old "Star Saloon" location, lately occupied by The Caswell Messenger, (which building alone of all others on the public square, excepting the courthouse, has survived the ravages of fire and decay in my lifetime,) he provided a Masonic Hall, which is also used by the Junior Order United American Mechanics. He is a charter member of our Rotary Club, and does his bit worthily. He is a Methodist, steward and trustee, and he and his good wife (who has a background of Presbyterianism) had big parts in the building and financing of the new Methodist church, he being chairman of the building committee and she of the finance. Henry Hooper backs every cause and move for the progress and good of our town and county. In truth, it may be said he is a splendid asset to Yanceyville and Caswell County.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 16

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Howard Parks Richardson.

Club Classification: Barbershop Proprietor.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Howard.

Distinguishing Attributes: Friendliness, soberness, steadfastness, honorableness in his dealings, livings, workings and associations—an artisan proud of his vocation and devoted to his art.

He honors Rotary who honors his classification, be it profession, vocation or avocation. Certainly, Howard Richardson, in ethical conduct, honest workmanship, square dealings, right-living and civic services, honors his vocation in life and renders Rotary the full and just measure of her demands. Since coming to Yanceyville on Mar. 4, 1931, (right in the middle of the Hoover depression,) to set up shop and practice his trade, he has made a good citizen and has enjoyed the respect and confidence of all the people hereabouts. So diligently has he applied himself and so skilfully has he managed his financies that he has been able to build and pay for an exceptionally nice home and to modernize a barber-shop, which is creditable to Yanceyville and Caswell County and a useful-public institution.

Like Rotarian Sam Bason, Howard is a product of the environs of Swepsonville, Alamance County, howbeit both of them were raised on farms and came up between the corn and cotton rows instead of in the mill. Really, in truth, Howard is more nearly a product of Saxapahaw, and he attended Eli Whitney High instead of Alexander Wilson High. He was born Oct. 8, 1909, a son of Robert and Addie Belle Russell Richardson. His ambition was to be a fisherman, a sailor or a barber, so he chose the latter calling and took his course of training at the Atlantta Barber College. Otherwise, he might now be sailing the high seas, jujitsuing with the Japs.

In 1934 Howard Married Mary Lee Draper, of Martinsville, Va., and this pretty and smart girl has made him an agreeable wife—easy on the eyes and nerves. Seeminkly, there have been no severe family clashes and the honeymoon isn't yet over in her sight. She hangs around the shop like Howard is something pretty to look at. Maybe she is afraid some other woman will try to steal him. She denies jealousies or intentions to check-up, but I am inclined to believe she is of the possessive sort and I'd wager she'd pull as much hair as any wife from some feminine head, if said head should make goo-goo eyes at Howard. However, she, in spite of the fact there are no little Richardsons around (be it said in pity,) will probably not lose her husband to war duty, since he has already tried to get in. The "screening" probably showed "flat-feet", from too much standing. The army lost a good barber in the rejection. Originally, in the genesis of time, barbers were surgeons, and were called on to do all of the "bleeding" and "blood-letting," and, maybe, lancing an ulcer, so Howard might do effective slaying in wielding a straight-edge razor. Barber Holt avers that Howard does a little "blood-spilling" now in giving customers too close shaves.

Richardson's Barber Shop is a pleasant place to loaf, and some of our fellows, whose names I need not call, use it as a forum of public debate, for settlement of political issues and war measures and criminations against a certain member of the minority party. The arguments get pretty hot sometimes, but so far no casualties have resulted, in spite of the proximity of razors and scissors. Howard's hobbies are boat-sailing and fishing. He has acquired a motor-boat, and he takes time off occasionally to do a little sailing and a little fishing. He once sailed all the way from (beautiful) Belhaven to historic Bath, and he won a Danville sponsored boat-race on Dan River.

Howard hasn't any politics, worthy of mention. He is a Baptist by heredity, but a Presbyterian by adoption. He is a charter member of our Rotary club, and is interested in all her activities. He is civic-minded and helpful in promoting all worthy and progressive causes and projects.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF . HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Dec. 22, 1942

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 17

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Houston LaFayette Gwynn.
Club Classification: Doctor of Medicine.
Club Fellowship Appellation: Houston.
Distinguishing Attributes: Balanced in brains, skilled in the science and practice of medicine, ethical in conduct, friendly in associations, thrifty in habits and aptitudes and pulchritudinous in figure and face.

Many, many years ago, my father told me that "Lyt" Gwynn was scrupulously honest and uncompromisingly honorable. Annie Blackwell Gwynn was a sweet and Godly woman. They both passed to their eternal reward within the last few years, after attaining the Biblical promise of long life to those who preserve their physical bodies and keep the statutes of the Lord. The second son of this happy union is Houston, and he is the beneficiary of the best of inheritances. He was born near Yanceyville, in the Prospect community, April 1, 1896. History does not record what his daddy said on that "All Fools Day," but undoubtedly his mother thought him cute and precious. "Lyt" Gwynn was a prosperous farmer and he believed strongly in educating the mind and heart, (he was for years on the Board of Education,) but he also advocated and practiced a philosophy of the sweat of the face by the use of the hands, and Houston ate no idle bread after weaning time. He hoed a row.

Houston's early education was in the one-room Prospect school. Then he entered the fifth grade of the Reidsville school. He took further preparatory training at Mars Hill College. It was there he and Vance Baise, State Highway Engineer, formed a partnership, to press the pants of their fellow-students of nights, while they who were less industrious and financial-minded slept. He later matriculated at and graduated from Wake Forest College. He also majored in baseball. He took his medical training at the Medical College of Virginia, graduating in 1923. All the while, Dr. Steve Malloy had his eye on him, and the day he got his license, the veteran doctor took him into full partnership. This partnership has continued unto this good day in a Jonathan and David bond of friendship, to their mutual profit and the benefit of thousands of patients, who love them both and have impartial faith in their skill and sympathetic understanding.

There was another who had eyes on Houston—and she has kept them on him ever since. Almost as soon as he joined partnership with Dr. Steve, he joined partnership in holy wedlock with the lovely and lovable Helen Florance, in a culmination of a romance that had lasted all through college days. One looking now at our smoothly paved courthouse square can scarcely believe that the good doctor, while out courting one night, got stuck in the mud there, and had to desert his old Ford and seek a bed at Kerr's Hotel. I will not say that Houston is the "most married" of any of our Rotary fellows, but I will say that Helen, with all of her personal charms and generous spirits, is as solicitous about and possessive of her husband as any. Back in the days when we did play checkers, I've seen the boy snag his pants many times, when he jumped when Helen called. Unquestionably, she thinks he is the sweetest and grandest husband in these parts, and, maybe, the rest of the world. They have one promising son. Thomas Lea, who is the idol of both Houston's and Helen's heart and life. There is a hope that the son will some day take up his father's practice and carry on as worthily.

Houston is a veteran of War Number One, although he never got over the sea. He saw training at Camp Jackson and at Camp Pike. He has been prominent in Masonry's circles since he joined the order. He is a charter member of the Yanceyville Rotary Club. He is a Baptist by inheritance, profession and baptism, but he affiliates with the Presbyterians, his wife and boy being Presbyterians. Yanceyville and Caswell County are blessed in that Dr. Houston Gwynn did fling his professional shingle to the breezes here in the community of his birth.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF - HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Dec. 29, 1942

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 18

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Johnnie Oliver Gunn.

Club Classification: Automobile (Ford) Dealer.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Johnnie or ("John O.")

Distinguishing Attributes: Superlative in Christian virtues, honorable conduct and civic zeal; summon bonum in citizenship and Rotary principles.

There is no better fellow in our Rotary club, and if you leave out our two estimable preachers, there is no one who more fully follows in precept and example the pattern of clean living, civic righteousness and humanitarian service. The Gunns, a sturdy, prolific family, have contributed much to the history of Caswell. In war and in peace, they have played conscientious parts in winning and holding freedom, sustaining the life-blood of the nation, founding Godly homes, building churches, preaching, doctoring and proponenting policies of piety and progress. The patriot, Starling Gunn, heads the clan.

Johnnie was born Dec. 27, 1892, in the Gunn section of Allison Shops on the homestead of his grandfather, John W. Gunn. He was a son of Richard (Dick Griffin and Nannie Rudd Gunn. His mother, a gentle, lovable soul, lives with Johnnie and a sister, Miss Pattie, who is also greatly loved for her charms of heart and mind, goodness and good works. His father died in 1909, and upon his young shoulders rested the care and education of the family. He had a passion for good literature and the sciences, and he is an educated man today, having possessed the brain to absorb and assimilate and the grit to persevere. Farming was depressed in 1921, so the farm boy came to Yanceyville and went to selling tractors for the Crowell Auto Co. His personality and indomitable energy marked him for leadership and success. When John W. Crowell moved to Altavista in 1932 Johnnie bought the Ford business, along with Crowell's new home, and came to Yanceyville, with his good mother, his sweet sister, and a much loved aunt, who has since died. In 1934 he bought the Ford building, and remodeled and refitted it along lines of efficiency. He had a splendid business until the war struck. He acquired considerable property, and, when homes were needed to house the workers of the Caswell Knitting Mills, which he had been largely influential in starting, he, along with Rotarian Edd Steed, built them. He has backed with his business abilities, his time, his labor and his money every effort for the progress and betterment of Yanceyville and Caswell County. He was a prime mover in the reorganization of the Bank of Yanceyville, of which he is now vice-president and director. He helped mightily in the organization of the Yanceyville Rotary Club, and is now its much loved president. He also backed the Caswell County Fair Association, of which he is president, and the Coble Creamery project. He is secretary, treasurer and director of the Caswell Development Co. and director of the Caswell Knitting Mills. He is secretary of the N. C. Auto Dealers Asso., chairman of the conservation and service committee of War Price and Rationing Board, chairman board of commissioners of Yanceyville Sanitary District, member of Board of Public Welfare and Charities, vice-chairman of Caswell Boy Scouts organization, and recording secretary of J'OUAM. He was born a Democrat, and it looks like he will die one, being now chairman of the party in Caswell. He is, however, an uncompromisingly honest Democrat. He has been County Treasurer. He is a Mason, three times Master, and in June will receive his 25-year service pen. Johnnie was born and raised a Methodist, and it is certain he will die one. A monument to his life is the new church building in Yanceyville. He gave his time and money unstintingly, serving on the building committee. He is a steward, district steward of the Durham District and Church School Superintendent—with a record of 15 years.

June 5, 1930, Johnnie was happily wed to Miss Annie Newman of Leasburg, a very attractive young lady who wasn't born with auburn hair for nothing, is about as smart as they come in dainty packages, with a gifted tongue that acknowledges no handicaps. Johnnie is a model husband. Ann 6 years old, and John, Jr., 3 years, are bright fruits of the union.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF—HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Jan. 12, 1943

Vol. 1. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 19

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Clyde Vernon McKinney.

Club Classification: Rural Rehabilitation Financing.

Club Fellowship Appellation: "C. V."

Distinguishing Attributes: Christian idealisms, cleanliness of character, predilections for unostentation and rugged individualism, including honesty, frankness and truthfulness.

"C. V" was first rocked in a Republican cradle on Oct. 22, 1908—and I mean "a Republican cradle," cut, carved, mortised and dyed-in-the-wool in the traditions and ideologies of Alexander Hamilton and Abraham Lincoln. It almost broke the hearts of his father and mother when he deserted the nurturings and teachings of the ancestral hearthstones. "To think the boy whose future I'd once so proudly planned should wander from the path of right and come to such an end." And, to add insult to injury, the prodigal son forsook the posts and pillars of the Primitive Baptists and "jined" the Presbyterians. However, it may be said this was no strain on his predestinarian beliefs—Presbyterians being only "Primitive Baptists come to town." He has risen to the diaconate of the church and the superintendency of the Sabbath school, and is zealously active in all good causes and spiritual uplifting. He makes his adopted county an excellent citizen and takes a part in every endeavor to promote social, civic, economic, industrial and religious welfare and growth. There is little of the artificial about "C. V." He is plain-spoken and believes devoutly in the "brotherhood of man" philosophy, although it must be confessed he is sort of set in his ways and long on arguments.

"C. V." is a son of Joe B. and Lula Somers McKinney, of Rockingham County, just over the Caswell line nearby Paul Stanfield's store. He graduated at Reidsville High, and went on to major in A. B. Education at the University. He also majored in baseball and football, making the Carolina teams. He was also rated a good wrestler. He played semi-pro baseball with Reidsville. He delights in all sorts of sports, including hunting and fishing. He is, withal, a good farmer. After finishing at the University, he taught history and mathematics in Bartlett Yancey High for eight years. He was popular with the boys—and girls. He also coached in athletics. He left the school room to go to Farm Security Administration, and quickly became an important factor in that governmental agency, working with tenant farmers. When former Rotarian Connie Gay left the local office, "C. V." was the logical man for his successor in headship, and he has since managed in a way that has been highly acceptable to all concerned. It is said, and there are proofs of record, that Caswell has benefitted mightily under him and FSA.

I personally know that "C. V" married on May 19, 1933, one of the best and sweetest girls in these parts. Throughout childhood and school days she was the bosom friend of my girls, and I loved Annie Gunn almost as much as I loved my own daughters. She was lovable, affectionate and sincere. She is the only daughter of Rotarian Sheriff John Henry Gunn and the late beloved Hattie Smith Gunn. Alone of all our members the Sheriff enjoys the distinction of being a daddy and a daddy-in-law of a Rotarian. They have two highly promising children, "C. V.", Jr., aged 7, and Joan, aged 4. So far as I have heard and observed, the husband and wife are ideally mated and neither find fault with the other—a condition conducive to marital happiness. Annie was raised a Methodist, from all the way back to Starling Gunn, the Revolutionary patriot who "fired the first cannon at Yorktown," but she graciously acquiesced in the acquired Presbyterianism of her husband, and she is a zealous leader in church work, Auxiliary activities, Sabbath School and good deeds.

"C. V." is a past-president of our Rotary club, and puts his shoulders to the wheel in all her endeavors for betterment and growth of town and county. He is a Mason of outstanding knowledge and practice of Masonry's principles. He has been Master of the lodge. He is also a worthy member of the Junior Order United American Mechanics. Rockingham County has made a valuable contribution to Caswell in "C. V.", and if there are any more of the McKinney tribe like him, we'll take "em, even if they do backslide politically and denominationally.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Jan. 19, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 20

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Hubert Hodnett Page.

Club Classification: Hardware Dealer.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Hubert.

Distinguishing Attributes: Smiling friendliness, energetic attitudes, aptitudes and applications, including a flare for finding business, thriftiness, homeloving tendencies and moralistic ideals.

Hubert is the elder end of the only brother-and-brother combination in our Rotary club. He is one of the twelve children, seven sons and five daughters, of the late Ludolphus Brown and Parthenia Hodnett Page. He was born Aug. 18, 1897, in the Prospect community. He attended the schools of Prospect and Yanceyville, and then went to Trinity Park Preparatory College. Afterwards, he took a business course at the Massey Business College, in Richmond, and here he majored in the science of never forgetting to charge a sale and render a bill. He also studied the theory of the "profit system."

Hubert has had a varied but successful business career. He hasn't been a rolling stone, however, and he has gathered some moss. He came from the farm to Yanceyville, to keep books for the Crowell Auto Co. Later, he became a Ford salesman, and in this field he showed a personal aptitude for finding prospects and closing sales. When Rotarian John O. Gunn took over the Ford business, Hubert continued with him until he leased the Yanceyville Service (Texaco) Station. Here his personal attentiveness to his customers and ceaseless search for other customers stood him in good stead, and he made good in a big way. He watched your gas tank, your oil guage and your tires. He could spot a bad place in a tire a half a mile away. Even his competitors knew he was giving good, accommodating and courteous service. Some two or three years ago, Hubert and Rotarian Sam Bason acquired the Yanceyville Hardware Company, with Sam the silent partner and Hubert the active manager. It is a busy place these days, in spite of curtailed and controlled farm machinery and hardware. Hubert is a tireless executive and a persistent salesman. If he can't get fly-screens, he'll sell fly-paper. He also sells seeds.

I could write the love story of Hubert's life, from first-hand knowledge and information. Suffice it to say he finally married, after hard courtship, one of the prettiest, sweetest girls who ever came out of Monroe, Union County, to teach school in Yanceyville. He has told me that he loves and appreciates her all the more because she was hard to get. I am glad, because the boy really suffered and lost a lot of sleep. On May 30, 1931, Hubert became the husband of Cora Lee. Two children have been born of this union: Nina Elizabeth, a sweet little miss of ten years old, and Hubert Hodnett, Junior, a lusty two-year-old. Nina Elizabeth has been troubled with asthma since babyhood, and the devoted father and mother have counted not the cost in their efforts to locate the cause and to effect relief, consulting the best doctors and trying the most accredited hospitals. The doctors finally decided that the arid air of Arizona offered the best hope, so Hubert bundled up his little family and his own heart, and sent them on the far journey. For nearly a year now the husband and father has kept bach and lonely vigil in the pretty home, on the Danville road, that he builded for a love nest. It is a tragedy of life that these two lovers are now separated by the Rocky Mountains. We need not be surprised to hear at any time that Yanceyville has lost a useful citizen and our Rotary club a good member. There are things in life which far outweigh money and business and friendships. For Hubert, Cora and Nina Elizabeth and Hubert, Junior, are these, and if they can't come back to him, he will go to them. (Editor's Note: Since the date this biography was written, the condition of his daughter's health has improved very much, and Hubert's family has come back to him. He is happy again.)

Hubert comes from a long line of Methodists, and he is a steward of Prospect church. In fact, his Methodism dates back to his great-great-grandfather, the Starling Gunn who "fired the first cannon at Yorktown." I believe Cora Lee was a Presbyterian. Hubert is a Mason of long standing.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF . HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Jan. 26, 1943

Vo. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 21

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Luther Thomas Hicks.

Club Classification: Retail Furniture.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Luther.

Distinguishing Attributes: Mildness and inoffensiveness, respectful and reverential attitudes, including humility of heart, fidelity to Christian tenets and religious zeal.

"You won't have any trouble in writing nice things about Luther Hicks," said Rotary-Ann Marnie Bason, when she caught me checking up on his genealogy and life, "for Luther is such a good boy and such a splendid type of Christian citizenship." Marnie is always seeing the best in even the worst of us and saying the things that please and cheer and inspire. "He and I went to Prospect school together," continued this glad-tidings conversationalistic Rotary-Ann, 'and Luther was even then sweet and gentle and gentlemanly in his manner, action and conversation." Times were tough on the farm when he was growing up, and he had no educational opportunities except those offered by the one-teacher school at Prospect, but perhaps Marnie inspired him with the desire not only to be good, but, also, the ambition to acquire knowledge through the reading of good books and the experiences of life and living. He is Sunday School superintendent and trustee of Prospect Methodist church, and one of its most faithful, consecrated and devoted members. Perhaps, if there is any pride in Luther's heart, he is proudest of these positions, honors and responsibilities that have come to him. Without irreverence, it may be said that he is a true servant in the vineyard of the Lord and a faithful steward to his church and its pastors.

Luther Thomas Hicks, son of Sidney Thomas and Mollie Roberts Hicks, was born in the Prospect community on April 7, 1899. As I have said, farming was a hard proposition when he was coming along, so he swapped rural life for that of the city, going to Burlington, where he made his home for ten years. He first learned the knitting business, and then he shifted to the retail grocery tradeship, where his courteous and accommodating energies helped to fit him for wider usefulness, in his ambition to serve and to succeed. All this was preparatory to finding his real vocation in life, where his talents, personality and salesmanship could shine. He caught a vision of a furniture store in Yanceyville, where others saw no place for such a venture, and so well has his dream come true and his field of service and usefulness widened that the establishment has grown out of its early housing and now occupies the spacious quarters of a large part of Emery Hooper's new building, next to the postoffice building. A big portion of the credit for the success of the business belongs to "Dot," Luther's modest, refined, gentle and sweet little daughter, who has been his capable right-hand "man", confidential secretary, book-keeper and clerk since she graduated from high school. Dot is the star of the firm, and is loved as well as liked. Her none-too-free smiles are an enticing asset to the Caswell Furniture Company, and I don't know what Luther would do should she say "yes" to some fellow—unless he takes his son-in-law into the firm!

On Christmas Day of 1925, Luther married Mollie Robertson, a Caswell County girl. Incidentally, in its relation to preserving history, it may not be out of place to say here that one of her brothers became one of Alamance County's most popular adopted citizens and was her Sheriff (having defeated another adopted Caswellian who was also popular,) and was only deprived of the honor when a bandit's bullet ended his life, in a filling-station robbery several years ago. Seemingly, Luther and his personable wife are happily mated and neither give the other any worry. Rotary-Ann Mollie always knows where Luther is and what he is doing. Dot is the only offspring of the union.

For 20 years Luther has been an active member of the Junior Order United American Mechanics. He is a good Rotarian in the living and practicing of her principles of ethical conduct in business, high idealisms of life and helpfulness in servicing mankind.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 22

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: John Burch Blaylock.

Club Classification: Abstractor of Titles (Register of Deeds.)

Club Fellowship Appellation: Burch.

Distinguishing Attributes: Humility of Mind and Attitudes, Strength of Heart and Will to Surmount and Succeed; Capableness, Efficiency, Courtesy and Cheerfulness.

Whenever I see any young man striving, with laudable ambition and sincerity of purpose, to climb the ladder of life, I hanker to give him a lift. But when I see one without any feet bravely pulling himself upward, Boy, oh Boy, how I yearn to put my shoulder squarely under him and push with all my might. When a lad of only 8 years old, Burch was the victim of a bone disease, which made necessary the amputation of his left leg near the crotch and his right foot half up to the knee. The operations arrested the decay and since then his health has been almost perfect. I am not unacquainted with crutches and artificial legs myself, having practiced on my father's in early youth, and then adopted the crutches as necessities for some six or more years, so I can more keenly sympathize with Burch and more thoroughly appreciate his never-say-die nerve and noble endeavors especially at a time when so many two-legged men have thrown up their hands in despair and implored the crumbs of paternalistic charity.

Burch was born in Hightower Township on June 6, 1909, about the middle of the day, with Dr. Harvey Robertson officiating. I give the time of the day and the grannying doctor just to show Burch's stickling tendencies for minute details and genealogical data. He is a son of William David and Sarah Delilah Stadler Blaylock, and he traces his lineal descent on his mother's side back to John I. Stadler, of Primitive Baptist fame, who was probably of Bavarian stock, and on his father's side to the Blaylocks of Scotland's bonnie dells. Burch is perhaps the best posted man in the county on his genealogy. It is with him not a hobby, but a serious purpose of life. He has a book, as big as a Family Bible, with all the authenticated history and sworn-to data he has been able to find. He can tell you the exact date in 1792 that his great-grandfather, the said Elder John I. Stadler, was born, when he professed religion and joined Bush Arbor Church, when he became the Pastor of Bush Arbor, when and who he married, give you the names of all his 13 children, tell you all about the children and their children, and give you the day the old saint passed to heaven in 1860, and then show you the eulogy to his memory in the Minutes (printed the same year) of Kehukee Primitive Baptist Association, meeting at Cross Roads, in Edgecombe County, N. C., to which he had been the messenger from Country Line Association for twenty-one successive years.

Burch's schooling was sort of scattered. He attended four high schools, Aycock, Prospect Hill, Pleasant Grove and Yanceyville, and then went to Elon College, where he took a business course. He was a model student, studious and popular. He took part in school plays, and was a talented performer on the harp.

The most important date in Burch's life was December 18, 1941, when Miss Isla Mae Coward, a sweet and personable young lady, became his wife. I might go into Burch's love affairs in more detail. Burch isn't given to much slang, but he is said to have forgot himself once, and blurted out to another young lady, who he was courting, "Thunderation, I ain't looking for sympathy —I'm looking for a wife." These two are congenial and happy—and it is said Mrs. Burch is very proud of her efficient and popular husband.

Speaking of popularity, it is generally conceded that Burch will be Caswell County's Register of Deeds as long as he lives, if he wants to be. He was first elected eight years ago, and he has had a walk-away ever since. He is uniformly courteous and efficient. He is a charter member of our Rotary Club and its competent Secretary. He is politically a Democrat, and I believe, denominationally, he follows the tracks of Elder John I. Stadler. Burch is a shining example of the truism "Cheerfulness is good medicine" and of the philosophy of life that the will to surmount obstacles is unconquerable and invincible.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Feb. 9, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 23

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Claude Lee Price.

Club Classification: Retail Feeds.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Lee.

Distinguishing Attributes: Politeness, steadiness, reliableness, docibilitiness, domesticativeness and virtuousness; music-minded, youth-loving and friendly-hearted.

"You have a tough customer," said Lee Price, when I went into his store to gather a little genealogical data. "So far, there have been only two high lights in my life, and I'm looking forward to only one more. The first was when I led to the altar one of the best and finest girls in all this part of the world; the second was when she presented me with an adorable boy—and the third will probably be when, under inspiration if not domination of this strong-minded and possessive wife, I leave the deep waters of the church of my baptism and join the shallow waters of her unconvertable Methodist persuasion."

Undecided whether the "tough customer" referred to the "man" or the husband . I concluded it was best to check up on the matter with Mary. "He isn't tough at all in any shape or fashion," declared that sweet and lovable wife, "he is a gentle darling, and I don't mind everybody knowing I've got the best husband in this town—and furthermore, I'm not afraid of any woman taking him away from me, for he is thoroughly domesticated and in love with his own wife and boy. And, still, furthermore, he stays at home at nights, helps me wash the dishes and ties as pretty a diaper as I do." If that isn't perfection, I don't know perfection. He's almost as perfect as the husband Governor Broughton told about—his wife finally confessed he was paralized.

Claude Lee Price was born Dec. 14, 1898, on a farm near Unionville, in Union County, one of the five children of Benjamin Frank and Frances Baucom Price. Later on, his parents moved to Ellerbe, where they now live. Lee finished at Ellerbe High, and then attended for one session Mars Hill College. Most of his education has been obtained in the hard school of experience. After leaving the farm, when peach prices dropped to nothing and peach trees died, he went to work in a grocery store. He has followed this vocation ever since. For twelve years he was connected with the great Atlantic & Pacific Co. He managed for several years this company's store on the Boulevard, in Leaksville-Spray, where, I happen to know, he was popular and highly regarded for his energies and uprightness. He came to Yanceyville as an employee of Henry Hooper's store, and here his abilities and efficiencies were quickly recognized. He contributed quite a bit to the popularity and patronage of this old and well-established store, and made friends rapidly. Edd Steed, who some years before inadvertently embarked in the grocery business, recognized his talents, and shortly Edd and Lee were in partnership in a store which Lee knew how to run and to which Edd was in position to throw a lot of trade, incident to his successful management of large lumbering interests, including his planing mill at Blanch and the backing of many saw mills in the woods roundabouts. The partnership has worked well.

On December 26, 1938, Lee married Mary Hatchett, of Roxboro, but a daughter of Caswell, who had been teaching music here for many years. Caswell has produced few sweeter and more gracious daughters than Mary. She is widely loved—and she is Rotary's gifted pianist. Lee's love of music and song makes for compatibilities of the nuptual altar and the home. They have a fine son, Claude Lee Price, Jr. Lee is a boy-scouter of far-flung activities. Perhaps his chief contribution to our Rotary Club, outside of song-leading, is his work with the boy scouts in taking over and improving the American Legion hut, which had been bequeathed to the Boy Scouts. However, Lee takes part in all civic causes and sings in the choirs of our churches, and is a dependable citizen and business man.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Feb. 16, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 24

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: William Laroy Gunn.

Club Classification: Oil Dealer.

Club Fellowship Appellation: William.

Distinguishing Attributes: Good-natured, even-tempered, kind-hearted, friendly-dispositioned, helpfully-inclined, sober-minded and trustworthy.

Take out the descendants of Starling Gunn, the Revolutionary soldier who "fired the first cannon at Yorktown," and we couldn't have a Rotary club in the village of Yanceyville. Through the years they have made useful, upright and constructive citizens, and they now make exemplary Rotarians. William is the junior end of the only "father and son" combination in our club—and, if the Old Sheriff continues in his good health, he may someday add a grandson to our roster, for Rotarian Clyde McKinney and Rotarian William Gunn each have a fast-growing boy—another Clyde and another William.

William was born in the Gunn community, between Page's Mill and Allison's Shop, on Oct. 23, 1910, being the first child born to the union of John Henry Gunn and Hattie Smith Gunn. Later, when his father became an "honest miller" at Womack's Mill, William attended school at "Buzzard Roost" or "Rabbit Shuffle," walking the two miles up the mountainside and through the dense Russell woods to that then desolate section of country boundaried by the postoffices of Fitch and Jericho. He moved to Yanceyville when his father was first elected Sheriff in 1920, and graduated at the Bartlett Yancey High. As a boy, he was modest, even a bit timid, steady, industrious, reliable and lovable. Wildness, devilishness and loudness are foreign to his nature and make-up. He is, indeed, a fine chip off an old and time-tried block.

William got his first business training as a soda-slinger under Rotarian Tom Ham. Up until the time he took over the management of the Gunn Esso service station, most of his activities were centered around Rotarian Clyde Cole and his Chevrolet organization, although he worked for a short while for the State Highway Commission and was most of the time a deputy-sheriff under his father, with duties mostly confined to looking after the county jail. In all his work he was capable, efficient and dependable. Even as a mechanic, he never learned to take short cuts, dodge and double-cross. During all this time he was making friends and acquiring experience, which helped him out in serving motorists and cars—until governmental edicts almost put him out of business, and in his wider field of service as superintendent of the Yanceyville Sanitary District's waterworks system. The latter job requires engineering abilities, equanimity of soul and the patience of Old Job—the fellow who was so irritated with tribulations that his own wife wanted him to "curse God and die."

On Dec. 22, 1934, William was happily married to Elizabeth Jefferson Foster, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beasley Foster, of the Prospect community, a lady of personality, energy and talented accomplishments. William gives her no trouble as a husband, being docile and domesticated. They have two promising children, William Lee and Nancy Marie. Both William and Elizabeth are staunch Methodists and active in all church work and good causes. As is to be expected, William is a Democrat, but he is too mild-mannered and inoffensive to be obnoxious, even when his father is running on the ticket. William has been a Mason since shortly after attaining his majority age, and he practices her founding principles which, in many respects, are like unto those of Rotary, except that Rotary, on account of world-wide assimilations and conglomeration of nations, must need leave unwritten the Master Teacher of her principles of service and right conduct. At the present time William is Master of the Caswell Brotherhood No. 11 Lodge A. F. & A. M. He is a first-rate citizen and a worthy Rotarian.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF : HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for Feb. 23, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 25

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Junius Ellard Zimmerman.

Club Classification: County Farm Agent.

Club Fellowship Appellation: "Zim", or "Zimmie".

Distinguishing Attributes: Capableness, Efficientness, Serious-mindedness, Sobrietiness, Abstinenceness and Wifely-mindedness.

Already, before "Zimmie" came to Caswell County, the name of Zimmerman was no novelty here and known for these worthy attributes, with, maybe, a subtraction of "wifely-mindedness" and the addendum of pertinacitiness. Going back at least three generations, the Zimmermans have made Caswell County excellent, honest, upright, conservative citizens, and I take it that a good genealogist could trace a relationship between the two families. I failed to ask him the direct question, but I assume that he was raised up in the Democratic faith in Davidson County—a county which, I happen to know, isn't so hidebound to its democracy that it looks down upon and ostracizes good citizens who boldly proclaim their Republicanism. I'll go a bit further and say he doesn't mess much with local politics in his adopted county, howbeit I believe he was intensely loyal to Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and is now to Secretary Wickard and their new dealish philosophies of a more abundant agriculture through scarcities. I know a little something about his fine old daddy, and I know that thrifty, successful farmer and miller never implanted in the [illegible] any of the ideologies which idealize the beneficies of plowing under corn and murdering little pigs.

"Zim" was born in the beautiful and primievally named community of Arcadia on Nov. 24, 1908, a son of Lindsay and Beatrice Evans Zimmerman. He graduated at Lexington High, and then followed the traditions and habits of his Methodist family by matriculating at Duke, where his father and several uncles and aunts had been educated. He quit Duke after two years, almost breaking his father's and mother's hearts, and perhaps committing more heresy than had he deserted the Democratic party—parents who courageously clung to Methodism in a county where Lutherans and Reformers were as thick as jimpson weeds and cockleburs. "Zimmie" switched over to State College, deciding to specialize in science—including agriculture. After graduating, he taught at Midway, in his home county, from 1929 to 1935, devoting all of his spare time to farming. He came to Caswell in 1935 as assistant to County Agent Herbert L. Seagrove. So satisfactorily did he perform, that when Herbert was stepped up to supervision of eight counties in the government's agricultural set-up, "Zim" was his natural successor to the job which he had been assisting. I don't have any allotments or bonuses under him, but I understand he handles the position expeditely and acceptably—except for a few kicks from those who don't get as much tobacco acreage as they want.

Perhaps "Zim's" most notable accomplishment and achievement since coming to Caswell was in the wooing and wedding of one of Webb Yarbrough's smart and quick-moving daughters—sort of a chip off a lightwood block—on June 24, 1940. I happened to have my car parked one night lately (waiting for my wife or sister) in front of "Zimmie's" home, and through an undrawn-shade-window I watched Dorothy, for a considerable bit of time, going through the motions of doggedly training something. Knowing, sad to say, the union had been free of children, I naturally thought she was giving "Zim" a few lessons—standing obediently by as he was. When I upbraided her later, she claimed she was training a dog. I take it Dorothy had already given "Zim" a few lessons in looping-the-loop, jumping-the-broom, washing-the-dishes and husbandly-meekness. "Zimmie" is a good Rotarian and is active in Boy Scout and agricultural activities. He perhaps sets us a bad example in the matter of letting his wife do as she pleases.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for March 2, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 28

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Ludolphus Graham Page.
Club Classification: Dentist (D. D. S.)
Club Fellowship Appellation: Graham.

Distinguishing Attributes: Affability, Including Smiling Winsomeness, Ease and Courtesy of Manner, Willingness to Serve and Readiness to Help: Acquired Professional Skill and Painstaking and Painsasing Practice.

I present another Rotarian of directline-descent from the patriot of Yorktown fame, Starling Gunn, to whose blood lines our club is richly indebted. Graham is the junior end of only brother-and-brother combination in our Rotary. Like Rotarian Hubert, he is one of the twelve children of the late Ludolphus Brown and Parthenia Hodnett Page. He was born at the ancestral home, near Yanceyville, on April 16, 1902. He early showed ambitious educational aptitudes, and, after getting a start at the Prospect school, he took a look at most of the prep schools, including Yanceyville High, Cullowhee Junior College, in Jackson, (now Western Carolina Teachers' College,) Trinity Park (Duke) Preparatory, by which time he should have been ready for the University of North Carolina. After a year in the oldest State University in the United States, he matriculated at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, said to be the oldest organized dental college in the world. He got his D. D. S. there in 1929, and immediately set up shop in Yanceyville. Here his attitudes and aptitudes, including adept skill, commanded favorable attention in a wide field, and shortly he had more practice that he could do. He equipped his office with the most modern instruments and machines and he took a personal interest in his patients and did his work so well that these patients became his praising press agents. He now has spacious and adaptable quarters in the Doctors' Building, in the heart of the town, and now has far more calls for his services than he can possibly accept.

After an arduous, pursuing courtship, which lasted all through the long prepship and collegeship days, Graham achieved and attained in the wooing, winning and wedding of his first and only sweetheart. She put him to a long test, but he stood the test, and came out victorious. His wife is the former Clyde Carithers Allison, a daughter of Edgar A. Allison and the late Bertha Hodges Allison, who was reared, after her mother's death, in the home of her aunt, Mrs. John W. (Nettie) Paschall, in the Prospect community. The Page family, added to and blessed by two sons and a daughter, still make their home with Mrs. Paschall, in the architecturally beautiful house of the late George Dailey. The three lusty children are: Graham Allison, 6 years old; John Paschall, 4 years old, and Nancy Jean, 2 years old. He is particularly interested in boys, Boy Scout work and Belgium rabbits.

I frankly asked Graham about the state and degree of happiness of his husbandhood, and, he frankly confessed that while he was much married, he was satisfied and thoroughly of the opinion that, comparatively speaking, he was as happy as any married man—and had as good, charming and indulgent wife as any husband in these parts. I did not get the chance to check up with Clyde, but I think I know pretty well her manner, temper, demeanors and repercussions, and if I had more space, I could write down her answers. Of course, being so good herself, she naturally expects her husband to be above par.

The Pages are Methodists (Prospect) of shallow water but deep-blue hue. Graham has several hobbies, including aviation, (he is perhaps the first resident of Caswell with a flying solo certificate,) while she has her arms full of those lusty and inquisitive youngsters. He is a Mason and a Junior Order, a Democrat and he is or was a golf enthusiast on the greens of the Reidsville Country Club. He is a good Rotarian and is always willing to do a good turn or share in bearing the other fellow's burden.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF : HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for March 9, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel." No. 27

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Thomas Edward Steed.

Club Classification: Wholesale Lumber.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Edd.

Distinguishing Attributes: Industriousness, thriftiness, commonsenseness, progressiveness, public spiritedness, faithfulness, honorableness, and successfulness.

Edd Steed has no college diploma, but he is a master graduate in the school of hard experience and accomplished attainments. It would take more than a page to list his achievements. He early hitched his wagon of dreams and ambitions to a star with a shoestring. He pulled himself up the ladder of success, rung over rung, until it may be rhetorically said he is sitting on top of the star. He has done as much for Yanceyville and Caswell County as any man who has ever come here and put his shoulder against the collar of our economic, civic and spiritual life. And he is still going strong.

Edd was born on a farm near Farmers, Randolph County, on December 15, 1884, a son of Alexander and Louisa Ingram Steed. He didn't bother much about the curriculum in the Farmers High School. He set out to learn the lumber business from the stump up. His wages of $10.00 per month were not encompassed and softened by a forty-hour week, but he was no scatter-brained, spend-thrift youngster. He saved while he was laboring and learning, and ere long he had a sawmill of his own. The pun of John Lolo, Barnum's famous clown, about giving his enemy a sawmill, wasn't even funny to Edd Steed. He had found out how to get the best out of a sawmill and out of his helpers. When the mill broke down and his helpers lagged, he didn't cuss and rant. He preserved the equanimity of his soul, mended the broken machinery and reasoned with his men in soft voice, understanding spirit and helpful interest.

About 1905, Edd moved to Lee County, and hooked up with the successful lumberman and Scottish Presbyterian elder, Hughey Cameron. He was still hooked up with Cameron, his selling agent and backer, when he came to Caswell in 1929, but he didn't take long to be strong enough to back himself. His modern planing mill, located on the railroad at Blanch, handles about 500 cars of dressed lumber yearly. The firm goes under the name of Steed and Dailey, the owner having about a year ago taken in as partner his son-in-law by adoption, John Slade Dailey, who had married Ethel Steed, the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Steed. The latter was Laura Lee Kelly, of Moore (now Lee) County. They were married in 1913. They have no children of their own, but they have bestowed on Ethel, Mrs. Steed's first cousin, all the love, care, affection and privileges of an own daughter. Edd and his attractive wife are seemingly happy in their congeniality and compatability. I guess she has no complaint of her fine and highly successful husband.

Soon after coming to Yanceyville, Edd began to take a lively interest in real estate sales, business opportunities and civic growth. When he went to a sale, he went to buy. He had the nerve to back his judgment and to branch out. He acquired farms, and farmed profitably. He opened a grocery store, now successfully operated under the firm name of Steed and Price. He bought business property, and builded. He helped largely in getting the Caswell Knitting Mills in Yanceyville, took stock in the building and put up many rental homes for the operatives, and then invested heavily in the stock of the company, being now an executive official. He was also instrumental in getting the Coble milk receiving station here. He served Caswell as County Commissioner for four years—and served her well, in spite of some disfavor incurred by reason of his progressiveness. During his administration, the courthouse was renovated and steam-heated. He came here a member of the Christian Church, but switched over to the Presbyterians, and is a valuable deacon. The greatest monument to his life is builded into the Sunday School building of the Presbyterian church, where he donated liberally of his money, time and abilities, being chairman and overseer of the building committee. He is a Mason, a member of the Junior Order, a Democrat and a charter member and organizer of our Rotary Club. Edd Steed is no plunger, but he is as progressive as any man, and he is always ready to back his judgment with his dollars.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for March 16, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 28

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Clyde Caviness Cole.
Club Classification: Automobile Dealer (Chevrolet.)
Club Fellowship Appellation: Clyde.

Distinguishing Attributes: Inquisitiveness of Mind in the Realms of Cultural Achievements and Informative Attainments; Meticulousness for Methodical and Systematic Details; Music-minded, Public-spirited, Home-loving and Friendly-hearted.

Maybe it was Hippocrates, father of medicine, who said something about "Wise is the man who knows that he knows." In the fields of science, mechanics, invention and, maybe metaphysics and music (I've never sounded him out on relativity,) Clyde is the "Walking Enclycopedia" of our Rotary club. This is not said facetiously. His inquiring, absorbing and retentive mind, plus a love for reading, studying and learning, have filled him with facts and knowledge. He can tell you what makes an automobile go, how to pitch "do re mi do," and, also, what happens "when an irresistible force meets an immovable object." Withal, he is a first-rate book-keeper.

Clyde was born at Roxboro March 8, 1903, a son of Ralph G. and Mary Long Cole. When 17 years of age, having graduated from Roxboro High, he decided not to bother further with school curriculums but to get his education in the school of life. He took a job with the Ford agency. He later switched to Chevrolets. Why, I do not say. He must have had a changing mind about then, for he also swapped off the staunch Republicanism of his daddy for Democratic ideologies. I do not attribute this to intellect and education. Perhaps "Old Hoover" had something to do with this. Howsomever, I am constrained to believe he is about ready to swap back. Perhaps it hardly becomes me to say that while he was indulging in meanderings, he let go of the Baptist tenets of his daddy and mammy, for a better denominational faith. Maybe Rotarian Roy Whitley didn't exactly do proselyting, but it was another case of putting an animal out of pain by "choking it with soft butter." His pleasing preaching was conducive to creedal overturning and the sweetness of his friendliness was presuming if not prepossessing. Anyhow, Clyde has made a distinctive Presbyterian deacon, Sabbath School leader and hard-working treasurer of the "Educational Building" fund—aside from contributing largely of means and time to the endeavor. If the Baptists have any more of Clyde's character and qualifications, the Presbyterians will be glad to get them. Maybe, also, Fords could use him again. The same may be said of Republicans.

Clyde came to Yanceyville in May 1928, to manage the Justice Chevrolet Company. In 1933, in the reorganization in the midst of the depression, the firm became the Cole Chevrolet Company. His Chevrolets made wonderful going until war and freezing control came. But, Clyde is resourceful, and he has taken on all sorts of lines from washing machines to vacuum cleaners, until his advertised slogan is now "Cole has almost everything."

On Aug. 10, 1930, Clyde was happily married to the smart and attractive Elsie Hooper. In fact, he claims he is just about the happiest married man in these parts. Being a great lover of home and family, this comprehensive claim must comprehend a perfect wife. The way he talked, I was led to understand she doesn't have any complaints against his husbandness. The only bad habit he listed was that of "throwing apple cores under the stove," but, I, knowing his meticulousness for everything, including bi"s, doubted this acknowledgement of fault. Mr. and Mrs. Cole have two very pleasing children, Patricia and Jerry. They are the "apples of their eyes."

Clyde is a distinctive Mason. He has been District Grand Deputy of this district—the highest honor ever to come to a Caswell Mason. He was our Rotary's first secretary, and its second president. He is also a member of the Junior Order. He is active in all civic things. Aside from reading and music, another hobby is the art of picture-taking, filming and cinema-photoplay panorama projecting.

WHEEL TRACKS

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Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for March 23, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 29

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Haywood Ralston Thompson.

Club Classification: Clerk of the Superior Court.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Ralston.

Distinguishing Attributes: Happy, Pleasing Personality; Genteel, Erudite Appearance (bordering on pulchritudinous lines;) Legal-minded, (including a flare for the dignity and sanctity of his office and official acts;) Argumentative Logicialization, (embracing the tenacity and pertinacity of contesting and contending with anything that walks, creeps or crawls, not excluding post-holes and sign-boards;)—a Royal Good Fellow (when not inflamed by Republican pests and anti-war-mongers) and a Highly Efficient Clerk of the Superior Court.

Ralston comes of the best of Scottish stock on his paternal and maternal side and of Godly Presbyterian forbears from around Hawfields, in Alamance County, and Red House, in Caswell County. He is a son of the late Currie Kerr and Willie Long Thompson, and was born on July 2, 1897, at the ancestral Long home. Only in the Providence of God did this humble biographer escape being of blood kin to him, his grandfather, William Long, having first married my great-aunt. I think sometimes that the kith of marital clan-crosses may be partly responsible for the kinsmanship of some of my own peculiarities, idiosyncracies, obstreperousnesses, contrarinesses, and cussednesses.

Ralston's peculiarly bright mind could have absorbed more education than he found at the Semora Graded School, one year at Haw River High and a short agricultural course at A & M (now State College.) After quituation, he took up farming on the large estate of the productive acres of his parents, near Long's Mill, alongside the waters of Country Line creek. For 8 years of this time, he served as a deputy-sheriff under Sheriff J. Y. Gatewood, watching over the Semora bailiwick. In 1934, he was elected to his first term of Clerk of the Superior Court against stiff contending, in which he was advantaged by the fact that his home precinct of Semora supported him to the unusual degree of every voter—most of his farm friends going out into the byways of all parts of the county. He has been twice re-elected. The last times he had no opposition. It is generally conceded he has made Caswell an excellent official. If I can help to keep the equanimity of his mind and the silence of his tongue, I see no reason why he cannot go on serving indefinitely. I am always happy in supporting an honest, conscientious and efficient Democrat.

Ralston was very fortunate in that one of the best, brightest and gentlest of Scotland County's Presbyterian daughters consented to be his wife. Johnsie McClean, of Laurinburg, (of the God-blessed "Mac" clan,) came to Semora, to teach school, and her charms and goodness quickly captivated Ralston. They were wed on March 9, 1935. The union has been blessed with one daughter, Mary Willie, now seven years old and as sweet and dainty and smart little miss as I know and number among my young friends. I have already said the kind of a wife Ralston possesses. I am sure her soft and gentle ways have had a wonderfully good influence on Ralston as a husband. She spoils him and humors him and makes him a loving, dutiful and considerate husband and father. With a wife of less finer attributes of heart and mind, the story of Ralston's married life might have been entirely different. Such a pity there is no boy to carry on the hereditary traits, in descension!

Ralston keeps his Presbyterianism membership at the home church of Red House, where are buried many of his ancestors, but he is actively identified with the Yanceyville church and its causes and activities. He is a member of the American Legion. He was a soldier of World War One, seeing service at Camp Meade, Maryland, for eight months, although he never got "across the pond." I have intimated that he is a staunch, true-blue Democrat. He is, also, a generous-hearted, helpful-minded, service-loving Rotarian. Ralston is all right; I know his heart is good, even though sometimes his head misleads him.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for March 30, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 30

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: David Wilson Wright.

Club Classification: Tobacco Farmer.

Club Fellowship Appellation: David.

Distinguishing Attributes: Gentility of face, manner, speech and attitudes; a humble heart possessed of the capabilities of leadership in decision and action and in inspiring others; Christian virtues, friendly characteristics, home-loving qualities and public-spirited bends and trends.

At the present time, David is the only honest-to-goodness farm-living-farmer of our Rotary roll call, though it must be admitted he has capitalistic interests outside of his large farming operations. He and his wife are involved, in a big way, in the development of Belmont, the thriving industrial city just this side of the South Carolina line on the Charlotte road. And, David is just about as likable and popular as any member of the club. There are no artificialties about him. Neither are there assuming attitudes and approaches. The lack of these enhance his worth and elevate his standing. Truly, it may be said, David is "all wool and a yard wide."

David was born in the "Killquick" section, nigh the "Rowtown" community, on Feb. 28, 1893, a son of David L. and Sallie Cobb Wright. Paternally and maternally, he comes from the first settlers—families which have been conspicuous in the life and development of Caswell. His home, considered one of the most beautiful in the county, is the ancestral home of the Wrights. His mother is a close kinswoman of the late "Jack" Cobb, for whom the nearby "Cobb Memorial School" was named—he being the donor of the first high school building the county acquired. David came along before this school was built, however, and his early education was in a one-room school—maybe at that time held in the "Rock Academy," founded by that great educator, James Dameron. He afterwards graduated at Ruffin High, and then took a business course at the old Danville Business College. He elected to follow the vocation of farming, in which field he is now at the top in soil improvement and productivity.

In the meantime, there came as a teacher to the Cobb Memorial School the queenishly stately, bright-minded and otherwise adorably adorned Elsie Johnson, of Belmont. David virtually gave up farming for a season, after glimpsing Elsie, while he stormed and seiged the citadel of her heart. I have understood it was a case of "love at first sight," of mutual sights. Anyhow, they were united in wedlock on Jan. 25, 1925. The union has been an exceedingly happy one, the loves and congenialities of pre-marriage days continuing and crescending. If you ask my opinion, David has a right to be proud of and satisfied with his charming wife, and I'm sure she sees no faults, blemishes or other imperfections in David. The union has also been blessed with three lovely children. Julia Davis, the eldest, now fast developing into a young lady of many graces, takes after her mother in a big way. Unquestionably, she is one of Caswell's fairest and sweetest young daughters. The two boys, David Junior and Hugh, are promising youngsters, handsome and manly.

David is actively identified with all the life of the county, religiously, economically, industrially and agriculturally, in peacetime and wartime endeavors, including "new deal" experimentation. He has majored in some of the agricultural governmental alphabetical agencies, and at the present time he is chairman of the county draft board—a service which tries his soul and bleeds his heart. He is an exemplary and highly valued Elder of nigh-two-hundred-year-old Bethesda Presbyterian church, the shrine of his fathers. He is also a trustee of Flora McDonald College, a cherished Presbyterian educational institution for girls. He is a Mason of outstanding idealisms of the square and the compass. He is a Rotarian of which Rotary may well be proud. He exemplifies and emulates the best in the traditions of the citizenship of ante-bellum Caswell.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF : HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for April 6, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 31

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Earl Jones Smith.

Club Classification: Bank Cashier.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Earl.

Distinguishing Characteristics: Unassuming Affableness, including Warmth of Friendship and Understanding Helpfulness; Trustworthy and Steadfast in Associations and Dealings; Courteous and even Timid in Approach; and Patriotic in Spirit.

He's in the army now and wearing the service clothes of his country, but he's still a Rotarian, on the inactive list for the duration, by special dispensation, and he'll find out how much we appreciate him when he "comes marching home"—just as we have missed him since his seat has been vacant. We have no fears that he will acquit himself nobly and come home with honors. He has already risen from a bick private to a sergeant. Obedience to authority, faithfulness to duty and conformity to courageous conduct will not be tough for Earl, for he is complacent and conforming. Fidelity is not foreign to a Rotarian who has a record of never having missed a meeting of Rotary. He is a charter member of the Yanceyville club and was for several years its faithful treasurer. In all the other relationships and activities of Rotary, he has acquitted himself well, served zealously and made himself worthy of the name.

Earl was born Aug. 13, 1910, near Bush Arbor, a son of Lester H. and Sallie Oakley Smith. His mother died many years ago. Primitive Baptist influences probably have followed him all his days and done him good, but when he came to Yanceyville about ten years ago, he naturally gravitated to the Presbyterians, which denomination likewise believes in predestination and God's all-powerfulness. Earl didn't have the advantages of educational opportunities, but he had ambitions. The one-room school of "Oliver's" gave him his foundation, but he took a correspondence course in high schooling even as he was clerking for the old merchant, A. P. Dabbs, got a diploma, and then attended a Greensboro Business College. When the Bank of Yanceyville was reorganized, Sam Bason, recognizing ability and trustworthiness, got him to come with his bank, to take the place of Tom Boswell, another Primitive Baptist from the Bush Arbor environment, who had been named to the Yanceyville postmastership. Earl's pleasing personality and courteous services quickly made him popular as a banker, and he kept climbing, until he advanced to the cashiership.

In the meantime, a former Bush Arbor girl of Frimitive Baptist descent, who had shucked the Primitive creed for the Missionary, had her eyes on Earl, and she now facetionsly confesses she pursued him for five years—until she got him. She is not only proud of him, but I rate her just about the most jealously-loving wife in these parts. One can imagine her feelings with her attractive husband away and subjected to the charms of the girls around Camp Livingston, Louisiana. The truth is, she has just taken a train for that far-away spot—and I wouldn't be surprised if she hangs out around Earl until he is transferred to some foreign port. Earl is a good, docile husband, and really gives his wife no trouble. His only hobby is like of antiques—especially old firearms. Earl married Edna Earl Massey, a daughter of John A. Massey and Laura Elizabeth Rudd (now dead) Massey, on Sept. 8, 1937. Worthy of all condolences is the truth that they have no children—having disdainfully disregarded my wholesome advice right on the start of setting up a home.

Perhaps, in the interest of history, I should say here that Earl's service star is not the only one to adorn our Rotary hall. Capt. George Neal is a former Rotarian, who is also shining with the badge of honor, somewhere in a Texas camp, I believe. His pretty wife, notwithstanding two children, left this week, to be with George. Maybe Captain Neal will get reinstated when he comes back, after war is over and peace comes to the world. Yanceyville Rotarians will keep these boys in their minds and hearts while they are gone, and hope for their safe return, conscious that their conduct will be valorous and that they will always be Rotarians in heart.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for April 13, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 32

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Robert Lee Brooks.

Club Classification: Mill Superintendent.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Robert.

Distinguishing Attributes: Meekness and mildness; soft-voiced, quiet-minded, dependable, faithful and understanding, (including a brotherhood-of-man touch in handling men and machinery.

If meekness of spirit be a condition of humility and quality of greatness, Robert rates with the loftiest of our Rotary members. I had it figured out that he was sort of henpecked at home, and I tried to check up on this, but I find it difficult to believe that such a pretty and smilingly attractive wife could be so heartless as to take advantage of such a mild-mannered, easy-going husband. I grant you she has plenty of tongue, but it has a sweetness that is soothing instead of grating and pleasing instead of raucous. She frankly acknowledges that she had to do most of the talking during the courting days before a proposal came, but I wouldn't say that she did the pursuing. Maybe she just smiled her way into his heart, and he took her into his arms, and there was no need for words. There are reasons for believing she is rather proud of her smart husband and might be inclined to be jealous and pull a little hair, if such a docile husband should give her cause for suspicion. However, you can't always tell about timid men, and Robert daily looks over a lot of mighty pretty girls who knit, top, loop, seam and inspect full-fashioned stockings, (having full control of employees,) some of whom might not be averse to vamping a popular boss man. I cheerfully throw this out for her benefit and watchful interest. I know my own wife wouldn't want me to subject my foolish old heart to any such glamour and highly charged and temperatured environment.

Robert was born at New London, Stanley County, on Oct. 3, 1909, one of a large number of children of Charles Calvin and Mae Rogers Brooks. The son of a farmer, he early learned to work long and hard, and he stuck to farming for two or three years after he graduated from New London High. Then he pulled stakes, went to Albemarle and learned the knitting business, including the mechanical end, in the Wiscasset Mills. He must have been proficient and successful, for shortly we find him a married man with, as I have already told, a pretty, attractive and talkative wife. Her name was Sudie Schankle, likewise of Stanley. Perhaps her charms and his timidity are best expressed in a set of bright-faced twin girls, Claudine and Geraldine, now six years old. There is, also one promising boy, Donald, now ten.

Robert followed Superintendent (and our former Rotary fellow) "Bud" Saunders to Yanceyville in 1939, and when "Bud" left about two years ago, the mill officials picked Robert to succeed him. He is said to be very popular with the mill workers and runs the mill smoothly. Having come up the hard way, step by step, he possesses a knowledge of the runnings of the machinery and an understanding of the problems of the workers. His meekness and mildness probably stand him in good stead here, as well as at home, although he is perhaps more than 50 per centum boss in the mill, which his wife admits to me is all the leeway she permits him in the role of head of the home. Maybe I should have checked with Robert on the figures of percentages, but he wasn't at home when I called. Of course, I was too tender-hearted to have suggested that he is overly influenced and controlled around his own fireside.

Robert and his wife are Methodists, and they, with their children, are actively identified with the local church and its Sabbath School, and they are conscientious and helpful workers. He is also a member of the order of Patriotic Sons of America. Furthermore, he has been actively identified with our fire department and has been Fire Chief since Johnnie Harwood left to join the army. Like Johnnie, he is faithful, as well as popular with our volunteer firemen. While Robert may not sing loud, his aptitudes, attitudes and willingness to serve make him a good Rotarian. He is interested in all Boy Scouts activities.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for April 20, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 33

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Erwin Duke Stephens.

Club Classification: Newspaper Editor.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Erwin.

Distinguishing Attributes: Studious Eruditeness, including Somberness of Thought, Immaculateness of Expression, and Exemplification of Moral Conduct; Progressive, Public-spirited and Patriotic.

The editor of a weekly newspaper is a semi-public official, and as such is supposedly representative and advocative of all the causes, activities and progressive endeavors of a town and a county—including moral conduct and economic health. It takes both diplomacy and financiering to successfully handle the job. Erwin has kept the wheels of The Caswell Messenger running for nine years now, in which period of time he has climbed out of the cramped quarters and archaic atmosphere of the old "Star Saloon" building to a new and commodious home, adjoining the new postoffice. You'll have to hand it to Erwin that he has given us a good newspaper and the publicity which is essential to the growth, progress and welfare of Yanceyville and Caswell, as well as a needful advertising medium for outsiders.

Erwin Duke Stephens (maybe he honors the Dukes and the Erwins, or maybe the town of Erwin, which was once called Duke) was born on a farm near Lillington, in Harnett County, on June 2, 1904, a son of William B. and Mary Johnson Stephens. His education was from a one-teacher school, the Lillington Consolidated, the Lillington High and Duke University. He graduated with the first class of Duke, after it swapped off its name of Trinity, in 1925. Electing an educational vocation, or profession, he taught first at LaFayette High, at Kipling. He advanced to the principalship of Hobucken High, in Pamlico County. He came to Caswell as principal of Prospect Hill High, where he stayed two years, and then meandered to Bunnlevel, in Harnett, and Holly Springs, in Wake. He must have been a bit restless in his profession and in his wanderings and unsatisfied that he had found his true calling in life, for he left the schoolroom to try his hand at newspapering, in running a weekly high up in the mountains, at Sparta, Alleghaney County. Then, in 1934, he came to Caswell again, and traded for the plant of The Caswell Messenger with Rev. W. C. Jones, its founder in 1928. His earnestness, zeal and diligency have aided him in his contacts of friendships and mutual interests which have brought him an unusually large volume of advertising.

After all, I give to Erwin's gentle and gifted wife much of the credit for the success of his paper. She has labored by his side through the long years in operating the typesetting machine. She is a respectful, obedient and unusually energetic wife, and seemingly happy in her married life. They were married on Aug. 30, 1928. She was Lois Senter, of Kipling. The union has been blessed with two sweet and attractive daughters, Jean Senter and Mary Ellen, aged 11 and 7 respectively. Erwin evidently rates high as a home-loving husband. His love of reading and, maybe photo-filming, may worry his wife some, but she doesn't have to worry about his bad habits or bad company—not even feminine, having no grounds for suspicion or complaint. In truth, I may write down that Erwin is one of Rotary's immaculate husbands. The husband and wife are both denominationally worthy and conscientious Methodists and have parts in all the activities of their church.

Erwin is a charter member of our Rotary club, and has served as president. He is also a member of the Junior Order and the Moose Lodge. At the present time he heads up the Piedmont Press Association. Perhaps the hardest job that ever sought him was the chairmanship of the Caswell War Ration Board, in which he has attracted to himself more cussing in a short time than in all the years of his teaching and newspapering. Yanceyville and Caswell are fortunate that Erwin cast his lot here—and that he brought along such a smart and lovely Rotary-Ann.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for April 27, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 34

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Clarence Lilly Pemberton.

Club Classification: Lawyer.

Club Fellowship Appellation: "Pem."

Distinguishing Attributes: Aristocratically borned, but Democratically obsessed and possessed; a smilingly resemblance to Adonis, bordering on pleasing prettiness; classically educated, judicially temperamented and "new dealishly" impregnated, dedicated and contaminated.

Maybe I haven't saved the best for the last, but with Ralston Thompson already biographically glorified and categorically eulogized, ye scribbler feels he is now tackling his biggest subject problem. The said member is seized, maybe in fee simple, with so many contrary and cantankerous angles, twists and quirks of mind that it is difficult to properly appraise and praise his many virtues and minimize his glaring idiosyncracies and heelish complexities and halluncinations. An Episcopalian by heredity, along with a "white supremacy" superiority, about the time the "down easterners" were trying to make the world safe for democracy by decimating inferiority complexities may have contributed to his delinquencies in political claritableness.

"Pem" was born in Fayetteville on July 23, 1908, a son of Clarence Lilly and Mary Broadfoot Pemberton, of English and Scotch descent. He was educated in private schools and at Virginia Episcopal School, Lynchburg, and then got credits from 6 colleges and universities and degrees from 2. He was a Kappa Sigma at U. N. C., and switched to Duke for a session or so. Afterwards, he matriculated at Rochester Junior College, and then went to the University of Minnesota. Next, he got his A. B. from Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. where Jesse James once robbed the bank. He won his Bachelor of Lew degree from the University of Minnesota. He is proud of the fact that he earned his law course through grimy sweat as a filling-station attendant for the Standard Oil of Indiana. Returning to his native state, "Pem" passed the bar examination in one of the most grueling tests ever put on by the Board of Examiners, when more than half of the candidates failed. On Oct. 16, 1935, he flung his shingle to the breezes in Yanceyville. His education and pleasing personality eminently qualified him for a role in legal circles, as well as an actor in all of our social, political, industrial and religious life. One of his first creditable performances was the searching of the records at Chapel Hill, Duke University and Raleigh, gathering Caswell County history, for an article for the Caswell Messenger. His researches brought to light much of the scattered writings of Bartlett Yancey. An ardent Democrat, he "jined" the "Young Democrats", and shortly he was made Fifth District chairman. I am aware of the opprobium attached thereto as once voiced by a deceased Caswell citizen who was advising his four sons to eschew evil. He is also chairman of the Red Cross of Caswell, a job which keeps him plenty busy at the present time. For 5 years "Pem" has been Judge of the Recorder Court. He presides with dignity and dispenses justice with legal ability, fairness, commonsense and mercy. His conduct of the court meets with the approbation of lawyers, police officers and taxpayers, generally speaking, and oftentimes, those who are conscious of guilt.

"Pem" may be a little off center in adherences to some of his ideologies and isms, but he really shone in picking a wife with the choicest virtues and attributes of heart and mind, with the inherited and cultivated graces of gentility, petiteness, loveliness, gracefulness and graciousness. She was Anne Elizabeth Watkins, of Roxboro, and her kinship to ye humble biographer may be partly responsible for her strong mind and domineering spirit. They do tell that the brother is much married, dociled and domesticated. The union has been blessed with two pretty daughters, Mary Norcutt, 2 years old, and Elizabeth Nelson, 4 months old. "Pem" has his church membership at Milton. I believe Anne is yet a Presbyterian. "Pem" is, or has been chairman of the Boy Scouts local organization. He is a charter member of our Rotary club and its present treasurer. He farms on the side, raising goats and guineas, and is a princely fellow—in spite of his democracy.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for May 4, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel." No. 35

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: William Richard Grey, Jr.

Club Classification: Hosiery Mill Executive.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Dick.

Distinguishing Attributes: Nobly enriched in endowments, acquisitions and exemplifications of most of the attributes in the whole category of mere man's virtues, embracing Christian living, ethical conduct and a brimming measure of "the milk of human kindness."

Biographically speaking, I now come to my easiest task, for I will not have to say an additional prayer (as when I biographed Ralston Thompson and "Pem" Pemberton) for an excessive use of attributive adjectives in properly personifying and eulogizing his goodness, while his faults are so few and unnoticeable as to be negligible. It is recognized by all of us that there is no finer type of man hereabouts and that Rotary has no more worthy member than Dick. His magnamic personality shines through his modesty, humility and unobtrusive attitudes and actions. His capabilities and his sincerities are apparent and appealing and mark him for leadership.

Dick was born on November 27, 1905, at Davidson, North Carolina, the son of a father whose name he honors and Nannie Wharey Grey, of Scotch-Irish and probably Welsh stock. His father was a professor and vice-president of Davidson College, having now retired from the class room at the ago of 84, but is active in farming. His mother also lives. He got his preparatory schooling at Davidson High, and then entered the Presbyterian college, getting his A. B. in 1927. He was an O. D. K. He followed in the athletic steps of a brother, Hugh Grey, who is yet spoken of as the finest football player Davidson has ever produced—one who Walter Camp thought good enough to be All-American. Dick played on the team of 1926, which won the State championship, defeating both Carolina and Duke. In his next and senior year, he was captain of the Davidson team. His educational and moral records were also outstanding and attracted the attention of officials of the Chase National Bank of New York. He was with the financial institution for seven years, when he was enticed to Raleigh by the Hudson-Belk Company, who wanted an efficient and trustworthy banking clerk. The company afterwards sent him to Asheboro as Assistant manager of their store there. When his football-star brother, Hugh Grey, organized a full-fashioned hosiery mill in Concord, Dick joined him. In 1940, when the Concord mill became interested in the products of the Caswell Knitting Mills, Dick came to Yanceyville as assistant manager to Glenn Holt. He is said to be popular with the management, while the employees respect him highly and speak of him in the warmest terms of friendliness.

While in New York, Dick met, wooed and wed (in Brooklyn) Beatrice Fox, of Bethlehem, Penn., a chemist who had already established herself in her profession. She comes, by adoption anyhow, of Moravian stock. A coincidence of this union is that her father was a professor of Romance Languages at Lehigh University while Dick's occupied the same chair at Davidson College. She is highly talented and educated and possesses a sweet voice, which she unstintingly contributes to religious worship. Dick is a deacon in the Presbyterian church and active in all its good works and causes, while his wife is a leader in the Ladies' Auxiliary. They have two bright and promising children, William Richard Grey, III, aged six years, and Susan Grey, coming three years. Dick and Beta are said to be very congenial and happy. Ye biographer is unable to get a line on any incongruities or incompatabilities, realizing, howsoever, the possibilities when a husband has a wfe who is as smart as he is. But, any wife who has as nigh perfect a husband as Dick Grey is ought to thank God every night and put hamestrings on any tangents for dictatorship and bossism. This page is too short to do Dick's life. Yanceyville and our Rotary Club are blessed in possessing such a man.

(Editor's note.) Since this sketch was penned Dick has accepted a position in the accounting division of the Navy and is a second Lieutenant. He is now stationed at Babson Park, Mass. His wife and children will continue to make their home in Yanceyville. He is still a Rotarian, having been granted a leave of absence. He will be sorely missed—but not forgotten.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for May 11, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel." No. 36

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: Robert Thomas Wilson.

Club Classification: Civil Law.

Club Fellowship Appellation: "Bud".

Distinguishing Attributes: Friendliness, helpfulness, capableness; social political, judicial and civic-mindedness; an easy-going, calm-voiced, soft-stepping peace-maker; a lover of rusticity and homelife, a sense of humor and a flare for seeing the beautiful and good along life's way.

"Bud" is the "baby member" of our club, but he is a landmark of knowledge, wisdom and friendships. Ye biographer, who is no spring chicken, can look upon his years with venerable reverence. He was born on April 8, 1883, near Providence, or what was then "Hell's Half-Acre", a son of Robert P. and Virginia Travis Wilson. His grammar education was acquired in the community school, and then he went to Danville Military Institute. It is of interest to know that he took his first military training under Gen. George C. Marshall, now Commander-in-Chief of the United States army—next to Roosevelt. A graduate of V. M. I., General Marshall was instructor in Danville four months. In 1903, "Bud" matriculated at A. & M., Raleigh, for a course in textiles. Afterwards, he took up the avocation of farming on his father's fertile lands alongside Moon Creek. In the meantime, he became active in all local things, including the Providence Church (where he has held membership since 1903,) and the Providence Junior Order, which he helped to organize. He came to Yanceyville on February 10, 1910, when Fred W. Brown resigned as Register of Deeds and the commissioners named him for the position. While he was familiarizing himself with the records in the office, as few Registers have done so thoroughly, by accommodating others who were searching records, he began the study of law under the dual tutorship of "Baldy" Henderson and Rotary's Outgoing president, Fred Upchurch. He passed the State bar in 1915, and set up shop in Yanceyville, and he is today a busy lawyer.

"Bud" has been considerably affiliated with politics, within the Democratic party. He is both a State Senator and County Representative. He was elected to the Senate of 1923-24, which also served in special session. He was duly elected member of the House, session of 1933. He was also enrolling clerk of the Senate for several sessions. In 1933-35, he served the State as special tax collector for the State Treasurer, and he made a splendid record. During World War One, "Bud" was Captain of the Home Guards and chairman of the War Savings Committee, which dispensed "Liberty" bonds. In World War Two he is now chairman of the Registrant's Advisory Board, in which he is harassed long and hard in preparing papers of deferment and exemption.

"Bud" was first happily married in 1907 to Mary Fannie Flintoff, who died in 1909. In 1911, he married Ella Sue White, and this union has been happy, congenial and fruitful. There are two splendid sons. Bob White, born in 1913, now operator of the Wilson trucks, doing a big interstate business, and husband of the former Edith Wilkinson. These two have given "Bud" and Ella Sue two find grandsons, of which they are immensely proud. The other son, Sidney, a graduate of State College with military training, is now with the Radio Corporation of America and is stationed at Camden, N. J., "Bud" has a very fine wife—and it is said by some that he is peculiarly fortunate in that she is as near perfect as wives get to be. They do tell that she never worries or "nags" at her husband, lets him have his own way and do as he pleases, and otherwise spoils him by catering to his whims and waiting on him tirelessly and adoringly. As I said, the home is a happy one—which might be suggestive to some other wives.

"Bud" has been a member of the Masonic Lodge since 1910, and has occupied high positions in its councils. He believes in the principles of Rotary and will pull with the club and its fellows in all endeavors and causes, and we will benefit through his knowledge, counsel and labor.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF : HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for May 18th, 1943.

Vo. I. Motto: The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel." No. 37

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

Rotarian: William Carlton Jackson.

Club Classification: Fertilizer Selling Supervisor.

Club Fellowship Appellation: Bill.

Distinguishing Attributes: Intelligence, individualism, tactful in approach but dogmatic in pertinacity; a hewer or his own destiny and master of his own soul.

Bill didn't climb the ladder of success rung by rung. He had no horizontal holds; he climbed up the laterals, inch by inch, sometimes crawling and sometimes holding on by his fingernails. Sometimes he even fell sprawling back to earth, and had to start upward again. His pertinacity and his dogmaticity won. He is now traveling as Supervisor for the Richmond Guano Co., with an overseership in some 25 or 30 counties.

Bill was born October 1st, 1904, at Raeford, Hoke County, the son of Silvester and Mary Livingston Jackson. His mother died when he was 3 years old, while his father passed away when he was 6. Orphaned at this tender age, he became a protege of the Baptist Orphanage, at Thomasville. When 12 years old, his individualistic tendency asserted itself, and he went "on his own". He hired himself to a Raeford farmer for room and board. Along with the terms of the contract went the privilege of attending the Raeford High School. The other hours, from 4 A. M. to dark, belonged to the farmer, and Bill's chores embraced every kind of labor of the farm. Then, still working his way, he went to State College. Next he tackled Brooklyn, N. Y., where he admits he followed all the vocations and avocations except that of professional stealing, in working his way through the night courses at the Mergenthaler Institute. He worked for a time with the Brooklyn Eagle, and then went with the Raleigh News & Observer. The Rev. W. Cecil Jones persuaded him to come to Yanceyville in 1927, to manage the Caswell Messenger. He was with The Messenger until the depression of 1932, when he took a job as salesman for the R. L. Hall Motors, sellers of Plymouths. He displayed unusual aptitudes for contacts and salesmanship, even in the depths of the financial panic. Two years later, we find him allied with the Richmond Guano Company, which he enthusiastically represents today, doing a tremendous business in a wide field.

On September 14th, 1929, Bill became the husband of Mary Helen Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nat J. Taylor, a schoolma'am of great charm and attractiveness, aside from other attributes of heart and brain. The union has produced a lusty son, William Carlton Jackson, Jr., now three years old. The Taylors themselves are sort of individualistic and pertinaceous, but it is said that her husband's struggles in early life in blasting stumps and battling hedgerows has fitted himself for attaining and retaining the mastery of his own household and the control of his own wife. Perhaps the fact that Bill is away from home most of the time and isn't always cluttering up the freedom of his wife's pretty toes contributes to such authorities as he seemingly exercises. Maybe, after all, he isn't so dogmatic at home. Anyhow, his wife keeps her trim figure and all her smiles alluring. One might suppose they sometime fling religion at each other—for Bill is a Yanceyville Baptist and she is a New Hope Methodist.

Incidentally, it is of interest to note that Bill had one sister, whose lot likewise it was to come up the hard way, and she has also made good in life. She is now the happy wife of Dr. James E. Hillman, head of the office of Certification, in Raleigh. So, hardships and misfortunes do not always dwarf ambitions.

Bill is a Mason, and has occupied the position of Master of the Caswell Brotherhood Lodge No. 11. He has made Caswell County a good citizen, active in all causes and endeavors, and he is a friendly and helpful Rotary fellow.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for May 25, 1943

Vol. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 38

Autobiographically Scribbling

"And, now," said Saint Paul (or maybe it was Horace, since I have among other faults, the habit of mixing the Scriptures with the classics,) quoting liberally and erratically, "I have concluded a labor of love" in briefly biographing my fellow Rotarians—and I hope that neither moth or rust nor the tooth of Time will entirely deface or erase their records I have written. Nothing is truer than "The evil that men do live after them, while the good is often interred with their bones." It is so easy to pick out the dirty spots, as Jonathan Daniels did in "A Southerner Discovers the South," but I have tried to point out the beauty in the virtues and attributes of goodness and kindness and helpfulness in the hearts and lives of those who compose the membership of what I truly believe is one of the finest Rotary clubs in the whole world. If I have done anyone injustice or wounded his sensibilities, I humbly apologize, for there has been in my heart no will or desire to deal in defamations and calumnies. Perhaps the "amende honorable" should be directed to our fair Rotary-Anns, since I have handled them and their personalities rather freely, in properly measuring the docile and otherwise conduct of their husbands. After all, a wife's tongue and attitudes, however lovingly inspired, animated and minded, are relative factors in making or breaking a husband. Contented husbands, like cows, produce better when they graze in the lushness of green grass and free spaces, beside still waters, unfettered, unhampered and unannoyed by the stings and bites of domineering, nagging spouses. Moses, along with Saint Paul, gave a lot of good advice to wives. Some of our dear Rotary-Anns might well read and reread the third chapter of Genesis, where Moses, speaking for God, tells the woman: . . . "and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

I have an inkling of information that President Fred has appointed a committee, to do a diminutive sketch of my own life. I hope the committee will handle me gently, yea charitably. There has been so much of bad in my life and so little of good—so many failures and so few successes, as the world measures a man, that I beg in the language of the poet: "That mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me." Perhaps it would be good strategy to beat my biographers "to the draw" with this little biography. Not that I can't "take it!" It has come to me that Rotarians Holland McSwain and Ralston Thompson, for the committee, have used up three weeks and worn out two dictionaries, in hunting bombastic adjectives, to properly categorize my lack of attributes and surplus of peculiarities. I heartily thank President Fred for putting Rotary-Ann Marnie Bason on that committee. Her sweet soul will pluck some of the thorns. She always sees the good and closes her eyes to the bad. There is no hate in my heart for anybody, though truth moves me to say I hate the policies and practices of some politicians, even of some of the feminine gender who are no longer clinging honeysuckle vines, but poison ivy. In one of my little books, in eulogizing the life and good works of my dearly loved personal physician I give his diagnosis of the condition of my brain, in charitably apologizing for my abolitionistic idiosyncracies, obnoxious ideologies and contrary queernesses, including an anathematistic animosity toward the newfangled philosophy of "abundance through scarcity" in the murdering of little pigs and plowing under foodstuffs. Dr. Steve Malloy claims I got kicked in the head in early manhood by a mule, and that the blow left me craniometrically disinteristic with parobolysm of the parotidoncus. The good doctor probably derived that word from "donkey!"

Anyhow, I believe in a gospel of sunshine and laughter—and peace, and there is in my heart some of the "milk of human kindness." As I approach the sunset, I am comforted and sistained by the consciousness that I have strewed a few flowers along the way and sometimes given a stick of candy to put a smile on the face of a child.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF : HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

Service Publication of the Yanceyville (N. C.) Rotary Club for June 1, 1943

Vo. I. Motto: "The Shove of My Shoulder Pushing the Wheel" No. 39

Diminutive Biographical Sketches

(By the Committee)

Rotarian: Thomas Johnston Henderson.

Club Classification: Scribbler

Club Fellowship Appellation: Tom.

Distinguishing Attributes: Descended from a fine old aristocratic family of Democrats, but anti-Roosevelt obsessed; friendly, good-natured, intelligent and literary; vehemently opposed to New Deal policies, but a great admirer of the fair sex; sometimes called "Sentimental Tommie" by Tom Bost, in his column, "Among Us Tarheels," in the Greensboro Daily News.

Tom has done such a good job of writing biographic sketches of all other members of the Yanceyville Rotary Club that it is with fear and trembling we attempt to write his own. But, then, you know, "Fools rush in . . . ."

Tom was born in Yanceyville on June 4, 1883, second son of Archibald Erskine Henderson (lawyer, county superintendent of schools and CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY) and Alice Johnston Henderson. One of the best things Tom has ever written was the beautiful tribute paid these splendid parents in one of his little books, Book Two of "Plain Tales from the Country." Book One of "Honeysuckles and Bramblebriars" he sweetly dedicates: "To the good women who have loved me—my mother, my sister, my wives, my daughters, my granddaughters and my sweethearts of former days." Tom certainly has a knack for picking good wives, having had two of the very best. Quoting his own words: "I was born with a warm heart, an affectionate disposition, extravagant tendencies and a marital complexity." His first wife was Clevie Slade, a daughter of the late John Wesley Slade, of Blanch, and Alice Hodges Slade, now of Danville. This union was blessed with three children: "Little Baldy" died in childhood; Florine Erskine (Mrs. Franklin Stokes) and Lady Alice (Mrs. Robert Wilkerson,) of Reidsville. Grandchildren: Ann Henderson and Alice Lindsay Stokes; Lady Barbara and Thomas Farrar Wilkerson. His second wife, Annie Bethel Chandler, daughter of the late John Williamson Chandler and (now living) Alice Wright Chandler, of Ruffin, continues to walk with him along life's pathway, petting, spoiling and patiently waiting on him even under the most trying and aggravating circumstances. She is good.

A biographer will have to admit that Tom's metamorphosis took place after he became malcontent with the inimitable Democrat Party as it prospered in Caswell. As soon as Tom joined the unilocular party of the Isolationists, he in turn became an unilateral, contrary, inconsistent, incongruous, disputatious, censorious pollitory. To properly compile all the inconsistences and peculiarities of Tom, to be fair, it must be mentioned that he is an excellent and prolific writer. Both his writings and unique personality are affected with good old-fashioned humor. Besides his ready wit, it must be said he wishes no man harm and that, in spite of his general cussedness and contrariness, he means well. Tom is friendly, good-natured and generous. In his perpetual arguments, he often "dishes it out," but he also possesses that rare quality of being able "to take it." Volumes could be written on Tom's idiosyncracies, but we will postpone the writing to observe the subject's disposition during the Fourth Term. We respectfully prognosticate that he will have "fits."

All jesting aside, we are justly proud of Tom. For didn't he put our club in the world news when some of his writings were published in "The Rotarian." Caswell County is glad to claim him as her very own able chronicler. Here's hoping he will continue to "scribble" for years to come . . . for we all love Tom in spite of his idiosyncracies and wish for him success.

Tom is a Presbyterian and boasts he has turned two wives from Methodism to Presbyterianism and from Democracy to Republicanism. The denominational claim is true, but we doubt the political.

WHEEL TRACKS

SERVICE ABOVE SELF · HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

This Page
Is Rotarily Dedicated
To These Former Members
of the
Yanceyville Rotary Club

C. S. (Buck) Buchanan ..... Raleigh, N. C.
William Banks Horton ..... U. S. Navy, Charleston, S. C.
Randolph L. Hall ..... Danville, Va.
Wallace V. Hall ..... U. S. Navy
L. Woody Lillard ..... Texaco Dealer, Yanceyville, N. C.
Will L. Maness ..... Jackson, N. C.
Henry M. Lilly ..... Winston-Salem, N. C.
George C. Neal ..... U. S. Army
Clyde Banks Rogers ..... Yanceyville, N. C.
Dave O. Sunderland ..... Milton, N. C.
Walter J. Swicegood ..... Yanceyville, N. C.
Herbert L. Seagrove ..... Greensboro, N. C.
Dr. Robert F. Warren ..... Prospect Hill, N. C.
W. Herbert White ..... Reidsville, RFD 1, N. C.
Wilborne W. Saunders ..... Albemarle, N. C.
Connie B. Gay ..... Asheville, N. C.
George Holt ..... Burlington, N. C.
Adrian E. Brown ..... Parkton, N. C.
W. Eldridge Boykin ..... Lillington, N. C.
Luther O. Crotts ..... Clemmons, N. C.
Herman L. Gunn ..... Newport News, Va.
Braziel B. Flowers ..... U. S. Army
Glenn A. Rice ..... Departed this life

Honorary Member

David L. Cohn ..... Yanceyville, N. C.