Memoirs

Never A Dull Moment

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H. O.
Woltz, Sr.

Never A Dull Moment



My Memoirs

H. O. WOLTZ, SR.

Landlocked Surry County Has Plenty Of 'Admirals'

H. O. WOLTZ SPEAKS FOR NEW SUPER HIGHWAY

SPECULATOR FACES FIGHT OF CAREER

Harley L. Clarke Charged With Misappropriating $2,000,000 During Presidency of Utility.

Local Firm Buys Block Plant In Twin City

Badgett Concrete Owners Make Public Their New Plans

H. O. Woltz Flies To Convention

Elkin Attorney Goes To Philadelphia As Alternate Delegate

Attorney H. O. Woltz Goes To Chicago in Big Law Suit.

NEW MT. AIRY MILLS TO BEGIN WORK SOON

Surry Hosiery Mills Expected To Open Within 30 Days.

Not Seeking Any Office, Woltz Says

Rumors Boost Woltz For 5th Dist. Seat

Mt. I. Attending Underwear Meet

New Planning Board Eyes Gigantic Task Awaiting Its Action

Seeks Suggestions From Citizens For City Improvements

Clarke Faces Fraud Charge In Utility Suit

Mt. Airy: Its Present Seems To Be Catching Up With Its Future Planning

H. O. Woltz Named To Railroad Post

Invitation to Join Bund Given As Basis of Slaying In Surry

City Names Planning Board

H. O. Woltz, Local Attorney, Named Chairman Of New Nine-Member Body

DAMAGE TRIAL IN FATAL ROAD CRASH STARTS

$100,000 Suits Hinge On Test Case At Newton

Battleship Drive Hot In Surry

H. O. Woltz Offers Land For Golf Course

Sam Sprinkle Bound Over For Trial at April Superior Court

Local Men To Aid In Negotiation Of Trade Agreement

Woltz Tells Group N. C. Will Select Most Feasible Route

Rowan Gold Fields Wake From Long Sleep; Move Started to Restore Mining Industry

Iron, Copper And Sulphur Are Sought

Mirror Plant To Start Operation

Needham Case: One of N.C.'s Strangest

Background for a Stokes Arson, Murder Trial

Jury Found Him Guilty But Justices Disagreed

Stokes Man Is Sentenced For Killing

PROPERTY OF MUSEUM OF REGIONAL HISTORY Mount Airy, N. C.

100-Bed Care Center Sought For Cit

General Motors To Pay $15,000

Davis N Guilty Lotter Says Ju

Was It Murder? Was Claude Needham Guilty? Stokes Court Said Yes

Planning Board Asks Annexation North Of City

Damage Suit Goes To U. S. Circuit Court

Woitz And Smith

MINORITY HOUSING GROUP PROPOSES URBAN RENEWAL

Mill to S Building Immedia

Never A Dull Moment



MEMOIRS OF

H. O. WOLTZ, SR.

PROPERTY OF
MUSEUM OF REGIONAL HISTORY
Mount Airy, N. C.



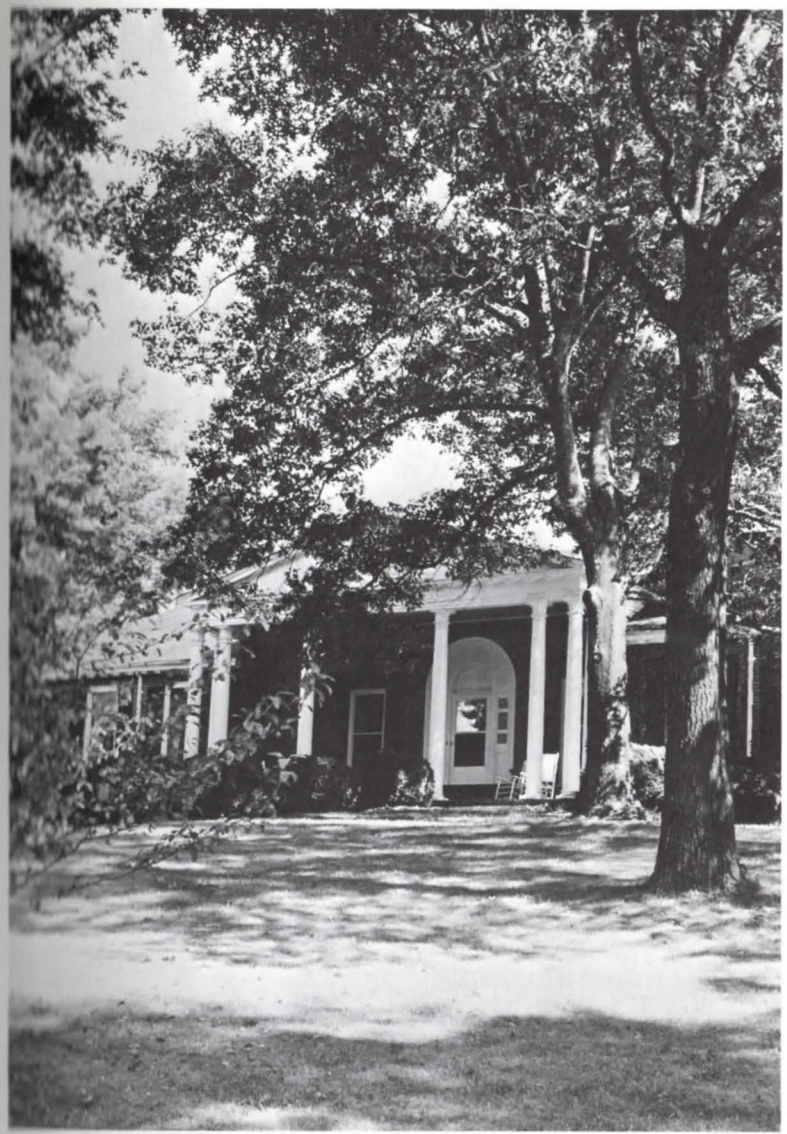
I surprised the family when I rode off on Elliott's Honda. Pat surprised me when she snapped my picture. (Professional photography)



Home of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Woltz, Jr.



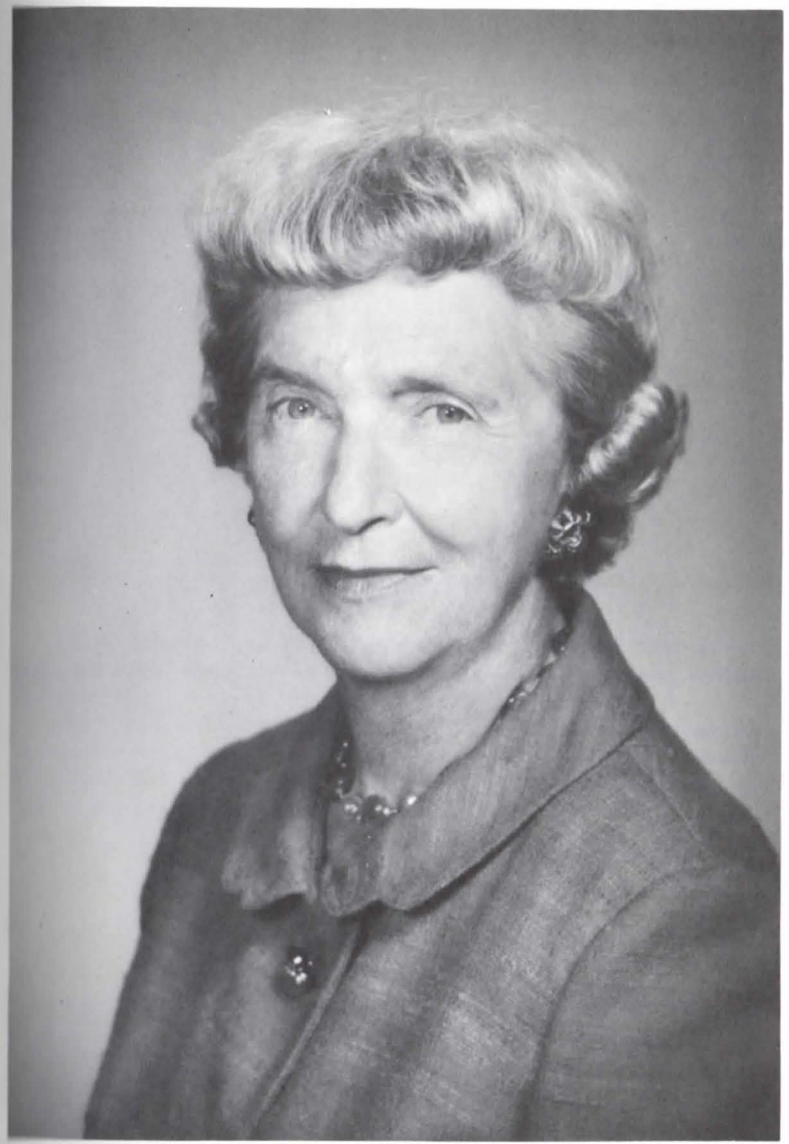
Home of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Woltz



Home of Mr. & Mrs. H. O. Woltz, Sr.
"Farmview"
Mount Airy, North Carolina



Howard Osler Woltz, Senior



Louise Elliott Woltz

DEDICATION

To our children and their children and to those who come after, I lovingly dedicate this record of some of the highlights of my many activities over the years.

The opportunities available and the changing times and circumstances cause every age to present a new and urgent challenge. May my successes, my failures, and untiring efforts to succeed be of some encouragement and help to the generations to come.

There are many pictures throughout this book with no index. They tell their own story. It has been truly said that one picture is worth a thousand words.

Many of the pictures bear no relation to the chapters before or after they appear.

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Green Hill

Entrance to the homes of

H. O. Woltz, Sr.

John E. Woltz

Howard O. Woltz, Jr.

INTRODUCTION

I have attempted to review a few of the happenings in my life with the thought in mind that it would probably prove interesting to some of the family in later years. I would not have undertaken this chore had it not been for the thoughtful consideration of my beloved wife, Louise, in spending many hours and much thought and consideration in keeping scrapbooks of my different activities and business ventures through the years.

I could not have accomplished this task had it not been for the jogging of memory from references made to the wonderful record she kept. I knew she was keeping clippings, but the first time I really looked at them was about a year ago. At that time she, together with my sons, suggested that I should record some of the details known only to me.

I am indebted to Pat's Mother, Hilda Way Gwyn (Mrs. Thomas Lenoir Gwyn), for the title "Never a Dull Moment". She has been closely associated with the family and knew how fitting that title would be for a record of the happenings in my life.

The records I am listing are not in the form of a book, but some short stories highlighting varied experiences over the years.

My life has been full, happy, enjoyable, and most interesting – as varied as time would permit it to be – "Never a Dull Moment".

I have attempted to some extent to have the stories in chronological order. As varied as these experiences have been, that is sometimes impossible.

I am listing here as a reference my vocational and avocational activities from age ten to the present.

1. Growing a crop of tobacco at age ten
2. Carrying tools to granite cutters, age 12
3. Making boxes for shipping furniture, age 13
4. Shoe store clerk, age 14

5 Taxi driver, age 14

6. High School and professional baseball player before college entrance
7. Making powder for World War I, age 17
8. Working in B & O Railroad Shops, age 17
9. Entered college at Trinity (now Duke University age 17
10. First year college activities included: operating boarding house, pressing club, shoe shine parlor, helping pay my way through school. First organization set up that year was a drug store for my father. On my birthday at age 18, I volunteered for armed services and served as 2nd lieutenant until the Armistice was signed, then returned to college, January 1, 1919.
11. My ventures after returning to college were: Selling life insurance, automobile business, publishing booklet of pictures of Trinity campus for sale to students and alumni.
12. Changed to Tulane University in September, 1920 where I studied law for two years; clerked on stock exchange, organized Comet magazine for Tulane.
13. Sold advertisements and distributed desk blotters to all students monthly at Tulane and Newcomb, the girls' school.

14. Returned home, opened insurance office. January 1, 1923 entered Wake Forest College to study law. Operated another boarding house and after Summer School took Supreme Court examination. Opened my Law Office, January 1, 1924.

My Activities and Business Ventures Since 1924

1. First Secretary of Merchants Association, which I helped organize.
2. Real Estate and house building
3. Farming
4. Cattle breeding and raising
5. Mule trading
6. Bulb business
7. Trucking business (Parkway)
8. Industrial reorganization
9. Underwear manufacturing
10. Button business
11. Hosiery mills (7)
12. Restaurants owned (5)
13. Food manufacture
14. Oil distributorship
15. Concrete block manufacturing
16. Locker plant organized and built
17. Chicken in the Rough plant built and operated
18. Parachute manufacture (WW II)
19. Pant manufacture (WW II) (Separate from underwear)
20. Pyrophyllite mining
21. Gold mining
22. Mirror manufacture
23. Making pottery (hand made)
24. Buying and selling textile machinery
25. Nursery business
26. Florist business (wholesale flowers)

27. Seed cleaning plant
28. Part hotel owner and director
29. Airport organization and part owner
30. Brassiere manufacture

Before you start reading what I have written, it goes without saying I would not qualify as an English professor or even a good English student.

Rhetoric is not one of my specialties. In my practice of law I have cultivated the average men and have had to deal with them and associate with them most of my life. In my appearance before juries I have tried to speak in a way understandable to them and to use expressions they are familiar with. I would say my language is rather "homespun", certainly not grammatically correct, but understandable. Compound sentnences, complex expressions and detail summaries have not been a part of my training. I have spent my time and arguments to juries trying to influence them, to see the facts as favorable to my clients as possible; to influence the jury has been my purpose and not to sell them on how accurately or articulately I could speak. I therefore realize the grammar could be better, and certainly more perfect. However I hope with real concentration what I have written can be understood.

As I was once told after an argument in a very important murder trial, "Woltz, you speak my language". When they got in the jury room and began consideration of the evidence, one man spoke up and said: "That Lawyer Woltz is our kind of man, he is not stuck up or above us ordinary people. I surely could understand him".

I have always tried to be polite, kind and considerate of all people and never appear too straight laced, or too important to anyone. It has certainly paid off for me in my law practice. I make this statement not by way of apologizing, but by way of explanation. I realize this writing could be much better expressed by many people. It would not however be my work if expressed differently.

An old friend of my father whom I thought a good friend of mine, once said to me, "I never could have thought you would be a lawyer, nobody that know'd you know'd it either". Louise said she would have never thought, laughing about my old friend, I would turn out to be an author either. I said, "You mean would have never "thunk" it, would you?"

Quoting from Ekken who was the most celebrated Confucian Master of his age, "Scholars endeavor to show off their learning rather than to make it their endeavor to live up to the teachings of the Sages".

I have only tried to make this report readable and understandable and I have made no attempt to be a scholar, *which I am not.*

I may have some repetition in these stories of my experiences in life, especially when it comes to being so proud of my sons. I do not mind if there is. They have been worth it all and are still proving themselves. Anyone who reads this report of my life will agree with me as to the fine records they have made and will also agree that they deserve to be mentioned several times even if it is repetition.

My only brother, Greer, has worked with the boys as treasurer of Quality Mills. They are very devoted to him. He practiced law and was with the Federal Bureau of Investigation before he came with us at Quality Mills.



Greer with Howell, Pat and John's third son.





Home of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Woltz, Sr.

Never A Dull Moment

CHAPTER I

Reminiscing

One morning I walked out of my home on Green Hill and down to the fence which surrounds the thirteen-acre knoll where Louise and I live with our two sons and their wives and children. To me, this is the prettiest place in the world, and while standing there I started reminiscing and thinking of my life as it developed. For many years numerous people have suggested to me that I write down some of the highlights of what has happened to me in my years of struggle to make a living and accumulate something, and I have often thought that maybe I should, but I have criticized other people for doing it so much that I hesitated to put myself in position to be criticized. However, in my thoughts that morning I went back to the time I used to go to my grandfather's house, where my mother was reared. I also thought of the great influence that he and my grandmother, along with my good Christian mother, had on me, and what has happened to me. My mother's prayers, her counsel, and the happy home in which I was reared had very much to do with anything that I might have accomplished.

My father had to work his way through school to get his education, but he had a good country practice as a physician in many local country communities, and with the help of my mother, developed into one of the most patient and best country doctors, with a heart for the sick and no motivation for money. He worked too hard to have time to counsel and spend with me, as my mother did. In no way would I want to create the impression that I was not close to my father and that he did not love and spend time with us, when he had it. In fact, I rode with him all over the country in his practice in the summertime as a child, before ten or twelve years of age.

The experiences with my father were very gratifying and helpful to me. Back then horses and buggies were used for transportation, when the roads would permit it, and if not we rode horseback. I have spent the night in all kinds of small country log cabins while my father administered to the sick, delivered babies and sat up with real sick people. Many families back then would have typhoid fever (before the years of vaccination) and during the summer several members of a family would have the fever and a large number of them would be unable to pay even a small amount as the doctor's fee. I remember when I was quite young going about every other day almost all of one summer a trip of ten or more miles to see a very poor family with typhoid fever, and on one visit the man of the family, who had not had the fever, suggested to my father that he would like to give him some tomatoes. The running board of the buggy was filled with them. After we left his house, I asked my father what in the world he was going to do with all the tomatoes, as we had more of them at home than we could use. His remark was priceless, and over the years has meant much to me; "Son, this man will never be able to pay me one dollar for all my medical attention and the medicine I have administered his family; he has tomatoes and by giving them to me, he feels that he is paying me something; it helps him. Don't ever refuse to accept anything anyone wants to give you; it helps them to give it, and it will help you to take it." We had to ford a river a few miles from his house

on the way home; when the horses were drinking in the river my father let me throw all the tomatoes at an old log washed up down the stream a few feet from the buggy. While I was disposing of the tomatoes, he said to me, "Son, that log is where old mean daddies bring their little boys to get rid of them and throw them over the log into the river". (My Daddy often told the story of how I slipped up close to him under his arm, and said, "You wouldn't do your little boy that way, would you, Daddy?" I was assured by him that he wouldn't; he was a kind, considerate, tender-hearted father.

When I was a child in the country we lived on a 60 acre farm. I grew tobacco, one acre, and plowed and cultivated it myself. My brother, who was three years younger, had one-half acre. It was, of course, of very poor quality, due to our lack of experience and ability to cultivate it properly. When we sold it we loaded it on a one-horse wagon, drove sixteen miles to Mount Airy to market, and sold the entire crop for $21.80, my brother's crop brought $9.00. We spent the night in the warehouse where the tobacco was sold, listening to the country music played by the farmers who had brought tobacco to market, and slept on our tobacco in the wagon. The fertilizer to plant the crop cost more than we got out of our tobacco; however, my father paid for it; so we came out all right.

When we got home and were asked what our tobacco had brought, my brother spoke up and said his had brought tears. (He had heard that remark in the warehouse by one of the farmers). However, if a child has never had the experience of staying at a tobacco barn all night curing tobacco, roasting potatoes and corn in the ashes, and listening to the tall tales by the tenants and others, he has missed a lot of fun.

The life of young people back when I was a boy was not much different than at present. The transportation was different; recreation facilities much different, and places to meet and congregate, much different. There was no YMCA or YWCA, no play grounds, no swimming pools, no country clubs, no tennis or golf courses, no picture shows, no radio and no television. However,

young people made it a point to get together, with apron hemming parties (where the boys would hem an apron for their favorite girls), box suppers, where the boys would bid on the girls' boxes and when they bought the boxes they got to eat them with the girls who had brought them; hay rides occasionally; a square dance at some home or school house; all such life so different, but most enjoyable.

Back then there was a class hatred and class segregation among the white race. The children who lived in one part of town would resent the children who lived in the other section of town; there were rival gangs – North Main against South Main; up-town against the suburbs. If a boy went to see a girl in a different section, he would get rocked, egged, or probably whipped by the local gang. Education and experience, travel and interest in all peoples, then as well as now, is the only answer to life between races, classes and people of all nations.

Servants were not a problem, with all kinds of colored help available. Children of every walk of life had a black Mammy who incidentally loved them very much. They were very good to all children. Even then, children were exposed to more influence of the colored Nannie than now, with all the segregation of the races. There was no race problem back then. The colored respected their white friends and the white friends loved them, and would look after them in time of need.

My childhood was very happy, and I was always well cared for in a good Christian home. When we decided to move from the country to Town, when I was ten years old, I first began to realize that anybody who amounted to much had to rely on himself and not on his parents, or others. My first few years after I was ten were rather trying, which I imagine all children go through, but my training was such that it was very hard for me to understand the liberal thinking of the people that I came in contact with. As a child I was not allowed to skate on the sidewalk on Sunday, I had to read the Bible two hours every Sunday afternoon; I was carried to Church every time the doors opened, and my parents were so strict that I almost, in my

younger years, resented that type of living. Due to the fact that my mother was so bitter against whiskey, I was a grown man before I realized that a decent man could take a drink. All of this influence, which was to the good, of course, made me begin to think for myself and wonder if that was the way it should be.

As children, we were not allowed to fight, and when I came from the country to town I was fresh meat for all the town boys. Tackily dressed and very unpolished, comparatively, the first few days the boys pushed me around and kicked me, shoved me off the sidewalk into the street, and took my tacky Sears & Roebuck hat (which I loved) and stomped it in the ground. All this I didn't like. When I came home one afternoon, a neighbor lady was visiting Mother and told her that in Mount Airy you would just have to let you children fight to take care of themselves. (Then I was given permission to fight only to protect myself). That was all I needed. The next day every boy who had been mean to me was challenged; I decided to even up the score. I was strong and well developed for a boy of twelve, and I really had a heyday fighting and came out O. K. every fight. I finally was one of the boys they all respected. My guts, as they put it, and my nerve and determination were not to be mistreated or underestimated.

As children we did almost everything children were not supposed to do. We were not allowed to play in the streets, there were no play grounds, no swimming pools, and no attractions for children. We were always slipping and doing things without our parents knowing it, such as buying wine, drinking it, stealing chickens and pigeons, going to the swimming hole, stealing melons from the farmers' fields, and many such things that children should be taught through proper supervision and supervised play and recreation not to do.

This type of life as a child came to an end when we could work in the summer time and on Saturdays during school. Jobs in the furniture factory at 5¢ per hour, and working in stores selling shoes, dry goods, etc., were available.

One very interesting experience happened when a fat lady

who sang in the choir at church came into the shoe store and would not allow anybody to wait on her but me, and when I found out what she wanted I was shocked. She wanted me to fasten her supporter – the tight corset would not permit her to bend over and her stocking was down over her shoe. I tried feeling up under her dress, looking or feeling for the clasp on the long corset to fasten to the stocking, which was just too much for me. I finally talked her into letting an elderly man, who I am sure had had much more experience than I, fasten it. She left the store very happy. However, later in life I learned how it was done.

Another very interesting experience I had happened while I was carrying tools to stone cutters. I was asked to throw a small cutting tool to one of the stone cutters on top of a large mausoleum they. were cutting for one of the Firestones, and I did throw it to him; however, he missed it and it hit the edge of the curved corner and broke it off. The work of several cutters for many months was lost. I quit and left the job. The owner of the company followed me home, told me I could not stop work and that I would have to continue to help pay for the damage done. I agreed to continue working. The next morning, I failed to get up and go to work, but he came to my home after me. On pay day he would give me only $1.00 or 50¢ and the rest was going for payment of damages to the stone ruined. This procedure continued for more than one summer vacation, all the work except a few dollars going to pay for the loss of the stone. I really hated that man; I thought he was the most unfair, cruel person on earth. However, later I learned differently. I was a freshman in college when I learned that all the money I had earned, plus more, had been deposited in the bank for my education and I had $288.50 for my efforts. This same man was my first client when I opened my law office. He called and told me I was the lawyer for his large company, saying that he knew I did not know much about what I was doing but I could learn; advising me to make no mistakes, "to consult all the lawyers you want to consult, and what you do, do right". Through the early

days of my law practice he meant much to me. Later in life I was able to repay him in many ways.

During my growing-up period when we were buying a little wine and slipping around and drinking it, my mother was President of the W. C. T. U. and they were having a big Fourth of July Parade. We had one of the few cars in Mount Airy and although I was only 12 or 13 years old, I was the driver of the car. My mother thought her son couldn't possibly do a wrong of any kind and she had invited four or five of the good W. C. T. U. ladies to ride in the Fourth of July Parade with us. The car was draped in white sheets, with all kinds of signs against whiskey and for temperance plastered over the car. I was the driver. A former school teacher of mine was one of the ladies to ride in the car. I went to her and told her that I could not drive the car, and told her about the incident of drinking the wine. She refused to help me and sent me to Mother. I then went to Mother and told her about drinking the wine. She promptly told me I couldn't drive it, that I wasn't fit to drive it, and that ended the episode, I thought. However, that afternoon I found out differently. I was not allowed for thirty days to leave the house, except with her and the family. I could not drive the car. I received a whipping every afternoon at three o'clock for one solid week, and I think this is the first time my mother really realized that she did not have a perfect son.

There is one thing I want to mention; before I went to school I always worked in the summertime, because children could work then at almost any age. I worked in a factory and was paid 5¢ to 10¢ per hour, along with many people who had been there for many years and were making 15¢ to 20¢ per hour. When I finished the summer, before I went to school, and my paycheck was received, it amounted to nine dollars and some few cents. The man who was working next to me was laid off that week and when he paid his house rent and his grocery bill, he was out of money. I loaned him my pay check and went to a grocery store and asked that they credit him for $25.00 worth of groceries. I was refused, but by getting my father to stand

for the $25.00, they agreed to let him have that amount of groceries. Seventeen and one-half years afterwards I was repaid about $34.00 by this man, which I took and spent on his wife by buying her a complete new outfit; the first, I guess, she had had in her lifetime. I made up my mind then that if I ever made a dollar I didn't need, God being my helper, I would put it into something that would enable a man to make a living wage for his toil. I have tried to do this in many ventures since that time.

Through High School I didn't do much studying. I was too interested in finding out what was going on in the world I knew nothing about until I moved from the country to town. There was nothing abnormal in my life as a child.

While I lived in Mount Airy I went to New York and back on a trip, taking fourteen days without spending a cent, thumbing my way when thumbing was not popular. I washed dishes for food, cleaned up apartments for a night's rest, and ran into many interesting people and found out a lot about life. All of these things were done in my effort to grasp something of what went on in the world, and to find myself and find out what I wanted in life, I was not willing to pay the price of studying enough to practice medicine, dentistry or law at this time.

After finishing high school and before going off to college I decided to go to Carney's Point, New Jersey, and work in a powder plant for the summer. Several boys from Mount Airy were working there and a job was easy to obtain when you arrived there. Several of us decided to go together. My parents did not want me to go, however, they finally consented to my going. Some of the boys stopped off in Baltimore and worked at the B & O (Baltimore and Ohio) Railway. They were young, therefore a good job with good money was not hard to find. I tried the railway shop for a few days and then moved on up to New Jersey.

While in Baltimore for the first time in my life I learned that every person on a company payroll did not work very diligently. The first day I worked my foreman ordered me to slow down

and not work so hard and so fast. He even ordered me to climb up on top of a locomotive and rest for several hours. I soon learned they had a certain amount of work they were going to accomplish in a day – and no more.

They called the procedure a slow-down. I viewed it differently. I called it for me – a stoppage. I left Baltimore for Carney's Point, N. J. where I could really work and work hard.

Upon arriving in New Jersey I had cash on hand of exactly $3.80, not a very large amount for living expenses for a week or so before payday. Immediately upon my arrival I went straight to the employment office of Dupont Powder Company. I was anxious to get my job and go to work. I had been advised that in the plant I could purchase a meal ticket and the cost would be taken out of my pay check. This was fine for me since my cash position was so low.

When I was interviewed for my employment the company representative asked me my name and where I was from. I advised him my home was in North Carolina and that my name was Woltz. He asked me to spell the name. I did so – then he promptly turned to me and advised he was sending me to the German interpretor, my name being German.

The interpretor inquired of me when I came over from Germany. I advised him I had never been over – that I was born in North Carolina. He then wanted to know when my father came over. I advised him my father was also born in North Carolina. When he asked me when my family came to America from Germany, I could not tell him for I did not know too much about my family's history. I told him I did not know just exactly how long ago it had been.

He then advised me that I would have to have a birth certificate to obtain work there since we were at war with Germany and my being of German descent.

Well, that really complicated matters for me; I wrote home for a birth certificate and promptly learned that in North Carolina birth certificates were not registered until 1910. With this additional complication, my cash position being so low, my not

having a job and the long waiting period, I was, I thought, in serious trouble.

After a wait of approximately ten days my grandfather certified he was present at my birth and the papers he sent me were all approved by the Clerk of Court in Surry County. I was able to notify the employment office that I was a native-born American.

I was promptly given a job. As luck would have it for me, the first time I entered the plant, I was caught with matches in my pocket when they searched me. They searched everyone that entered the plant. That I did not know.

The penalty for having matches was a two-week lay off. Oh Boy! Was that tough luck. I had one good break though. While I was waiting for my birth certificate to arrive I saw some of the men and boys from Mount Airy who were working up there at the boarding house where they were eating. I told them about my troubles and one of the men who was doing carpentry work there outside the plant advised me if I could get a saw and a hammer he could probably get me a job as a carpenter's helper. I borrowed a saw from my landlady and a hammer from her neighbor and reported to work the next morning.

When my friend looked at the saw I had he took it away from me and hid it, telling me it was an ice saw. I really did not know the difference. I got the job as a helper and with the help of all the men on the job, all of them coming to my rescue, even helping me saw my lumber, I was able to hold the job for about two weeks.

The first two weeks I lived on peanut butter, crackers, pork and beans and an occasional slice of cheese, this was certainly no fun and a real experience.

After my suspension for having the matches, I went to work in the powder plant. I really worked hard, I would work many double shifts. For the extra eight hours I would receive time and one-half. I was really making money. I soon was promoted to the cutting machine department and soon became operator of one of the presses. I was later cutting house foreman, making good money.

Just before the summer ended I was promoted to the mixing house or block breakers as they called it. That was a real promotion with a good increase in pay. I went up there to the new job the next morning and worked until noon. I promptly decided I did not like the atmosphere. It looked extremely dangerous to me. I decided I did not intend to work there any longer. I went to see my foreman and advised him of my decision. He called me yellow, and sent me back to my old job in the cutting house. (By explanation, the cutting house is where the powder was pressed out into skeins 100 feet long by a high powered press, then cut into short three-inch pieces for field powder as it was called.)

A very unfortunate thing happened that afternoon about three o'clock. The very place I was working in the morning blew up and every person working there was killed. The boy who took my place was from Mount Airy. He was, of course, killed.

I left the next day from Carney's Point for Mount Airy in company with the body. I called that a very close call for me. If I had stayed on that job I no doubt would have been killed along with the others.

That ended my powder making and my summer work. It was then about one week before school opened at Trinity College in Durham, North Carolina. I had been accepted as a student there before I left North Carolina for the summer.

After my summer experiences, I went to Trinity College, which was a Methodist College, and I suppose I went wild at that time. I had a check book and everything that a child would want, all of which was not good for me, with no more experience than I had and knowing no more than I knew. I had never been away from home until I went to work in the powder plant. That check book lasted about thirty days until it was taken away from me. I then began to wonder if I would ever amount to anything.

I had never realized that a person's income and expenditures had to be budgeted, enabling one to live within his means.

In college I played college baseball. I had played the summer before on a local professional team for Mount Airy. I was a fair hitter but a very poor fielder. However, I made the varsity team at Trinity my freshman year. The trips with the ball club were very fine experiences. We traveled several States, met many interesting people at different schools and colleges. We were always entertained by the respective schools or universities, and it was very gratifying and most pleasant.

There is one incident in my life that I believe is of value to remember. We were playing Wofford College in Spartanburg, S. C. The score in the seventh inning was Trinity 5, Wofford 0. A fly ball came to my field. That was the pay-off. We had been out at Converse College (a girl's school) the night before and met several girls, and they were at the game. To show off for the girls and to be smart, I tried to make a graceful demonstration of how to catch a fly ball, and the ball went between my legs, and of course, I failed to catch it. Wofford made six runs that inning; the final score remained 6 to 5; the Coach placed me on the bench and did not allow me to play another game on the whole trip. The brush-off I got that night in Spartanburg by the girls I was trying to show off before, the heartaches for not being allowed to play ball, the talking to I received from the Coach, and the respect I lost from the other players, all was a real lesson to me – a lesson that has been very valuable to me all through my life. As a matter of fact, I was a real fresh freshman, of the smart alec type. The above experience, along with others of a similar nature, brought the smartness out of me to a certain degree.

I did not study in school as I should; I was too busy trying to make money and trying to find myself and decide what I wanted to do.

In my efforts to try to make a living and not study in school, I tried almost every type of business enterprise that did not require capital, such as pressing clothes, running a shoe shine

parlor, running a boarding house, and I even opened up a sales agency for automobiles, handling three different types of cars and one type of truck, all financed by the bank on confidence in our ability to sell them. I had some success, enough to pay our expenses and finance my way through school. All of this helped me to find out a lot about people, those who had something and those who didn't. I studied the people who had everything and the ones who didn't have much and I realized that it was the individual and his thinking and his effectiveness in applying himself that really mattered.

My school life was interrupted by going into the Army. I volunteered to go to Plattsburg Officer's Training Camp in the First World War. The camp opened on the 26th day of May – my birthday – I was 18. I was told by the Colonel in charge of Plattsburg that I was the youngest boy there and was the youngest commissioned Second Lieutenant in the United States Army, since it was the last Officers Training Camp. We were later sent back to the colleges, after the Draft Act was passed for ages from 18 to 45. I was stationed in New York City, at City College of New York. My experiences there were wide and varied. Later the same year I was discharged after the Armistice was signed in November, and returned in January to Trinity College. The rest of that year and the next year I studied at Trinity College, until I felt that if I was going to try to be a doctor or dentist I had better begin studying that. I then went down to Tulane University, at New Orleans, to study medicine and later dentistry. My father wanted me to be a doctor. I tried to be one, but compromised and started to study dentistry. I then found out that dentistry was not for me. I really did not now what I wanted to do, but after one month I changed my course to law and started working. I had several projects there, such as starting a comic magazine for Tulane University; having desk calendars printed with advertising from the merchants of New Orleans; putting out booklets of pictures of the college and selling and mailing to the alumni, all of which was fairly profitable for a young man in school.

I then went to work on the Cotton Exchange, along with going to school. I finally became chief trader on the Cotton Exchange Ring for a large Brokerage House making a salary of $400.00 a month, which was almost unheard of for a young college student.

After finishing two years law at Tulane, I decided that the statutory law of Louisiana would be of no help to me in practicing law in North Carolina, the law of Louisiana being founded upon the Napoleonic Code and not the English Common law.

A very unfortunate thing for me during my college career was that I was looking and hunting a way to keep from work and a way to live as I had found many other people living. I spent more time courting and going with wealthy girls than I did studying. In New York I was thrown with the very richest people there during the War. During the Liberty Loan Drive, which was the last drive to sell bonds, I would be in the theatre and buy hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of bonds for the rich women I was dating. The father of one of the girls that I was dating was a victim of the sinking of the Titanic, and she was a multi-millionaire in her own name. I soon realized, however, that that was not the life for a country boy – I realized that even when I was in the Army.

While going to Tulane University, the temptation to continue the same procedure was too great, so I started going to all the debutante balls and was engaged to marry the girl who was later Queen of the Mardi Gras. Going to school, working on the Cotton Exchange, and living the society life caused my health to fail, and I was in Turo Infirmary for six months. I went to the Infirmary after the failure of the firm I worked for. I had worked there with a temperature of 103° in order to clarify as much as I could the purchases made. As stated, I remained in the Infirmary for six months, I weighed 180 pounds when I went there and when I was lifted out on a cot and put in a box car to be sent home to Mount Airy I weighed 86 pounds. I was told I had glandular tuberculosis and could not live in that climate. I came home, began to live as country people live,

drinking good buttermilk and eating plain food, and began to get much better.

Within two months time I started selling insurance, and made a very outstanding success of it. I led the sales force for the United States in applications written one week for one of the outstanding insurance companies. I was making exceptionally good money for a young boy at that time.

While in New Orleans and during the time that I was in school I had all the luxuries of life at the expense of rich girls I was going with, such as their cars, clothes and anything that I wanted by way of luxuries. After I got home and before I went back to study law, I offered to marry the girl I was engaged to provided she would live on what I made for the first five years. She very wisely for both of us, told me that she couldn't spend the interest on her own money, and because I was born in poverty was no reason for her living that type of life. So that was the end of the engagement and that was the end of the courtship of rich women.

After I had recuperated from my sickness while living at home I wanted to buy something very expensive for my mother at Christmastime; her prayers and influence had kept me from making many mistakes. When I asked her what she wanted, tears came in her eyes and she said she wanted me to go back to school and finish law. I called Dr. Gulley at Wake Forest College and asked him if I could enter his Law School in January. He told me I could and I went there and resumed my study of law.



My only sister, Lola, was most attentative to me during my sickness. Soon after she married Louise's brother Kerley. They are shown here with part of their family.

CHAPTER II

Sample of Unwise Teenage Activities

We hear a great deal of talk among older people about how the young people are going wild and how they are conducting themselves. I sometimes wonder if we stopped and reflected as to the conduct some of us had as young students if we would be so prone to criticize.

I recall an incident in my life when I was a student at Trinity College, that if any of my grandchildren did such a thing, I would be one of the first to reprimand them and wonder if they would ever develop into real men and women.

I had been in New York City after the World War, stationed there until the Armistice was signed, later returning to college as a sophomore. While in New York City we were entertained by many people. We met a large number of the theatre stars and a good number of the society people in New York City. After I returned to school one of the broadway hit musicals came to Durham on their southern trip. I had met the leading lady in the show while in New York. After the performance in Durham I told some of my student friends about having met the lady and further remarked, "I was thinking about going to her hotel and see if I could not get a date with her.'

Well, you should have heard the students talking about what a fool I was to think I could even see her. They were willing to bet any amount I couldn't even talk to her.

As the conversation went on the bets got bigger and bigger, my good friends betting I could see her and have a date with her and the other students gambling that I could not.

I called her at the hotel, reminded her of the place I had met her and the people in New York that had entertained us that evening. Also told her about the large bets that had been made as to whether I could or could not see her.

She agreed to see me and to go to the cafe and have a midnight snack with me. Well, that did it. We collected our

bets and had a lot of fun and incidentally I enjoyed the evening very much. That would have been fine had the story ended there. However, the next day several of the girls and boys were in the drug store for a coke and we began talking about the show and my having had a date with the leading lady. One remark brought on another, and finally one of the boys remarked that the leading lady was the only girl he had ever seen he would marry and not ask any questions. One of the girls spoke up and said she had seen men she would marry and never ask a question. I made the remark I had seen a girl I would marry and never ask a question. The conversation went on and on, so I finally turned to the girl that had said she had seen men she would marry without asking questions and told her I did not know who she was talking about but she was the girl I had in mind. She then said, "You are the person I am talking about".

I then said, "Well, what are we waiting on?" She said, "Nothing I know of". So off we went to the courthouse across the street from the drug store to get the license, all five couples going with us and everybody having a hilarious time. She gave the information to the Clerk about her name and age, I did the same thing, and the boys with us paid for the license and off we went to get married. We were not very particular who performed the ceremony. We wound up at the parsonage of the minister of the First Baptist Church in Durham. We delivered the license to him, he signed the license and had started the ceremony when one of the best friends of the girl fainted. That ended the episode. We explained to the minister it was only a dare and we were trying to see who would "chicken" out first.

He informed us he could not give the license back to us that he had already signed the license and he would have to return the license to the Clerk's office himself. The record is still there in the courthouse. We left the minister's study and had a real mock wedding party that night, all of us having fun. We went to our favorite restaurant for a late supper about 1 a. m.

Well, the first thing we saw was the morning Durham Herald and an article in the paper in big headlines about the marriage.

Oh, brother, what a surprise and what trouble we then had to face. I looked up her brother who was a junior and a good friend of mine and explained to him how it all happened. He laughed and fully understood. The trouble we then had was how we could explain the whole incident to our parents. Early the next morning before the state papers were delivered we called our families and told them in detail exactly what had happened and how it happened. The families knew each other and that helped. We went to her home for a week-end house party the next week-end, the whole "wedding party", and we finally had the incident squared away so far as the families were concerned. Our next trouble was with the college authorities.

Never had a person come as near to being suspended from school as we did. We were not allowed to see each other and were both severely reprimanded. The girl was a very good looking girl and a very fine lady and is now very happily married.

I wonder if our children or some of our grandchildren should have done such a thing while in school if we could have been as tolerant and understanding as our parents were. I know one thing for certain in my own mind the younger generation of people are not getting any worse as is often said by many people. I think they are just more open and aboveboard with their activities and are just as fine as we were and just as fine ladies and gentlemen as the older generations before them were.

"Not even a dull moment back then".





Dr. John L. Woltz and Issie R. Woltz, parents of H. O. Woltz, Sr.



Henry F. and Lula K. Elliott, parents of Louise Elliott Woltz

CHAPTER III

Starting Out

After receiving my law degree from Wake Forest College and passing the Supreme Court Law Examination for my license, I decided I had several major decisions to make before starting the practice of law. Among the decisions to make, were when to start the law practice; should I try to begin practice alone, or should I try to become associated with an established law firm. Having no capital and just out of school, these decisions were not easy to make, but having confidence in my ability and trusting in the Lord, and having good health, I decided to try it alone, to open my own law office at home. Having always heard that it would be much harder in your hometown to make a success, I wouldn't accept that as a fact. I knew my father and grandfather and great-grandfather before me had served the public as practicing physicians. I decided to locate in Mount Airy, my hometown, and I have never regretted this decision. However, I am also sure that it was much harder at first though it paid off in the later years.

After making this decision, in November or December, I went to Dr. Gulley, Dean of Wake Forest Law School, and told him I would like to leave school and return in February for the examinations, if it would be permissible, that I had been employed to settle an estate and would like to begin work on it. His remark was that of an old 'pro', "You certainly may; I have never stood in the way of a man getting married in my life". He knew too much about settlement of estates and well knew I did not have to stop school for that at that time.

I left school the first day of December of that year, went home, and a certain friend of mine to whom I had sold insurance wanted to know what I was going to do. I told him I was going to practice law. His remarks were wise and have always been remembered by me. The conversation went something like this: "Well, if you are going to practice law, you had better settle

down, get married and go to work". I told him I would get married if I had money enough to do it. He asked how much it would take, and I told him if I had $300.00 I'd get married at once. He told me he had $300.00. "Yes", I told him, "your having it and my having it are different". He very promptly offered to lend it to me. I refused it. Two days later he came to see me again and insisted that I take the money. I borrowed it from him on the 10th day of December and was married on the 18th. I called my wife-to-be the day I received the money and went over to see her to make the arrangements for our marriage.

My wife was a trusting soul to marry be on borrowed money just after I had left school, had not even opened my office and had never worked at law a day. We planned a trip to Florida (where I had never been) for our honeymoon; however, we never got there. I realized the money we would spend would have to be paid back, as it was all borrowed money. I was driving a car that belonged to my mother. We spent the second or third night of our honeymoon in Greenville, S. C., at a lovely hotel, beautiful rooms, and the next day we started to Florida. It was a long 35 mile drive down a dirt road to Anderson, S. C. The morning we started I dreaded not going to Florida. I left the baggage in the hotel with the head porter, told him I would be back that night, reserved the same room we had for that night. We drove on to Anderson, S. C. I had called a boyfriend of mine I knew in school and told him to meet me on the Square. He was there when we drove into Anderson waiting for us to arrive. I told him he would have to get in the front seat with us because all the baggage was in the back seat. He promptly replied, "There is no baggage in the back seat". That was the first time my wife realized or knew the baggage had been left in Greenville, S. C. We had a very pleasant lunch and I knew she was very fond of Angel Food Cake which she smelled in a bakery. I bought one and we started back to get the baggage and continue our trip to Florida. On the way back to Greenville I wondered what to say or do to change our plans of going to Florida. We were both very tired when we got back to Greenville and she was very agreeable to spending another night there.

Then I really began trying to talk her out of the Florida trip. I gave her many reasons; it was getting close to Christmas; her mother was alone, her father having died one year before we were married. I began talking about how sad it was going to be for her mother the first Christmas without her father and without her during the Christmas Season. Apparently that went over big. I learned later, however, that she really did not want to spend the money either, knowing we together would have to pay it back later. (We did, however, finally get to Florida together, but it was thirty years later.) That is when the partnership began, when we decided not to spend the money for the Florida trip, and it has been a wonderful partnership ever since.

Realizing I had such a wonderful girl for a wife and a real partner, the time from then until I opened my law office the first of January was spent planning and making one resolution after another – many of them I kept, some, of course, I did not.

At Wake Forest College I was thrown with the best educated people in the State, and some of the leading lawyers of North Carolina. I had studied, along with my law course, every type of course that would help in understanding business and finance. At every chance I would visit every industrial plant possible. I read financial statements and studied sales methods, and especially organization of corporations, all in the hope that I could some day have something to do in organizing a manufacturing plant and being in some capacity connected with the management of same. I was very determined to work hard and try to be saving and industrious, taking part in all civic activities, as well as church work.

Out of the $300.00 I borrowed to get married, I bought my office equipment which consisted of one desk which cost $10.00; three chairs, which cost $1.00 each; one Justice of Peace Edition of the Consolidated Statutes of North Carolina, which cost $3.50, some stationery, and a portable typewriter.

In this connection I must give a great deal of credit to my parents and to my wife's mother. They were most helpful to us. We lived at my parents' home for the first 18 monts or more

and my wife's mother was continuously doing something to help us over the hump.

The first month I practiced law, I made $77.50 and collected $71.50; the next month I made $83.75 and collected $78.50; the next month I was much encouraged with a gross of $150.50 and the first year I made $3,750.90 and collected $2,454.50.

In this connection, after the first month, my mother wanted 10% of my income for the Lord and after I made the $150.00 a month for the first month, she wanted an additional 10%. I inquired of her what the extra 10% was for and she informed me that it was to save for me. Her insisting on my giving to the Church and worthy causes and the thrift of saving was a wonderful influence and a great beginning. I have tried ever since to in some way apply her formula and I have profited by doing it.

The first year, having a great deal of time on my hands and no business, gave me the opportunity to study, know and think of many things that could be done for Mount Airy, for myself and the community. I saw a need for small tenant houses and cheap homes that could be purchased by low-income people. I saw a need for more industry in Mount Airy. I realized the need for many civic improvements and I soon realized that the merchants of the Town were not progressive enough and were not co-operating with each other and were not working together. Practicing the thrift that my Mother had taught me I began buying cheap lots in low-income areas and started developing and building small four room houses. The lots would cost $50.00 to $100.00 and I could build a cheap four room house and sell lot and house for $1,500.00, making some four to five hundred dollars on each transaction. I would secure a loan for the purchaser for $1,000.00 from the Building and Loan Association, and would take the second mortgage for the balance, payable $5.00 per month. Ten or twelve of these projects helped out a lot. It gave me something to occupy my time and caused me to come in contact with all kinds of people, and in turn, these people had the opportunity to get acquainted with me and I profited by knowing them.

Before the house building experience, my first experience in

trading is interesting: I attended my first land sale, which consisted of lots which had been advertised to be sold at auction. This was in the early spring after I had opened my law office in January, 1924. When I attended this sale, I had only $10.00 in my pocket and no money in the bank. I saw a lot that I wanted and began bidding on this lot. The auctioneer accepted my bid of $202.00. I went to the gentleman who had bid $201.00 and offered him my $10.00 if he would not bid against me any more, and let the sale of the lot be knocked off to me at $202.00. He took me up on this offer.

I did not have the $50.50 to make the down payment, the terms of the sale being one-fourth cash, one-fourth in six months, one-fourth in twelve months, and one-fourth in eighteen months. I arranged with the Land Company for them to give me ten days to raise the $50.50 down payment, which I was successful in doing, and executed notes for the three remaining payments.

After receiving my deed to the property, I traded this lot for another lot on Worth Street, in the Town of Mount Airy. The first lot I had bought was on the Dobson Road, which is now Highway #601. I was successful in trading my first lot even for the one on Worth Street, and arranged for the balance which I owed, $151.50, to be assumed by the person with whom I traded. That gave me the Worth Street lot free and clear.

I then went to the Ford dealer, who had been trying to sell me a Ford Coupe, and I traded my lot to him for a new $675.00 Ford Coupe, 1923 model, and agreed to represent him in two law suits which he had outstanding to collect some money which was due him. I drove that car only one block, down on Moore Avenue to the Dodge dealer, and traded the Ford Coupe for a 1924 new model Dodge businessman's Coupe, which had just come out and which sold for $1,075.00. I traded the Ford even for the Dodge, with the Agreement to handle their law business for them for one year. I had no business and they had many matters outstanding and a lot to do, and I had plenty of time to do it. I learned right much about claim and delivery, about negotiating sales, and many other things during this year's practice for the company. The manner in which they operated

their busines was an education and, of course, they did not stay in business long, but my Dodge Coupe lasted many years. My son, Howard, was born shortly after, and the big, spacious storage back of the seat on this Dodge Coupe was a perfect traveling bed for our first-born. Louise's mother lived in Catawba, some hundred miles away, and this Coupe was perfect for our needs at that time.

In addition to the house building, I contacted a new contractor, not too well known, but one who had worked for one of the leading contractors of the Town, and an expert carpenter, and entered into an agreement with him to build some places of business on a division of profit basis.

I would find a good, available location for a filling station, agree with the land owner to erect a building upon the land provided I could lease it to an oil company. When we were through negotiations, we would have a contract with the oil company to pay the cost for the building of the station, with a reasonable profit to us for building it, with the agreement that after a certain number of years the stations would become the property of the land owner, in addition to paying the agreed price for the land rent.

This, to my knowledge, was the first building of stations, or any other type of business for rent in this area. Incidentally, it was very profitable to us. This practice in recent years is very often done, not only with the major oil companies but for other types of business as well.

During this building experience, I learned a great deal about the cost of building, and the type of house or building that could be constructed for a certain purpose. I really traded in real estate in a small way for several years, buying and selling lots, farms and buildings.

In order to promote sales and handle businesses being organized, I became the loan representative for several of the larger banks and insurance companies that were engaged in long term, farm, residential and business property loans. I would make a good commission for making the loan, and also an attorney fee for making the abstract for the property.

CHAPTER IV

Plans for the Future

While I spent much time during the early practice of law doing many things to try to increase our income, dealing in real estate, organizing corporations, promoting different kinds of businesses, small and large, I was always thinking of the resolution I made to help build the Town, community and, last but not least, myself. This is the time I was faced with the decision of whether or not I should enter politics. The more I considered that thought the more I came to the conclusion that the political life was not for me.

In this connection, however, I decided the duty of every citizen was to take an active interest in politics.

As a result of this decision I decided to try as best I could to weigh the qualifications of the respective candidates for the different offices and support the one who was in my judgment the best qualified for the office he was seeking.

I decided early in my practice that if I helped all the people who had chosen to enter politics and if they were successful in their efforts, I could gain more than I could by being the attorney for the respective officeholders. Therefore, I have never been attorney for a Sheriff, County Commissioner or Register of Deeds, Clerk of the Court, or other officer, and I have never received one cent for any advice I have given an officeholder. I realized, however, that the service I had rendered the Democratic party would be an asset if I ever needed to call on the officeholders for something worthwhile for a client or myself. This is the first decision I made, with the future of my two sons in mind. Should one of them decide to run for office, the services I had rendered could not, in my judgment, hurt his future.

The next decision I made relative to the future of my two sons was to try, as best I could, to have opportunities for them either in law or in business. I realized that in a small town like Mount Airy, most of the college graduates were leaving the

community, finding employment elsewhere. The only ones returning were the sons of people with an established business that provided an opportunity for their sons and daughters to return home and become associated with the going business already established.

It was at this stage of my expansion and development as to business investments and business interests that I decided to personally enter the manufacturing business. I had experience in organizing hosiery mills, underwear plants, retail establishments and distribution business, and many others. I realized the underwear business was the hardest to get started and to make a success of it required real experience. To make underwear from thread or yarn required knitting, bleaching and sewing, cutting patterns and much equipment. I decided that if it was harder for me to start, it would likewise be hard for others. When the opportunity presented itself, I purchased the equipment for a bankrupt underwear plant and started Quality Mills, Incorporated, with only $2,000.00 invested money for myself as a stockholder. From time to time, as the going got hard, the interest of others was purchased by me. It took much time, planning and a lot of nerve to continue the long period of losing money. Many dark days and months passed. The stock reached the low value of 33¢ on the $1.00 investment.

I brought into the organization the best available help and worked very hard, day and night, to get it started. We finally developed a garment that was acceptable to the garment trade and we began to move forward. After several years we began to make good progress. I decided, for the future, that diversification of interest would be good.

I then went into the concrete business. This move was made several years later, after the organization of the underwear plant. These two industries gave me investments in soft goods and hard goods; the decision was a good one. One of my sons is now President of the soft goods organization and the other President of the hard goods organization. Both are making great progress and both boys are very happy with their work.

All of my efforts in the organization of the different industries for myself were for the principal purpose of having different opportunities for my two sons; the law office, the underwear business, the concrete plant, and others.

By this time I had a very substantial investment in real estate, farm lands and city property, all making a good opportunity for a real estate future, or farming if desired. By this time I had brought from Holland a group of Dutchmen and was in the flower and bulb business, growing and shipping bulbs all over the States. I was in the Locker Plant – a cold storage business. I had interest in five hosiery mills, two in High Point, one in Durham, one in Star, and one in Mount Airy. All of these different industries provided an opportunity for my boys to decide the type of business they would like for their future.

I was very pleased when they decided to live in Mount Airy and enter business here. They have done a splendid job of operating the businesses started by me and have been responsible for a great expansion. Due to their concerted efforts, working together, I foresee a great future and opportunity for their children.

We all started working and planning together. Very few decisions have been made by me without first consulting my two capable sons in whose judgment I have from the beginning had utmost respect in every way.

John, without question, had decided on the mill business as his future. Immediately upon finishing school, he went to work in the sale of underwear and other textile products, and from the first showed a great interest in textiles and the manufacturing business. I was early convinced that his future was determined and settled insofar as what he wanted to do for his life's vocation. John joined me in business in 1947.

Howard was still in Law School and finished the University of Virginia in 1948. I am sure that he had no idea of practicing his profession anywhere other than Mount Airy, with his Daddy. That, of course, was a great satisfaction to me. When he entered the practice of law, he immediately showed great promise of becoming one of the State's outstanding lawyers. The waiting

period and the delay in settling law suits sometimes is most boresome, and sometimes a young attorney thinks he is not making much progress.

Howard entered politics for a short while and represented our County in the State Legislature, and made a wonderful record, gaining the respect and admiration of every representative and member of the General Assembly. In this connection, I have often told him he was too sincere and too honest to continue in politics, as he could not cater to or be for every group, or pressure group, to the extent that he could continue to be elected. As a lawyer, he had a great future; however, we had the concrete business then and it became necessary to buy my partner's interest or sell him our interest. Howard was at that time looking after the concrete business. After proper negotiations, we decided to purchase the one-half interest of our partner. Incidentally, I had given the boys an interest in the concrete business.

After we purchased the entire company, we had to go to work. The business had to be operated by us – no one else. It was not long after Howard became the sole manager and operator of the concrete business and he decided to devote his full time to business. I regretted losing him as a law partner but I am fully convinced that he made the proper decision.

By that time John was making great strides as a textile man. I really wanted him to go to textile school after he finished the University of Virginia (with an outstanding record; President of the Student Body, won the Sullivan Award, and finished with top honors at the age of 20). However, he decided he wanted to go to work and get married. A finer decision has never been made by a young man. His wife is most charming and as fine as they make them. She has been a great asset to him over the years and I am sure will continue to be.

John began to study the future expansion of the business and decided the different products we should undertake to make. He was very well received by the employees, the management staff at the mill, and all customers, which enabled him to make great progress. In 1958 I decided that although he

was very young, he was fully capable of being President of Quality Mills, another decision I have never regretted.

With Howard President of the concrete business and John President of the textile business, we decided it was time to exert every effort to build the two industries we owned 100% and as the opportunity developed to liquidate our interests in other ventures I had become associated with in an effort to have many opportunities for my two sons. They had made their decisions; their future depended upon the success and growth of the two businesses they had chosen to become associated with as their future work. Before referring to the growth of the two industries, I must refer to the early struggles of the two enterprises.

I started Quality Mills on a shoe string, so to speak, with very little capital and operating the mill by remote control, never working a day as an employee of the mill. I could not operate a single machine there and knew nothing of how the underwear was produced. All I knew was the sales angle, where the money came from to operate it, and how to pick people to work (or I thought I did). The mill, under my management as President, was successful in a small way.

I have seen the time – many times – when the pay checks were given out on payday and I did not know where the money to meet the payment of the checks was going to be found. At times it came from the baby banks, personal loans, and just any source available. I am sure, however, that my efforts could never have been successful without excellent health and much help from people who trusted me to make a success of it.

There is one very interesting incident that happened in my many efforts to get Quality Mills 'on its feet' so to speak. For several years we had a real struggle to keep the mill open, to say nothing of making money.

I tried most anything I thought would have a chance of working to increase our sales and to, of course, increase the income for the mill.

In the beginning we were making a very cheap garment. We had commissioned salesmen, all of whom were selling mer-

chandise for other mills. They would want us at Quality Mills to make a garment that did not compete with others they were selling for other mills. Being a small new mill it was not easy to secure for our representatives the 'top-notch' best salesmen or representatives. We just had to take the ones we could get as our representatives.

During that period of our development or growth, it was my duty as the owner to devote a great deal of time to the management of the mill. As a result of my position I was required to be in New York City very often and spend much time there. In those days most of all the mill representatives were located there.

Our machinery was very old and some of it out of date. For instance we had twelve guage knitting machines and most of the better equipped mills had fourteen and some sixteen guage. This also contributed to the type and quality of merchandise we were able to produce. It also placed us at Quality Mills in the highly competitive field because most of the small, under financed mills like ours were all making similar merchandise and the field was very competitive.

The only way we could survive was to have a good connection with some large outlet or large department store. I tried everything I could think about and every thing I had even heard about. I changed salesmen or representatives several times, always moving a step up, I thought, and most of the time my judgment was correct.

Finally, in desperation, I spent several days in New York City looking for an outlet. I walked the streets, called on department stores, sales offices and just anything possible to try to secure some profitable business, mostly in vain.

Finally, one morning I saw in the New York Times an advertisement the Macy's Department Store was running at that time. The advertisement stated, among other things, that they undersold the city of New York by 6 per cent. I wondered how in the world I could use that advertisement as an approach to the officials of Macy's for some business, thinking that our location

in North Carolina would certainly allow us to make merchandise at 6 per cent less than in the other parts of the country.

I finally called on them and requested to see the president. After many hours of interviews with other employees of the company, I finally reached the vice-president of the company. I had to tell them I was a lawyer from North Carolina and had a special matter to discuss with the president. I would not tell any of the people I had to talk to on my way 'upstairs' to the top brass of the company the purpose of my being there.

When I reached the vice-president I knew I was as far 'upstairs' as I was going to be able to go. I was told the president was out of the City.

The vice-president insisted on my telling him at once my business. I told him I had seen an advertisement in the paper that morning, and if it were true, then the Macy's chain needed me much more than I needed them.

He insisted that I tell him why. When I told him I had a mill that was broke, that I was a lawyer, not a manufacturer, and did not even know what we were even qualified to manufacture with the type of machinery we had, but that I knew one thing for certain we could manufacture whatever the machinery of the mill was qualified to make or produce 6 per cent cheaper than any mill in the country could.

After that conversation, he mashed a few buttons, called other executives into his office and told them he had had it. All of the approaches he thought he knew about when it came to someone trying to sell merchandise, but that mine "capped the stack".

He turned to me and said, "Young man, I am going to take you to lunch. I want to hear more about you and your little mill". He invited some of the other executives to go with us.

After lunch I wired the mill for a list of the machinery we had available for production and had it for his inspection the next morning.

To make a long story short, I left there the next night with his top engineer who was also the employee in charge of the men's

department, for Mount Airy to see what he thought we were capable of producing in the field of men's athletic shirts.

I became a very close friend of Macy's representative they sent to North Carolina. He and his wife spent a week with us and we enjoyed them very much. While in Mount Airy he helped us at Quality Mills to develop a gas flamed athletic shirt that was a real "knock-out".

Their representative returned to New York City with some samples of the shirt we developed while he was here. When he reached New York he submitted them to the purchasing department and much to my surprise and very fortunately for the mill, on Christmas Eve, I received a telephone call from Macy's Department Store placing an order with the mill for 25,000 dozen of the shirts.

Before their representative left Mount Airy we decided on a price for the shirts, a price that we could afford to sell the shirts for and also make a good profit. The order was for ten cents per dozen higher than we had decided upon before he left North Carolina.

I will never be able to describe in words how happy I was and what that order meant to Quality Mills. Up until that time all efforts on my part had failed to produce sufficient results to make the mill self-supporting.

The problems for us at the mill were enormous after receiving this order. The mill had no credit with the yarn producers. We had no capital we could use for purchasing the yarn. Therefore, my first effort was to find a yarn mill we could purchase the yarn from on credit. I went to Chattanooga, Tennessee to see the officials of Dixie Mercerizing Company about extending to us $10,000 credit for yarn, showing them the official order from Macy's Department Store for the 25,000 dozen shirts.

They agreed to sell me the yarn provided I would personally guarantee the credit. That I agreed to do. We then promptly began the manufacture of the shirts. We were very careful to see that the shirts were made properly, packed neatly and shipped according to instructions.

For the first time in the history of Quality Mills I could see a future for the mill. All employees and all the management worked hard to fill the order. A very interesting circumstance developed later after we were shipping the merchandise.

On a regular trip to New York, I was interested in seeing how the shirts were selling. The men's department had the shirts on a counter marked 29 cents each. They were not selling as fast as they had anticipated and as fast as I would have liked for them to sell.

On another counter in a different place in the store they had a competitive shirt marked 39 cents. I inspected this shirt, and with the help of some of the executives of the store, we decided the shirt manufactured by Quality Mills was a far superior shirt and that the shirt for 39 cents was of not as good quality as ours, and that we could afford to gamble on the Quality Mills shirt being sold for 39 cents rather than 29 cents. The experiment worked and worked well. The shirts sold far better than at 29 cents each, in fact four times as fast.

At that time I found out how fair the department store would be with a supplier. When they discovered the increase in sales, and the increase in the sales price of the shirt, at their own suggestion, they increased the price they were paying the mill for the shirts 60 cents per dozen. Oh boy, did that help! We were really in hig cotton for the first time. The shirts continued to sell well. We had many repeat orders, as well as orders for other types of merchandise.

This increase in business and to be making money at the mill for the first time since its organization really gave me hopes and encouragement to work hard and do a much better job of manufacturing. We soon could purchase additional, more up to date machinery and we were making progress for the first time.

Many times during the first few years while we were trying to make a go of Quality Mills, the future looked very black and almost hopeless at times. When things looked the worst, many of the original stockholders became discouraged and wanted to sell out. I had organized the mill and did not want to make a

failure of my efforts, especially since from my childhood I had wanted to be in the textile business in some capacity. I decided to gamble all I had on the mill eventually being successful.

I therefore decided to purchase as fast as possible the stock of other stockholders, insisting at all times that they stay with the sinking ship, and that if we tried hard enough I believed we would eventually make good. In this connection, it is only appropriate to mention that I never received a salary or one cent compensation for all my efforts in behalf of the mill's management, or for services rendered, as long as any other person owned one share of stock in the mill.

One other interesting experience happened in the early part of the growth of Quality Mills. The government decided to make loans to small industries. We at Quality Mills borrowed $15,000.00 at that time. The government required that all debts had to be paid out of the proceeds of the loan. In order to pay our debts we had to compromise with our creditors by paying 86 cents on the dollar of our indebtedness. The creditors all agreed to that per cent of settlement.

After the loan was paid off, I went back to the creditors years later and paid them the additional 14 cents on the dollar of their account.

One cotton mill that was a stockholder sold me their stock for 50 cents on the dollar, and after we made some money at the mill, I went back and paid the other 50 cents on the dollar of their money. They did not want to take it but I insisted they were entitled to it. I did not want any person or company to lose one cent in the mill, especially since I was the sole owner.

I purchased my law partner's stock when it was worth less than 50 cents on the dollar for full face value, plus the interest he had paid on the money invested. He had borrowed the money to purchase the stock. I had endorsed his note for the loan, and I did not want him to lose anything, not even the interest.

In closing this report of some of the hardships of the early days of Quality Mills, I want to mention one thing I am sure of. The surest way to succeed in any venture is fair dealings with

employees and suppliers, as well as customers. Confidence of all connected with the venture is a necessity to success.

By the time the boys were out of school Quality Mills and the concrete business were both making money and doing exceptionally well for young industries.

The boys, (John at Quality, Howard at Dixie Concrete) are doing extremely well, working many people and providing good futures for many capable workers, and I am sure in the hands of Christian, capable and devoted management, the rest to be said and when and how it is said from now on shall be told by them and under their direction.

I do know one thing for sure; I have never regretted turning the management over to them while they were young, and while I was here to scotch for or help them if I could in our expansions and efforts undertaken, or to be by their sides to help if any mistakes were made. They have done and are doing a wonderful job of managing both industries. I am glad I decided to see to it that each boy has the same interest in both businesses and has the same yearly income up to this writing in 1968. Howard's interest in Quality is exactly the same as John's interest, and John's interest in Dixie Concrete is the same as Howard's. The boys work together beautifully; each has utmost respect for the other, and they are extremely close to each other.

With the different business opportunities and the professional background of law and medicine, the future of my grandchildren, I am sure, is much more secure than it would have been, had it not been for the effort made by their parents.

With Quality Mills having gone public and expanding so rapidly, now operating four plants and planning to start another immediately, and with Dixie Concrete operating five plants, and my wife and I still having holdings in both organizations, we have given much thought and consideration to planning for the grandchildren's future.

A few years ago we set up a trust fund for the grandchildren and are making regular contributions to it, to be shared alike by all of them. Howard and John are Trustees of the fund, both

being exceptionally capable, both being good businessmen with wide experiences, so we are confident of the fund being well administered. We plan to continue to contribute to the fund and to continue disposing of as much of our property as possible from time to time. We are exceptionally proud of our grandchildren, who are all apparently interested in Church work, and community activities, and as individuals becoming good citizens.

We hope as the years go by, with the opportunities that will be provided for them, that they will make their own contribution to society in whatever fields of endeavor they choose.

In the early Forties building materials of any kind were hard to find especially brick and concrete blocks. We had no block plant here. In the early Twenties a small hand operated plant was making a few blocks of inferior quality but by the late Thirties one could not locate concrete blocks for building.

One morning an insurance and real estate man called me inquiring if I would rent a house I had out on the farm to a man moving here to enter business for himself. I told him I would be glad to show the house to the prospective tenant, that the house was vacant and for rent. I met with the young man and the real estate agent to show them the house. While we were together I inquired of the prospective tenant the type of business he was planning to establish in Mount Airy. He informed me he was going into the concrete block manufacturing business and that he had the equipment and had secured a location for the plant. After further conversation, I learned he was originally from this county and his father and uncles were very close friends of mine. When I found out he had had experience in the manufacture of blocks and that I knew his people to be good citizens of the county, I suggested to him if he wanted a partner I would be interested in talking to him about going into business with him.

He promptly advised me he did not want a partner and that he was going to be the sole owner and operator of the business. His wife was a trained secretary and the two of them would be all that was needed with some employees to operate the business. I rented him the house and considered the issue of my going

into business with him as closed. However, the next morning when I opened my office he was sitting on the office steps waiting for me. He advised me he had spent the night with his father and had told his father about my offer to go into business with him. He further told me he had changed his mind and that he wanted me as a partner. I inquired why such a sudden change of mind. He said that his father had told him if I would go in with him he certainly would be making a mistake if he did not take me in as a partner.

We then began the discussion of the terms and how much capital would be necessary for both of us in order for us to be partners in the business. I soon learned he had very inadequate experience in making blocks of any volume, only one block at a time and the machine was hand operated. He was willing for me to match his money and go fifty-fifty in the operation of the plant. He was even willing not to take a salary before division of the profits. I would not agree to those terms. I did agree to pay him and his wife a living salary and to finance a new block machine. I matched dollar for dollar the investment he had in his equipment, and we borrowed from the bank $35,000.00 for the purchase of additional equipment. We purchased a location for the plant on the railroad with a rail siding and began business. The business operated several years very profitably in a small way. As time went on we expanded to ready-mix concrete and opened a new plant in Georgia, one-half owners with another concrete company.

As the business expanded he became unable to manage the plant successfully and wanted to sell to some associates of his the ready-mix portion of the business, advising me it would never be a profitable business. I did not agree to that and I was sure the business should not be separated in such a small town. We had lost money on the Georgia expansion and had closed that plant. I did not have the confidence in his ability and had decided one of us should run the entire business. I tried to sell my interest to him. He would not buy my interest. He finally agreed if I would price, give or take, he would purchase or sell.

I did that very thing. When the proposition was made by me, he agreed to sell. That was the day I became sole owner of the block and concrete business. It was also the day I lost the best law partner I have ever had. Howard was looking after the block business for me in addition to his practice of law, and really was enjoying the business and advised me he preferred it over the practice of law. After Howard became president and manager of the company we began to make real progress. He investigated new fields to enter in the manufacture of concrete products and how to improve the quality of the ones we were making.

We soon expanded in the field, purchased 51% of the Wilmington, North Carolina plant and later purchased the Winston-Salem plant. We then organized Dixie Concrete and consolidated the three plants. We now own 61% of the Dixie Concrete Products and have really expanded far beyond my expectations or dreams. Howard has worked extensively and has studied concrete in all of its phases. He was recently named President of the National Masonry Association and is highly respected by the entire industry.

Dixie Concrete now owns 62% of Mabie-Bell-Exposaic and we also have controlling interest in a plant in Freeport, Grand Bahamas.

No father could be prouder of his sons than I am of my two boys. They have proven to me beyond a shadow of a doubt that my decision in the beginning to expand the underwear business and the concrete business was no mistake. The greatest decision I have ever made was the day I decided to turn the management of the underwear business over to John and the concrete business over to Howard. That was the greatest decision I have ever or could have ever made businesswise.

CHAPTER V

Happenings

Early in my practice and before I had enough business to keep me busy, I devoted a great deal of time to many different activities.

The Scouts had meant a lot to me growing up. We had one of the first Troops when I was about fourteen years of age. The camping trips, the good training and advice of ministers, Scout Masters and other Scout executives who were continually doing things for us and teaching us many worthwhile accomplishments were invaluable. Every Merit Badge was a challenge and very helpful in later years. I felt that the least I could do would be to pass on some of the advantages given me by Scouting and therefore was a Scout Master for several years. The Association with the boys and the outings with them were wonderful and I hope of some help to them.

I also taught Sunday School and later organized a Sunday School at my minister's suggestion over in the rural section near the Quarry (The North Carolina Granite Corporation). My wife, mother, and the whole family would go over there on Sunday afternoon. Each of us would teach a class and we soon promoted a very good little School. I still see in many people some of the results of the influence of the little Sunday School endeavor.

Some of my most interesting experiences, however, came from the Church work I did in Lay Preaching. I guess I filled every rural pulpit for the Circuit Country Churches we had in this section of the Methodist Faith. However, my ministry came to a rather abrupt end.

We had a preacher here on one of the Circuits who called on me, especially if it was bad weather to fill in for him.

Before closing my Lay Preaching experience, I would like to relate a story that came to me relative to one of the experiences the Lay Preacher had while conducting a revival in the Mountain Community of one of the country churches. One of the ministers

of another church was assisting in holding this meeting, and they would drive up to the church together in the car of the Pastor of the church. The roads were bad and on this particular occasion, after the service and on their way back home, the minister got stuck in a mud hole. The visiting minister got out of the small car to push and help get the car started and out of the mud. His help did the trick; the car pulled out. However, that is not the end of the story: The minister who was driving, after getting the car started, didn't stop to pick up the other minister. He drove on to town and happened to think he had left his brother preacher at the mud hole; whereupon, he turned around and went back to pick him up. Near the place of the mud hole in the road he spied a lumber wagon coming to town with a load of lumber, and up on top of the lumber, lo and behold, was the visiting preacher. He, of course, stopped and recovered him, and the two preachers continued their journey to town. The Pastor explained to the visiting preacher that he just clear forgot him; of course, without the explanation that fact was very evident, that he had been forgotten.

Living here in Mount Airy at that time was a retired minister who looked just like Zeb Vance, and probably was distantly related to him, and everyone loved and respected him. He was a very able preacher, and a wonderful influence for the community. He teased and joked a lot with the merchants and citizens during his visits around town. Having heard of the incident above related, he walked into a music store to see the proprietor, who sang in the choir of the Methodist Church, and was a good friend of the retired minister. He told the store owner he wanted him to do a favor for himself and the Church. "I'll be glad to, if possible", replied the merchant, "What is it?" "I want you to kill ————————, the preacher", he replied, "Why, brother, that would be a sin; I can't do that". The minister replied, "Oh, no! It would not be any more harm than mashing a 'tater bug' ".

After hearing the statement about the retired minister, I had an attack of appendicitis and was rushed late one Sunday

afternoon to the hospital. My appendix was ruptured, and I really had a hard time of it. Many weeks in the hospital followed and I was not expected to live. In fact, at that early stage of hospitalization, before penicillin and sulfa drugs, very few survived a ruptured appendix operation, especially if peritonitis set up, which happened in my case.

Continuing with my hospital experience with my friend, the minister, the same old preacher who drove off and left the brother preacher came to see me just before the operation; in fact, I was in the operating room. The surgeon told me before the anesthetic that my preacher was there. I looked up and saw him, and said, "Well, tell him I don't want to be opened with prayer." While in the hospital a bootlegger friend came to see me and brought a tall half gallon grape juice bottle of home brew. I appreciated it as much as if it had been something else and told him to just set it in the closet, which he did. After a few weeks I began to get better and decided I would have a party with the home brew. I invited the nurses, got some ice, and they handed me the home brew bottle. Not realizing that the heat had affected it, I attempted to open it. It spewed, and I raised up to keep it from spewing against the wall, and I felt a little twitch in my stomach. About two hours later I began bloating up like a toad frog. I called my father, who was a doctor, and the surgeon, and they became very disturbed; finally, I asked the surgeon if a little home brew would cause it. He became very irritated and informed me it would, and the next morning I had to be sewed up again, as all the stitches burst, and this delayed my recovery about two weeks. It was a bad experience for a man in the hospital. Home brew and appendicitis just don't mix.

After they carried me down to the operating room and I was sewed up again, I came back to my room, I told the nurse to call my wife and tell her to come to the hospital at once, that I was worse. The maternity ward was right across from my room in the hospital, and the newly born babies were only one door down the hall. The nurses would bring them by to show

me. There was a set of twins there that had just been born. It was not like it is today, anyone in the hospital could visit the baby ward. When my wife came in the hospital, we had the curtains drawn around the bed, had the doctors and nurses standing around, and I told her the next time I got sick I wanted her to send me to a good hospital, which could properly diagnose my cases and where I could receive the right kind of treatment. About that time I told her that I had found out that morning what was wrong with me, and turned the covers down and there were the two babies, one on each arm; I don't believe she has ever been as irritated in her life, and she promised to get even with me if it took her ten years. She made her promise good and eventually got even with me.



Home of my parents, Dr. & Mrs. J. L. Woltz. Howard Osler Woltz, Jr. was born here in 1925.

CHAPTER VI

Mount Airy Merchants Association

The Mount Airy merchants were rather skeptical of becoming associated together in any type of organization. However, after much salesmanship and many conferences with individual merchants, we perfected a rather representative group of the best and most progressive merchants. Dues ranged from $6.00 to $2.00 per month, depending upon the size of the different stores. Our total income was approximately $350.00 per month. We later added a collecting department and a rating of the credit of the respective customers, giving the information to other merchants to help them in passing upon the credit of applicants for credit. (A Credit Bureau along with a collecting agency). We would list the undesirable credit people in a special list of not being worthy of credit.

After a few months, we started a concentrated effort to secure new industry. We especially made an effort to bring industry different from what we had in Mount Airy, thereby diversifying our overall industry. After much effort we were successful in bringing to Mount Airy our first new industry. We organized an underwear plant to provide working capital, which completed our first new industrial venture.

Shortly thereafter we brought another Northern citizen here who established an athletic shirt plant. (This mill in later years failed and the assets were purchased by Mt. Airy citizens. It is now our own plant, Quality Mills, Incorporated.

After a short time, a bone button plant, moved to Mount Airy.

Next and shortly thereafter another bone button plant from Philadelphia came to Mount Airy. Our next plant was a sweater plant which closed. The son of the original owner and other associates, after that organized what has developed into one of the South's most successful sweater plants.

By this time our citizens were becoming industry conscious. They began to realize what new industry meant to Mount Airy

and the entire community; so in a few years we organized the following industries: Argonne Hosiery, Ashburn Hosiery, Oakdale Hosiery, Surry Hosiery, Barber Hosiery, Barber-Allen Hosiery, Granite Hosiery, and others, some of which since their organization have consolidated and became part of other mills.

I do not make these statements for anything other than to show what a concentrated group effort can do towards accomplishing a purpose, and I do not make these statements to be praising myself or my accomplishments for having been in on the ground floor of bringing these industries to Mount Airy. However, the fact remains that almost every industry in Mount Airy, except Haynes Textile Company, the furniture industry, and Renfro Mills were started and came into existence through the efforts of our promoting them from the beginning.

In later years, through the efforts of our Mayor and many others, all of us working together, more industries were brought to town, one of which was Proctor (now Proctor-Silex) and I initiated the move and was the cause of Bill Woltz, my first cousin, coming to Mount Airy as a partner of mine in Woltz Textiles and as a result, he now operates Perry Manufacturing Company.

I do not claim to have had much to do with other industry coming to Mount Airy in the last few years because I became too involved and much too busy working with the industry I had started for myself.

Before passing on to another category of my life's work, I believe it only fitting to refer to a few happenings during these years relating to the beginning of these industries that would probably be of interest to someone in later years.

Before I began the practice of law and many years before, Mount Airy was a rather successful tobacco manufacturing town (comparatively so) and many of the large buildings were vacant, having been closed due to the development of the cigarette manufacturing companies, especially Reynolds Tobacco Company. All of the buildings here were used to manufacture plug (chewing) tobacco and with the development of cigarettes and smoking tobacco, these industries largely became obsolete. These buildings

were all available for industries, and only needed some remodeling to suit the needs of other industries. Even though the buildings were available, another problem that faced us was securing the working capital, as most industrial prospects had the machinery and the "know how", so to speak, and to bring industry south, all they needed was a location, labor capable of being trained, and working capital to hire the labor and to operate the business. Most of the industry that moved to Mount Airy came because of the cheaper labor market here in comparison to the labor market in the North. Labor unions were not heard of very much here, and many people were anxious to obtain work. We had no work for many people, especially women. At that time, Renfro was a very small and crowded place and had just changed from making tobacco sacks for smoking tobacco to making hosiery.

The depression of the late 20's was at its worst, many farmers were driving what they called Hoover carts, a two wheel outfit to be pulled by a horse, mule or steer. The tobacco farmers were getting very little for their tobacco, corn and wheat was selling for much less than 50¢ per bushel, and times were very slow and very hard; to make a living without industry was very difficult.

In this connection, the fact that I was working so hard to help the community and help bring new industry here, helped me very much; the people of every walk of life really were appreciative of my efforts and very co-operative in every way. I learned much about people and they came to know me even much better. They would discuss their problems of every kind, not only legal, with me fully and would appreciate my help in any and every way.

Many interesting things would happen in bringing people to our community from different sections of the United States, with different living and social habits, and as a result this caused much trouble to deal with, religious and otherwise, and mostly labor-wise, not from the standpoint of labor unions but for the lack of understanding between people. In a short time, however, the local labor became accustomed to the industrial way of

doing things, and learned the people they were working with.

In this connection, one very interesting happening was when all the button factory employees called a walk-out or stoppage of work. The Yankee Manager called me and was all excited and told me that he had no workmen that would even talk to him about the reason they were not going back to work. I went over to see if I could be of help to him in this situation, knowing the people and being able to talk with them, I found that the walk-out was caused due to the fact that the Yankee Manager had informed them they could not stand on the commodes when they went to the bathroom; that they had to sit down, not put their feet on the tops of the toilets, and not to use the floor for their toilet paper. This problem was solved by the purchase of two waste baskets to put the paper in, and one large outside toilet for men and one for women. The work stoppage was solved. It seems that the Yankee Manager had placed signs on the wall which could not be read intelligently by the new employees, many of whom could not read or write.



First plant of Quality Mills, 1935







Scences at Quality Mills picnic 1968



Quality Mills Plant #1 Franklin Street, Mount Airy, N. C.



Quality Mills Plant #2 Riverside Drive, Mount Airy, N. C.



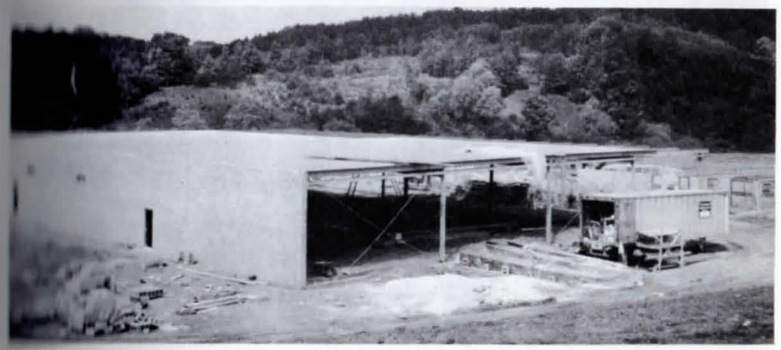
Quality Mills Plant #3 Route 52, Mount Airy, N. C.



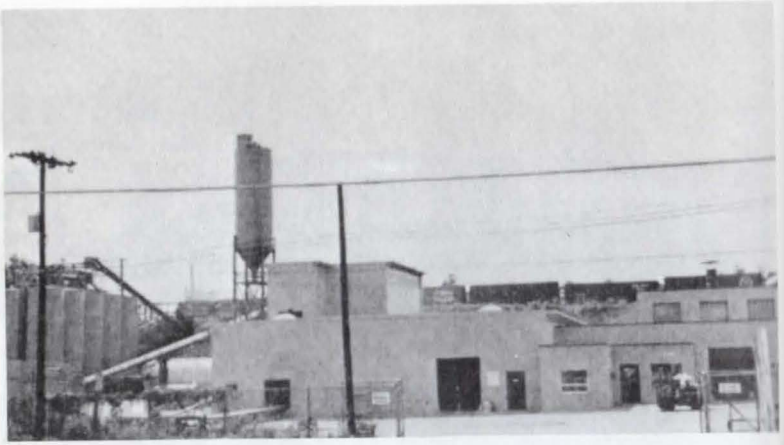
Quality Mills Sewing Plant, Carthage, N. C.



Aerial view of new office and distribution center, Route 52, Mount Airy, N. C.



Hillsville, Virginia sewing plant, Quality Mills fifth plant.



Both pictures show Dixie Concrete Winston-Salem plant



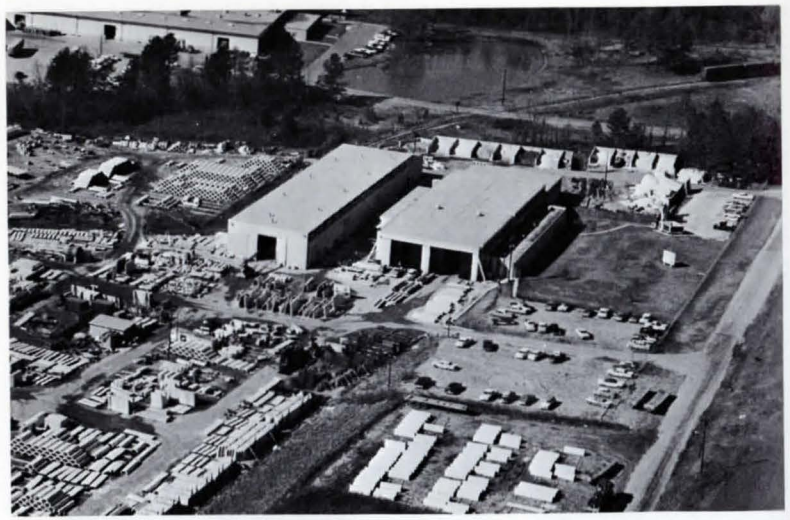
Mabie-Bell Exposaic plant, Greensboro, N. C.



Dixie Exposaic plant, Mount Airy, N. C.



Dixie Concrete plant, Mount Airy, N. C.



Mabie-Belle Exposaic plant, Atlanta, Georgia



Bahama Stone Products, Freeport, Grand Bahama

CHAPTER VII

Button Plant

The button business was a real new industry to this area and this type of button has since become obsolete. The plants we moved here made bone buttons, all carved or cut out of the shin-bone of cattle. The working stock was shipped from England and Australia, and sliced by very heavy machinery with sharp saw teeth. The slicing process was all done in running water, due to the bone meal (saw dust) smelling to high heaven. The process was a very unique one and had been one of the outstanding industries in the North. Due to plastic buttons and synthetics of all types, it in later years, became entirely unprofitable, as it was all done by hand labor, and in plastic buttons one clamp of the press would make thousands.

The building they occupied was a converted cotton mill with water power. Due to our labor market and our lack of other industries paying high wages, this plant continued until the late '30's. One interesting incident in the employment of personnel and laborers is most outstanding. One day a man and his family, consisting of five girls, three boys and his wife, drove up to the button plant, driving a wagon with a long coupling pole, one mule and a cow hitched to the wagon pulling it. The entire family was astride the coupling pole.

The plant had 18 four-room rent houses, which rented for $1.00 per room per month. The plant paid by piece work; their income depended upon the amount of production turned out in a given period of time. The story goes like this:

The father walked into the office and inquired if they had a house he could rent and told them his whole family (all of working age) would make them some good employees. The mill owner inquired where they were from and was advised "from up near the foot of Fisher's Peak Mountain, hard to get there" he explained; the entire family was unlettered and very backward. After so long a conversation, they were rented the house and all

began work. The first pay day, the entire family drew in wages over $50.00. After they were paid, the father waited an hour or so to talk to the mill operator. When his time for a conference came, the father had all pay envelopes and informed the operator he must have made a mistake. He was informed the pay envelopes were correct. Thereupon, the father advised that the amount of money they had received as a family was the most money he had ever seen at one time and more than he and his family had ever made in a year. The girls were all dressed in long Mother Hubbard looking dresses and the men wore muskrat and groundhog fur caps and coats, partly lined in front with fur – all hand made.

In about three weeks or longer I accompanied the mill owner up to the place where they lived before coming to work with his plant. The house was a one room log house – no windows – only shutters and a small porch. The house was papered inside with newspapers and cardboard boxes taken apart. This was done to keep out the cold and wind.

The remaining part of the story is the most interesting. In less than six months the long dresses were shortened, the brogan shoes replaced with high heels, and here and there a little war paint (lipstick and rouge) applied – not very artistically – but on the faces of the girls. In a very short time the household furniture had an addition of a graphaphone. In a little longer time the addition to the family belongings was an old car and some new furniture. When I tell you the family, in one year's time, had advanced in civilization and a new way of life, in comparison over 25 years, it is unbelievable.

I have made a point to keep up with some of the children. One still lives here and has three children, two of whom have finished high school, and the older one is a sergeant in the Army and is making the Army a career.

When the Federal Government sponsored the Blue Eagle for Industry, all having to pay 40¢ minimum wage, the button plants had to close. At that time local furniture plants and the button plants were all paying less than the 40¢ minimum wage.

The furniture industry had their own Code and due to that type of industry making expensive furniture, they could stem the tide. The button industry could not, because of the development of plastic buttons and different kinds of synthetic materials, including paper buttons. In order to try to salvage the button industry for Mount Airy, the organization began the experiment of reproducing the old agate button made out of talc-silica- and feldspar, molding the button by converting Life-Saver machinery by different dies, then running the buttons through a circulating furnace and fusing them to 3200° Fahrenheit. The venture probably could have been a success with longer experimenting time but capital of the company would not permit it. The pilot plant worked fine but when production was needed in the plant the defects in the construction of the furnace prevented real production from working. The main trouble was the spreading of the buttons over the carborundum slab – to carry the buttons through the circulating furnace. A very interesting thing happened in that connection, but very expensive. In the several weeks delay in experimenting in making a spreader that would not crush the button before it was fused – the furnace that a State College graduate in ceramics had designed and constructed – the heat could not be cut off, for fear the track that carried the 2 x 2 foot slabs through the furnace would warp, then the furnace would not work and have to be rebuilt at an expense of several thousand dollars. When that was discovered paying the oil bill for a furnace that could not be cut off and which ran continuously was the payoff. That was the day the switch was pulled by me.

I also had a very heavy investment in the plant. I realized that a strike, flood, power failure, or the like, could be suicide for the plant if that was the case. It was also the day the company closed and liquidated. The new venture to make a different button was not the first trouble the button business had. In 1930 the business was about to close for lack of making enough profit to exist. At one time the button business, especially bone buttons, was a major industry. Fifty-three other button companies had

been purchased by a Philadelphia company. The button plant capital originally was $50,000.00, which lasted only a very short while. The price war started by another company was so drastic that bone buttons were selling cheaper than the raw materials cost. New capital was provided by friends and associates of the button plant president thinking the tide would turn and the Philadelphia Company would discontinue the price war. That did not happen. The real reason for the button plant moving to Mount Airy was because of the situation there in Philadelphia. The outstanding loss of the button plant by 1930 was over $600,000.00; the assets were less than $200,000.00, consisting of very expensive, heavy machinery. A very wealthy friend was determined to see that the button plant stayed in business as long as the Philadelphia plant did, and continued to put up money for the button plant. He went to the hospital and asked his son to bring him $25,000.00 in notes, so that the plant might get some money. He died before the note was there the next morning. The button plant had to close its doors; that brings up another interesting story.

The wealthy Philadelphia business men who had sponsored the button plant were members of the Union League of Philadelphia and hired the most outstanding lawyers of the day. Mr. John Dickey was especially outstanding, and he was the one I had to discuss all the business of the button plant with and who was the attorney for the Philadelphia Fidelity Bank as well. He also had been one of the Chief Counsel for the Big 5 Railroad Consolidation that went on for years and was finally accomplished. He had made every effort to a consolidation with the Philadelphia plant without success.

After many days of discussions of what to do with the button plant and hearing during the greater part of that time the story of the railroad consolidation in detail, I finally asked Mr. Dickey if I could prop my feet upon his desk, as I could think much better if my feet were higher than my head. He laughed and granted the permission. I then turned to him and asked him the following question:

"Mr. Dickey, what is the difference in the consolidation of five big railroads and the consolidation of five corner grocery stores, as a matter of law?"

He, being a very learned and attractive Scotchman, with a lot of dry wit and humor, and incidentally a very domineering person, turned to me and said:

"Eh - what - damn - none - What do you say now, youngster? You have been talking to me for two days about a business that is broke. In this agreement you try to get all the creditors to agree to have a committee to attempt to work out a solution for the defunct corporation".

"Mr. Dickey, the business is broke", I replied, "They are trying to make an obsolete item, replaced by new type buttons. While they have been losing money and at each other's throats, the other button people had spent money in research, developing a new button that did not have to be sawed and hand worked, so they could stem the tide of progress". I asked him if that was true. He said, "Eh, so what? You mean you want to tell me what you suggest?"

"Exactly, Sir. File a petition in receivership".

"You cannot do it", he remarked.

I turned to him and said, "Mr. Dickey, I do not pretend to know what you big city lawyers there in Philadelphia can do or what you cannot do, but I'll tell you one thing, I know what can be done in North Carolina, if I am a young sprout to you; just give me the authority".

"You will have it in the morning!"

"Thanks!"

That was the end of the conversation that day. The next morning he advised me I had the full authority, but if I was successful with the receivership, it was to be bought in for all the stockholders in proportion to their holdings. That was agreeable. He again added, "It cannot be done, but here is the authority."

Incidentally, I had explained to him that a false investment was nothing of value; take their loss and write it off while they

are making money; the new investment will mean nothing comparatively. He agreed, if it could be done, but still said it could not be accomplished.

After the application for receivership was filed and the receiver appointed, the sale was advertised and the sale date set. The day before the sale, I received a telephone call stating, "Do not buy the assets in for the group originally agreeing to purchase it. Whoever purchases it must do so on their own, as a purchaser for themselves."

The sale was held, and much to my surprise and to the surprise of the Philadelphia people, the assets sold for $20,500.00, only a token of its worth. The sale was confirmed by the Court, and the property was transferred to the purchaser.

This is when the fun began. I had the property bid in for the button plant president or myself, if the Philadelphia people did not still want it. When they learned the price, and my plans for the future, the whole complexion of the entire transaction changed. All of them wanted in pro rata and were willing to give the president one-half interest without him paying anything for it. They put up all the new working capital, and off we went in the new venture.

Incidentally, the new corporation later closed out; the investment paid $2.50 per share of $1.00, one dollar, profit to each after liquidation; all who participated made one and one-half times their investment; all were happy.

In this connection, one of the best compliments ever paid me up to that time came from Mr. Dickey (who incidentally was my first contact with big city, capable lawyers with a nationwide reputation) and was as follows: "Mr. Woltz, I predict for you a great future in the practice of law. You are energetic, capable and not easy to discourage when you think you are right". Many important law suits in the future, where counsel was needed for northern industries in the South, were referred to my law firm as a result of our association.

CHAPTER VIII

Hosiery

Dealing with people in the organization of new plants really is a true education. One particular experience which I had I believe would be interesting to most anyone in later years, as well as at the present time.

I soon realized that many capable people would be successful in business if they could finance a new enterprise. One of special interest was my experience in the organization of a new hosiery mill here in Mount Airy. A local man was making hosiery in his basement at home on three machines. He was an expert hosiery machine mechanic. He was very interested in starting a small hosiery mill. I was, at that time, associated with Wilson Barber, the law firm being Woltz and Barber. After several conferences, we decided to invest $1,500.00 each and the local man would furnish three machines to be valued at $1,500.00 and start the small venture.

His entire small production was being sold to a jobber at $2.25 per dozen. I, at once, contacted a large New York hosiery distributor and sold his entire output for $4.75 per dozen. This was a great increase. I purchased three new machines for him to add to the three he had, which would double his production. Yarn was selling at a premium and was very hard to get. Most mills were on an allotment from the yarn suppliers.

After the corporation was formed and we were together to sign the final papers, the local man, stated to me that his former employer and president of another local mill, had approached him and advised him that had he known he was going into business for himself that he would have welcomed the opportunity of becoming a partner with him in business. I knew very little about the hosiery business and his former employer knew enough to help him. I had no connections for yarn and I realized that his former employer could really be of great help to him. The former employer's mill had just been through a complete reorganization. Their entire

production, or most of it, had been sold very cheaply and they were frozen at the sale price, after the O. P. A. All of these facts I knew very well.

When the local man told me of the conversation with his former employer, I took the papers we had and the agreements between my law partner, the local man and myself and tore them up, and turned to the local man and told him to go get his former employer that I wanted to talk to him, advising that he had enough scrap yarn and odds and ends that could keep him busy at his new mill. To make a long story short, the president of the other mill invested $1,500.00 and his bookkeeper invested $1,500.00 for their investment in the new mill, and in less time than twelve months they were making real money. In only a few years they became one of the largest hosiery mills in this area.

With the O. P. A. having prices for the old plant frozen at a cheap price of 95¢ per dozen for children's anklets, I went with them before the O. P. A. with exactly the same constructed socks or anklets and received a price for the new plant for the same anklet of $1.35 per dozen. The old plant could then contract their production to the new plant and they could finish the anklet and sell them for $1.35 per dozen. In the first two years they made a large sum of money.

In this connection, this also is of interest. No additional capital was necessary to be paid into the new mill. The former employee and local man in this story is now retired, and very wealthy, and the mill is at this time part of one of the largest mills in the State of North Carolina.

This gentleman has always been very appreciative of what was done for him, and never a year passes that he does not contact me or my children or friends and praise me highly as being the best friend he has ever had. The other investors have also been very complimentary and appreciative of my efforts in their behalf.

The hosiery mill business expanded faster in Mount Airy in the development of industry than any other type of manufacturing. As a result of the growth of the hosiery business more trained people were available to work in that type of industry than in any other field. Also investors were available to invest in new mills for the manufacture of hosiery in preference to other fields of manufacturing since they knew something of the success of the hosiery mills here in operation.

I organized Surry Hosiery Mill, owning one-fourth of the stock along with a very capable operator and two other business associates. In only a few years I expanded my investment in hosiery operations to include three mills in High Point that I consolidated into one operation.

A small mill in Star, North Carolina I purchased shortly thereafter. Later a mill in Durham, North Carolina. The Durham mill was owned by the same group of people who originally organized Surry Hosiery Mill.

By the time we purchased the Durham business we were more experienced in the hosiery manufacturing field than when we started, and had good sales connections and could soon judge from an inventory of the mill's machinery just what type of sock they were equipped to manufacture.

We also knew the production problems much better as we gained experience; the pay schedule; and the number of dozens of socks an employee was capable of producing in a given period of time, and many other problems of the manufacturing business. We were better qualified to deal with all these problems after a little experience.

When we purchased the Durham plant we had all intentions of paying the same schedule for piece rates as we were paying in the other mills we were operating. However, that we could not do. The Durham plant had a union contract in force and we were bound by the pay schedule included in the contract. The schedule we were paying in all departments of the mills we were operating were higher than the union contract.

We explained to the employees our intentions of paying the same rate of pay and also explained to them why we could not do it.

We advised the employees however, that we were going to set aside the difference in pay they would have received, and if they decided later they wanted to disregard the union contract, we would have the difference in pay available for them.

In a few months when the employees made inquiry about the fund and they found out the amount of the fund and what each employee's share would be, they met and voted to do away with the union contract and take the money.

That, of course, ended the union contract for the mill but not for me and the management. For several months we were quizzed and interviewed by the government and union officials from time to time.

We were never indicted for violating the contract because as explained at the time, when you negotiate with and interview a group of employees at their suggestion, there was not much left to argue about. One mistake was made when we purchased the plant, and that mistake was all because I did not take time to investigate whether or not they had a union contract.

I purchased the mill one night in New York. All I had to go on by way of value of the mill was the inventory of the machinery and assets. From the list of equipment we knew what the mill could make and approximately the number of dozens they could produce. The same night before we purchased the mill we sold the entire production for one year to a customer at a very good price. We were of the opinion and correctly so that we could pay for the mill in one year. We made good money for several months and before the end of the year we sold the mill for a substantial profit.

I am sure the fact that we acted so quickly is the reason we overlooked the union contract.

My experience in the hosiery mill business was very profitable and I was fortunate enough to sell my entire interest in the hosiery mills shortly after the death of my associate at a very good price.

I had completely relied upon his know-how in operating the mills as he had relied upon my business judgment in making the

investments. The hosiery slump came very shortly afterwards. I closed out my entire interest in hosiery mills at a good profit.

My experience in the hosiery business was most helpful in many ways. I became familiar with market conditions and different sales officers, and learned how they operated.

As a result of the knowledge obtained I organized a mill, Green Mills, Inc., and used that organization to purchase wholesale from hosiery mills over the entire state and ship the merchandise direct from the mills from whom I had purchased the hosiery to the customer.

I would make from 15¢ to 25¢ per dozen without having to handle the merchandise at all. The knowledge of markets and the information as to what mills made a certain particular type of sock, enabled me to be successful in operating my business from the office with only the help of a secretary.

After I closed out my interest in hosiery mills, I used Green Mills as a mill to make different brand names of underwear and sell to jobbers and small chains.

I later turned the stock of the mill over to the boys. John later operated Green Mills before becoming actually connected with Quality Mills.



Back terrace view of our home, Farmview



Breezeway and terrace of Farmview

CHAPTER IX

Mirror Plant

In the late twenties or early thirties, the Mount Airy Mirror Plant was organized. The original stockholders had difficulty in selling their mirrors to the local furniture industries, due to old feelings because of the original stock set-up of the furniture companies. The organizers of the mirror plant were descendants of some of the former stockholders who were interested in the furniture factories. That being the situation, it was not long before they had sold out to a company in the mirror business and to one that had been supplying mirrors for a long time to the furniture trade.

The new company operated and is still operating very successfully. However, the manager of the new company, after several years, was discharged and put out to "graze" (No work). That gentleman came to me to organize a mirror plant for him. I organized it several times, but for some unexplainable reason, just before paying in the capital the organization would fall through. Finally, I was successful in completing an organization not in Mount Airy but in North Wilkesboro, N. C. This mirror organization, supported by the glass industry, Libby-Owens-Ford, was most powerful. For newcomers to come into the business was not permissible, or not heard of. The challenge was a great one, and I was determined to do it if possible. I had in my organization many furniture manufacturers, users of mirrors. That is what they did not like or want, (that is, the glass associations or the mirror associations). Finally, it happened.

Then the trouble started, not one of the glass manufacturers would sell us glass, and, of course, we were very much disturbed. I finally, through contacts in Pittsburgh and Washington, really learned that regardless of political pressures of friends of the owners of the big glass companies, we could not purchase glass; then the big problem presented itself.

I finally secured a lot of foreign manufactured glass, and I decided to import the glass, being unable to purchase the glass in America. We ordered several carloads of foreign glass, not as good quality as American glass, but usable. However, our payoff came when the glass arrived in the American ports. The United States Glass industry went on strike. All glass furnaces closed down, and there was no production of glass. We were the only mirror plant that had glass to manufacture mirrors. As a result of this situation, we were able to get started. After the strike was over, they learned we were going to stay in business, regardless of the price cuttings and the powerful pressure applied. Finally they approached us, through a Brooklyn, N. Y. jobber, and offered to sell us glass. The offer was well received and we began purchasing American made glass. The jobbers were very smart Jewish businessmen, and well trained, and knew the glass business from the bottom up. We expanded with this help almost beyond our expectations. Finally, the payday came after we had decided to take the jobbing outfit in as partners. The ultimatum came very quickly. We were called on the carpet and advised that all parties interested in our company must get out, especially the furniture manufacturers and myself. I was in Raleigh, N. C., appearing before the Supreme Court, when I received the message about the meeting in Winston-Salem about 12:00 o'clock at night, and all the Brooklyn investors were there. The manager of our plant and the one it had been organized to help and protect had sold out completely to the Northerners. They were giving him a good deal at the expense of the people who came to his rescue and started a plant for him, having full confidence in his ability and integrity and honesty.

I had, through contacts of mine with the mirror manufacturers he had formerly been associated with, learned what his plans were in agreeing to work with the Brooklyn boys and get rid of the people who had made his position with the new plant possible. I had also been told that the glass people were behind the jobbers and the future of our plant for glass was almost out of the question, unless they purchased the interest of the furniture

manufacturers. I knew from what I had been told that it was absolutely impossible to continue to get glass for our plant, if the manufacturers remained stockholders and neither could I continue to hold my interest. I had received $5,000.00 worth of stock as an attorney fee for organizing the plant.

Shortly after I arrived for the conference, I was informed of the critical condition of the plant, and also informed that they wanted to take care of me because I was one person who was responsible for the plant being organized and getting started. All of this I listened to intently, for about one hour. Then they wanted to know what I thought and what I wanted for my stock. The Jewish boys had been most complimentary in their praise of my ability and efforts and wanted to retain me after I sold my stock to them, if I did, as attorney for the company. Incidentally, I had lost complete confidence in our manufacturer and operator who had joined the Brooklyn group. After so long listening to the chatter, I got up and got my coat and hat and started to leave. They inquired of me where I was going, as we had not settled anything. I quickly informed them as follows:

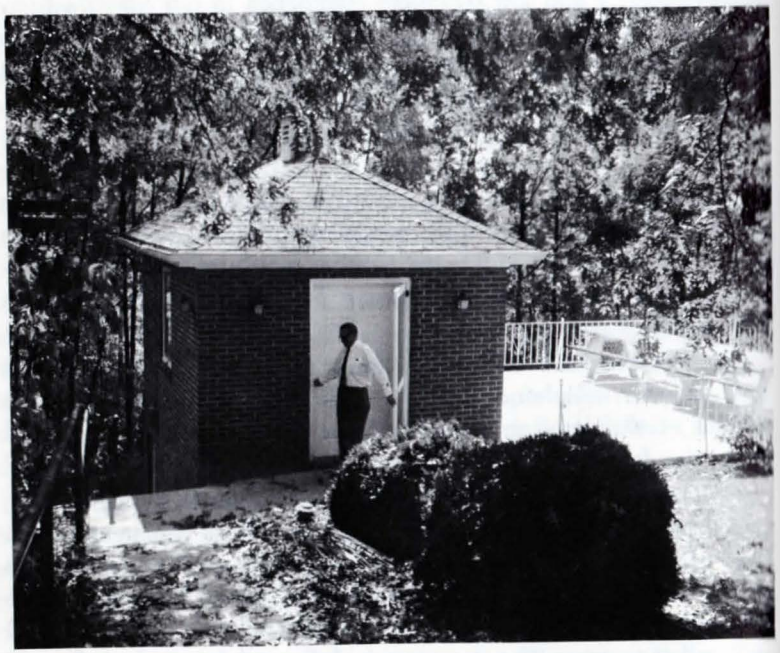
"Gentlemen, I am ⅓ Jew, ⅓ Gentile, and ⅓ Indian. My Indian blood tells me to be a little suspicious of this conference here in the middle of the night; my Gentile blood tells me I need my sleep and rest; and most of all my Jewish blood tells me it is no time to trade."

I left the hotel and came home to Mount Airy. The next morning the telephone was almost falling off the hook by the calling of the same group from Winston-Salem. Finally, I told them the following:

"Gentlemen: I have lost complete confidence in all of you, and especially in Mr.——— the manager whom you people took over – hook, line and sinker. I want nothing further to do with any of you, including the offered attorneyship. However, I have decided that if you want to pay me five to one for my stock, I will sell it to you. The payment in full must be made today, in CASH, before the bank closes. No checks and no promises will

be taken, and if you are not here with the cash before 1:00 p. m. (bank closing time) the offer is off".

Twenty minutes before time to close the bank the money was being counted out to my banker, and the stock transfer was perfected. That closed my interest in the mirror plant. However, this observation is of interest, I believe. The plant now is a very successful operation, and one of the largest mirror plants in this section of the South.



Farm office at home, also picnic terrace

CHAPTER X

The Locker Plant

In my many business associations with Melville Broughton while he was Gorvernor, and afterwards, was included the promotion and building of locker plants throughout the State. We built some 15 or 20 all over the State. It appeared to us at that time that if we promoted the frozen food plants in North Carolina it would be a great advancement in the preservation of foods and would encourage the growth of processing plants for food. We were of the opinion that it would also encourage our farmers to diversify their farming operation, thereby increasing the farm income for the State.

After we had built plants in High Point, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Dunn, Wake Forest, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Fayetteville, Wilson, and many other towns in the State, we decided we would build a plant in Mount Airy. That is when "the hog rose in me".

I only had a small interest in the corporation, but when it came to the plant in Mount Airy I persuaded my associates to let me and my local friends have all of the Mount Airy Plant. They had no objection, so I organized the Colonial Frozen Foods of Mount Airy, owned by me, my sons, my law partner and my brother. In all the locations where we had erected plants of various sizes, from 500 lockers to 1000 lockers, before the opening date every single locker had been rented and the yearly rent paid in advance. We just knew the local plant would make a success from the beginning. I was elated at the good I felt the plant would do for the entire citizenship of the County. We had no other cold storage facilities in the County. From the time we started the construction of the plant until it was completed we began advertising, informing our citizens of the number of lockers available, the services we were going to provide, and as soon as possible announced the opening date. This was all done well in advance of the plant being opened.

Governor Broughton came to Mount Airy for the opening. We had arranged a big blow-out. All the County dignitaries were present for the opening; agriculture big-wigs from all over the State were here taking part in the ceremonies; all expounding the advantages of a modern locker plant to a community, in the curing of meat, preservation of vegetables and the cold storage of all types of food.

Well, when the ceremonies were over and the celebration was over, of the 642 lockers we had available for rent only 38 of them had been rented. Before that time I had made errors in judgment but not on such an expensive scale. Thousands upon thousands of dollars were invested in the plant. We had promoted the plant before opening as the other plants had been promoted. We had advertised much more elaborately. What was the trouble, we asked ourselves. After many months we found out the main reason our plant was such a failure. Our mountain people are just not easy to take on to new ideas. In the sections of the State where we were erecting other plants, many chain grocery stores were serving the communities. The citizens were used to frozen foods having been sold by the chains. They had been used to buying and eating frozen food. In Mount Airy people had not had the same experience. We had at that time no chain grocery stores, no sales outlet for frozen foods, and had never had in Mount Airy. Well, that was that.

The next question was, what to do with our $75,000.00 investment, which was losing money every day and no prospect in sight for an improvement.

Before continuing further with the history of the locker plant, I have an observation I would like to make, hoping that it will be of some help to someone in the future. From experiences over the years, when you have made a mistake in evaluations or misjudged the future of a business investment, the sooner you take your loss and write it off, and direct your time and efforts in another direction, the better it will be for you.

The building was so designed that almost any retail business could have used the business building. A drug store,

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Mount Airy, N. C.

it has been proven, would have made good in the location. A laundry, or many types of business could have used the location to good advantage. It is now being used as a dry cleaning establishment with much success. However that maybe I, not being willing to face my mistake, worked for over ten years, losing money the entire time, to make good with a business not wanted, not expanding and obsolete. Home freezers became very popular; we saw the trend early but wouldn't face reality, still determined to butt our heads against a brick wall, so to speak, trying to accomplish something almost impossible. We kept spending money, opening another business we thought would make the locker plant work. We opened a meat market – went into the wholesale meat business; opened a "Chicken in the Rough" drive-in; started furnishing all the meat markets and restaurants in the area with chickens and other food products.

The more we invested the more we lost. It just was not the type of industry Mount Airy was ready to patronize. We finally leased the plant to a brother of the owner of a food processing salad plant, and an experienced locker plant operator, and for years he tried to make a success of the operation. He failed in his efforts. Finally, after many years of losing money and the failure of our lessee to make a go of the plant, we closed it. I am sure, had it not been for the insistence of the agriculture representative along with the Farm Agent of the County, all wanting the facility to remain in operation, we would have closed it sooner. If we had closed the plant, scrapped the lockers, and leased or sold the building for another type of business, our loss would have been cut in half or more.

In fairness to our decision not to close the plant but continue the efforts to make it a successful operation, I must add that we, along with others, made a mistake. Even in the larger cities of the State the only plants that succeeded in the locker plant business directed their attention to food processing on a large scale. They were located in a much more densely populated area of the State and had much better chances of succes than we had here. The home freezer, the influx of chain stores, the more and wider processing and distribution of all types of frozen

foods from other sections of the country, not only North Carolina, made the public locker plant obsolete. I have been in many different types of business and promoted most of them myself, some succeeded and some did not. However, I presume the batting average has not been too bad. My wife says that over the years she has heard me talk only about the successful ones and not about the failures, of which there have been many.

Many of my friends and a good segment of the population have often said, "Everything Osler Woltz touches turns to money". What a short memory they have. It would have been much more pleasant over the years if my memory could have been so short and I could have forgotten many failures quicker. All in all, however, I have no complaints. I only hope, by recording many of my mistakes, it will be a "stop and consider thoroughly" sign before investing, to my grandchildren and many other people.

CHAPTER XI

Factoring Experience

After we organized several of these new businesses, most of them had financial trouble. There were no industries here receiving financial aid from the sale of their invoices just as soon as they shipped their merchandise. The factoring of invoices was an old procedure to the industrial area of the North but new to us here in Mount Airy. After investigating the situation, we decided to begin doing some of it.

In this connection, from the investigation I learned that most of the larger Factors were located in New York City. They were as anxious to secure new business as our corporations were to find a new source of money. Invoices due in thirty days or more could be sold to them for 1½% discount and receive the money the next day; that relieved the pressure of lack of capital to carry the accounts.

I became after a few years, the attorney for several of the largest Factors and that connection was most profitable. They had plenty of money to invest in new machinery and much help to offer in business planning. Any industry with a projected growth future could get almost any amount of money reasonable for plant expansion.

I had a very interesting experience in appearing for twenty of the larger Factors relative to certain legislation during the sessions of our North Carolina Legislature. Some of my closest business friends today are associated with and officers of the large factoring companies. I have learned much from them in financing, business and organization, especially in re-organization of a defunct industry, or those near failure.

The Factors all had plenty of money and were looking for a safe place to invest their capital. They operated entirely differently from the banks and would make different types of loans from bank loans. All the small industries we had organized in Mount Airy were badly in need of just the type of loans the

Factors had to offer. I made it a point to learn the exact type of loans the Factor was most interested in obtaining. Factors for a new industry would only purchase invoices until they were satisfied with the type of operation the company had, and whether they were in a business with a good future, and the company was properly operated. If so, they would purchase additional machinery and finance it over a period of time. New capital for plant expansion, on a small scale, was also available.

Inventories could be warehoused and financed until shipping time against orders. The Company could make up the merchandise and store it months before shipping date.

All of this type of financing was available and just the kind of loans new and under-financed industry needed. With this type of financing, and knowing it was available for the right kind of business set-up, gave me a decided advantage in the reorganization of companies where otherwise the task would have been almost impossible. I soon realized that with proper management and real *know-how,* so to speak, I could reorganize almost any kind of business.

I became closely associated with the owners of the Factoring Companies, their field representatives, and familiar with the type of business they preferred to invest in or factor. Some specialized in hosiery, some underwear, and others almost any kind of good, going business. Yarn mills, cloth mills, woodworking and almost any kind of growing industry was interesting to them.

I had the experience of reorganizing different types of industries all over the State and made many close friends, and it was rather successful for me. I could reorganize a manufacturing business underfinanced, with no sales outlet – or not a good outlet. With my knowledge of the business, the sales organizations available, the help available from the Factors, and other contacts, I could do quite well for them in the reorganization of the corporations.

As stated before, it was a new field for lawyers at that time, and it paid off well. I would always associate with me a business

man, one who knew how the particular industry should be operated and a person who could find the proper personnel to manage the business. With that association, the task of reorganization was largely accomplished. Sometimes a little new capital, different sales outlets, and a good dressing up of the premises was the answer. As a result of this procedure, I became interested in many different businesses.

While referring to financial institutions, I cannot overlook my local investor friend. After the merchants agreed to sponsor new industry, the first person I contacted was a retired real estate man and builder of houses, from Chapel Hill, N. C. He had some capital and wanted to invest it in new industry. Unfortunately, he had just enough to make it attractive from an organization standpoint, but not enough to start any new venture. He would invest around $10,000.00 or more in any of the new ventures, provided he was employed as Treasurer and at a very nominal salary. That, of course, could always be arranged. The new capital was needed and he was tight enough to see that very little of the money, if any, was not wisely spent. He knew very little about manufacturing and, therefore, he easily became discouraged and not too co-operative. He was always ready and willing to sell his stock, but always at a small profit. When he sold out, which he always did early in the development of the company, he was always ready for a new venture. He soon was termed by me and others as the "Godfather of New Industry". He would often say to me if we were a little slow in starting another industry; "Osler, I am out of employment, interest on my money is not enough. Be sure and get busy and start something else; I am available". He always was, and I soon came to rely on him for an investment in each new venture. It became a joke that I had the Treasurer picked before organization. Sometimes I would be teased about how much retainer fee he paid me to always sponsor him for Treasurer. However, his investment was always welcome.





Two views of Hide-a-Way Country Home where many business visitors were entertained.

CHAPTER XII

Business Visitors

I soon found that the facilities for rooming, eating and transportation were as obsolete as the growth of the town was slow.

We had no bus service and only a very slow once a day train service; no roads to speak of between Mount Airy and Greensboro and Winston-Salem, with bad connections for train thru service; no air service; in fact, we were isolated here near the foot of the mountains, satisfied with ourselves and our future, one would think.

We had one hotel, very old with very poor accommodations, and only small restaurants which served food, which no doubt satisfied the general public or customers they were accustomed to serving, but neither the hotel nor the food establishments appealed to the visitors we invited here to look over Mount Airy as a future place to live or to locate a plant. One of the first prospects we had to come to Mount Airy to locate an industry came on the train. He left New York City in the early morning, was in Greensboro early that afternoon, and the next morning – after spending the night in Greensboro, arrived in Winston-Salem near 11:00 o'clock, and that afternoon he came into Mount Airy, about 8:00 p. m., on the train that arrived from Rural Hall. The Winston-Salem passengers had to change trains twelve miles out of Winston-Salem and wait 45 minutes to catch the train to Mount Airy at 5:00 p. m. I had received a wire from the prospective industrialist that he would be here early the next morning after he left New York City; however, it was the next day when I first saw him. Believe me, he was ready to leave without talking to anybody or looking at any location we had to offer. Needless to say, we lost that particular prospect and his industry, which he later moved to Reidsville, N. C. The plant has been very successful and has meant much to Reidsville.

That experience, however, taught me one thing – that was to be sure to have a definite understanding when the prospects

would arrive in Greensboro and be sure to meet them there – and one other thing, to be sure to have a good meal for them when they arrived in Mount Airy, and another thing, to have a good pleasant place for them to sleep and spend the night. That is when the Woltz home service became a necessity, and we began entertaining the people who came to Mount Airy at my invitation. I decided that a place of entertainment and for appointments so the respective visitors could meet our people was necessary. Mrs. Woltz thought that after a good night's sleep and a good breakfast they would be much more inclined to see what Mount Airy had to offer. The home entertainment, with friends invited in to meet the guests, gave them the assurance of being wanted and provided for them, as well as our Mount Airy people, the opportunity to see each other under relaxed conditions. It also gave us the opportunity of judging them from a social as well as a business viewpoint.

In the beginning, I assure you, it was not easy to anticipate the type of entertainment the different people would enjoy and the different kinds of food they would prefer. Experience, however, is a great teacher. We learned in a very short time that we could, just by general conversation, determine what they would enjoy in food as well as entertainment. We entertained old and young, Jew and Gentile, foreigners as well as native Americans, and each visit and each individual was a study of human nature. I'll guarantee we know more different ways to cook eggs, how many different times – day or night – that people want to go to bed, get up, or stay up at night, as any small restaurant operator or hotel owner or manager. I assure you of one thing for certain, by the method we employed, more could be learned about an individual in twenty-four hours than could, under normal circumstances, be ascertained in a month's time. Many of our visitors decided Mount Airy was not a large enough town for their respective families and too far out of the way, so to speak, to suit their fancy. One thing is most outstanding, however, the things you can learn from entertaining different nationalities and people in different types of business is certainly broadening and very educational. After each visit we were better

prepared to do and say the right thing at the right time. I am confident the entertaining of the people in our home was one of the best things we did to sell the people on moving to Mount Airy.

There was one thing in common with all people from larger cities and that was they seemed to be disturbed as to what the social life would be and what they could do for amusement. Most of them would be budgeting their income and have a certain percentage of their monthly income set aside for amusement. I soon learned that the best people to sell them on that particular question were the people who had moved here from the larger cities. We entertained doctors and chemists who wanted to bring to Mount Airy a syntheic rubber plant. We entertained ceramic engineers, who were trying to develop a plastic button. We entertained bankers, factors and their representatives. We entertained textile presidents from carpet manufacturers to hosiery, underwear, cloth spinning mills, and most all kinds of industries. Some of our guests were Catholic, some Protestant and some Jews. Some we soon learned had no religious affiliation at all and did not hesitate to say they did not have any church conviction.

The cooking problem became one of interest, and was certainly not a minor problem. About the only way we ever ate eggs was boiled, scrambled, or fried over – Sunny Side Up. At the Woltz home we learned to take orders for one minute boiled, shirred, coddled or poached, and with or without vinegar, and many other ways. Waffles we knew nothing about except to just cook in a waffle iron as directed. No! No! We soon learned when and how to add the grease and other ingredients. We had never heard of rare roast beef – pink or medium served to order; however, we soon learned. On one occasion one of our banker friends brought with him his son. When the roast was cut and served the youngster's remark was, "Daddy, please look at this good piece of roast just absolutely cooked to death". Back then we were lucky to get the meat cooked tender enough to eat, much less to be cooked rare or medium rare. My father used to say that he had worn out three sets of false teeth trying to chew

Mount Airy beef. We, at that time, had no supermarkets and imported choice cuts of meat to choose from in purchasing our meats.

We have had guests who enjoyed our hospitality to such an extent they would stay much longer than their plans called for. Some of them made themselves at home, would help shell peas, help with the canning of vegetables in the summer, and help with the cooking. Others would just relax and enjoy my good wife waiting on them and trying to satisfy their every beck and call, as well as their appetites.

Sometimes they would on the second visit bring their wives — that was when it was not so easy. Some of the city ladies would help with the preparation of meals, others enjoyed the waiting on and appeared to be used to it. However, all of the different types of guests entertained was for a purpose and that was to try to interest them in locating an industry in Mount Airy or lend our industries' money or to represent some of our mills as sales agents. We definitely held them here and we were entertaining them for a purpose. I can truthfully say, regardless of the time and trouble we went to in the operation of the Woltz services, that it paid off in the long run. Many valuable contacts were made. The people we entertained never forgot the enjoyable times they spent in Mount Airy, and would do anything they could in their field to help me promote whatever I was attempting to promote.

The person who suffered the most was my wife and as I have said many times had it not been for her patient understanding and co-operation, I could never have done anything like the many different things in business that I was able to do.

On one occasion I decided I would have several New York business men and industrialists here, along with the Governor of North Carolina, for a meeting to determine what to do about establishing several plants in different sections of the State. We had an opportunity to purchase a large number of sewing machines, 1,700 or more to be exact, that could be used in the establishing of plants during the War in many towns in North Carolina where they really wanted industry and needed it. The Federal Government had sewing rooms all over the State and

decided to close them, and offered the machinery for sale to any foreign government or State agency that wanted to purchase same. However, private industry that needed them so badly could not buy the machinery. I decided to try to work out some way to get the machinery to put to work in North Carolina. The idea came to me that if I could get the State to purchase the machinery and sell it to a corporation I could organize we could really do much to help North Carolina and help ourselves as well. I brought together machinery dealers, textile manufacturers and other people interested in expanding their industry, as well as people interested in organizing new industries for their localities, and the Governor of the State as well as his industrial advisors and co-ordinator.

We formally agreed for the State to purchase the machines for $280,000.00, turn them over to our corporation, all machinery to be put to work in North Carolina, with one proviso; we could exchange different machines for other machines of like value in order to have them ready to operate a balanced plant, machinery wise. This was agreed to and we successfully opened plants in many North Carolina towns; a large number of the plants are still in operation. The plants manufactured everything from parachutes, camouflage cloth, underwear, pants and many other items needed for the war effort.

A very interesting thing happened while entertaining this varied group of people at my country cabin (Hideaway Lodge). We could sleep twelve or more people and had plenty of space for entertaining outside as well as inside. One of the largest ladies suit manufacturers was here. He just could not wait to get a plant started in Mount Airy, with his associates, machinery dealers, new and second hand. Also the banker and Factor representatives were here. We had a big feed and by that time we had learned how to cook rare and medium rare roast beef. We had boiled country ham, fried country ham, stewed chicken, fried chicken, and just almost anything that is good to eat. A cousin of the operator of the New York Stork Club was the wife of the State Industrial Advisor, and she was supervising the cooking of the food. She also was a past master at mixing drinks: corn whiskey, rye, bourbon, gin and just anything anybody wanted

to drink, from rum swizzels to side cars. As the party progressed, the food became more of an attraction. The Jewish boys were Orthodox Jews and just could not eat Country Ham. Did that ham smell good! Finally the Jewish boys could not stand it any longer. They finally demanded a long slice of the roast beef, pointing to the boiled country ham. They were advised it was not roast beef. "The hell it isn't. I know what I want", was the remark. "I want a slice of that roast beef, right there", pointing to the country ham. They got it and really enjoyed it. Many times later the incident was referred to with much pleasure and laughter. From then on country ham was roast beef.

The first real investment I ever made for my two sons was to purchase 150 of the machines, having handpicked them with expert advice, and I opened a parachute plant leasing the machinery from my two sons. I had myself appointed guardian for my fourteen and sixteen year old boys and let Quality Mills lease the machinery from them at 7½ percent per month of the cost of the particular machines. The rate was established by the War Production Board for the lease of machines from the New York boys, who incidentally operated most of the second hand machinery establishments in the country. I decided if it was good for them it would be good for my boys and me. It worked well; in a few years they had a valuable balanced plant of machinery and at a very low cost. The machinery was originally purchased at less than 30% of its value. I really believe that this business venture for the boys got them interested in business at an early date, certainly while quite young. The contacts made by this one venture have paid handsome dividends over the years. We are still doing business with many of the contacts made at that time.

If I had any advice to give any young man beginning a business career, it is definitely to meet as many people as he can in all walks of life, study them, make friends with them, and find something in common with them if possible. Keep up the contact when made and profit by those who know more than you do – people who are in a position to help you when help is needed.

CHAPTER XIII

My Political Activities

Before I really became interested in politics, there is one interesting incident that happened during a political campaign which I would like to refer to at this time. We had a Sheriff who stammered. He was a very interesting political figure; in fact, he was the only Democrat in a heavily populated Republican County for many years who cold be elected to office. He was running for Sheriff and one day he approached me on the street and in his stammering way of talking told me he understood that I had a great deal of influence down in Westfield Township, and of course, with my ambition and energy that was all he had to say to me for me to work diligently. He asked me to go to that section with him, and while I was there, in order to show my influence and try to live up to the reputation I thought he had given me, I went into a country store to talk to the people there. I saw some outing remnants tied up in a bundle, and being sold for $1.00 per bundle. A neightbor of ours in Mount Airy had been to Charlotte and had purchased some remnants and she had really made a good purchase. I called the Sheriff around and told him about it and pointed out to him the value, and in his stammering way told me he was sorry, but that L.I.Z.Z.I.E. L . I . Z . Z . I . E (his wife) couldn't sew. I bought two bundles and brought them home, being very proud of them, and turned them over to my new wife. When she opened them there was not a piece two feet square in the entire bundles. However, she worked for several days making me two pair of pajamas, and the first night I slept in a pair they split all to pieces, the material being so rotten. I remarked to her, "I wonder why the Sheriff talked me into buying anything of that kind and I wonder what the Sheriff's wife is doing with hers". Over the months that followed, I talked a lot about the Sheriff and told many interesting stories about him.

My wife had never met the Sheriff. One night we were downtown at a gathering place for the local people, which was a big store with a big, fat coal stove, where everybody sat around chewing tobacco and telling stories. I told my wife I would like for her to meet the Sheriff. The first thing she said was, "Mr. ———, what did Mrs. ——— do with her outing that my husband told me you purchased at Westfield"? His remark was priceless: "Little girl, you might as well find out now as later what a liar your husband is; I didn't buy any outing remnants; your husband could not talk me into it; I knew they would be of no value". We left the store and for several years thereafter on numerous occasions my wife would say to me, "Why did you tell me that tale about the Sheriff buying the outing remnants"? I frankly have to admit this is the first lie that my wife had *caught* me in.

Politics is like a drug. Once interested it is hard not to continue taking part in every campaign in some way. I had managed several of the successful campaigns of representatives in Congress. I managed all of Frank Hancock's campaigns locally in Surry County, and he represented our District in Congress for several years. Lon Folger and John Folger were both our representatives in Congress over several years. Then Thurmond Chatham – in all of these campaigns I was the local manager for the County or had an interested part in the campaign. When Chatham and John Folger ran against each other, I managed the successful campaign for Folger. It was a hard, knock-down and drag-out affair. Much money was spent by Chatham, and we had an uphill fight. The next campaign Mr. Chatham ran and Mr. Folger retired voluntarily.

For several years during this period of time I was urged by many friends and groups to make the race for Congress. Each time I refused. I had become interested in many business ventures and was building a successful law practice, and I just was not interested enough to sacrifice the progress I had made to go to Congress, if I could have been elected. After Frank Hancock retired I am sure I could have gone to Congress. At least I could have had the nomination without opposition from

other Democrats. During those years I took a very active part in the State politics, and attended the State conventions ond District Meetings of the Democratic Party. In 1948 I was a delegate from North Carolina to the Philadelphia Democratic Convention when Truman was nominated for President. I was also a Presidential Elector for the President and Vice President in the same year.

In the campaign of 1948 my good friend, Melville Broughton, was a candidate for the United States Senate. All of my candidates were elected; Truman as President; Barkley as Vice-President; Broughton as Senator; and Chatham as Congressman. We had a very strong delegation of Representatives in Washington representing North Carolina, and they were recognized by the administration as being outstanding public servants. My son, Howard, had also taken a very active part in Mr. Broughton's campaign for the Senate, and was a great deal of help to me in the management of his campaign for the Fifth District. We had motorcades and many other demonstrations of support for Broughton. It was a hard fought, successful campaign, especially in the Primary.

I recall a very amusing event on election day. I was not the strongest supporter Truman had, and I had facetiously remarked that I did not believe I would vote for Truman for President. (You know, as a nominated elector, you are voted for and you in turn go to Washington and cast the vote for the Presidential nominee). Howard was taking me seriously and on election day insisted upon marking my ticket to be sure I remained a true Democrat and did not scratch my ticket.

One morning I looked out my office window and saw a very good lawyer friend of mine coming up the street to my office. Before he entered the office I informed my secretary I was going to dictate a letter to Thomas E. Dewey but not to mail it. Just as the attorney friend entered the office, I pretended not to notice him and began the dictation of the letter: "Dear Mr. Dewey: Since the election I have been thinking of something that should be of interest to both of us. Before the election I just knew you would be elected President of the United States

and I would not have the opportunity to go to Washington and cast a vote for Truman; now, as you know, I am going and you are not. I am sure you have all of the clothes necessary to wear at such an occasion. I do not have any. Now I have investigated the situation and have determined we are about the same size, so I just know I could wear your clothes O. K. Why don't you send your wardrobe to me to wear; it would help us both. We could get national publicity as being real sports, win or lose, by your doing it. Please let me hear from you at once before I make any purchases."

Just as a joke I sent a copy of the letter to a personal friend of mine in New York City, who was also a fellow club member and a good friend of Mr. Dewey. He told me he showed his copy of the letter to Mr. Dewey – I certainly had no idea of that being done. I understand from my friend that Mr. Dewey remarked, "Why in the world didn't he do it? It would have been wonderful if he had. We could all have had a great deal of fun and, as he expressed it, national publicity. It would certainly have been good for me; people always admire a good loser". I have not had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Dewey since that time. Anyway, Louise and I attended the inauguaration and enjoyed all of the festivities. Howard, John and their families came and I had many New York business associates of mine, as well as friends, down to Washington for the occasion. I had the choice spot at the Willard Hotel for the parade up Pennsylvania Avenue, a marvelous place to see and view the inaugural parade. Fifty or more friends attended my parade viewing party. Incidentally, I have had the same suite for inauguarations since; the last one was the Johnson inauguration. I quote a newspaper report of my party at the Willard on that occasion:

WASHINGTON–A man, for once was the star of the show, but the women, as usual, got into the act.

Some were in the spotlight, and some . . . well, take the case of the North Carolina lady who couldn't seem to get a cab from the swearing-in ceremony at the Capitol to the Willard Hotel.

The television cameras were all on the drum majorettes, but she walked it just ahead of them. Every foot of the way.

She was invited to watch the parade from the Osler Woltz's room in the Willard, and she was determined to make it.

That was Mrs. J. Melville Broughton, widow of the one-time North Carolina Governor, U. S. Senator and Winston-Salem Journal reporter.

(Governor and Senator Broughton, it seems, worked for a while as a reporter to get up enough money to go to law school).

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Roy Thompson, Staff Reporter and Feed Box Editor of the Winston-Salem Journal, reported of the party and comments on my presence with my wife at the inauguration January 20, 1965: "Osler Woltz of Mount Airy is up here with his wife. They go their separate ways in the morning. Osler politics around, and Mrs. Woltz goes shopping. It's expensive, Osler said, but he thinks it's going to be worth it. "The way she's spending money," he said, "when I get home I'm going to have a license to do anything I want to for 30 days."

Also quoting from the Winston-Salem Journal, January 21, 1965, Thompson said: "*Ladies Borrow Lyndon's Spotlight:* Mrs. Osler Woltz of Mount Airy, incidentally, was hostess at a party so successful she wound up sitting on the floor. LBJ had invited everybody to Washington for his inauguration, and Osler had invited almost everybody to drop by their room to watch the parade. Almost everybody came."

The old Willard Hotel where I always stayed and made my headquarters for the inauguration is being closed this year. I am including a picture of the Truman Inaugural parade. All of my parties were always given there and this picture shows the guests viewing the parade from the balcony from the top floor of the hotel, the same suite of rooms I always occupied for the inauguration. (See left top corner of picture marxed "X").

The Willard Hotel has been the home of many presidents and political headquarters for several generations.

Since 1965 I have not been as strong for the Democratic Programs as I have been in past years. The trend is entirely



Inaugural parade. Picture shows balcony at Willard Hotel, Washington. For several presidential inaugurations I entertained my friends there.

too liberal for my way of thinking. The Federal Government is spending entirely too much money for programs I am not in sympathy with. A much more conservative program, I am sure, would be better for the country as a whole. We are too liberal with our give-away programs and are not requiring the welfare recipients to be industrious enough before receiving Government hand-outs.

The above remarks remind me of what my grandfather on my mother's side told me a few years before his death: "Osler, if you don't stop griping about so many things happening and get better in step with progress or changes, the old Master is going to call you and say to you 'come on up here, you are completely out of step down there; they need you no longer', or the devil will say, 'come on down here with me'. Unless you stop using bad language I expect it will be the devil you receive the call from".

My grandfather was a wise old gentleman and my association with him over the years helped me a lot. I hope I will be successful in meaning as much to my grandchildren as he meant to me. He worshipped my Mother and she certainly loved and respected her father. I remember one particular statement he made long before Surry County went Democratic – he being a life-long Democrat: "If we don't do away with the Republican administration in this County we will never have a road, a decent court house, or anything else. What they don't steal, they throw away". A few years after that his statement became public knowledge. The county treasurer was indicted and the members of the Highway Committee were indicted for trading with themselves.

On another occasion, I was sitting on the creek bank at the tender age of seven, when he attracted my attention to a buzzard flying – "Look at that buzzard son, sailing with his wings. Some day man will be sailing through the air". That statement was made many years before the invention by the Wright Brothers of the first airplane.



Senator Josiah William Bailey of Raleigh, N. C., a true friend.

CHAPTER XIV

Some People Who Influenced My Life

My father practiced medicine in several different locations in the County. I first remember my childhood days in Pilot Mountain. Later, in the country, on a farm; still later at the age of twelve, in Mount Airy. I was influenced by the association of a family of boys, our neighbors. One of the boys was three years older than I, one was my age, and the other was one year my junior. We played together a great deal. We fought continuously and were in much mischief together. When I was only six years old one of my first lessons which influenced me throughout my lifetime happened in Pilot Mountain. There were several tobacco factories there which were abandoned. The window lights were broken out and the buildings were in a dilapidated state of repair. We used the buildings as playhouses. Barrels of old tobacco tags used to stick on the plugs of tobacco to distinguish the brand were left there. They were round and two of them could be fastened together, which we did and used as play money. The older brother knowing what we had done, used the fact to successfully threaten us. My father had a small drugstore, handled candy and chewing gum. He trusted me as clerk for the confectionary stand. My boyfriend, (I thought) demanded that I give him a pack of chewing gum. The first day he propositioned me and informed me that if I did not do it he would tell my Daddy that we had broken in the old factory and stole the tobacco tags. The next day he wanted chewing gum and chocolate candy, I gave them to him. The third demand was *out*. He enjoyed the candy to such an extent that he demanded the whole box. I well knew that I would get a whipping either way, taking the tags or for giving him the candy. I elected not to give it to him. I waited until my Daddy had no patients or customers in the little 10 x 10 foot store at the front of his office when I cornered my Daddy and asked him: "Papa, what would they do with a little boy if he went through one of the

broken windows in the old tobacco factory and took some tobacco tags out of the barrel and used them for play money like this"? I exhibited one of my "made money nickles". He told me that sounded like pretty bad conduct, but if a boy of his had done it he would protect him and be proud of him for coming and confessing to him any wrong he had done in that respect. He congratulated me on confiding in him. Oh, brother, was I happy! I can remember it as well as yesterday, walking out with my chest out, going to my 'blackmailer' and asking him to tell, that I wish he would. If I had been made a deed to the town I couldn't have felt any bigger or more proud of myself.

After going to college, on completion of high school, I admired other boys, especially a very outstanding student who was editor of the college paper, and for many years later editor of the Greensboro Daily News. His influence was entirely different. From the very beginning of our acquaintance, he was continually giving me good, sound, brotherly advice. If he had been appointed as my senior advisor, he could not have done more for me or influenced my life more. After he was out of school and knew I was in law school planning that year to take the Bar Examination, he took it upon himself to arrange a meeting for me with the personnel of an outstanding law firm in Raleigh. That is when I came in contact with the man who did the most for me and influenced my life as a lawyer and as a person more than any other individual. I met him in the spring before I was to take the Supreme Court examination in August. From the beginning of our association he manifested a personal interest in me and actually insisted upon my coming to his office at least twice a week from Wake Forest College where I was studying law to be tutored by him in preparation for the examination. I was entertained in his home and at his insistence spent many weekends there. He offered me the opportunity of coming with him as an associate law partner. I advised him I wanted to go back to my hometown and practice law. I'll never forget his answer, "Most ambitious. If you can make good there you could do much better anywhere else". That was in the summer of 1923. He then confided in me his plans

for the future and he advised me as to what mine should be.

As he had planned shortly after the bar examination, and before I opened my law office in Mount Airy, he announced his candidacy for governor of North Carolina and appointed me as his Surry Couty manager. The name of Josiah William Bailey was unknown to many people throughout the State except by the lawyers and many Baptists of the State since he had been editor of the Biblical Recorder, a Baptist publication. He knew, and I had been told by him that he could not possibly be elected, but he was doing it preparatory to later being elected to the United States Senate, the height of his ambition. He had told me that while he was getting acquainted with the entire state he wanted me to get acquainted in Surry County by managing his campaign. The results were as predicted. He lost the governor's race and made many friends statewide. I lost in Surry County but made many friends countywide.

Josiah William Bailey was one of the best orators and most intellectual and religious persons I have ever known. He was sincere and loyal, a splendid judge of human nature, and devoted to his friends. Over the years our friendship grew. He often told me his office was just as near to mine as the telephone. "Don't make a mistake, call me. If I don't know the answer, my father-in-law does". The law firm was Pou and Bailey. Incidentally the brother of his father-in-law, Mr. Pou, had been congressman from that district for many years.

I really think Mr. Bailey's ambition was to go high in politics and render a greater service to North Carolina. Mr. Bailey's advice to me as a young lawyer was to be energetic and devote sufficient time to public and community affairs as soon as possible, to become known to as many people in my County as possible. In fact that is what I had told him I intended to do and his encouragement to do it made me more determined.

After I surveyed the fields of law and the needs of my town and county, his counsel and interest in me was most helpful. I worked hard in his campaign for governor and made many friends in the County and became a closer friend of his. I knew his plans and began laying the foundation for his campaign for

the Senate if and when he ran. I was flattered by him in being one of his political advisors and a member of the steering committee for the Senate race.

Over the years we grew closer to each other and he became more interested in me and my future.

Before Mr. Bailey went to the Senate we tried lawsuits together and the association helped me in the evaluation of lawsuits as well as in the knowledge of how to try them.

After he was elected to the United States Senate, he was in a position to do much for me in a political way, in making contacts for me in Washington and elsewhere. He was a strong believer in doing as much or more for his friends and associates as they had done for him. When a vacancy occurred on the state democratic committee he offered the appointment to me. I had the opportunity to be appointed by him as Assistant United States Attorney, and later as United States attorney from our District.

One time when he was visiting in our home he inquired of me what I wanted out of politics. He had encouraged me to run for Congress and to take a stronger personal interest in my political future. I informed him that I wanted to serve my community and State by helping qualified people to be elected to office and that I had no political ambitions for myself. He knew both of my sons and was sincerely interested in their future. He requested of me that the year before they finished high school to let him have the opportunity of giving them an appointment to Annapolis or West Point or both to the same academy if so desired.

After Howard was a first year man at the University of Virginia I contacted Mr. Bailey recommending the appointment of a young man to a position with the Internal Revenue Service. After assuring me of his help, he asked me if it was not time for him to nominate my oldest son for the Army or Naval government schools.

When I informed him that Howard had already finished a year at Virginia was the first time he had ever shown any anger towards me. He told me that instead of spending my time

helping everybody in Surry County who wanted to go to Raleigh or Washington with his help that I had better be looking after the education of my boys at the expense of the government, that I had certainly rendered enough service to my State to be entitled to their having the appointments.

The many things he helped me do in a business way and the good advice and counsel received from him by me was most helpful and forever appreciated. I spent a lot of time with him in Washington. He was a good sport, a gentleman, and a scholar. I was one of his greatest admirers. He was one of the best United States Senators we ever had from North Carolina and was one of the most outstanding Senators the nation has ever had.

In recognition of his friendship and the interest he had shown in my sons, each of them painted an oil painting and presented them to him. I am publishing here his last picture sent Louise and me by him.

In a life that has been as active as mine has been you come in contact with all types and kinds of people. Over the years you make many acquaintances and have many business associates, some of whom you become interested in in many different ways.

There are people you want to help because of the interest you take in them, believing your association with them will be of mutual value. You also make many business friends among the people with whom you come in contact. In life you are helped by many people and you, in turn, want to help others because of the help you have received.

Another very outstanding and close friendship developed over the years with Governor and United States Senator Melville Broughton, Sr., whom I have previously mentioned. We were associated together in my managership of his campaign for the Senate. I managed the Fifth District of our State for him.

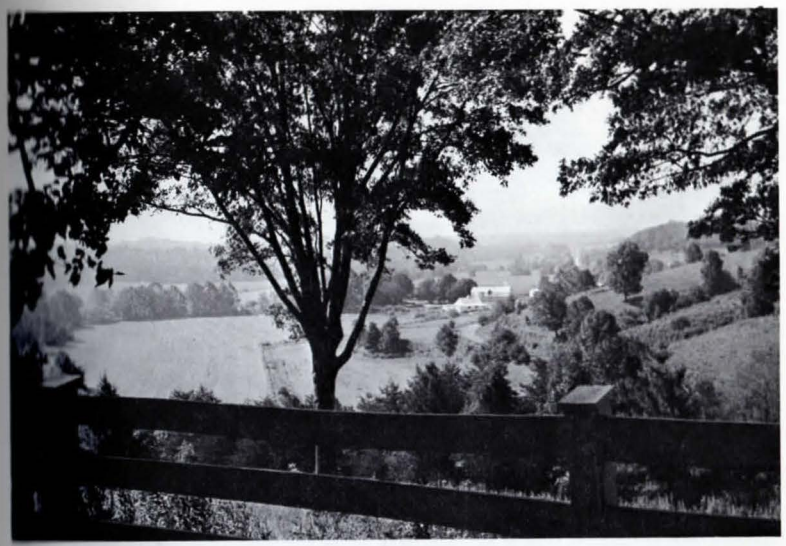
Before he ran for the Senate, he was one of our outstanding Governors. I did not know him personally when he ran for Governor. Soon after his election, I served on his Industrial Advisory Board. We were very closely associated during his

entire time as Governor. In fact, we were associated together in more than one business venture over the State.

Governor Mel Broughton was one of North Carolina's first governors to initiate a real movement statewide to promote the expansion of existing industry in the State and to put forth under the State's full sponsorship a concentrated drive for new industry. It was this field of service which brought us together often. We became mutually close friends. We hunted together and fished together. At his request and invitation I accompanied him on many trips to Washington, New York, Philadelphia and other cities seeking industry. By his help and guidance and the support of the State's influence we were successful in bringing to North Carolina and establishing new industries and expanding existing industries on a wide scale.

Mr. Broughton was an outstanding Christian gentleman, interested in people, a top-flight lawyer, and a great orator, thoroughly devoted to his State and Nation. During the short time in Washington before his death he presented me to many outstanding public figures as a close personal friend and complimented me very highly as a competent businessman. His death came very soon after he was sworn in as our Junior Senator from North Carolina. During the few months he was Senator he attracted nationwide attention as being a former North Carolina Governor and another valuable personality having been sent to Washington by our State. Had he lived and served longer he would have taken his place along with Senator Bailey as two of our nation's finest senators.

While I have managed many political campaigns, including the campaigns of several of our Congressmen and other governors, I am prouder of the achievements of our Senators than any of the other political aspirants I assisted.



View of barns from home.



"Happy House", where children gather in summer.



A close personal friend and an outstanding Christian gentleman, J. Melville Broughton.

CHAPTER XV

My Experience With Federal Agencies

The practice of law before State and Federal Agencies is largely a specialized field and a field of law I would never have been fortunate enough to have been engaged in had it not been for my early decision and interest in bringing industry to Mount Airy. I have engaged in this type of practice much more extensively than most lawyers, certainly the lawyers and law firms located in small towns. This fact was brought to my mind when I received a list of the few lawyers in North Carolina with license to practice before Interstate Commerce Commission. I am the only lawyer in Mount Airy who has such a license. There are very few lawyers in the State of North Carolina.

Mount Airy had very poor transportation facilities for the shipment of freight throughout the country. Our railroad facilities were poor – Mount Airy being at the end of the railroad. We had no transportation of any kind across the mountains to Virginia, West Virginia, or points west. We had no buses or freight lines of any description.

Realizing and seeing the need for such facilities, one of the first efforts I made was to organize freight lines into this area. Franchises for truck transportation were not hard to secure because of the lack of exisiting facilities. As we were successful in bringing new industry to Mount Airy, we needed such facilities much more than before. In this connection, it is most interesting that several of the largest freight lines in existence in North Carolina today were started in Mount Airy, promoted by us, having only one or two trucks in the beginning. Two large trucking firms and others that are now serving the midwest, north and south originated here and were owned locally. The first bus line from Mount Airy to Winston-Salem was started in Mount Airy. The first bus to carry passengers across the Virginia line was a result of the efforts of Mount Airy citizens. The line started then is now one of the major companies of the nation.

As the transportation facilities expanded, so did industry. In a very short while our fast-growing North Carolina corporations were establishing branches throughout Virginia and West Virginia and Mount Airy from the standpoint of transportation was considered the gateway to the south from Ohio, Virginia, West Virginia and points north and west.

This type of law practice became very lucrative. As the trucking business grew, so did the problems of overloading, competition of franchises, types of commodities that could be hauled by the different companies; these were all problems to be dealt with by State and Federal Agencies.

When a state set up rules and regulations governing the transportation of commodities, those operators who had started on their own were granted license under the "grandfather clause" to haul whatever commodity they had been transporting. To secure new rights and to haul new commodities required license from the states as well as the federal government. As time passed and as administrations changed, both state and federal, the problems grew.

In 1933 when Roosevelt was elected President, not only did the transportation problems grow but the problems for industry grew likewise. Many types of federal agencies came into being; most important for our local industries was the passage of The National Recovery Act, requiring all industry engaged in interstate commerce to have a code and fly the blue eagle to continue operation. Most of our industry had moved south for the advantages of cheap labor. Some of them finally closed because of inability to pay the minimum wage of 40¢ per hour. The button industry particularly suffered. I was appointed one of the attorneys for the bone, ivorynut and pearl association, which, of course, required that I spend much time in Washington, appearing before the National Recovery Act Board and other federal agencies. The government was not unmindful of the problems that would face industry. The country had just experienced one of the worst depressions the United States has ever known or suffered. Provisions were made by the federal government to help under-capitalized corporations to stem the

tide and continue in business. This, of course, opened up another lucrative field for the practice before federal agencies.

Without going too much in detail as to the different types of practice that were necessary, the fact remains that much time and study were necessary and I was required to spend considerable time in Washington dealing with the agencies, congressmen, senators, heads of different departments, all in an effort to help my clients.

I was Vice-President of the North Carolina Moose. The Moose motto was: "To keep the family together from the cradle to the grave". I received the information and knew of the Moose plan to establish a home for the aged in addition to their home in Moosehaven, Florida. I also had information that North Carolina was under consideration for the location of the home. James J. Davis, a self-made labor leader had been Secretary of Labor under Harding and was at that time serving under President Coolidge. We had here in Surry County the White Sulphur Springs property and Vade Mecum Springs in Stokes County, and other locations in this area that the Moose Organization in this State thought would be suitable for the home for the aged. As Vice-President of Moose I headed a delegation to Washington to see the Honorable James J. Davis and invite him, who was "dictator general" of the Moose and other top officials to visit North Carolina, particularly Mount Airy. We were successful in this effort and the delegation did visit us. It is interesting to note that Davis was the only member of a presidential cabinet that had ever honored Mount Airy with a visit.

It was a big day for Mount Airy, a school holiday throughout Surry County. Industries closed, stores closed, the theatre was turned over to the Moose to be used for the Secretary's speech. I was appointed by the steering committee as official escort to Mr. Davis, along with the most outstanding representatives of our County. As the motorcade bringing the Secretary and his party to Mount Airy arrived, the highway was lined with school children and citizens from Pilot Mountain to Mount Airy. Thousands of people were eager to get a glimpse of the first

member of a presidential cabinet that they had ever seen. American flags flew everywhere. The Dutch Banquet at noon was attended by over 250 people, the largest crowd ever served at the Blue Ridge Hotel.

The only labor union existing in Mount Airy at that time was the union at the North Carolina Granite Corporation. They were addressed by the Secretary after lunch. I alone drove the Secretary back to Winston-Salem, at his request. This contact meant much to me in later years. Shortly thereafter, at Mr. Davis' request, I accompanied him to Charlotte to meet Herbert Hoover in his successful campaign for President of the United States. After the meeting in Charlotte, I first realized what the Secretary was especially interested in doing. It was to help Hoover all he could in North Carolina in his campaign. Al Smith, then Governor of New York State, was the Democratic candidate for President, and Mr. Davis was aware of the opposition to his candidacy due to the religious issue (Mr. Smith being a Catholic). The Moose was a good entry for Mr. Davis to help Hoover. He did a wonderful job of it. Many leading Democrats in the State, including North Carolina's Senior Senator, were supporting Mr. Hoover.

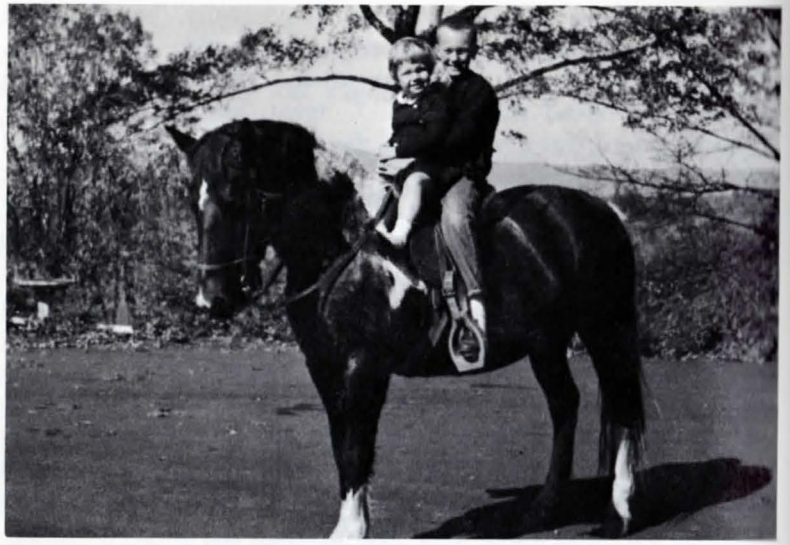
I was of the opinion, and correctly so, that Mr. Davis wanted to be appointed to succeed himself as Secretary of Labor, should Mr. Hoover be elected President. Mr. Davis had held the office under Harding and Coolidge and had the ambition to be the first Secretary of Labor to serve under three Presidents of the United States. After the election, and Mr. Hoover was elected, I voluntarily secured the endorsement for Mr. Davis of a large number of the leading Democrats of the State, including both Senators, most of North Carolina's Congressmen, the Governor and past Governors. He was appointed and served during the Hoover administration. Mr. Davis then ran and was elected Senator from Pennsylvania in 1933, the year Roosevelt was elected President on the Democratic ticket.

After 1928 I was closely associated with Mr. Davis in Moose work and consulted him about what I should do in my appearances before the different boards in Washington particularly in

Code and labor relations matters. Incidentally, he was most helpful in securing the appointment of my brother, G. C. Woltz, to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. (My brother made an outstanding record as an F. B. I. agent, serving as an agent fourteen years; was a member of the Purvis Squad that captured the notorious criminals of the Al Capone gang, and was present when Dillinger was killed in Chicago). Mr. Davis was not only helpful in my brother's appointment, he was a very wise gentleman and most helpful to me in many ways. We became very good friends and were together both socially and in a business way. On many occasions he would take me with him to Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. I met many outstanding businessmen through him, including Andrew Mellon and others. All of them were glad to help me in any way they could; on many occasions I was included as an invited guest to attend dinners at the large Union League Club of the Republican Party in Pittsburgh, Chicago and Philadelphia.

I was on numerous occasions with Senator Robert Reynolds, Senator Josiah Bailey, and Senator Davis for dinner and an evening of recreation. Senator Davis would refer to me as the little Democrat from North Carolina at Union League banquets, and would insist on my being recognized and speaking on those occasions. He was a big, self-made man, and a real friend of mine.

I will later write about my association as Counsel for the Senator in the Big Moose Lottery Trial in New York City that lasted several weeks.



Mary and Howell riding "Lady"



Eddie, "H", Joanie and Louise riding ponies.

CHAPTER XVI

Good Roads

Catholics say, so I have always heard, "Give me a child until he is six years old and he will never depart the teachings". I am sure the teachings a child receives in the early years of life are very important. As early as I can remember one subject was continually being discussed at our house. It was one of the most important subjects to our family. My father, being a country doctor, having to go to all homes that called him as a doctor, the question of roads was forever important. Before I began to attend school I would go with my father to visit the sick. Back then a hard surfaced road had never been heard of, much less in existence; we did not even have a sand clay road. The only roads of any kind were just roads kept up by the neighbors all meeting together and working on the roads as a community group. Some of the places we would go to administer to the sick were impassable, even in a buggy. The only way was by horseback. My father, on many occasions when I accompanied him, would have to walk a portion of the distance to the houses, not being able to even drive the buggy to the house.

I grew up hearing good roads discussed and, as a boy of nine years old, even worked as one of the community citizens, working co-operatively to improve the road from Fish River to Copeland (a distance of two miles) where we lived in the County. I was taking my father's place, he being busy visiting the sick.

I well remember the first section of pavement ever laid in Mount Airy, which was one block in the heart of Town, from the hotel at Oak Street to the bank at Moore Avenue. This was in 1913 or 1914. Having heard bad roads discussed, and having heard my father inquire of the patients or their families, "Can I get there in a buggy? Will I have to be met and go part of the way by horseback or should I come horseback all the way?" This made me interested in good roads from early childhood. I knew how important they were to a community and how

necessary they were for progress. When I first began the practice of law I made it a point to become interested in the road programs under consideration by the Town, County and State. By 1924, the date I began the practice of law, much interest had developed State-wide in good roads, and something was being done about it. At that time, a fair sand-clay road had been built from Mount Airy to Dobson, the County Seat of the County. It was not long until the question of interstate roads became of great interest to all sections of the State. The Federal Government had begun making contributions to the States to assist them in their road development programs.

The first time that I took a real active part in a movement for the improvement of a state highway was in the late 20's when they began discussing what is now U. S. Highway 52 and known as the "Lakes to Florida Highway". To drive to Bluefield, West Virginia, was a full day's drive and a dry weather drive, it being impossible to go from Wytheville, Virginia, to Bland Court House except in dry weather. There were several creeks and rivers to be forded in crossing Bland County. You also had to cross three mountains, with few improved roads. The roads were very crooked and very narrow. It was publicized that the road would lead from Wytheville, Virginia to Charlotte, North Carolina. That fact being known, every town in North Carolina west of Greensboro and east of Hickory became interested in working to have the interstate road built through or near their city. A motorcade was sponsored by the Chambers of Commerce, Merchants Associations, and interested groups in Winston-Salem, Mount Airy, Elkin, Statesville, Sparta, West Jefferson, Mooresville, and all towns in our particular section of the State to go to Bluefield, West Virginia for a tri-state meeting with North Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia citizens. Hundreds of cars made this trip.

One very interesting incident happened regarding this motorcade. I had a client from the foot of the Virginia mountains who manufactured and sold liquor, and he and his sons had all been indicted several times, the old man especially. I was at this particular time appearing for him for transporting and selling

whiskey, this case being in our local court. About the same time his son was indicted in Federal Court for manufacturing whiskey, and was on the dodge. The father came to me to secure my help for his son, and wanted me to come to his home in Virginia to see his son and discuss the case with him.

My wife went with me one evening to see him. She had heard me talk about this man and his involvement in the Criminal Courts and she wanted to see where they lived and see his family. When we reached his country home, I saw the father and made inquiry of the son. He had a very peculiar way of talking, long and drawn out, and in explanation of his business operations, which was manufacturing and selling whiskey, the story went as follows:

"Woltz, I have larned how to outwit the law. I have gone in the wood business. I haul a load of wood to town in my wagon and try to sell the wood, but down under the wood — convenient to get to — whar I kin reach it, I got several gallons of moonshine". I soon found out that Democratic officers who had just been elected were too lazy and too sorry to unload the wood, even to catch a liquor maker who was operating as a wood salesman.

I asked about the son, who wanted me to come up to talk about his case, and the father told me he thought he could "holler him up". After a few 'whoops and hollers' and a short wait of approximately half an hour, the son came strolling up, the 'still' slop all over his pants and shoes, and we discussed his indictment in Federal Court. He had been dodging, as I suggested before. During our conference, there the man said:

"Woltz, you are a learned man. I read in the paper they are going to have a motorcade from Mount Airy to Bluefield, West Virginia and they say it is gwine to be five miles long; I want you to tell me something, how in the hell are they gwine to get that thing around these curves on this here mountain"? After a short explanation that it was one car after another that made up the motorcade, he said, "Well, I'll be damned, I wish I had knowed that it was about cars".

Louise, her mother, and I were among those going on the motorcade. We had with us the editor of the Mount Airy News. Louise and her mother were both victims of car sickness in time past but the editor had never experienced that type of illness and asked Louise how it felt. In reply Louise described the illness so vividly that before the next sharp curve in the road the good editor said, "Osler, let me out, I'm sick". This is a good example of the great influence of mind over matter.

The trip there and back was one to be remembered. Many cars stalled in the creeks. Some became overheated and out of commission because of the steep mountain climbs, but all in all, everybody had a wonderful time.

Continuing, after many years of hard work, the road was located, divided at Wytheville and all sections of our peoples and communities were satisfied. U. S. #52 came from Wytheville to Mount Airy, Winston-Salem, Lexington, Salisbury and on to Charlotte. U. S. #21 picked up at Wytheville and went through Independence, Sparta, Elkin, Statesville and Mooresville, on to Charlotte, U. S. #52 continued on South.

The organization we perfected remained in existence and the interested people in all sections have continued to work together in the sponsorship of good roads. Most of our effort for a few years was devoted to the sponsorship of improved roads from Mount Airy to our neighboring Virginia towns and to securing better improved roads throughout Surry County.

A toll road from Charleston, West Virginia, had been built almost to Bluefield. The old Dominion Turnpike Authority and North Carolina Turnpike Authority were set up to join the turnpike road and lead through Virginia to Mount Airy and on to Charlotte. Several years were spent in an effort to promote the Turnpike. By the middle 50's the Federal Bureau of Roads was planning a mammoth interstate network of highways and projected in the planning was an interstate road, I-77 from Canton, Ohio to Charlotte, North Carolina. That is when the Old Dominion Turnpike and North Carolina Turnpike Authority ceased to exist.

Our problem here in Mount Airy, of course, was to secure the road coming near to Mount Airy as possible. Citizens of North Carolina were chosen to represent the State on the engineering commission. Virginia had also engineers to represent their State. I had confidence in Mount Airy's being so strategically located that we stood a good chance to have the road come near us. Heading the group from Mount Airy, I did not hesitate to state publicly and at all the meetings of our North Carolina Commission, and in appearing before the Highway Commission of Virginia, that I had no fear because with the honorable men with wide experience in highway construction, and being as conscientious as they were in spending public funds, that the road would be located where it would best serve industry and the largest number of people in the two states. We had secured the endorsement of the majority of the trucking companies. We knew the feeling of the heads of both Commissions as to where the engineering departments thought the road would best serve both states. Our big trouble came about by virtue of the pressure exerted upon the Commission by outlying areas and congressmen and highway committees pressing for the road to go further west.

I arrived at the decision early that to work with the appointed engineers and to manifest confidence in their ability and judgment was our proper procedure. This position paid off in the end. The road has been located only seven miles from Mount Airy. We are now the recipients from our State Highway Commission of many improved roads. The four-laning of U. S. 52 from the Virginia line to Winston-Salem; the widening of #601, which has been so badly needed, the widening of #89, and a new four-lane road leading from Mount Airy, which will be new #52, intersecting I-77 at the 7 mile point west of Mount Airy.

I am proud of the enviable public record Mount Airy has made as being one of the leading towns of North Carolina sponsoring improved roads. As a community we did not stop there. We have in the making a network of improved streets with the State Highway Commission's aid that will improve the transportation facilities of Mount Airy greatly when completed. This comes under our planning program for Mount Airy.

CHAPTER XVII

Interesting Experiences

My wife is always ready to get some little joke on me and is always looking for an opportunity to tease me about something.

I had appeared for a man for murder, he having killed a man at or near a still. The State had a perfect case against him, or so the Solicitor thought, and it did look rather bad for him the first couple of days of the trial. However, that may be, we were successful in clearing him because of the testimony of the State in their failure to properly identify the defendant.

Several years later I had some very close friends of mine visiting me from Greensboro, a doctor and his wife and his brother and his wife, and we decided that we would all go up on the mountain for dinner, to what was known as Half-Way House. It had been a very dry summer and everyone in the farming business, nursery business, or anything depending on the weather conditions and lack of rain in the middle of the summer, were quite disturbed about the fact that we had had no rain. One of my close friends from here was there and we were all enjoying ourselves at dinner and talking about the fact that we had had no rain and the terribly dry weather, and I asked this close friend of mine, who had a large tobacco acreage, how his tobacco looked. He had had a few drinks and his description of his poor crop had everyone almost in hysterics. His remarks were: "Why, Ossie, it is just about like a little bitty plant, hardly out of the ground, hard stalks, I am ruined—I am ruined", and a few more such remarks.

Everybody had another drink, and in comes the wife and a couple of close relatives of the defendant who had been cleared of the charge of murder. They were very affable in their greeting me and seemed very glad to see me, and in the course of the conversation (or so the story goes) I asked the woman about her dear mother. She is reported to have said, "Why, my mother passed away about two years ago". My remark, according

to the reports of those present, was that I tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Isn't that wonderful", and never missed a word in running my big mouth, as my wife tells me, turning on all the charm and trying to be the most attractive person there.

As we came home and on down the mountain with my wife and four guests, my wife turned around to me and wanted to know if I really was glad that the poor old soul had died. I asked her what in the world she was talking about. She told me I had asked the woman how her dear mother was and she told me that she had passed away two years before and that I replied, "Isn't that wonderful", and never missed a word. She said I kept right on with my story and trying to be most attractive person on the mountain and that she could have gone through the floor and had never been so embarrassed in her life. Then my wife's remarks were priceless: "Osler, anybody that talks as much as you do is bound to put your foot in it some time". I have had to live with that remark and that incident many years. I have also learned that when I get in a big way of talking, with a drink or two, that I can rest assured that the wind will be taken out of sails sometime during the evening, as my wife will let the entire group know, whoever is there, that after all she does know what is going on and when I need the brakes to be applied.

Several years later my wife and I went to the beach to spend some time with Howard and Jo, who had a cottage there and invited us down for the week. On our way home we decided to visit a good friend of ours who had had a stroke and was very seriously ill. He had been unable to recognize anyone for more than a year. He had formerly lived in Mount Airy and had been a very close associate of mine. We were in the hosiery business together and I had helped him secure a one-fifth interest in the warehouse business in Fairmont, and we had many other business ventures together. In fact, when he lived in Mount Airy he and his wife were two of our closest friends. We came back by Fairmont to see him, and his wife told us that he would not recognize us but that she did want us to go in and speak to him. We were talking in a room next to his bedroom, and out of the clear sky we heard something in the next room,

and it was my friend mumbling, and then he spoke up and said, "That is Osler Woltz; I would know his hide in a tan yard". I was the first person he had recognized in over a year, and according to his wife, it was the first time he had been conscious enough to notice or recognize anything or anyone.

You will never know how that small incident made me feel and how happy I was that he was able to recognize me. When we left there and were on our way home, Louise made one of her most priceless remarks: "Maybe, sometime when I think you are talking too much and don't know what you are saying and what anybody else says to you, that it pays off. It is worth it all when you don't hear anybody or anything, just too busy talking yourself, to have your friend recognize your voice and be alert enough to know and want to see you".





Enjoying Our Favorite Sport.











Some animals we have enjoyed.

CHAPTER XVIII

Sports

When I was only ten years old a dear friend of my father gave me a small gray unbroken saddle horse. My father had been his doctor for a long period of time and he liked my father very much. Dan, the little horse was two years old, and a beauty; a deep iron gray, un-trained and well bred. He was probably entitled to registration, but back in those years I was too young to know about the registration of horses, and if I had known about it, it would not have made any difference, because he was not for sale. I had ridden mules, horses and calves on the farm but of how to break a saddle horse, I was entirely ignorant. I could stay on the horses and that was about all I could do. In my father's practice of medicine in the county, with no improved roads, and only pig paths – so to speak – to many homes, he went by horseback a great deal of the time. He loved horses and was an expert rider; he also was well qualified to break a young horse; however, he would not break my little horse for me. I had to do it myself. He was willing to tell me how, but wanted me to learn about horses, by having the experience.

He was good to animals and insisted that if a horse loves you, he will be easy to handle and "you can train and break him yourself". Just that is what I did. My father would direct me, tell me how to hold the reins, and the different movements I should have in the saddle, and instructed me from one step to another. Finally, I had the best horse in the county. He was a five-gaited horse and a dandy. The finishing touches, after I had done my best, were handled by my Daddy. He was an expert rider and knew just exactly what else needed to be done. When we moved to town from the country, we, of course, brought Dan with us, and I kept him many years until I went off to college.

Having been taught to love horses, and having had the little experience I had with my horse, I had a lot in common with my good friend Aubrey Fowler. He had, from time to time, many horses in Mount Airy and in the eastern part of the state after he moved there from Mount Airy. He taught Louise and many other people in Mount Airy to ride, and practically gave me the first saddle horse I ever owned after we were married. I, at that time, had my little rabbit patch as we called it, and a small feed barn out at our Hideaway Lodge. Many enjoyable evenings were spent riding over the farm and around the country side. My friend also kept some of his horses at my barn a large portion of the time.

After the boys grew up to the age they would have enjoyed a pony, I wanted to get one for them but I had no place to keep it; the farm had not been developed enough to keep a pony. By the time we got our first horse from Mr. Fowler, the boys were large enough to ride the horses and we did not need a pony. (Probably couldn't have afforded one if they could have used it).

The horse we got from Mr. Fowler was a jumper. Louise did not know that. He was a very gentle, large horse, two or more could ride him at the same time. She decided to take a school teacher friend of hers with her wild flower hunting. Both of them were riding the horse at the same time and good natured LuLu decided it was not good hospitality to ride or sit in the saddle all the time. Her friend, who knew nothing at all about riding a horse, should, she thought, be treated with courtesy, so in the saddle she crawled, LuLu behind. The horse was grazing, and a bee stung the horse. That was it! They were about a mile from the barn, up the hill. When the horse took off the girl, not knowing how to ride, just let him go. The farther they went on the way to the barn the faster he got. When they almost reached the barn – just as luck would have it, he decided to practice jumping – over the high fence he went and off came both girls. LuLu's head just missed a large stump, and both girls were badly hurt. It was, I am sure, on this occasion that LuLu's back was broken. For several weeks she was almost unable to walk and had exceptionally bad back pains. She

really should have had x-rays taken at that time. She now has a back injury from the fall she took.

After Louise had learned to ride, and had survived several spills, we purchased two lovely horses, beautiful and well trained and easily managed. I actually believe with those two horses we had some of the best times of our lives together; Louise just adored her little horse and the horse loved her.

On one occasion, before the farm was in any way developed and before I had purchased the larger portion of it, we had a very unfortunate incident to occur. We were riding a county road leading through the farm I now have (Green Hill) and a side road leading to the barn at the cabin turned to the right up a hill, and we had planned to ride up the side road. I was riding in front and as I turned to the right Louise's little horse, in an effort to catch up with my horse, cut the corner – so to speak, and stumbled over a ditch hidden by honeysuckle vines growing over it. The saddle girth broke and Louise and the saddle landed in the honeysuckle patch. I saw her little horse coming up the hill all alone, no saddle and no Louise. I was very frightened. When I got back down the hill, there lay Louise and the saddle in the honeysuckles, and the breath had been knocked out of her. I shook her, and when she came to the first remark she made was, "Well, I am still in the saddle", and she really was still astraddle of it, and thanks to the soft landing place she was not hurt seriously, just really bruised. She was very sore for several days. She is really a brave girl; that very evening, back on the horse she went, and she was determined not to let it stop her from riding. Over the years she has been thrown several times, and some of the accidents have hurt her rather seriously. On one occasion she was dragged on the hard surface highway until her little horse could stop, dragging her several yards. She was not really thrown by the horse, he shied while she was riding fast and she just left the saddle. When it happened, her horse stopped as soon as he could. She was injured very badly at that time and stayed in the hospital ten days. She was badly bruised and we were fearful for several days she was hurt internally.

While the children were young and still in school, we had a very trustworthy colored girl living on the place and we were confident we could leave the children with her and she would properly look after them, so when we decided to ride horseback we did not have a baby-sitting problem. Many times on Sunday we would ride up on the Blue Ridge Mountain and back the same day. Really, we had a time – often several couples as well as others would ride with us. Horseback riding became at that time very popular. We had friends living on the mountain whom I had known from bird hunting days. We rode up the old Willis Gap Road – a road that had been abandoned for a number of years. Incidentally, since that time it has been re-graded and opened all the way to the top of the mountain. It is the best grade up the mountain, and the nearest way. We would turn our horses loose in the pasture, enjoy the good water at my friends' spring, and the horses would be fed while we ate our lunch and relaxed for the return trip. The entire distance was about 25 miles there and back. Incidentally, we are still very close friends and I see them very often when up in that section. My mountain farm is located almost adjoining their farm. I have had dinner with them in the last week, and he is now helping me haul my hay, which we are at this time harvesting, to Mount Airy. The memories of the horseback rides to their house and the good times had by us brought this horseback experience to my mind today. I am writing this almost in sight of their house and at my farm on the mountain, while the hay is being harvested.

Only a short time after Louise's last injury with her little horse, Prince, he died. He was buried with a very nice ceremony – for a horse – on the way from the bottom to the barn – where he died. A short time after that I decided that we had had experience in riding enough and we were not getting any younger, so walking horses would be better for us, as we grew older, than five gaited horses. I picked out two exceptionally fine walking horses – well bred and well trained. We rode these for a few years, but with the building of our new home and new interests, we gave up horseback riding for several years. After

our homes were built and we moved to the country and our first grandson was approaching 'pony age', anxious to do for our grandchildren what we had not been able to do for our sons, I traded a herd of sheep for seven exceptionally fine ponies. I will never forget our first experience with my young grandson (about six years of age) with his new pony. We were up at the barn and not having had experience in teaching a young child how to ride and not having enough judgment to realize that our best broken and most trustworthy pony had a young foal. With him on her back, she suddenly broke for the barn, jumped a low fence, and my grandson fell off – and it was a miracle that his head did not hit the post within a foot of where he fell. We were so thankful that he was not hurt and so frightened by the experience, that, acting on Louise's suggestion, we resolved that the teaching of our grandchildren to handle animals should be done by their parents, not their grandparents.

The next few years with the ponies, pony cart, harness and saddles for everyone, we were well equipped both "horse and pony-wise". By that time I had built, down on the farm near our residences, a big barn with plenty of space to be used as the horse and pony barn. We spent many pleasant afternoons with our children and grandchildren, all enjoying our ponies and horses. As time went on, I added two "half-highs" for the older children, and new riding horses – Joe and Dan for Louise and me. I later built a riding trail from our houses to the barn, all inside the pasture fence for safety. I then built a grooming stable and tack-room near the house. This was all done to provide wholesome recreation for all of us. Some of the happiest hours that Louise and I have ever spent with our grandchildren, sons, and daughters-in-law, have been watching the grooming, grazing and riding of our ponies and horses. Of the nine grandchildren, the only one who has not been taught to ride is our nine-month old youngest grandchild. The "Hill", as we call our three residences, has been the congregating center for our grandchildren and their friends. While we have enjoyed watching and being a part of their growing up, I feel confident that living in the wide open spaces of "Green Hill Farms" has been an experience

that made our lives much more wholesome and their childhood much happier. I believe that the experiences we have all had together as a family will always be looked back upon by all the children as pleasant memories had by all. Very few families have ever had the close association that we have had, all living together on the same hill, all enjoying the same pleasures, and working and playing together.

The older grandchildren, along with their parents, with patience and consideration, have trained and directed the younger children. While the original idea was planning for my sons and their families, I am sure that the greatest rewards have been reaped by Louise and me. It has been a privilege to see the children grow up, our sons and their fine wives to mature to real manhood and womanhood. It has also been a privilege to be close by and observe the children growing and maturing under the fine thoughtful Christian supervision of their parents. No greater blessing could come or be given to any man or woman.

The night this chapter was written, Louise and I had the high privilege of having our oldest grandchild as a dinner guest. He has just finished his second year at the University of Virginia and he is now working with his Daddy for the summer in the mill, which I started as a very small industry in 1935. I was convinced tonight beyond the shadow of a doubt as a young man he has found himself; he has a real purpose in life. He has the stamina and health, and with God's blessings he will make a fine record in life.

My second grandson will be a freshman at North Carolina State University this year. He, like my oldest grandson, has a fine personality, is friendly and ambitious. I predict for him also a great future. In the next two months I hope to see two of my grandsons, Jim and Howell, made Eagle Scouts, following in the footsteps of John and Howard.

All of my grandchildren are progressing nicely, under the guidance of their parents.

I have hesitated writing about my hunting experiences with my father, sons, grandchildren and others. The reason I haven't done it before now has been because to do it I fear I will have to ramble quite a bit and to such an extent I doubt it will be of interest.

My father enjoyed rabbit hunting as much as any person I have ever known. He also enjoyed o'possum hunting, something that is almost extinct now days largely because of the densely populated areas around where we live.

My father kept several different kinds of dogs and always had some farmer friends keeping one or more good rabbit dogs, mostly beagles, and as fine dogs as could be found in the county. He was a very poor shot, but always shooting at targets and bragging how well he could shoot, but when a rabbit got up and started running my daddy was not in the running when it came to shooting and killing the rabbit. He was a very poor game provider, but when it came to hunting with him it was a real outing.

As to the o'possum hunting – we really had good times together. When Louise and I were first married we often went o'possum hunting with my daddy. To get out in the woods late at night in the fall of the year and hear the dogs run, and have a picnic lunch was real enjoyment. No person on earth ever enjoyed eating o'possum better than my daddy. He kept one most all the time fattening it for a real feast. He knew just how they should be cooked to be real tasty.

One night about nine o'clock when the boys were real young, we were going over to Catawba County where Louise's mother lived and as we left the highway turning into my mother-in-law's farm, we saw a real large o'possum crossing the road. I threw the car lights on him and he was blinded. When I got out of the car I went straight to him and picked him up by the tail. When I got back to the car, we ran the car windows up and the o'possum was placed on top of the car, and Louise held him by the tail until we reached the house. We found a big box and kept him there until we returned home the next day. My father really appreciated that gift.

For years he talked about Louise's fine catch. When the o'possum was cooked, with the sweet potatoes and all the necessary trimmings, for the feast, we were among the honored guests.

In the old days coon was the choice wild meat. To have a dinner composed of wild game was a real treat in those days. Groundhog was also very tasty if properly dressed and cooked by someone who really knew how to do it.

I have never been hunting for groundhog, coon or o'possum with the boys or any of the grandchildren. The hunting we have done has been duck hunting, quail shooting and having dove shoots. When the season for either opens the interest soars high around Green Hill. I have been going to eastern Carolina for duck and goose hunting for many years.

I remember when the boys were real young every Christmas I would go to Eastern Carolina for several days between the day after Christmas and New Year's Day duck and goose hunting, never taking time to bring any of the game back home, to prepare them for the pot. However the boys kept wanting me to bring a duck home. On one occasion I decided they should have a duck so on the way home I stopped at a supermarket and purchased two nice ducks. The boys were elated but when they inspected the ducks they found short white fuzz or feathers on the ducks. They have not insisted that I buy any more ducks. I hear something about this experience quite often now when this particular trip is mentioned.

For several years John and Howard with several of their friends have gone down to Lake Mattamuskeet, the government duck and goose reservation. They most always bring home game. On one occasion they invited me to go down with them and we had a wonderful time. The weather was not cold enough for shooting to be good. We had to draw for blinds and we divided up for partners. After the first day when we came in from the blinds I had two geese and one duck, the boys had had very poor luck.

The next day was even worse so far as game was concerned. I had killed one goose, and none of the party of eight had

killed anything. When we got to the office where the license was issued by the government, most of the hunters had come in, since it was not a good hunting morning.

Neither of the boys was in at that time and while standing there I saw one lone goose flying up ahead of us. The goose landed across from the reservation on a small pond. I inquired of the lady in the license office if it would be all right to shoot that goose. I was advised it was perfectly all right. The pond was not on the reservation. I loaded my gun, went to the bank of the pond and then I had two geese.

When the boys came in with no game and I had my limit the fun began. I wanted to know where they had been getting all the game they had been bringing home over the years. I was promptly reminded they did not purchase a duck with white feathers on it to try to hood-wink their little boys as a certain person they knew had done to his little boys. All of the children old enough to know how to hunt have been having good luck hunting with their fathers and me and have enjoyed it very much. Some of them are very good shots.

The key topic of conversation now is deer hunting. All of the "Hill" male population are very interested in going deer hunting this Fall. I went last season and killed one deer so everybody now has got to go. I do hope they can make it this coming season.

Years ago I hunted a great deal and kept several good bird dogs and was a pretty fair shot. On one occasion two of my hunting friends went bird hunting with our banker and me. After the days' hunt was over, the banker had nine birds, I had two or three and the other two friends had not more than two or four. On our way home from the hunt, one of the friends was complimenting the banker on what a good marksman he was and how he had really been shooting that afternoon. The banker turned to him and said, "Martin, I was going to renew that damn note for you tomorrow anyway, it's not necessary for you to turn out to be such a liar. You know damn well I have not feathered a bird today." Everytime the banker shot the friend would tell him, "Good shot, you got that one!"

We had lots of fun about the note renewal over the years after that occasion.

Fishing is also a great sport with the grandchildren. I have nine stocked lakes on the farm and they enjoy fishing in the lakes. They can really catch fish and are good sports with it. I have been trout fishing with several of the children this year, and I have thoroughly enjoyed it. I believe the most enjoyable part of it is bringing the fish home and having a real fish fry. The children all like that and we enjoy having them. The fishing trip of course is all lived over again for the benefit of those not along.

The fishing trips with the grandchildren and the boys on the coast have also been great. When we had the boat all of us enjoyed the fishing trips and everyone had good luck at different times catching all kinds of fish.

These experiences I am sure will long be remembered by them and will never be forgotten by me. Some of my best friends now are the people I hunt with. Every year I go bird hunting several times and for several years I have been deer hunting. I am looking forward to a good hunting season this year. We have lots of birds and plenty of dove and a good dog. My farm manager as well as many others enjoy the hunting equally as well as I do. I am sure with the interest running as high as it is at this time there will also be some deer hunting by some of the Green Hill Clan. I have personally planned two deer hunts for the coming season. I also hope we can go duck and goose hunting with the boys and probably some of the older grandchildren this season. They will be grown and gone before we know it, as time really passes on.

I knew in the beginning, I would ramble in writing about the hunting and fishing but I must tell about the most outstanding experiences that we have had fishing over the years. It was when we had our boat. We had many enjoyable days of deep sea fishing down at Wrightsville when we had the boat docked there, fishing the sailfish tournament in Palm Beach one winter. Most all of the children caught large fish of different varieties, some of which were mounted. Louise caught a 7½ foot sailfish which

she had mounted. She tells an interesting story that I tried every way possible to help her bring the fish in, (it took her something over an hour) but she refused to let me help her and insisted that if she landed it she was going to have it mounted. I knew it would be expensive and I told her she had better be thinking of where she would get the money to have it mounted. She still insists that the only reason I wanted to help her was to lose the fish so I would not have to pay for having it mounted. It is a beautiful fish and it decorates the breezeway in our house now. These enjoyable trips are the most relived experiences that most of us have ever had.

MARSH HEN STORY

There is one sport that is enjoyed on the coast that cannot be participated in anywhere else and certainly not in the highlands and that is Marsh Hen shooting. I have just returned from a Marsh Hen hunt with three good friends to the North Carolina coast. We really had lots of fun. You can hunt marsh hens only when the tide is high and on the new or full of the moon. Marsh hens are a marsh bird and there are two varieties, one known as the Virginia Rail and the other, the Sora Rail. They nest in fresh water marshes and winter in the southern states along the coast. They are about ten inches in length with long bills and long legs. It is very unusual that the coastal hunters do not engage in this sport very much. Most of the hunters are from the highlands.

You have a guide along with you that poles a flat bottom boat over the marshes when the tide is high and when the hens fly up the hunter is in the front of the boat and they are not hard to kill. The bag limit is fifteen per person or per gun. It is unlawful to hunt for them when a motor is powering the boat. The hens are about the size of a large quail and very tasty when they are prepared properly. We had good luck on this hunt, the four of us together killed eighty two marsh hens. In a few days we will have a dinner for our friends with marsh hens the main course. It is a real delicacy with us mountain people. I prefer this sport over duck or goose hunting because

of the activity of moving around in the boat is not as monotonous as sitting still in a blind waiting for something to fly over.

There is never a dull moment on one of these hunts. Everybody is trying to get a joke on the other and you can rest assured most of the time with success. On one of our hunts I killed a black bird by mistake and we brought it home and dressed it with the marsh hens and when we had the dinner at the club I was served the black bird. All of the hunters wanted to taste the black bird and all of them enjoyed it. The bird was so good the joke on me was not so good as planned. It almost turned out to be a joke on the jokers.

The stories of the guides and the descriptions by them of their experiences with different hunters are all very amusing You leave the hunt wondering what the next hunters will hear about the hunt the guide had with you.

It will take me a long time to live down an incident on this last hunt. When I was getting ready to shoot I turned in the boat to get in a good shooting position and in so doing my gun accidentally went off too early. I shot straight up in the air. The gun was not in position and not pressed hard against my shoulder and the gun kicked me off the seat into the bottom of the boat. The marsh hen of course kept flying and I was in the boat with a very sore, blue shoulder from the kick of the gun. Oh, boy, will it take a long time to live this one down. My companion hunters say they have learned a new way to flush the marsh hens, shoot up into the air and they will be sure to fly up regardless of what happens to the hunter.

I have referred to the interest of the Woltz clan in hunting and different kinds of sports. They have also been very interested in pets of all kinds and especially birds and bird study. Long before we moved from our house in town to the farm which was only three miles from the heart of Mount Airy and only one mile from the city limits, we had on different occasions all kinds of pets as well as a bird sanctuary. Shortly after we finished our first house around the corner from my father and mother's home where I was reared, we began accumulating bird houses. Every-

thing was done that could possibly be done to attract all kinds of birds. The same procedure was continued and on a much larger scale when we moved to the country in 1950.

In addition to the birds we also had a little terrier dog that was part of the family. He was known in town as the "Sheriff of Willow Street". Everyone in Mount Airy knew Frisky. He went his own way around town, down the streets, dodging cars and looking after the children. He would play with the children in all parts of town. When we moved to the country Frisky of course was taken with us. He was over sixteen years old when he had to be put to sleep because of instigating a fight with a large dog some of the grandchildren had and he was injured. The veternarian recommended putting him to sleep because he was so badly hurt.

Incidentally before Frisky had to be put to sleep, he had a girl friend about one-half mile from our house in the country and just about once a month Frisky would go visiting. He would come back home underfed and undernourished and looking somewhat disheveled. One morning after Frisky had come home from his visit I heard Louise talking to him on the back porch. What she said went something like this: "Well, Frisky, I see you have come home. You look terrible. You haven't had anything to eat; you have lost weight and it will take me two weeks I know to get you straightened out. I know there is no fool like an old fool". There might be a lot in what she said that could apply to human beings as well as dogs.

A short while later I was attorney for a highway construction company and some of the employees of the construction crew captured a one day old fawn while clearing for a road right of way. The mother deer had been killed. When they told me about it and the capture of the deer they wanted to know if I wanted it. When I mentioned it to the children and Louise they of course wanted me to bring it home. We took the little fawn and when my farmer friends over the county learned I had the one little deer they soon brought me a mate for the one we had. I secured permission from the proper authorities to raise them on a bottle and keep them. Both of the little deer were bucks

and really made wonderful pets. Louise and the children raised the two of them on a bottle and looked after them. I fenced in the back yard and arranged for them to have a good place to sleep and rest and soon they were real tame and much pleasure to the entire family. After they became grown we could lead them around with a leash. We could take them to ride in the back seat of the car. All of the neighborhood children had a real enjoyable time playing with them. As the deer got older I took them to the farm and built a three-acre lot with a real high fence around a lake in a wooded area for them to occupy. I purchased later from someone in Eastern Carolina a female and for years the deer on the farm were a real attraction for everyone. I have known as many as five or six car loads of people to be out at our country home we called Hideaway Lodge looking at the deer at one time. I later turned the deer loose. They stayed around with the cattle for years. They were so tame they would go to any one and they were easily caught. On numerous occasions some of the larger children in the community would catch them and bring them home thinking they had left the farm. I am sure they were finally killed by some of the people in the community that were not as interested in pets and animals as we were and have always been.

We have almost every kind of bird on the Hill that can be mentioned. They will feed all winter and summer. Quail will come to the porch for food when the snows come and eat their food off the back porch. Doves frequent the place all year long. One interesting bird story is that when we first moved to the farm there were very few birds around but in a few years they began to come. Mocking birds were the hardest to get to come and stay. After a few years however we had some mocking birds to stay. Louise had fed them all winter and when it came time to build nests they would go to John and Howard's to build their nests. Louise was telling Jimmy, John's second son, about the time he was about ten or twelve years old and he listened to his grandmother's tale of woe with sympathy and remarked, "Nannie, I will catch the mocking bird for you

and bring it back down to your house". I am sure he would have tried to please his grandmother.

Bird study is a most enjoyable pastime for many people and certainly enjoyed by us on the Hill.

We are never short of dogs either. Each grandchild has had to have a dog to call his own as he or she grew up. Stray dogs have been our specialty. Living so close to town many people who had a dog that they wanted to get rid of will just drive out of town and turn the dog loose on the highway. The dog then becomes a stray. He gets food whenever and wherever he can. They sometimes become wild dogs and are very destructive. Many of them have come to our house and a large number of them have been adopted. As a result there has never been a shortage of dogs on the Hill nor a dull moment because of them. We have some dogs that are loved very much. 'Sugar' as Jimmy calls his dog I believe is the pet of all the dogs we have at this time. She is a large German police and real watchdog.







A family picnic with sister, Lola's children in top picture. x shows Lola. Middle picture shows Greer x and Osler. Bottom picture shows some of our grandchildren having Halloween fun.

CHAPTER XIX

Trips

A trip to Durham with my father to investigate the sickness of a cousin of mine is interesting. She had been attending summer school and had had a breakdown under the pressures of taking such a heavy course. We left Mount Airy around 8 p. m. on our way to Durham, North Carolina, to see what had happened to her; the entire family had been very worried about her whereabouts for some two weeks after she had left school unannounced as to her whereabouts or why she had left.

By the time we reached Greensboro we were ready for food. We went to one of the best restaurants in Greensboro and ordered ham and eggs. I do not believe I have ever seen such a large portion of ham and eggs served to any one individual. There must have been enough there for half a dozen men. I had only eaten a small portion of my ham; my father, being a rather large eater, had consumed his entire serving. He then turned to me and asked if I was going to eat the rest of my ham. I told him I was not. He then began making ham biscuits out of the ham left on my plate. There was enough left to make four sandwiches. I tried every way I could to keep him from doing it, telling him that I wished he would not embarrass me in any such manner by making ham biscuits and carrying them out of the restaurant. His remark to me was wonderful: "We are going to pay for it and it is going to be ours. You can do as you please, but I'm taking it with me". I informed him that this was not necessary that there were plenty of good restaurants all the way from Greensboro to Durham and back. There would be plenty of them open where we could certainly obtain all the food that we would want or need. There was nothing I could say or do to keep him from making his ham biscuits and carrying them with him.

On our way home in the wee hours of the morning, I thought my father was sleeping. All at once he reached in his pocket,

pulled out one of those ham sandwiches and began eating. I do not believe I have ever smelled anything that smelled so good to me. I told him I believed I could eat one myself. He said, "Oh, no, it might embarrass you and far be it for your Pappy to embarrass his son". I told him that if he didn't hand me one of those sandwiches, I was going to open the door of the car, put him on the highway and he could get home the best way he could. We had a good laugh and I ate two of the four ham sandwiches and I have never in my lifetime enjoyed anything as much. Over the years since I have become an expert in making sandwiches out of any food left over regardless of how swanky the restaurant or eating establishment has been and I have found from that experience that 'toting' sandwiches from a restaurant is not at all embarrassing to me and I have been the recipient of much good food and so have many of my traveling companions as a result of this lesson taught me by my father on this trip. Afterwards, when my father would come to our house, in order to tease him, I would often make ham sandwiches, slip them in his pocket or give them to him 'for the road'. It became a standing joke and our family has practiced this habit over the years, of not leaving good food.

I am sure the trips we have had with our parents and children as well as friends are not very different from the experiences most people have when traveling with friends and relatives. For that reason I am not going to review the travels we have had in much detail.

Our vacation trips, like most all families, to the beaches, mountains and resorts have been most enjoyable and restful, many interesting experiences such as boating, swimming and engaging in most all kinds of sports. One of the outstanding trips was the trip that Louise and I had to the Chicago World's Fair. We spent several days in Chicago enjoying the Fair. The couple with us were good sports and we enjoyed it from the beginning to the end and it was most instructive and educational.

Another trip to the New York World's Fair in 1940 was likewise as interesting. On this trip my father and mother went with us as well as the two boys. Louise drove them up, seeing

the country and many interesting places on the trip up. I arrived in New York two days after they got there. I thought sure the trip up would be so tiring that they would want to rest a day or so before beginning the sightseeing tour.

My father, mother nor either of the boys had ever been to New York City. My father had decided exactly what he wanted to see and what he wanted to see first. He wanted to see the Brooklyn Bridge, the Statue of Liberty, where the Lindbergh money was placed when the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped, the Madison Square Garden, Chinatown and the professional ball parks.

When I arrived in the City they had rented an apartment and had been lucky. Louise had planned to leave the car in New Jersey and did not want to drive in the City. No Sir! That was not allowed, mother would not hear to riding in a car with anyone except Louise driving. I am sure one of the few cars that has ever been through the tunnel from New Jersey into New York without paying the fare is Louise's. While Louise and mother were discussing the issue of Louise not driving or driving, the policeman waved them into the tunnel. There was nothing to do except enter and continue on to New York. I was very surprised at them having the car in the City but not half as much as when I told my father we would start our sightseeing trip the next morning. I told him we would go to see the Brooklyn Bridge. His answer was, "I have already seen it". "Well", I told him, "we will go to see the Statue of Liberty "No, I have seen her, I have been under her, over her and up in her". Louise had flown the children and my father over the Statute of Liberty and New York City. Everything I suggested seeing, they had seen in the two days they had been there. We had a wonderful time in the City, seeing shows, Times Square and the Big City, and of course the World's Fair.

Mother must have starved for a few days. She was so bitter against liquor and beer that she was not going to eat where it was sold. She soon changed her mind. She said that almost all of the places where you could eat sold beer and liquor. Mother finally got to where she could sit at the bar and eat the food

and disregard the liquor and beer, explaining that she had to do it or starve.

At that time, I was reminded of the time Mother turned over in her car coming home from visiting her sister. She was later talking to the boys about wreeks. She made the statement that she was satisfied all the wrecks were because of liquor. Howard asked her about the time she turned over coming from Aunt Livia's, her sister.

She promptly spoke up, without time to think, yes sir, Livia had let that vinegar she gave me ferment too much. What had happened, in going around a curve in the road, the vinegar jug turned over and she took her eye off the road and ran off over a bank and turned over.

This is a fair example of her objections to strong drink.

While we were taking in the night life in New York City we were discussing going to a night movie or news show. My father spoke up and said, "Issie, (mother's name) is getting tired, I believe we had better go in and call it a night". Mother promptly spoke up and said, "Now Butts, (father's nickname) speak for yourself. I would really enjoy going". Seriously, they were both good sports and always enjoyed any kind of travel or amusement.

Louise went with me to Montreal, Canada with Jo and Howard to see 'Expo '67'. We had a delightful trip. Many of Howard and Jo's friends were with us and the trip was wonderful. We also went with Howard and Jo to California and on to Hawaii. We spent several days in both places and the trip was one of the most recent trips we have had. It was most interesting to see how our 50th State is developing. One would have to see it to believe it.

I went to California with John as he called on his customers a few years ago. This trip was most informative to me and most pleasant. I got first-hand information as to how well the customers were receiving John, and how well qualified he was to do the job he was doing and this was a real experience for me. I think he called on all the customers in California, Washington and Texas. He really did not believe I would do it.

Being with him for ten days or more was one of the most enjoyable trips I have ever had.

Before closing about trips I have taken, I do want to make reference to the trip to Miami Beach with Jo and Howard for the annual meeting of the National Masonry Association the year Howard was President. The President was furnished the penthouse at the Americana Hotel for his quarters. We were honored to be his guests for the convention and to also stay in the penthouse. We really went first-class and we certainly enjoyed it. I don't think many people have ever eaten in bigger style or had more fabulous accommodations than we had.

There is one outstanding observation I have made upon returning home from a trip. I have also made the same observation when any of the family returns after having enjoyed a vacation. Everyone on the "Hill" is so glad to have the travelers return home and are so happy an enjoyable trip was had. This spirit of unselfishness and co-operation between families and children is most unusual and most gratifying to Louise and me.

It has not been possible for Pat to join us on the Islands since the first visit when we went down to establish the plant. She has been extremely busy at home with young Mary and then young Thomas, our ninth grandchild, now age 11 months. Louise and I are looking forward to having the whole family there together if possible in the near future. I am anxious for John and Pat's children to have the opportunity of being there with us. I am sure it will be educational as well as most enjoyable for the children as well as us older folks.

After the establishment of the concrete plant in the Bahamas at Freeport, some of the most interesting and enjoyable experiences and trips we have had have been going to Freeport with Howard's family. One of our first trips after the plant was established was made with John and Pat, Howard and Jo and their friends. The progress of the Island had developed very little at that time compared with the present growth. The difference in the climate, water and atmosphere of the Bahama Islands is something to remember. The natives are all black

and very courteous, quite different from many colored people with whom I have come in contact. All of them are quite small and slim and well developed physically. The water, with the coral reefs below, is beautiful beyond words. The beaches are lovely, sandy, clean and the water clean and clear. The night life with the casinos is certainly different from any where in this section of the country. People from every state and nation, especially England, Canada, Switzerland, Germany and many other foreign countries are there for enjoyment and investments. Most any one you meet has a project under construction or planning some business venture or investment on the Island.

The boys and their wives and Louise and I and the children have had wonderful times there. We have just returned from our most recent trip. John had his Quality Mills meeting at the Lucayan Beach Hotel. Some fifteen or twenty of his salesmen were in attendance. Howard had a meeting of the Stone Products of the Bahamas with the members from North Carolina in attendance. The entire group made a fine crowd of congenial people. Louise and I were especially rewarded. Howard's entire family was there. In the day time we went with the children driving over the Island, swimming, hunting shells on the beaches and just one project after another. The experiences the children are having there is most broadening for them.

I had an opportunity to see both boys in action with their salesmen and personnel of their respective businesses or certainly a good portion of them. It was most gratifying to me to see how much respect and admiration their associates have for both boys in play and in business. They have the utmost respect of their associates and both boys have a high opinion of their managing staffs and sales people.

Trip to Philadelphia

In the early thirties the way to Danville and Richmond, Virginia was through Amelia County and the roads were very narrow and very few places of business or filling stations were open, especially late at night. Louise was with me and she

had met a little lady whose father and mother had located here in Mount Airy being associated with the Granite Quarry. She was very naive. She was reared in the city of Philadelphia, knew nothing about country life or the happenings in rural life. She would believe anything she was told about the country. She had heard about the Allen tragedy in Virginia when the court was shot up by the Allen gang; the sheriff, judge, commonwealth attorney, foreman of the jury and the state's witness having been killed. She had heard about the liquor rings in Virginia and how dangerous it was to travel in certain sections of the state at night. This young lady wanted to go to Philadelphia with us and while there to visit her relatives.

On our way back home we stopped and ate dinner in Richmond and left there to continue our journey home about 9 o'clock. We had been with her on the trip up and back to Richmond and I had realized how gullible she was as to believing any story she was told, true or false, about Virginia and the happenings in the rural areas of the State. After we left Richmond, for amusement only and to help pass the time on our trip home, I began to tell her about different weird things that had happened on the lonely road we were traveling; how people had been held up and robbed and how women had been molested on the highway, the roads being blocked and waylaid and just one big story after the other, solely for the purpose of teasing her. Louise was aware of what I was doing to her all the time and the fun that I was having. Finally we stopped at a filling station, one of the few open on the route, and bribed the filling station attendant to go to the car and tell me in her presence about a holdup that had just taken place a short distance up the road in the direction we were traveling. He told us that it had happened only a few minutes before we came along. He especially advised me of the danger of traveling the road any further that particular night. After we left the station, continuing our journey she really became frightened. I then realized what I had done to her and so did Louise. I really became frightened as to what might happen to her if we continued the trip. At 12:30 we stopped in Clover, Virginia, a little cross roads village

on the route and spent the night at a small inconvenient rooming house with no running water and no bathroom facilities.

After several hours that night telling her I was only teasing her, that there was no danger in traveling the highway, no danger in staying in the rooming house where we were staying and that I had bribed the filling station operator to tell of the holdup and the danger of traveling further that night; that it was all made up by me. She became somewhat reconciled and relaxed to some extent. The joke almost became one on me and not the little lady. We have often laughed about the experience and as long as she lived in Mount Airy she was a close friend of ours, often telling me she did not believe one thing under the living sun I told her or said. One of Louise's bright sayings was said that night after she went to bed. "You will someday realize that your stories are told so convincingly at times I really believe them sometimes myself until I stop and remember what the Sheriff told me the first few months after we were married, 'You might as well find out now as later what a liar your husband is, little girl' ".

Trip to New York

Louise and I had planned a trip to New York and in the course of conversation with a cousin of ours I mentioned to her we were leaving on a certain morning and going to drive as far as Washington, leave the car there and continue to New York by train. She was in the ladies ready-to-wear business here in Mount Airy. She had planned a trip herself to New York the same week to purchase merchandise for to her business. We suggested to her than she accompany us to Washington, that we would be glad to have her join us on the trip up. We advised her that we would go up the Valley of Virginia and all continue to New York by train. She was delighted.

We had planned to leave early one morning. The night before we went to a bridge party and after the party was over, about 11:30, we decided to leave that night. About 12:30 we went by after our traveling companion to pick her up at her home. We left about 1:00 o'clock. She had retired early and did not know what time it was when we called for her. Se had

packed the night before, ready to leave early in the morning. She did not look to see the time and had no idea it was the middle of the night. The trip up the Valley was most pleasant. As the night passed, and the darkness continued, we kept driving, seeing no sign of daybreak. Our friend inquired about when we picked her up to leave for the trip. We were very evasive in our answers, never mentioning the time. About 100 miles out of Washington it was still dark and she began to inquire as to when we would eat breakfast, remonstrating that she was hungry and had to have something to eat or drink. We passed no restaurants that were open and saw no signs where food was served. About the break of dawn we passed a dairy farm and saw some people with lights on in the barn. We stopped and asked if we could buy some buttermilk; being a dairy farm, they had no buttermilk, they sold all their whole milk in cans to milk processors.

Failing to be able to buy what we wanted, we wanted it more than ever. Finally, we stopped at a farm residence where they had both kinds of milk, and cornbread as well. While they were putting the milk in fruit jars and wrapping the corn bread, our companion inquired the time of day. Then she first learned we had been traveling five hours, leaving Mount Airy around the middle of the night. She was truly surprised.

We reached Washington in plenty of time to catch the 8:00 o'clock train for New York. I let the girls out at the depot and drove to a parking garage to store the car. The trip up the Valley had been interesting and the time passed quickly— because of our little joke.

While parking the car, the excitement began. A few miles out of Washington, from the way the car drove, I discovered I had a slow-leaking tire. When I drove into the garage I advised the man in charge that I wanted the tire fixed and to store the car. His remark was most abusive. He bleated out to me, "If you want the d— thing fixed, fix it yourself". Before I realized what had happened I had picked up a piece of broken iron used as a tire tool and hit him over the head with it. The blood shot out of his head the same as if he had been stabbed. Down the street about a block was a policeman. I saw him and informed

him of what had happened. He immediately went with me to the garage and conducted an investigation ascertaining that the man was not badly hurt. I prevailed upon him to see that the man was sent to a hospital for examination, advising him that I would pay the expenses, giving him my New York address and my home address, saying I would contact him before I left for home.

As he gave me his home address and telephone number, his statement to me was: "Mister, is there any chance of getting you to move up here? We have many insolent people just as insulting and as sorry as the one you knocked in the head. It is a pity we do not have more people like you. If we did, some of them would be taught some sense as to how to deal with customers".

We caught the train to New York on time and had a very enjoyable stay in the City. We had an experience while there we had not had the opportunity of having before. We visited with our cousin the wholesale wearing apparel outlets and, as a result of her courtesies, I purchased for my wife the first fur coat I ever bought for her. It was most becoming and she looked lovely in it. I was very proud of her.

After our few days in New York, I learned that "Show Boat" had started their tour South and our plans were such that we could be in Washington on opening night. We had not seen the play and it was one we had hoped to see on this trip. I contacted the box office in Washington and had good reservations for the opening performance. I contacted my policeman friend, and after finding the injured man was all right, not having been hit too hard and hurt seriously, I told the policeman about my tickets for "Show Boat" and invited his wife and him to join us. He was delighted to accept. We enjoyed the show very much and liked our new friends immensely. He was an old-timer on the force, having had many experiences in dealing with migrating people from all sections of the Country. He explained to me something that I had already realized – how fortunate I was in that *he* was the one I contacted instead of some of the other members of the force who were more sympathetic with the

growing population of migrants who were trying to take over Washington.

I am sure at least thirty years have elapsed since this time and I often think about how right he was in his remarks that night we went to the theatre, and that the time would soon come in Washington when the largest portion of the population would become migrants. He predicted, and rightly so, a great crime wave in the City originating among them. I kept in contact with him for many years. He continued to advance with the police force and became one of Washington's leading police officers, having retired many years ago.

As we left the theatre, the head of Tammany Hall had died and the newsboys were calling in the corridors, "Head of Tammany Hall Dead". Mr. McAdoo, who was Vice-President under Wilson and who married one of his daughters, and some of his friends were in front of us. I believe the most cold-blooded remark I have ever heard made about any person who had died, regardless of his prominence, was made by Mr. McAdoo to his friends. He straightened up, arranged his coat, turned to them and said, "Well, that's another one we will not have to worry about at the next Democratic National Convention". The record of Mr. McAdoo politically after that night is a record of no more public service to the nation.

Of our many trips to New York, I believe this one was one of our most enjoyable.

When I was working very closely with Quality Mills and the concrete business, I was also practicing law as my main vocation. I had very little time to spend with the family and no time for travel.

After Howard and John entered college, Louise traveled abroad, visiting many countries and made one trip around the world with a close college friend. Her reports and pictures of the many countries visited over the years have been most interesting and educational.



View of farm from entrance gate, Green Hill road.



Relaxing in the den.

CHAPTER XX

Experiences With the Tobacco Market

Many years ago, as a practicing attorney, I was employed by the Tobacco Board of Trade as their counsel. One of the most successful people in the tobacco business had been one of my first clients, and a fine young man whom I have come to admire very much through the years. He is hard working, a family man, and has tremendous natural ability. Early in my practice, before he went into the tobacco business, I appeared for him for a minor matter, something to do with driving a car. The court's judgment was the minimum fine, or a short sentence of four months. I was confident he could raise the fine and cost; much to my surprise he could not. It was in the late 20's or early 30's and not a bank in his hometown would lend him the money. His family was unable to help him, so he had no choice except to take the judgment of the court as rendered. It was unfortunate for him, I thought at the time. However, over the years I have decided it was the finest thing that could have happened to him. When he served the minimum of his sentence he was discharged. During the time he served he became a man in every sense of the word. He confidentially told me his future plans. His statement to me when he returned home, I shall never forget: "I will make a success of my life to such an extent that I will own the bank one of these days, if I keep my health". I thought at that time he was obsessed by the injustice he had suffered as a result of the judgment of the court and his failure to obtain the loan to pay his fine and costs.

Shortly thereafter, he became interested in the tobacco business. He was a wonderful trader and had a very quick mind. He was a real mule trader, honest and energetic, and made good in the mule business, a seasonable business. When he first began to handle tobacco, with very little capital, he was a speculator, buying and selling on his own. He made good at that venture, and soon he decided to enter the warehouse business. Mount Airy did not have a tobacco market at that time. His first

venture was to open a small warehouse in Mount Airy to sell flue cured tobacco on the auction market. He offered me an interest in the warehouse business then and many times later. (Probably made a bad mistake of judgment at that time). It was not accepted by me but I have tried since that time to show my appreciation for the offer and the confidence he had in me.

The group who had gotten together to work in the promotion of the venture expanded their business by leaps and bounds. It was not long before they developed into a very profitable account for their retained attorney and required a substantial portion of his time. I was closely associated with them in their expansion and worked with them. In the development of their business and their expansion, I can recall many interesting experiences.

About the time the boys decided to expand their warehouse business in Eastern Carolina, I was invited to come down and see them. When I needed some tobacco plants (when we had made a failure on my farm), I decided to visit the boys. In the interim, another very close friend of mine, and a young man who is tops in my book, had become associated with my good friend and my client as a business partner. When I reached my destination, I believe I met the most interesting character I have ever known, an associate of my friends in the warehouse business.

My entertainment had been provided for. I was to be entertained by none other than their senior partner, one of the most prominent and outstanding businessmen of that section, to say nothing of his being one of the most colorful characters I have ever met. Lest I forget, I left there not only with all the tobacco plants I needed, but also a deer head, deer skins, and anything else I admired.

My official host had various plans for entertainment. He had just married his fourth wife and in the first hour of our association he informed me that he was the playboy of that area, the banker, the richest man in town, except one of the young associates living in the area and his millionaire partners.

The chief entertainment was to take me to the cypress colored waters fishing. The first story of his life he told me was priceless. With many details omitted, the story was as follows:

"Woltz, you are a big lawyer and I am a big man, too. Have you ever in your lifetime known a big man like me, big in stature, to own half the town and have married four beautiful women, buried three of them, and living with my new bride of one week. Do you see this car we are riding in? She wouldn't marry me unless I bought this new Haynes car. Woltz, it's a seven passenger. It can carry my children, her children, and our children anywhere she wants to go. Woltz, she's young, beautiful, but I have news for her. I have her now and I'm going to sell the car next week. She thought I was dumb when I married her, but, Woltz, I had the car sold when I bought it. It will cost me only $150.00 to get a wife, take her on a honeymoon and move her in to take over as the fourth Missus. How's that for being a business man?" I explained to him that my experience had been so limited in matrimony, having had only one wife, was still living with her and being very happily married, I was not qualified to advise him. The experience was very amusing and very enjoyable.

During the time I was being entertained by him, he was especially interested in the financial status of his associates in the tobacco business from Surry County. "Woltz, they're all rich, ain't they"? I explained to him that if they were not rich in worldly goods they were rich in their knowledge of the warehouse business.

It was not long until my Surry County warehouse friends became almost in control of the auction tobacco market in Mount Airy and had established a branch in Winston-Salem. We invited our friend from down East up to visit the markets here and in Winston-Salem and I was requested to be his official escort. During the day that I was helping entertain him, one of his warehouse associates called to my attention that one of their most valuable patrons had lost his wife the week before and suggested that since I was a personal friend of his they would appreciate my introducing my friend to their friend so he could extend his sympathies. He could cry at the drop of a hat, kept several handkerchiefs in his pocket conveniently located. I said to him, "I want you to meet the ugliest man in Stokes County and one of your associates' most valuable farmers and tobacco

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growers. He has just lost his wife, his lifelong companion. He is very blue and very depressed. Let's cheer him up". I took my friend over and introduced him to our farmer friend. His opening statement was as follows:

"They tell me you've just lost your wife. No one can sympathize with you any better than I can. I have buried three good women", pulled out his handkerchief and started crying. "You know and I know it's a sad time for you. The neighbors come in and bring food and flowers – do everything to help. You put her to rest. You are lonely, sad, broken hearted. Let me tell you what you do. You do like I did. *Court, court,* and get married again".

As the warehouse business expanded year by year, they had more problems and required more of my time as a lawyer. It was not long before the Federal Government decided it was necessary to support tobacco prices and inaugurated a system of grading tobacco and invoked a grading system setting a price on all types of flue cured tobacco. If the tobacco companies did not purchase it at the government graded price it was bought by the government. This was called the "Stabilization Act". Every pile of tobacco was graded and only a certain number of piles or baskets could be sold per hour. When the Stabilization Act first went into effect my good friend, the mule trader and former client, had developed into one of the leading tobacconists of our section. He was in charge of operating the warehouse, and in pursuit of his drive and interest in his selling as many piles as could possibly be sold in the length of time, decided that he was running the warehouse and no little Federal Government grader could tell him what to do and how to operate his warehouse. He decided to disregard the government rules and pile two or three small baskets of the same grade of tobacco together and sell them as a pile. That's when the trouble began. The next day the Stabilization contract was cancelled and the cancellation was effective in all his warehouses, Mount Airy, Winston-Salem and in Eastern North Carolina. The fat was really in the fire. For 36 hours, without sleep and after contacting every political figure in the State and in Washington, including the Governor of the State and both United States Senators, I

was successful in having the Stabilization contract reinstated, after a half day sale at the cost of approximately $50,000.00. Had it not been for close, influential friends buying the tobacco and later reselling it for his account, his loss would have been much greater. Needless to say, this made a Christian out of him.

The tobacco industry continued to expand: Federal regulations became stricter and as time went on there were more infringements and violations of the regulations. I appeared in the Federal Court for one of the tobacco graders in Wilmington for permitting the warehouses to sell extra piles of tobacco where the grader himself was receiving 25¢ per pile from the warehouses for every extra pile he permitted them to sell, according to the Government's contention. I later appeared for some of the "pin hookers" of tobacco, buying and selling on their own account, for larceny of tobacco. I later was attorney for the International Tobacco Queen Association, all of which was done to further the use and sale of flue cured tobacco. In their expansion program after the Federal Government had frozen all expansions in warehouse construction, I was successful as their attorney in securing a permit for them to double their production on their Eastern Carolina Warehouse space. This was a most lucrative retainership and during the time I made many close friends in the warehouse business, all of whom have made outstanding business success and are today close personal friends of mine. The warehousemen whom I was associated with are leading businessmen today and have made great contributions to their State, civically and politically.

The next time I saw my friend who had lost his wife, the elderly gentleman who I previously referred to, I was appearing for a neighbor boy of his who had been indicted for stealing, breaking and entering a clothing store in Danville, Virginia. The young man had been disappointed in love. His girl friend had married another man. He left home shortly afterwards and no one had heard from him for over six months. The first news that had come of his whereabouts was from the jail in Danville. I was employed to defend him in the Courts of Danville. Before going to trial I learned the boy had also broken into a filling station in Durham and had stolen all the stock of tires and

merchandise. The station never opened again. The jury sentenced the boy to five years to serve on the roads.

This is where my friend comes in the story: The father of the boy had sent for him as a witness. "Please send for him – I am crying but it's not enough". He was really just crying crocodile tears, telling the Judge what a wonderful boy the young lad was before his disappointment in love. When I argued the case to set aside the verdict of the jury, I pointed out to the trial judge the lack of advantages the boy had had. When I went to see his parents before the trial, his poor old mother was lying on a cot on the front porch crying. The boy's poor old mother, when I was there to see her, said: "Lawyer, I know not from where you come", and pointed her finger to the hills across from the house, "Please go to Danville and bring my boy back home to me. He knows not what he does, or has been doing". Her hair was white, but had been black when the boy left home.

The small log house was nested among a cluster of beautiful white pines. You could look across a hill where the young man had been to school for several years and had reached only the third grade – not because he had not tried but because God saw fit for him to come into this world without average intelligence, I told the Judge. I argued further that he had never been away from home before; had never seen a hard surface road; a train; or a street car. The wheels of industry turn there in Danville. Some of the schoolmates of the boys were working there; they were smart, bright young men making good. All of these facts were called to the attention of the Judge, by comparison.

My friend jumped up while I was arguing the case, crying, and I know he was the ugliest man I have ever seen when he was crying, hollering, "Woltz, the boy just ain't right", tears streaming down his cheeks. From the evidence of the good people of Stokes County, from the Sheriff, Clerk of Court, and others with character like him, testifying in the young man's behalf, the Trial Judge set the verdict aside and gave the boy four months to serve instead of the five years. My friendship with him, through the association in the tobacco business, helped the boy and me very much in the trial.

CHAPTER XXI

Kroger Store

In the early fifties I began trying to interest chain supermarkets in locating a more up-to-date store in Mount Airy. Mount Airy had only one grocery store not locally owned. That one store carried staples and not a variety of merchandise and was far from being the type of store that could serve the needs of the Mount Airy area. I, at that time, owned about half of the property needed for a modern building to house an up-to-date food supermarket and was interested in the purchase of additional property sufficient to provide the space for enough parking, in addition to the buiding, to provide for Mount Airy a modern food facility.

After negotiating with several food chains, I was assured I could interest a chain store in locating in Mount Airy, provided the proper facility could be built and leased to them over a period of years. I was successful in getting my property on Willow Street approved by the Kroger chain, provided a building would be erected according to their plans and specifications. The Kroger chain had been doing business in Mount Airy in a very small location and did not have proper parking facilities for a small store to properly serve the community.

I entered into a contract with the Kroger chain to build the building if I could get the City officials to rezone the property needed from residential to business. Only half of the property was zoned business. This was accomplished and construction started.

As late as January, 1955 some citizens in Mount Airy were still willing to let the status quo remain, and were absolutely against progress, especially if it meant to expand the business section of the Town. When application was filed for the property where Kroger is now located, there was much opposition from the people on all the streets near the property. After several meetings and much argument, the

zoning committee recommended to the City Board that the property be rezoned. The Board, after lengthy hearings, approved the rezoning application.

In December, 1955 the first modern food store chain (Kroger) opened for business. Because of my progressive attitude towards building Mount Airy and trying every way possible to accomplish something towards my goal, I was opposed strongly and by many people and factions. I was accused publicly of trying to destroy the value of the neighborhood and trying to force my views on the general public. However that may be, Mount Airy, by Christmas, 1955, had the first large chain grocery store to open and it, I am sure, has meant much to the food available for the public in Mount Airy and to the progress of Mount Airy. Many of the people who were opposed to the store being located where it is now located, since it was built, are very well pleased with it and have been kind enough to express their thoughts to me. One woman who argued that the store would create a rat problem has admitted the store is neatly kept, and the rat problem did not develop. Another objector to the store was against chain stores as such. He, however, has since gone into the chain store business himself.

All of these experiences go to show that progress never hurts a town and never hurts the people or group of people who sponsor the moves for progress. Incidentally, we now have four chain grocery stores, two more under construction, and four or five up-to-date locally owned stores that are helping make the food outlets extremely good for the size of the Town. Food prices are much cheaper than they would have been had it not been for the competition caused by the chain stores opening in Mount Airy. I am sure the majority of the population are thankful chain stores are here.

Parking is a major problem with all merchants and a facility that is modern with ample parking and conveniently located is a benefit to the Town and provides service to the citizens that help the entire community.

CHAPTER XXII

Mount Airy Savings and Loan

After we purchased all the stock of Badgett Concrete Products, we became interested in the expansion of the block business. Howard had become manager of the block industry and was eager to expand in the field of home building. At that time we had only one Building and Loan Association here in Mount Airy. When we or our customers for block homes applied for a long term loan to finance the houses, we were advised they did not make loans on block houses. That, of course, did not suit us, especially since we were in the block business. Investigation had been made and we were satisfied block houses were substantial and block a good material for residences, and if the local Building and Loan would not finance them, we would be faced with the problem of where the financing was coming from and who was going to do it.

One morning, I went to the office and Howard said, "Dad, let's start another Building and Loan". I said "O. K.", after thinking it over, Howard considered and talked to the people he thought would be interested and would make good directors, he picked a manager, we promptly drew a charter, and in only days the Mount Airy Building and Loan Association was authorized to do business by a charter from the State of North Carolina (Not Federal). We were required by the charter to have a certain amount of deposit before we could begin operation. The amount of deposit was easily obtained and we were ready to start. Then is when the trouble began. We had another real fight on our hands for progress.

When we made application for Federal Deposit Insurance to guarantee the deposits up to $10,000 we were refused by the Greensboro Regional Office on the grounds that another Building and Loan was not needed in Mount Airy, that the present existing facilities were ample to take care of the needs for our City and area to be served. The fight then started and lasted for several years.

The directors who had been chosen were all outstanding young businessmen, all interested in the progress of Mount Airy and the entire community to be served. The decision of the Regional Office was appealed to Washington. We were faced with delay after delay and had no decision from the Federal Board. The directors were paying their own expenses in their efforts to establish the new facility, with no chance of ever being reimbursed for their expenditures. All were young businessmen and none of them over-blessed with wealth.

As the fight continued, we were opposed by the local Building and Loan, as well as a large number of their depositors. Thousands of affidavits were secured from their depositors to the effect that no more facilities were needed in this area of the State. Hearings were scheduled in Washington before the National Board and evidence was taken over a period of days. Representatives from business, banks, and good substantial citizens, progressive and interested in the growth of the community voluntarily made the trip to Washington to testify for the issuance of the insurance.

The Company could have started operation but it would have been very unwise because without the guarantee of deposit which the banks and the other Building and Loan had, no sane person would have considered it a proper place for deposit of their savings, especially since it was a new institution, with no experience and no insurance.

I finally went to Washington for the boys and we had a real hearing before the three-man Board. This was long after the evidence had all been heard by the Examiner and no action had been taken. The boys were continually spending money of their own, trying to get some action. I had our Senators and Congressmen working with us, and Howard and the other directors had other congressmen from the State and from other States. We had a former Governor of Virginia and the then Governor of Virginia working for us, since our new Building and Loan would serve several counties in Virginia.

A real fight ensued and after the long delay the insurance was granted provided the company had $250,000.00 deposits

before opening, and they were given six months to secure the required deposits. They were secured in less than two weeks, and they opened for business.

The name has been changed to United Savings and Loan Association, and they as of this writing have over $15,996,934.00 in deposits. They are rendering a great service to Mount Airy.

After fights of this type, there are many things of an amusing nature that I can recall happening. When we were before the three-man Board, one was from California, another from Texas, and the third one from New York City. In addressing them I told them we did not have an oil well in Surry County; we did not have a Hollywood movie settlement, and we did not have a stock exchange, but we had a good prosperous community that needed more than one source for home financing; that they were not qualified to sit on the Board if they would definitely create a monopoly for another organization. The Representative for the State of North Carolina told them they would open their own insurance company if they did not grant the permission to insure the company deposits. Telegrams from all over the State pledging to make deposits in the Company if the insurance was issued were presented.

One of the witnesses for the hearing before the Examiner was a boy from North Carolina, who entertained by the directors, paying all expenses, including drinks. When he came home he became the best advertiser for additional deposits. His story was that he knew his money would be safe. The directors he knew also were the tightest bunch he had ever had any associations with; they housed him in the cheapest hotel in Washington; made him walk to the hearings; furnished the cheapest drinking liquor sold in Washington, and the food was no better; everybody had to eat at the cheap hotel dining room. The entire Board of Directors and the Manager have all done a splendid job. They have worked hard and the company has rendered and is still rendering a great service to the community.



Elliott with his first car, dressed to usher in his first wedding



Thomas Lenoir was christened by Reverend Edwin Bailey June, 1968.

CHAPTER XXIII

My First Homicide Case

While I had done many things to become acquainted with people and was having good success after I started practicing law I appeared in only small cases and most of them criminal cases – liquor violations, driving drunk, assault and minor charges of every kind. Some suits had been brought by me for damages – not many.

My first homicide case resulted from a young man being killed on Saturday afternoon while riding in a car with two other boys. The deceased was riding in the front seat between two brothers on a county road four miles from Mount Airy. The dead boy was shot in the back of the head, just above his neck, and the bullet lodged just over his eye, having been shot by a Deputy Sheriff, two of whom were attempting to stop the car. It later developed that the officers thought the boys in the car were hauling liquor. The deceased's body was at the funeral home, the two Deputy Sheriffs walking around on the street, and no arrests had been made. Most of the legal profession of Mount Airy were all in conference, supposedly trying to determine how to hold an inquest with the coroner out of town. The truth about it was that the Sheriff, solicitor, county attorney, and other leading Democratic lawyers, were all discussing what to do about it. The only office being held at that time by the Democrats was the Sheriff's office.

The deceased was from a good family of people and all the family and their friends were working for the North Carolina Granite Corporation, near Mount Airy. As late at night as 9 p. m. no arrest had been made and no determination as to how to hold an inquest had been arrived at; finally, I was called at my home by a Republican undertaker, inquiring if I could advise how to hold an inquest when the coroner was out of town. I advised him I could in ten minutes after I could get to my office and look it up in the Statutes. His reply was that

outside of his funeral home there were over 200 people, outraged about the killing and the fact that no arrest had been made. All the officers and lawyers were telling him they were working on how to hold the inquest with the coroner out of town and he said if I could tell him in four hours I could do better than they were doing. In less than ten minutes after I arrived at my office, I called him and gave him the information. His remark to the crowd was very complimentary to me, and I went on home and to bed.

I remarked to my wife that I would give almost anything if I could prosecute that law suit, further remarking, "I guess a fellow would have to spend most of his life before the public would realize he could do something such as trying a good law case, criminal or civil". Much to my surprise about 3:00 a.m., I was awakened by a group of the stone cutters from the Quarry, wanting to know if I would accept employment to prosecute the deputy sheriffs. I very promptly accepted and the attorney fee was raised among over 200 people, each contributing a small amount. At that time of night the officers were still not indicted and no inquest scheduled. I promptly started to work.

The next day at 2 p. m. we started an inquiry into the circumstances before a substitute coroner. Tension was very high, the court room full with the tension increasing, with all the lawyers (eight in number) appearing for the deputies, and I alone for the State. The Solicitor was at home, not even in the court room. After about one hour and 30 minutes of the inquiry, the tension was so high and the remarks in the court room so bitter that I asked for five minutes adjournment. I went to a telephone, called the Solicitor and told him the situation, and further told him the responsibility was his and he had better be there, and what could happen would be much worse than what had already happened. He finally consented to come. A warrant was sworn out and the Deputies placed under a small bond.

I did not spare time in preparing that case for trial. I talked to all the witnesses possible. There was no way that the Deputies or law enforcement officers could find anything showing that

the boys in the car were hauling whiskey or doing anything on that occasion that was illegal. The state tried every way to hinge this case on the fact that it was a liquor violation and that the officers were trying to stop the car by shooting at the car tires. I examined every witness possible in the preparation of the case without any help from the Solicitor, and at that time I was appearing against eight lawyers, all trying their best to protect the Deputies.

I memorized my speech; I would go out in the country and tell it to my wife to see what she thought about it, trying in every way possible to do a good job of trying my first homicide case. During the trial and when I addressed the jury, I forgot about the speech I had written, as so much evidence and good material for argument to the jury during the trial of the case developed that the prepared speech went out the window. However, I convicted the two officers; they were sent to the penitentiary; and after that I had no trouble in having all the law practice I could handle. Trying that case really paid off handsomely.



Tarpon caught at Boca Grande Island, Florida when fishing with my good doctor friend, Clyde Gilmore.

CHAPTER XXIV

Defense of Two Men Charged With the Same Murder

Once I defended two different individuals for killing the same man. The trials were conducted at different times, before a different judge and a different jury.

When the case first came to my attention, I was in the hospital with appendicitis, and I was far enough along after the operation that I could see a few people from time to time during the day. My office called and informed me about the young man interested in talking to me about a relative of his charged with murder. I arranged a conference in the hospital to see the interested parties. I believe here it would be better before going in to the trial of the case to relate a little about the facts of the case.

The deceased was a young man approximately 27 years of age, single and living by himself over in a cheap but clean residential section west of Mount Airy, the factory rental district just outside of the corporate limits known as Marshall Heights. The man was found dead in his home where he lived, about 5:00 on Sunday afternoon. His pants were laid out, all creased, as if he had been most careful in retiring. The bed was not at all ruffled, with no sign of struggle or restlessness; he was just dead, and had been dead approximately 15-20 hours. His death was very shocking to the community, but not too suspicious at the time, so they buried him on the following Tuesday.

Shortly after the funeral, several rumors began to be circulated about happenings before his death and on the evening of his death. One particular story that was going around town was that the deceased was brought into a filling station about 300 to 500 yards from his home the night before his death about 12:30 a. m. by the first defendant who was indicted for his murder. The defendant, after hearing the rumor, left town and could not be found. After several days, the deceased's body was taken up and an inquest held. It developed that the deceased

had a hemorrhage of the brain and a two to three inch fracture of the skull. The inquest revealing these facts, and the defendant leaving town, and could not be located, was sufficient to prompt an indictment against him for murder. He was the las person seen with the deceased before they left the filling station for his home the night of his death. It was these facts and the statements made to me by the defendant that prompted me to appear for him.

Several months elapsed and much conversation took place over town and throughout the entire community about the death of the deceased. Many newspaper articles and much speculation as to what happened occurred.

My first efforts in his behalf were to try to get a bond set for him, knowing that if I could succeed in getting the defendant out on bond it would be the first step won in his defense. Strangely enough I had much less trouble in securing his release on bond than I had anticipated. The further I proceeded in the preparation of his defense, the more I became convinced of his innocence and I have to admit that I believed I had to some extent convinced the prosecution, (that is, the Solicitor) on the innocence of my client.

The Solicitor in his preparation of the case could get just so far and no further in connecting my client with the actual murder or any planning of the murder. I was successful in securing several continuances of the case before the actual trial. A very unusual circumstance happened before the trial of the case, and that was that another man was accused of the same murder, arrested, and he came to me to defend him. Before I could accept employment for the second man charged with the murder, I, of course had to clear it with the Prosecuting Attorney. I was assured he saw no reason why I should not accept employment for the second man, because the chain of circumstances against each man was entirely different. The only precaution he instructed me to take was to have it thoroughly understood that should it develop that there should be a conflict between the first and original client and the second accused man, that I would have to resign from the defense of the second

accused man and appear for my first and original client. With that arrangement, I accepted employment for the two accused men and with the consent of the Solicitor the Court decided to try (and rightfully so) the first accused of the murder.

The trial of these two law suits when the defendants were accused of the same murder taught me a great deal. It's all well and good that the defendant is presumed to be innocent until convicted, and that beyond a reasonable doubt, but when you are faced with the fact that you have two different defendants, both accused of the same murder, neither of whom knows the other, and had never been associated with each other, it becomes extremely involved.

At the trial of the first defendant, who incidentally was innocent from the very beginning, the following effort was made by the State in the testimony trying to convict him. The defendant had made the statement to the filling station operator and others the night before the deceased died as follows: He, the defendant, had been to see his girl and left her house about 12:15 a. m., and as he entered the road coming down a bank from the house, he saw the deceased leaning up against a telephone pole, almost exhausted and in need of help. The defendant assisted the deceased from there across the railroad track and a distance of about 400 yards to the filling station. At the trial of the defendant, and for the sake of identification, we will call him Defendant X. The State introduced evidence from the Health Officer, he being the physician who performed the operation on the deceased's head and he testified that the deceased had a two to three inch fracture of the skull and as a result of the fracture a twelve ounce (12 oz) hemorrhage of the brain resulted, and he further testified that in his opinion as a medical expert, the deceased could not have walked 400 yards unassisted after receiving the blow on the head.

Futher evidence was introduced to the effect that the only person who came in contact with the deceased was the Defendant X. The State further introduced evidence to the jury that the Defendant X had made the statement to the officers that the deceased had told him, when he found the deceased leaning up

against the telephone pole, that he had been knocked in the head with a tire tool (being half of a broken spring of a car), the instrument being a flat piece of steel, and that he knew who had hit him. The deceased then became semi-conscious, and said no more.

There was further evidence introduced and admitted to the jury that when they reached the filling station, after the walk of approximately 400 yards, the deceased sat down on a pop (Coca Cola) crate, rested a few minutes, and made no further statement, then left unassisted to go home, his home being only a short distance from the filling station. It was the next afternoon about 5:00 o'clock that he was found dead in his home. If an undertaker had prepared his body, it could not have been better covered, with the sheet and blanket, as the evidence showed, smoothly covering him, his trousers folded, shirt hung up on a hanger, and the entire house in order.

Further evidence was introduced to show to the jury that at 8:00 p. m., the deceased visited a barber shop, had a hair cut, shoe shine, and at 10:00 o'clock engaged in a lengthy conversation with a friend of his of long standing relative to a new suit he was wearing; thence at 11:00 or 11:30 he was seen by another friend and the conversation with the friend was admitted to the jury to the effect that at 11:30 or later he appeared to be in perfect health, talked about his work and his plans for the next week, and appeared to be perfectly normal in every way. The distance from which the last friend and witness saw the deceased was less than an eighth of a mile from where the Defendant X had told the officers he found him leaning against the telephone-pole almost unconscious.

In this connection, I am sure the most damaging evidence against the Defendant X was the fact of his leaving town after the conversation and investigation into the deceased's death was instituted. I did not allow the defendant to take the witness stand in his own defense.

The jury was out only a short time and returned a verdict of not guilty.

It is important to mention here in connection with the trial of these two murder cases that it is the duty of the State to introduce all available evidence against the defendant and at the same time it is the duty of the defense counsel to do the same thing for his defendant and to introduce all evidence that will help his cause.

After the trial of Defendant X, the center of attention of the community was focused on the Defendant O. The officers conducting the investigation had been talking about what their evidence had revealed, so when the trial of Defendant O was scheduled, the interest of the public was at a high peak. When the Defendant O employed me as his attorney, his attitude impressed me very much. He was most concerned about the fate of the Defendant X. Finally, before his trial he told me the truth about what had happened between himself and the deceased. Having full possession of the facts, I knew what evidence to introduce in his defense and what should not be produced.

Defendant O had been courting a girl who lived some five miles away from town and the deceased had also been courting the same girl. It happened on the fatal Saturday afternoon that Defendant O went to the home of his girl friend and when he arrived there he found the deceased was there to see the girl. Defendant O was accompanied on his visit to the girl by a close boy friend of his who lived in the same neighborhood as Defendant O. Defendant O and his friend stayed only a short time and left, supposedly were in the process of changing a tire. The deceased was walking and came upon the car and the two boys, and volunteered his services in helping fix the pretended puncture, and when the deceased stooped over to help with the tire, he was hit a blow over the head with a flat tire tool, a piece of broken spring of the car. The blow left the deceased lying on the ground unconscious and supposedly dead, or badly hurt. They left and stopped further on up the road, and very shortly the deceased came walking toward town. Seeing that he was apparently not very badly hurt, they left the scene and watched

the deceased until he reached the main highway, and on toward town. Being satisfied in their own minds that he was not in serious condition, they returned to the girl's home to see her.

Early that night, about eight o'clock, the Defendant O made a statement to some people at a country store that he had knocked his rival in the head, and he believed he would now leave his girl alone. That night the Defendant O and his boy friend attended a dance, helped make music for the dance, and were there, not leaving at all, from 10:00 o'clock until after 2:00 a. m. The boy friend accompanied the Defendant O to his home and spent the night with him. The next day, the two of them went fishing and they never heard or knew the deceased was dead until the next day, Monday after he was found dead at his home about 5:00 p. m., when they were fishing. Incidentally, the day while they were fishing, some other statements were made about the assault he had committed upon the deceased.

When it came to the trial of the case, the State introduced all the evidence they had with the purpose of attempting to show that the deceased was actually killed by the Defendant O. The state had made out a very strong case but when the evidence the State had presented to convict the Defendant X at another term of Court was presented again in a different light, it really made a difference. The State made the mistake of placing the time of the assault at 12:15 or 12:30 on the fatal Saturday night. That was done because of the evidence in the former trial of Defendant X. The evidence I introduced to clear the Defendant O of the charge of murder was simple. I called all the witnesses the State had used to prove the deceased in perfect health until the time he was found by Defendant X; just the same witnesses and the same evidence the State had relied upon for the conviction of Defendant X. Then, I presented dozens of witnesses, all of good character, to show beyond a doubt that the Defendant O was at a dance from 10:00 until 2:00 a. m., and never for one minute left the dance; therefore, could not have been the man who killed the deceased. I, of course, argued to the jury that if the State couldn't make up its mind through the Solicitor who had killed the deceased, how in the world could they (the jury) be

expected to make up their minds about it, and the further argument that it had been proved beyond any doubt that the Defendant couldn't have committed the crime because he was not on the scene at any time during the night after the deceased was proved to be in perfect condition.

Incidentally, the Defendant O did not take the witness stand and has never made a statement for the record about the case until this good hour.

My version of the case is that the lick on the head was a small fracture and not until the deceased became hot from walking the several miles home, went to bed, stretched out, the blood rushed to the fracture, caused the hemorrhage and killed the deceased the same as if he had had a stroke.

After the trial I went to the Judge and told him the information I had about the case; his remark was, of course, correct — "Well, you did exactly right and the defendant can never be tried again", and further laughingly he added, "Well, who knows who killed the man; I don't guess it will ever be determined".

This particular case attracted statewide attention, and was discussed for many years after the records were closed.



My good friend, Dr. Clyde Gilmore, in picture with me. Our party caught the blue marlin, one of the largest ever caught at Riviera Beach, Florida.

CHAPTER XXV

Experience in Virginia Courts

In the late Thirties Virginia had some very dishonest officers and magistrates, according to the records of indictments and convictions. In one particular case the defendant Magistrate was charged with malfeasance in office – converting to his own use fines and costs charged law violators – and other bad conduct in office, accepting bribes, etc. Just before this particular case was scheduled for trial, I was employed to help defend the accused. At the time of my employment the defendant had previously employed five other attorneys – practically the entire Stuart Bar. The State and interested citizens had employed a local attorney to assist the Commonwealth in the prosecution of the case. I immediately advised my client that with six defense attorneys at the defense table, one from another State, the jury would assume he was guilty before the evidence was introduced. No innocent man wanted that many attorneys. He explained that the reason for my employment was because the local attorney had been employed to prosecute him and he wanted me to appear for him because he thought I would understand his efforts against him better than the local Virginia attorneys would.

The case came to trial; after three days of hard fighting the time to present the case to the jury arrived. My brother attorney made the first speech to the jury, and a very powerful argument did he make. In his address to the jury he informed them that due to the bad influence of my client, the defendant, he (the attorney) was afraid to go into the section of Virginia where he was a magistrate and where he lived, in the daytime, much less at night. He also made many other convincing statements.

As the first speaker for the defense, I attempted to answer my brother attorney as best I could. I told the jury I did not know what my brother attorneys' conduct had been, but I, for one, was not afraid to go into Virginia and that section, day or night. I had done it many times, I continued, unharmed and

unmolested. I further argued that Mount Airy, my hometown, was composed largely of outstanding citizens and business men, who were reared in Virginia; that we were all one people, with one heritage, and that I resented him talking about my neighbor State and neighbor citizens in such a manner. In fact, I thought I was doing all right in my argument. I then decided to refer to some of the evidence presented in the case in favor of the defendant.

I referred to my notes taken in the trial and would single out a juror, point my finger at him and ask, "That is the statement made by the witness, is it not?" When I looked at him he shook his head, as to say "No". I knew very well that I had correctly written down in my notes the exact statement of the witness.

I again referred to my notes and again quoted the testimony of the witness; I again pointed my finger at the juror and asked him if that testimony quoted is not what the witness stated. He again shook his head as if to say "no". By that time I had drops of perspiration on my face, and was perspiring all over. I became completely disconcerted and knew in my own mind that I was not getting anywhere with the jury – I believed I was really hurting the defendant's cause. I, at first, thought I was making a fine, convincing argument until I began asking questions of the jury. Pointing my finger at one of them had been a habit of mine and had been, I thought, very effective. I promptly closed my argument, making a complete failure in my judgment. I later found out that other lawyers felt the same way. I immediately retired to Lawyers' room, and the presiding Judge promptly left the bench and came into the room. He inquired of me, "What in the world is wrong with you? You generally make a very convincing argument and do a splendid job of presenting your case to the jury". I called his attention to the juror shaking his head at me when I argued a point of evidence. His remark was that I did not deserve that kind of treatment from the jury and he would not permit it; he would just order a mistrial. I was too ethical a lawyer to receive that kind of treatment.

About that time other lawyers came into the room and inquired as to what in the world had happened to me and what was wrong with me. I informed them of the incident and one of the older lawyers spoke up and said, "Why the old fool did not mean a thing; what is wrong with him (the juror) is that he has the palsy. Everytime you singled the juror out he would attempt to look at you, and his head would start tottering".

The witness chair is in front of the jury and the counsel tables were on opposite sides of the witness chair. My fellow lawyer from Mount Airy had stood on the opposite side from where I had stood. During the entire trial I had not noticed the condition of the juror, and neither had the other attorneys or the judge.

We all had a good laugh at what happened to me; however, I am afraid it was at my expense, and probably at the expense of my client as well, as the jury promptly convicted him and he was sentenced to five years at hard labor in the penitentiary of the State of Virginia.

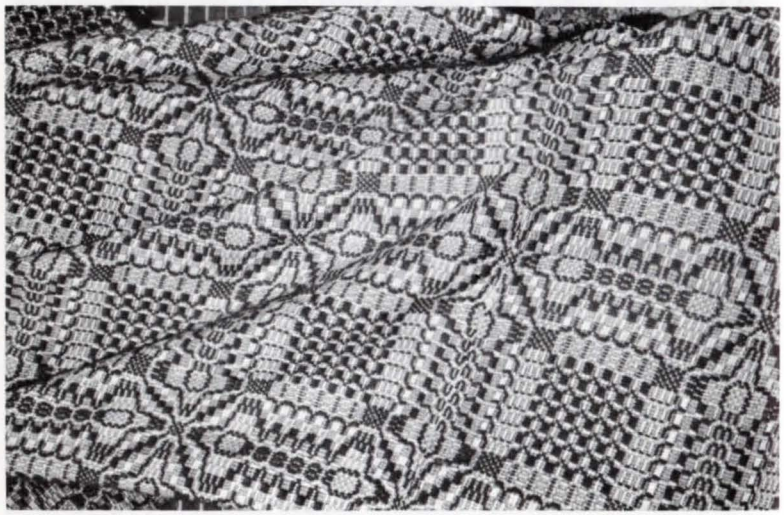
That was not the end of the incident. The following week I was to appear before the Circuit Court of Appeals in Richmond, Virginia, and when I walked into the Courtroom the Chief Justice called me to his bench and said to me, "If a member of this Court shakes his head at you, he does not have the palsy". He then told me that the Circuit Judge who tried the case was in Richmond for the week-end and had laughingly told him of the incident.

For many years it was a standing joke for all the lawyers to tease me about when visiting a Virginia Bar in any town in the State.

Crocheted, cross-stitch afghan, Katherine Cornell design.

Sample of some of Louise's handiwork.





Hand woven coverlet "Daldrail" made on antique loom.

CHAPTER XXVI

A Trial I'll Always Remember

Once I was employed to appear as private prosecution in a murder case in our neighboring County and State, Stuart, Virginia, the county seat of Patrick County. The Defendant was charged with first degree murder, and armed robbery. The first case to be tried was the murder charge. The Commonwealth of Virginia, for that District, was asking the death penalty. There had never been a defendant convicted and sentenced to the electric chair from Patrick County. The deceased was an officer and his relatives knew that to obtain a conviction for first degree murder was extremely hard and had not been accomplished in the County. It is not necessary to review the facts in the case and in interest of brevity I will omit them. However, the case was set for trial on a particular day. The evening before the trial I went to Stuart, the County Seat, to discuss the case with the lawyers, our witnesses involved, and we definitely agreed that the case would be called for trial the first thing the next morning. I had told my clients that I would advise them definitely whether or not the case would be called for trial the night of my visit to Stuart, Virginia. On my way home from Stuart, I drove by the client's home in Stokes County, about 25 miles from Mount Airy and about 15 or 20 miles from Stuart, to inform them to be sure and be in Stuart the next morning as the case was to be the first case to be tried.

Upon reaching the home of the son of the deceased, I found that he was not there. His wife was almost hysterical and almost beside herself, wringing her hands and crying. The first statement she made to me was, "My goodness, how glad I am to see you. My husband is not here. Something must be done". I inquired of his whereabouts. She advised me that he and a large crowd of his neighbors were up at the school house planning to go to Stuart and get the defendant out of jail and lynch him. This was about 10:00 o'clock p. m. After being advised as to

the location of the school house, I left her and went straight there. My wife was with me, and, of course, she was very excited and nervous. As we approached the school house, we saw the building was dark, no car lights or lights of any kind. It was about 200 yards off the main highway. I advised my wife that I was going to drive up the road to the building and get out of the car, and walk in the direction of the school house, and when I saw someone I recognized I would light a cigarette, and at that moment I wanted her to cut the lights of the car off. (That she did not want to do; however, she did agree to do so). As I approached the building, I readily recognized three or four of the people there. What a crowd! I am sure there were as many as 35 or 50 people, all dressed in old clothes, with hand-made masks around their faces, and all of them were very excited. Upon recognizing the people I did know, I lit the cigarette and out went the light. I immediately called the names of the people I knew, and my statement to them was as follows:

"You cannot do this, men, all of you have too much judgment and too much at stake to attempt what you have planned or are planning to do".

As I talked to those men, I recognized others. I continued to tell them the danger and the awful results from such actions, further telling them that I would be greyheaded trying to get them out of the penitentiary for such a crime, even if they were successful in their attempt at the lynching. I further advised them that they probably would be killed themselves in such an effort, calling attention to what it would mean to their families, and anything else I could say to discourage them in what they were planning to do. Never did a one of the mob agree to anything – never did one of them even speak. In a few minutes I made one final statement:

"If you undertake such a thing, boys, you are digging your own graves and bringing disgrace upon your families and the entire community, county and state.

With that remark I left, not knowing what they would do or what would happen. I returned to my car and drove home, extremely worried and wondering what I should do, having the

information I had about their plans and after seeing what I had seen, I wondered what I should do about it. I considered calling the Sheriff of the County and giving him the information I had. I considered getting some officers and patrolling the road to see if they did continue with their plans. I finally decided the best thing to do was to say nothing about what I knew. The more I thought about the situation the more I came to the conclusion that I had said enough to them to make them stop and think and frighten them to such an extent that they would be afraid to further their plans.

After I reached home and about two hours passed, about 12:30 or 1:00 a. m., I called the jailer. When he answered the telephone I inquired of the sheriff's whereabouts, and he informed me that he had just left the jail for home. I thanked him and that was the end of that conversation. I waited another hour and then called the sheriff. I inquired of him if he was sure the case would be called the next morning. He thought I had lost my mind. He advised me that about one hour before he finished summoning the jury – that he knew and I knew it was going to be tried. He finally told me to get the H - - - to bed, and he would see me the next morning. Again, about 3:00 o'clock I called the Commonwealth Attorney and made the same inquiry of him; he also thought I was out of my mind. He, however, assured me the case would be tried, as he had told me about 9:00 p. m., when we were together in his office the night before, and stated to me, "For goodness sake, what is disturbing you; go to bed and get some sleep. We will take care of the defendant tomorrow. We have a wonderful case against him and a fine jury summoned".

By that time I decided that my judgment was correct. If I had not talked them out of the lynching, they would have been in Stuart before 3:15 a. m., and if they had been there the sheriff and the Commonwealth attorney would have certainly known about it; Stuart having only about 750 or 1000 population.

For me, it was a terrible night to spend, and it was worse for my wife, and the danger of what I did in the dark at the schoolhouse did not address itself to me until after I had decided

the lynching, or the lynching attempt, was not going to take place. The case was tried as scheduled. The mob and relatives were right, the jury verdict was for second degree, and the defendant was given thirty years to spend in the State Penitentiary. Patrick County's record of never having a first degree murder verdict rendered by a jury still stood.

I had a very dissatisfied client but made many close friends, who many years afterwards thanked me often times for saving them from such a dastardly act which they had planned. I was assured many times by the people I recognized that had it not been for my visit they would have without a doubt attempted the lynching of the defendant.

CHAPTER XXVII

"Example of Legal Service Rendered Voluntarily"

After I had finished my book and almost ready for it to go to press, a policeman friend of mine told me I would have to include in my book about the time I appeared voluntarily for a girl in a city in North Carolina for occupying a room for immoral purposes.

The more I thought of what the policeman had said, the more I thought of how it could be a help to someone in later years. On this particular occasion, I had a case in a large city in the State and I was there to try the case I was appearing in, when this particular girl's case came up for trial.

As I walked into the courtroom a young girl was being tried for occupying a hotel room for immoral purposes. As the case developed against her, I became more disgusted with the whole matter. She did not have an attorney appearing for her and I decided I would volunteer my services to appear for her. I addressed the court and my remarks were as follows: "This young lady does not have an attorney and I would like to volunteer my services to appear for her."

The trial judge said in answer to my statement, "I was wishing someone would do it. Your services for her meets with the approval of the court. I was going to look after her had you not suggested to do it."

I called the police officer back to the witness stand for further cross-examination. I inquired of him to go more in detail about why the girl was arrested. His testimony was to the effect that he had for several hours previous to the arrest checked on her activities in the hotel and that he knew of five or six rooms she had visited that night.

I asked the policeman who was occupying the rooms she had visited. His answer was, "A man alone in each room". I then asked who the men were and he answered he did not know. I asked him, "You mean to tell the court you do not know the

names of a single man this girl is charged of being with in the hotel?" He replied, he did not. I asked if he had arrested the men, his answer was "No". "Why not?", I asked. "The men were just there for the purpose of being served by the girl" was his reply.

"You arrested the girl and let the men go back home to their wives and their sweethearts without being arrested?" I asked. His answer was, "Yes".

At that point in the trial I requested a subpoena for the officers' superior to be brought to the courthouse, telling the trial judge that I wanted the superior officer to know the facts as to the type of arrests the policeman was making in letting some law violators go home, or go their way, and arresting an eighteen year old girl. The judge agreed to my request.

At that point I had heard enough, and suggested to the trial judge to dismiss the case at the cost of the county or city or the policeman could be taxed with the court costs for favoritism in the enforcement of the law or maliciously prosecuting a defendant.

Without waiting for the judge to rule on my motion I reached for my hat, placed a $5.00 bill in it and remarked to the court, "I think this little girl should be sent back home in the custody of an officer to her parents and that the parents be informed by the officer of exactly what has transpired here this morning".

The judge agreed to my suggestion and asked the sheriff to pass the hat to him. The judge contributed $5.00 himself and in only a few minutes $135.00 was raised by the people in the courtroom to send the girl back home.

An officer was instructed to take her home and deliver her to her parents and inform them of the circumstances. The girl had left home which was about 75 miles away at the age of eighteen about a month before to secure work in the city. Unable to obtain work and being without money, clothes or food, began work as a dishwasher in a little side street restaurant, at a very inadequate salary. Then she went from bad to worse and finally was arrested for prostitution. She was from a very poor tenant

family but from good people. Her parents did not know where she was living until she was returned home.

The policeman is now retired from the police force and was the officer who was instructed to return the girl home to her parents. He has kept in contact with the family over the years and has brought me up to date today while we were discussing the case. He reminded me of what I said to the judge, "For every fallen woman, there are ten or more fallen men". I do not believe in double morals, and certainly not in arresting a little young confused girl and letting a group of sorry men go free. That is not my idea of just law enforcement".

When that statement was made he reminded me about the coutroom breaking into cheers and the people started marching to the hat to make their contributions for the girl.

The officer continued to tell me the present status of the girl after many years. She had married, only four years after the case was tried, became a registered nurse and now has two fine children, both of whom are grown. One of them, the girl, has married and is also a registered medical assistant. The boy is now in the service of his country, making the Army a career.

Since learning of the outcome of the girl and about her children and the success they have made, I think the case is worthy of reporting.

During the years of my law practice I appeared for a large number of defendants when I saw they were not being properly treated. Volunteering my services to help them, I recall many happy experiences as a result of my doing so. Over the years many of them have come to me and have told me how much what I did for them had meant to them and informing me of the success they have made of life as a result of the confidence I had in them at the time. Such reports have been most gratifying to me over the years.

During World War II I was volunteer legal counsel for the boys in service from this area and hed many interesting experiences in that connection.



Green Hill Farm Corn Crop.



View of Green Hill Farm.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Unappealing Cases

In the early practice of law it is rather difficult to specialize in any particular field of the law, especially in a small town. I think, however, most lawyers enjoy a certain type of practice much more than others.

The three divisions of law I enjoyed the least were real estate law, dog law, and divorce cases and domestic relations.

Real estate law is a special field. Many lawers specialize in that type of practice. It is most interesting and requires much detail work and is very time consuming. As a young lawyer I enjoyed title work but when it came to trying a detailed law suit involving a line between two litigants, it just did not appeal to me. I, very early in the practice, decided I did not want to represent clients in land litigation. I am sure one main reason it did not appeal to me was because a large portion of the time the winner of the suit also lost. A long, drawn-out litigation over a line or small amount of land, is expensive. The expense to both parties would amount to more than the land itself was actually worth.

Another reason I disliked that type of practice was because in a large number of the cases the litigants became mortal enemies and were never friends again because of the dispute over a line.

As to the practice of dog law, I promptly decided that type of practice was certainly 'out' for me. I honestly believe more time and money can be lost and more enemies made in a law suit involving a dog than any other type of litigation.

A very good friend of mine had a son that was bitten by a neighbor's bird dog. The neighbor was also a good friend of mine. I accepted employment to represent the father of the boy that was bitten by the dog. We tried the law suit and I was trying to have the dog killed and his head sent to Raleigh for examination to see if the dog had rabies.

The court ordered the dog killed and the head of the dog sent to Raleigh for examination. While I was drawing the court

order, the defendant owner of the dog left the courtroom and took the dog with him. When he came to a car that had the keys left in it, regardless of whose it was, he borrowed the car and carried the dog across the state line out of the jurisdiction of the court.

We never found the dog, he was never killed and the families never became friends again.

Years later I was asked to go bird hunting with the friend that was the owner of the dog. After hunting with him for a while I remarked what a fine bird dog he had, and what a wonderful dog he was in single birds. He then told me he was the dog that I had received the order for my client to have killed. He then also told me the story about how he got the dog to Virginia and out of the jurisdiction of the court.

I also learned after that trial it was best not to kill the dog when it has bitten someone but to confine the dog for a period of time and observe him for a while to see if he is really rabid or not. In this instance the dog certainly was not mad.

After this particular case I decided no more dog cases for me. I promptly announced I knew no dog law and would not accept employment in dog cases from anyone.

Divorce law and domestic relations is of course very necessary and I am sure is enjoyed by certain practicioners. To me, however, it was in no way appealing. After practicing several years I viewed this field of the law quite differently. I realized that a lot of good could be accompished in that field of the law, although very unsatisfactory from an attorney's standpoint, divorce practice was not profitable, and many times very time consuming; however, in a large number of cases much good could be done. In the cases that I tried or appeared in, over three hundred, I do not believe many of them were the fault of only one party to the marriage. In many cases I would arrange an interview with the two parties if possible, or the parties and the opposing counsel, and on more than one occasion lock them in a room to talk (and fuss), and often they would go out smiling or with their arms around each other.

In a large percentage of the cases children were involved. What they really needed was marriage counseling, but for some reason the larger percent of couples at the point of divorce will not consent to consulting a marriage counselor, as such. Really and truly a lawyer who takes the time and effort to get couples back together, rather than to proceed with litigation, is nothing more than a legal marriage counselor. I have actually secured a divorce for the same couple three times, and they are today living together. I once thought to join the Church and worship together was sometimes the answer to the problem, or to take a vacation or European trip together if they could financially afford it; however, neither will suffice. In cases where confidence has been lost and jealousy is the main problem, there is no answer that will make them live happily together, unless they leave the location where the third party lives, or the party who was responsible for the jealousy.

In most cases where nothing could be done to perfect a reconciliation the couple were promiscuous before marriage, and had actually had sexual relations before marriage. Confidence is much easier lost in each other by those couples than others. I have known sickness, accidents or misfortune or the birth of a child to bring people to their senses and to realize why they should not separate, especially where small children were involved. I have known the arrival of grandchildren to cause older people to go back to living together and make a happy home. I have had many lawyers tell me that in their opinion money, or the lack of money, had caused many divorces in cases they had handled as counsel. That was not the case in my practice, probably because most of the clients I appeared for were able to pay and pay well. There is one thing for certain, if a man enjoys smelling perfume on strange women, or a women enjoys flirting and associating with men other than her own, there is little hope for them if the conduct continues.

No lawyer should ever open his office and hold himself out to serve the public as a practicing attorney unless he definitely decides to dedicate his life to being a public servant subject to

call when needed and when he feels his services will be of value to his client.

In order to properly serve the public, it is the duty of a lawyer to properly prepare himself to be a good, all-round lawyer in the field in which he chooses to specialize. It is unfair to the client and unfair to the attorney for him to accept employment to handle any case or advise any client relative to any legal matters wherein he is not qualified.

To accomplish this purpose, the lawyer must be completely dedicated to his profession and be forever mindful of the duty to his client regardless of compensation.

The first resolution a lawyer should make before he begins the practice of law is to be fair and loyal to all clients, to at all times protect their interests, regardless of the work and time consumed, in order to accomplish that purpose. Every practicing attorney when presented to the Bar becomes an officer of the Court and it becomes his duty and obligation to never forget his oath and the fact that he is an officer of the Court.

In this connection, it becomes the further duty of a lawyer to scrutinize the testimony of all witnesses he is offering to produce evidence for and on behalf of his client. No ethical lawyer will ever produce testimony from a witness in the trial of a case if he knows the witness will give dishonest testimony in evidence. He will never permit his client or a defendant he is representing to take the witness stand and falsely deny a charge of law violation or give false evidence as to the litigation pending.

In Civil cases, no litigation should be instituted unless, after thorough investigation, it appeared to the attorney that the litigation would be to the best interest of his client. In this connection, it becames the duty of counsel for litigants to encourage settlements when it appears to him that the settlement would be to the best interest of the litigants, especially to his client.

CHAPTER XXIX

Delay in Case to the Supreme Court

Lawyers are not perfect in any respect as to the duty they have to their clients. They, too, forget and delay litigation and probably sometimes they could be a little more careful, or at least I am sure the statement applies to me.

One instance I recall could have been embarrassing and very detrimental to my client and very costly to my reputation as an attorney at law. I had tried a case in the Superior Court and the jury verdict was returned against my client and in favor of the State. I was satisfied we were correct in our evaluation of the case and that the jury's verdict should have been rendered in my client's favor; therefore, we appealed to the Supreme Court. Incidentally, when a case is scheduled for trial in the Supreme Court, it is mandatory that the case be argued and all briefs filed at certain given scheduled times.

In this particular case, the night before the dead-line for filing the appellant's brief was the next day at 12:00 noon, and if not filed by that date it could not be filed, and the case would be dismissed. It was 10:00 o'clock at night when a brother attorney of the Winston-Salem Bar casually remarked to me that he supposed he would see me the next week in Raleigh when the cases from our District would be argued, and continued by saying he surely had a close call; that he had delayed preparing a case for the Supreme Court so long that he had just mailed his case on appeal that day, so it would be in Raleigh the next morning, the last day for filing.

Oh, Boy! What a realization. I had not even thought about my case and had not begun to prepare the case on appeal. When the case is filed it is the rule of the Court that twenty copies of the brief have to be filed by the dead-line, which in this instance, was noon the next day. I came home, called my secretary at 12:30 midnight, had her come to the office, called the owner of the local newspaper and had him

come to his newspaper office and get ready to print my brief in twenty or more copies. I had a young boy in town to come to the office and as we prepared one typewritten page of the brief he would run it down to the newspaper office; they would then set it up on the linotype and print that page and when we finished another sheet we would run it down the same way. By 7:30 a. m. we had the required copies of the Brief prepared in some fashion and the young man in my car on his way to the Supreme Court in Raleigh to file it before noon. What a close call! As luck would have it the case was decided in my client's favor.

The most interesting thing happened, however, was that immediately upon reaching Mount Airy I called my wife on the telephone and told her what I had to do and it would be extremely late when I got home. The next morning, after 8:00 o'clock, I walked into her bedroom with a copy of the Brief and dropped it down on the bed beside her and remarked, "This is what your husband has been doing". She rubbed her eyes and said, "Did you call me? Well, I thought I slept exceptionally well, but I don't remember you calling".

In this connection, on another occasion I went home about 11:30 or 12:00 o'clock at night. John was a little baby and sick. Louise was sleeping downstairs in his room to look after him. I sat down on the side of the bed (I must have been up to something I shouldn't have been); anyway, I kissed her several times and told her goodnight and asked her if she wanted me to turn out the light. She remarked, "No, that is all right, Osler will turn it off when he comes home".

We had a room upstairs rented to a very attractive elderly couple from West Virginia for the summer for additional revenue which was needed at that stage of our life very badly. I called the lady and asked her what had been going on in my household while I had been away. She laughed and said, "Well, I guess you will come home at a decent hour from now on out". Over the years we have had lots of fun over that particular incident. When Louise goes to sleep for the first few hours sleep she really does pass out, and I have teased her about it many times.

On another occasion when she was working hard as the President of the Woman's Club, they had a play, "Aunt Lucia," and the young lady directing the play was rooming at our house, again for additional income, and about 2:00 a. m. I missed Louise, she was not in bed; I found her in the dressing room, half dressed, walking in her sleep. I inquired of her "What in the world are you doing?" She remarked in her sleep, "Those 'Aunt Lucia' tickets just must be sold". I awakened her and she went back to bed. I have teased her, telling her that what the matter with her was that she was worried about the attention I was giving that charming coach of the play. That was the best joke of all; she has never for the first moment showed the first sign of lack of confidence, or jealousy – not that she has not had many opportunities to do so; just perfect confidence in me.



Green Hill Farm cattle in the snow.



Second grandson, James Lenior Woltz with farm Jeep which has served since 1953 – "Jimmy's transportation".

CHAPTER XXX

Patent Case

In the early twenties a native of North Carolina had been having the mountain people pick Galax leaves in their green stage of development and also in the bronze stage (all the Galax leaves change their color in the Fall to bronze). They would ship the leaves to the florists all over the country. It was a big business and very profitable. The father and family had been doing the same thing with the leaves for several years prior to the time I am writing about. However, in the early twenties, the then owner, a son of the organizer of the company, had inherited the business and began to expand it. He had applied for a patent, and the patent had been issued relative to the process, method and formula for dyeing, coloring and preservation of the Galax leaves. The process would bleach the leaves and the coloring was restored to the leaves in their natural color, only made permanent, in green and bronze. The leaves were really selling much better than before.

My client consulted me as to whether or not the patent was valid. I knew no patent law of value to him. I consulted the best patent attorney I could locate, obtained his opinion as to the validity of the patent, and was advised that the patent was of no value. This information was passed on, of course, to my client. Then the trouble began!

My client opened a large plant, purchased all of the machinery to process the leaves, and was ready to begin the manufacture of the leaves. Incidentally, my client was the son of the second wife of the owner of the plant and had worked with his stepfather in the plant manufacturing the leaves. Years before he consulted me about the business venture he proposed to enter into. Much to my surprise and contrary to the advice of the patent attorneys as to the procedure the owner of the patent would follow, he did just the opposite. We were of the opinion he would bring a law suit for the infringement of the patent.

That he did not do; instead, he brought a suit restraining us from the manufacture of the leaves on the ground that the process, formula and method used in the manufacture of the leaves was a secret process and method, and known only to him and my client, alleging that the information possessed by my client was obtained by him while in the employment of his competitor's company, and therefore was not permitted, and he should not be allowed to use the formula and process for his own use.

After much investigation we had in many ways changed the formula; the process we knew we had changed and the method as well. Therefore, we went into court agreeing to be restrained from the use of the competitor's formula, process and method provided he would disclose to us what his formula, process and method was "in camera" to the Court, giving us a copy of it. That procedure took them by surprise and we were successful in our efforts.

We then started the operation of the plant and everything went well for about two or three years – then out of a clear sky the trouble began. A law suit had been started alleging my client was violating the restraining order and was using the same process and formula he had been restrained from using in the manufacture of the leaves. Summons was served, giving notice of a hearing in New York City to take evidence by deposition from the personnel of the New York Testing Laboratories as to the test they had made of leaves manufactured by my client's company. Leaves had been purchased from both companies and sent to the testing laboratories for a test as to what formula and process had been used in the manufacture of same. When the evidence was taken in New York, it revealed the leaves of both companies had been manufactured by the same formula. After the evidence had been introduced, I turned to my client and told him he had told me a lie; he insisted he had not. In the development of his formula he was using magnesium calcium chloride as a bleaching agent; the competitive company was using calcium chloride, and if that had been true we would not have been in violation of the restraining order. I inquired while

in New York where he had purchased the magnesium calcium chloride. He advised me the location of the mine. We immediately left New York for a visit to the mine.

We arrived there early one morning and immediately went to the office of the company. Soon we were in conference with the President of the company, the principal owner. We advised him of our troubles. At that point in the conversation, he inquired of me if he could talk to me in the absence of my client, and he was advised that he certainly could. In the conversation between the two of us, he informed me that many people thought one product was better than the other. Some refrigeration companies insisted on using magnesium calcium chloride; others would only use calcium chloride; and some wanted one-half of each. He advised that his family had owned the mines for over one hundred years and they had been shipping over the years whatever the customer ordered, but all of it had the same analysis and came out of the same hole. Well, that was that! My client had not told me a lie and we certainly were in violation of the restraining order. What were we to do? That was the question.

I informed the owner of the mine that the law suit was pending in the State Court and that they could not force him or any of his employees to come to North Carolina, as they lived out of the State, neither could they force him to give a deposition to be read in evidence. He promptly assured me that neither would happen. He would not give a deposition, and certainly not come to North Carolina to testify. With that agreement we called my client into the office and informed him of the facts and our agreement. We were now where the fun really began, and the work as well.

I, at that point, was determined to prove the patent of no value, and to also prove that it was not a secret process and method. There were many complications to this law suit, in particular since we had agreed and the restraining order had been issued restraining us from using the competitor's process and method. While we had not violated the restraining order intentionally, nevertheless, we were using the same process and

formula we had agreed not to use. Now with the information we had as to the true materials that had been shipped us by the salt mine, we were in no doubt in violation. The above facts were, however, known only to us, and certainly not to our competitors.

The question then presented itself; what to do? Both plants had been running full blast. My client's plant had been making money and I am sure the competitive plant had also been successful. Should we stop production, admit our mistake of judgment and go out of business, or continue fighting for what was right and fair? Our patent attorneys had advised that the patent was of no value. Incidentally, and very importantly, my client remembered that when he was working for the competitive plant a man came from Atlanta to the plant of his step-father and taught them how to process and dye the Galax leaves. Having the information that he had been taught, rather than inventing the process, I questioned the fact of the formula being invented by his step-father, who had sworn to and applied for the patent as being his own invention. In possession of these facts, and being personally convinced, without proof, that it was not his invention, I advised my client to continue the operation of his plant. I knew that magnolia leaves, oak leaves, and many other types of foliage were on the market, having been perpetuated by some preservation process. By travelling over several states, I soon had sufficient information that the patent was a fraud and not his invention. I am sure these facts were known to the competitive company, and for that reason alone a suit to restrain us from violation of the patent was not started in the beginning, but instead the action to restrain us on the grounds that it was a secret formula was exercised by them.

Many depositions were taken from many states, from many chemists and plant operators, all of whom were very sympathetic and interested in helping my client. They all knew and were not hesitant to state that the process, formula and method was older than the century, having been used years and years ago in foreign countries. To prove these facts was quite a task. I kept delaying the law suit and continued to search with the help

of expert chemists and manufacturers familiar with the preservation of leaves of all types and kinds that could be used as evidence in the trial of my client's case. Through the efforts of a chemist in Tallahassee, Florida, I was put in contact with a chemist in the Chicago area and told that he had a book in his possession brought from Germany by his father, who came to America around the year 1900. He had owned the book given to him by his father since 1910, many, many years before the patent was applied for. The book contained a formula, process and method for the dyeing, processing and perpetuating of grass that was identical to the patent issued to my client's step-father in the 1920's, many years later than the time he came in possession of the book. Was I happy? However, I still had a problem. Regardless of the validity of the patent and whether or not my client's step-father had obtained a useless patent my client had been restrained, taking my advice, from using the formula, process and method of the competitive company, regardless of its validity or how secret it was.

This competition between the two plants by this time had gone on several years, tempers had flared, and the feeling between the families had become almost to the feuding stage. The employees of the respective plants and their families had become divided. Relatives were not on speaking terms. The churches had become divided as to membership, both plants being located in the same village causing the trouble. Being in possession of all the above facts, I knew that the sooner the lawsuit would be tried the better it would be for all concerned. I also knew I still had my book, so I announced my readiness for trial. There has never been a law suit that attracted more attention or a larger crowd in attendance at Court.

As the trial progressed and during the entire trial, my client's mother sat beside him at the counsel table with me. Her husband and the step-father and his array of counsel, sat, of course, at the other table, neither speaking to the other from the time the trial started until it was over.

In the trial of the case, realizing that we were in violation of the restraining order, I had my client's interest to protect.

After the plaintiff had completed his evidence, having introduced, of course, the patent in his effort to prove the secrecy of the formula, and having produced an abundance of evidence as to the knowledge gained by my client while in the employ of the plaintiff's company, it appeared that they had made out a strong case of violation of the restraining order. I started the defense evidence by introducing the copies of orders placed for magnesium calcium chloride with the salt mines. I introduced the bills of lading and invoices received after the shipments had been made, the correspondence between my client's company and the salt mine, placing the orders, and a certified copy of the salt mines file acknowledging the orders of magnesium calcium chloride and copies of the salt mines' letters to my client's company advising that the shipments of magnesium calcium chloride had been shipped. All of this evidence was introduced to prove that the New York Testing Laboratories were in error as to the tests made, representing that we were using calcium chloride and not *magnesium* calcium chloride. Of course, the plaintiff had introduced the results of the New York Laboratories tests.

I then called the plaintiff back to the witness stand for further cross-examination. I picked up his patent, asked him if that was the formula, process and method he had been using over the years. He readily admitted that it was. I then opened my book furnished me by the chemist from Chicago, turned to the grass formula and asked the plaintiff if that was his formula, process and method. His counsel, of course, wanted to see the book. That was their first knowledge of any such book in existence. The trial judge wanted to examine the book and the patent, to which of course I had no objection.

Now is where the fun began in earnest! The counsel for the plaintiff objected to the book in evidence on the grounds that *any* publication to be offered in evidence had to be accompanied by one or more books containing the same evidence. They were right as to the rule of evidence. They further objected to the book's being offered in evidence because it contained no date

of publication. I asked for 24 hours adjournment to give me time to locate another book.

After much effort, many telephone calls by me to chemists all over the South, we were successful in finding a retired chemist in Wilmington, Delaware, a friend of the Chicago chemist's father, who had another book. He came to North Carolina to testify. His evidence revealed that the book was published on the Rhine River, in Germany, and he brought the book with him to America in 1903.

If there has ever been a revival in a court house, with relatives crying, husbands and wives embracing, ministers dealing with their flocks, lawyers working out a compromise, it happened on that occasion. An agreement was worked out permitting each company to proceed unmolested by the other, each restrained from in any way interfering with the operation of the other's business. I had the pleasure of going to the small community where the two plants were located the following Sunday to Church. When I tell you that the biggest revival that had ever been held in that community was held that Sunday, all renewing their faith in the Almighty, and renewing their faith in each other, I must admit I was helped also. So were my brother attorneys in attendance. All churches in the community, as well as the community itself, have prospered. Both plants are operating successfully and the feud, as well as the lawsuit, have become history, only referred to as one of the biggest and longest-lasting lawsuit ever tried in the County.



Davis and Miller and their Attorneys Charles Margiotti, H. O. Wolf, Senator James J. Davis, Theodore G. Miller, and Charles Tuttle. Both defendants were acquitted of charges of violating federal lottery laws

CHAPTER XXXI

Davis Case

James J. Davis, former Secretary of Labor of the United States under three Republican Presidents, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, had been elected to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania. He was a very outstanding Republican leader and politician. In fact, he was being considered for the nomination for the President of the United States when Harding was nominated as a compromise candidate.

Shortly after the 1928 campaign, the Loyal Order of Moose conducted a national campaign for new members and in conjunction with the membership drive charity balls, as they were called, were held by most local lodges all over the United States. Senator Davis was head of the Moose nationally as Dictator General. He was also the organizer, or one of them, when the Order was founded. In his position as Dictator General, he received personally $1.00 from the initiation fee for every person who became a member of the Moose organization. Prizes were given to all members who solicited membership during the drive, and as a bonus were given a chance ticket for every new member they were successful in getting to join the organization. The lottery was a huge affair, and took place outside of the three mile limit of the United States on a large ship named The Priscilla. Several days were spent in building a large barrel, on axles, so it would turn and mix the hundreds of thousands of tickets to be placed in the barrel; that being the method decided upon for the lottery. The holder of the first lucky ticket was to and did receive $50,000.00. Hundreds of other cash prizes were awarded, all by chance of lottery. It was unlawful in many States of the Union to ship lottery tickets in the mail. Most of the tickets, therefore, were sent all over the United States to and from the participating lodges by Express.

After the lottery was over and all prizes awarded, and a good time had by all, it appeared that some of the tickets in

Upstate New York were transported or shipped by mail, or parcel post. As a result of the mail shipments, the officers of the Moose Lodge were indicted. Senator Davis as head of the organization and as Dictator General; Mr. Miller, as head of the Promotional Department, and Mr. McQueen, head of the mercantile firm that provided the prizes, were all charged with violating the lottery law. The case attracted nationwide attention. After the indictment I was in Washington representing some clients before the Code Authorities, and in the Willard Hotel, having breakfast, when Senator came into the dining room with his attorneys, the Hon. Charles Margiotti, from Pittsburgh, nationally known criminal lawyer; Joseph E. Davies, late Ambassador to Russia, and the eminent and outstanding attorney of the New York Bar; Charles Tuttle, considered by most lawyers as the most outstanding and capable criminal lawyer in the East.

After meeting them, I jokingly said to the Senator that when they sent him to the penitentiary I was going to insist that the stripes run up and down instead of around, for as fat as he was, with the stripes running around, he would look like hell. The horseplay with the Senator was enjoyed by all, and particularly by the Senator himself. After breakfast, the group wanted to see me in their suite there in the hotel. I visited with them for an hour or so, and what they wanted was some information about the trial judge who had been sent from the North Carolina Federal Bench to New York to try the case. They inquired of me the names of some of the leading lawyers of North Carolina. I provided them with a long list from about 12 firms in the larger cities and the best known attorneys in the State. Having furnished the list of lawyers to them, I left to attend to my business with one of the Government Departments in the Agricultural Building. In less than two hours time, I was being paged all over the place. When the page was answered, the attorneys and the Senator wanted me to return to the hotel for a further conference. When I arrived there, I was informed that they wanted me to come to New York to help conduct the trial instead of the lawyers I had recommended. They said that it had been several months since they had seen the Senator laugh

or enjoy anything in particular; that he wanted me and so did the lawyers. This offer of employment I refused, giving as my reason for not accepting that I was an unknown young lawyer, of very little experience and with no reputation as a trial lawyer, and that I just knew the Trial Judge would resent my presence and that it would do harm to the Senator's cause. That decision they accepted and I thought at that time that that ended the story.

That evening I was with an attorney from North Carolina who had located in Washington, practicing with the famous law firm of Wild Bill O'Donevan, an attorney for the Mellon interests. A friend of mine from Mount Airy was with me on that particular trip to Washington. I told him of my offer and the refusal to accept employment by me. The Washington lawyer told me I was crazy; that a finer offer had never presented itself to a young attorney, to his knowledge. My Mount Airy friend heard all the conversation with my Washington attorney friend. He excused himself from the room and was gone for several minutes, where, or for what I did not know or question. In an hour or so we were called at our room and my friend was advised that not only would the Federal Judge who would try the case not resent my presence but he would welcome me as one of the defense counsel. This information he had received by calling an Uncle of his in Greensboro and having him contact the Judge and talk to him about my association with the case (a great favor my Mount Airy friend rendered me). After receiving the information about the Judge's position, I reconsidered the offer.

Early the next morning I contacted the Senator and advised him of the information that had been furnished. He was delighted and after another conference with his attorneys, I was then retained as Associate Counsel for the Senator. The headquarters for the Davis Group, including the Moose officials, Senator and attorneys, was at the Hotel Pennsylvania, (now the Statler-Hilton), and when I arrived in New York I registered and requested one of the cheapest rooms available. When the Senator and Chief Counsel Charles Margiotti learned of my

room accommodations, I was moved to a suite to be shared by Attorney Davies. Such luxury I had never seen or heard of, much less enjoyed. I had been stationed in New York during the first World War, at City College, N. Y., as a Lieutenant connected with the SATC and knew a little about how to get around in the large city, but very little about it.

Before the trial started I was advised that they did not need any additional lawyers to try the case, that what they wanted me to do was be with the Senator and keep him out of their hair, (he was worrying them to death), and to examine the witnesses from North Carolina, only a few in number.

The morning the trial started, as luck would have it for me, the Judge from North Carolina entered the elevator to the Court Room at the same time as the attorneys and Senator did. (The Judge had met all the lawyers and the Senator at a former hearing of continuance). The Judge turned to me and most graciously welcomed me as a member of counsel and told me in their presence how delighted he was that I was of counsel and in New York to help him see the Town. That did it! The next morning the New York papers were headlining the Davis case, and particularly referring to the friend of the Judge who had at a late hour been employed as Counsel for the Senator. I was sure the publicity would prejudice the case and probably the Judge towards me. It did not – he was even nicer to me afterwards than before.

Now you talk about an experience for a young attorney who had practiced law only about eight years, being associated with such a nationally followed trial – I was almost shaking in my shoes. After the first day or so of the trial the press had refrained from questioning me at every chance and I became more composed. In the first few days of the trial I studied the lawyers, their demeanor, their likes and dislikes; I was extremely polite to them and as helpful in every way as possible. I would carry Mr. Joe Davies' brief case, and let him just carry his cane. I would do anything I could to help in every way.

One evening after leaving the Court down near Wall Street, I suggested to Mr. Davies, or inquired of him, if he

would mind walking one block out of the way to catch the subway to permit me to speak to a friend of mine, a broker on Wall Street, (who, incidentally, was in my company at City College, New York). He was glad to do it. When we reached the broker's office he was busy and the secretary took a note in to him, advising him that I was waiting to see him. He immediately came out of his office and introduced me to his client he was in conference with, none other than Mrs. Hutton, of the chain store millions. Mr. Davies was presented to her, and she left the office. Mr. Davies knew who she was but I did not. She also knew of his wide reputation as an attorney and presidential advisor.

While Mr. Davies was visiting many important people in N. Y. C. I was very hard at work preparing the case for him to examine the witnesses the next day. I enjoyed doing it, and learned a great deal from the experience. I also won his confidence in my judgment and ability, if I do say so myself. One of my main duties was to associate with Mr. Miller as much as possible to be sure he did not do anything to hurt Mr. Davis' cause. We were all afraid he probably would turn on the Senator to help himself. However, he never did.

The trial was a long drawn-out one, requiring much hard work, and was given much publicity. After many weeks we were successful in obtaining a verdict of *Not Guilty* for the Senator, and for Mr. Miller also. Many outstanding national figures were examined as witnesses: Al Smith, Candidate for President and Governor of New York; Jimmie Walker, New York Mayor; John L. Lewis, Coal Union President; many New York bankers and Pittsburgh bankers, all character witnesses for the Senator. On many occasions during the trial we were followed from the time we left the hotel until we returned –detectives everywhere we would go. I enjoyed being with Judge Hayes in New York; we were mountaineers together, lost in a big city, but we had fun.

After the trial was over, the Moose gave a big celebration banquet. I was toastmaster and I believe the only one there without a dinner jacket. It did not bother me at all; I had a good time.

After the case went to the jury I had Louise to join me in New York as did Senator Davis' wife, and after the banquet we and our wives flew back to Washington together.

Just to complete the history of Joseph Davies, in a short while he married Mrs. Hutton, who later accompanied him to Russia when he was American Ambassador. If you have not read his book on Russia, you should read it.

As counsel, this Davis case was by far the most important case of my career. The prominence of the defendant, the national publicity, the important personalities all over the United States with whom I came in contact during the trial and after, all helped to make it so. It was also profitable from a fee standpoint. All the attorneys were well paid. An editorial appeared in the local paper after the trial was over expressing the nation-wide publicity the case was given while it was being tried. I think for my family (only) in later years it would be of interest. Also a reference or two from the news articles from the New York papers as to the part I took in the trial of the case. My activity in the trial is much better stated than I would attempt to write it.

Reviewing the scrapbook my wife kept while I was trying the Davis case in New York refreshed my memory as to some of the important issues that arose during the trial, particularly the senator's lack of knowledge of the lottery feature attached to the charity balls. This particular portion of the case as shown by the clippings, was handled by me. For this reason I am quoting a few paragraphs from the newspaper clippings and an editorial written in one of my hometown newspapers which was most flattering and most appreciated. Having appeared 35 years ago, I still appreciate it, and still contend it was undeserved. However, I want to quote from some of the papers of 35 years ago, September, 1933, as follows:

"Local attorney in Davis Trial" – Attorney H. O. Woltz represents Senator James J. Davis in Lottery Hearing in New York City. – "Margiotti said, 'Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Woltz and I are confident of success. Mr. Woltz's invaluable work has enabled us to go into court with a well prepared case'. Woltz and Senator

Davis had a two hour conference tonight, during which they talked over their long association in North Carolina. The Senator frequently consults Woltz in the court room. Ten reporters of New York newspapers are covering the trial. Woltz and Margiotti today were dinner guests of the reporters at the New York press club." Mt. Airy News, Sept. 20, 1933.

Continuing excerpt from New York newspaper clipping, dated September 28, 1933: "As the government has never contended that Davis personally operated the lottery, ruling of the court excluding other testimony is considered a great legal victory for Davis. Attorney H. O. Woltz, of North Carolina, was successful in showing today on cross-examination that Davis was never advised of a lottery feature being added to the charity ball idea of the Moose".

"H. O. Woltz, the young attorney from Mount Airy, North Carolina, of counsel for Senator Davis, has also attracted attention. The addition of Woltz to the array of counsel for the Senator is regarded by all as being a wise move on the part of the defense. He, like the judge from his state, is courteous and pleasant, and is taking an active part in the trial of the case." U. P. Winston-Salem Journal-Sentinel, Sept. 30. 1933.

"The North Carolina jurist as well as H. O. Woltz, also from North Carolina, are being well received by Manhattan. Irrespective of the reception, Judge Hayes is doing all possible to speed up the trial which has been in progress for three weeks." Greensboro Daily News, October 7, 1933.

"Attorney H. O. Woltz, of Mount Airy, N. C., of defense counsel, introduced the testimony of Rev. John Loffey, Roman Catholic chaplain of the Mooseheart home. He said he did not know that prizes were to be awarded and that if he had he would have bought a ticket. He said he attended the drawing in the printery arriving at 11 o'clock and remaining, since the door was locked and he could not get out, until 3 p. m. The senator, according to his testimony, was not in attendance at the drawing."

"H. O. Woltz, of Mount Airy, N. C., and Charles Margiotti, of Pittsburgh, Pa., members of defense counsel, have been in conference the last two or three days and are again in conference

with the Senator tonight and it is believed this conference is for the purpose of determining whether or not Davis will take the witness stand in his own defense." Winston-Salem Journal, October 9, 1933.

The following editorial appeared in the Mount Airy Times after trial.

An Orchid to you –

"Speaking in the language of the theatre, it is very seldom that a small town boy goes to the city and makes good. Once in a blue moon such a rarity does materialize. The youngster goes out to meet the sophistication, the blase, the centralization of brains that is the city's. His chance of success is small. Recognition, even, is hard for him to gain. Victory is something only to conjure in the mind's eye.

Just a short while ago Mount Airy sent one of her favorite sons to the big city slaughter. He went as many from other climes have done before him. But for this youngster the sophistication, blase attitude, centralization of brains and power that is the city's were only just so many beckonings to the rainbow's end of success. We give you the gentleman from Mount Airy who made good in the big city –Lawyer Osler Woltz.

The history of Mr. Woltz's defense of Senator Davis, in New York, charged with running a lottery are familiar to all. Through the brilliance of our native son Mr. Davis came clear. We care nothing here of the details of the case, but do wish to congratulate Mr. Woltz on his success and call to mind what it means to a city of our size to have called out of it someone to go out and defend such a prominent figure as is Mr. Davis.

Such a feat calls national recognition to our little mountain city as well as on Mr. Woltz. When the big boys in the cities get in a jam they must have the best legal talent the world affords, because the national eye is on the trial of such individuals and many times the public calls for conviction of the so-called big boys,

becouse they are guilty when accused in the eyes of the public. It is a tough situation. But Mr. Davis and Mr. Woltz came out of it in great shape.

For what he has done for Mount Airy and himself in the outside world, we thank and congratulate again, Mr. Osler Woltz."

MONDAY EVENING, OCT

WOLTZ COMES BACK HOME

Mount Airy Man Attends Banquet Given in Honor of Senator Davis.

New York. — Senator James J. Davis of Pennsyvania, who Friday was adjudged not guilty of operating a lottery in connection with a Loyal Order of Moose charity ball, last night addressed the New York press at a banquet given for the senator and the attorneys representing him in his recent trial. The banquet was given by friends of the senator. H. O. Woltz, of Mount Airy, a personal friend of the senator as well as one of his legal battery in the trial, was toastmaster.

Charles Margiotti, Charles Tuttle, Joseph E. Davies, and the senator addressed those present, thanking the press and court officials for the many courtesies extended them during the past five weeks they were forced visitors of the metropolitan city.

The senator jocularly thanked his attorneys and expressed his deep gratification for the many services rendered as he discharged them with the assurance that he never again wanted their services as defendant. However, he stated that if attorneys were ever again needed he would have the same legal battery.

The senator, Joseph E. Davies, and H. O. Woltz and their wives leave tomorrow by air for Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Woltz will continue their journey to Mount Airy.

News Article from New York Times.

CHAPTER XXXII

Clarke Attorneyship

For a few years after I had helped try the James Davis case, I had many cases in different parts of the South referred to me by people I had met while in New York trying the case and from the lawyers I was associated with in the trial.

In Washington, New York, and Philadelphia, as well as Pittsburgh, the home of the Senator, I knew many people, lawyers as well as leading business executives, most of whom had connections in the South as attorneys for the larger corporations with branches in the South, and the owners or top executives of the larger industries. Mr. Joseph E. Davies, of Counsel for Senator Davis, was widely known and highly respected. Mr. Davies had married by this time and his wife's connections were all very helpful to me. The cases were all interesting and I profited by the experience in many ways, not just financially.

One night when it was snowing and the roads were very icy, almost impassable, I was called about 10:00 o'clock from New York by Mr. Davies, who incidentally had just been appointed as United States Ambassador to Russia, advising me he wanted me to come to New York City that night; that it was most important. He advised me he had a very important legal matter to discuss with me just as quickly as possible. That evening we had friends in for dinner and the call came while they were there. One of the friends we had for dinner had visited me in New York while the Davis case was being tried and he had met Mr. Davies on his visit to New York City. I excused myself and drove to Greensboro to catch the late train into New York City. It was a terrible drive; roads very slick and almost impassable. We let the air out of the tires and were successful in making the trip safely. I arrived in New York the next day.

I propmtly called Mr. Clarke and we were in conference without delay. The conference lasted for several hours, much longer than I had anticipated. I had the taxi wait for me, having planned to stay a short time. When I returned to the hotel and the time came to pay for the taxi fare, I realized I had only $3.50 left after purchasing my train ticket to New York City. I had left home so quickly at night I did not take time to get traveling money. It was very amusing to me, when I had been out talking about a law suit involving millions of dollars, and there I was having to borrow money from the hotel to pay the taxi fare.

I had never met Mr. Clarke. I was introduced to him at the first conference at his New York apartment on Park Avenue. I was retained to look into the case and see what, if anything, could be done to help Mr. Clarke.

The case involved the Utilities Power and Light Company, a four hundred million dollar corporation, with head offices in Chicago, Illinois. Harley L. Clarke was the son of a country doctor from Michigan. From a machinery salesman and a newspaper reporter, he left the newspaper business to become associated with the utilities work and entered that field. He skyrocketed from a minor assistant to the president of the four hundred million dollar Utilities Power and Light Company. He was a director of several banks; he formed a company to sell motion picture projectors; he acquired thirty small motion picture supply houses, connecting them with the National Theatre Supply Company, which later expanded into the Great Theatre Corporation. Clarke, at one time, held one million shares of the stock, worth $20.00 per share.

The Utilities Power and Light Company was a Virginia corporation, and with the attorneys I employed for Clarke in Richmond, we filed suit to intervene in an action that had been instituted to restrain the company from disposing of the Edmondson Electric Co. of England or 20 to 25 million dollars worth of stock held in that company. Clarke was also charged with $3,000.00 misappropriation of funds of the company while he was President.

On December 31, 1936 we filed a petition for Clarke and four other persons in Federal District Court for the reorganization of the Utilities Power and Light Company under Section 77B of the Amended Federal Bankruptcy Law. The legal battle from here out lasted over several months and is not of interest at this time. It required a lot of time in Courts in Richmond and Chicago, many days spent in Washington, Philadelphia and other cities where stockholders were located and litigation was pending.

As Mr. Clarke's *personal* attorney, I was, during that period of time, thrown with many prominent lawyers and many wealthy industrialists of wide experience in business. The holdings of the Utilities Power and Light Company were spread all over the midwest and up and down the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers; all large corporations and managed by personnel of wide experience and many contacts. Had I not been paid anything but experience for my time devoted to Mr. Clarke and my clients in my efforts to help them, I would have been overpaid. The experience in corporate organization, finance and how to evaluate a new industrial opportunity was most valuable. Corporate reorganization was a prime requisite for dealing with them, and I was most thankful for my early decision to specialize in corporate reorganization.

In the beginning, with the close friendship between Mr. Clarke, Mr. Davies, and the many other associates of theirs, we were almost sure we would be successful in naming the receiver for the Power Company, the Utilities Power and Light Company. After many months of effort and many disappointments in many people, we failed in our efforts. President Roosevelt gave us the most encouragement. I spent the Christmas Holidays in Washington, having one conference after another with presidential aides, and on two occasions when the President was present in our efforts to secure their influence to help us have a former Hyde Park secretary of the President appointed the receiver. The President was most interested in his appointment. We failed in this effort. The receiver appointed was named by Odlum, of the Atlas Corporation and by an attorney of Chicago who nominated Roosevelt at the Democratic Convention when he

was nominated for President. We, therefore, lost out as to being the attorneys for the receiver. The attorneys appointed, by the way, were paid several million dollars for, of course, a great deal of hard work.

Our group of lawyers were amply paid. We were successful in winning the embezzlement suit that was instituted against Harley L. Clarke and salvaged a good portion of his holdings. Most of his great wealth was lost, however, because of his heavy losses in the early thirties' stock market slump. He borrowed many millions of dollars from a Chicago bank, pledging his Utilities Power and Light Company stock for collateral and when the other corporation took over the loan of the Reconstruction Finance Corp. made to Dawes Bank of Chicago, the Clarke loan was among the assets securing the loan. Floyd Odlum, President of the Atlas Corporation, in that way came into control of the majority of Utilities Power and Light Company. He, at once, demanded the resignation of Clarke as President at the salary of $75,000.00 per year. The money Clarke borrowed he used in the purchase of the Paramount Picture Company of Hollywood, California, and for awhile was a large motion picture executive. Almost everyone in the theatre or motion picture business, as stars or with ambition to become a star, knew him personally or would readily recognize him. I have had many very enjoyable experiences with him in going to night spots and the theatre in the larger cities. Some of the leading stars on Broadway were originally employees of his. A large number of the television personalities of renowned fame were his former associates.

Harley L. Clarke was loved by every person who was ever connected with him in business, and they could not show him enough courtesies and attention. For years after my association with Mr. Clarke I had no trouble whatsoever in receiving the most courteous treatment from the theatre owners in New York, the ticket office, and from any person I had met through my connection with him. The experience a lawyer gets in a small town dealing with complicated legal matters, when very little capital is involved, is of untold value when it becomes necessary

to deal in large figures and when one becomes associated in law suits appearing for large corporations.

The principle of law is the same regardless of the amount involved. The horseback opinions of the country lawyers and the small courtroom appearance will help him along with the big boys in the larger cities. People the country over differ very little; the most obvious observance I made is that the bigger the man and the busier he is, the more time he apparently has to give to a person. A greater lesson no lawyer or businessman can learn than not to appear too busy to see people or have patience with them. It will certainly pay handsome dividends in the end.

The highly seasoned food people eat in large cities in the swanky restaurants and places of entertainment is a great deal different from my Mama's good corn bread and buttermilk and pinto beans I was reared on, and I knew nothing about how they were prepared. I learned a lot about cooking and the serving of food from my association with Harley Clarke. I was devoted to him and had great admiration for him. Many hospitals, children's homes had playgrounds in many cities of the country, including a retirement home for disabled and aged actors and actresses of the ehatre and motion pictures are monuments to his generosity.

One of the most outstanding memories I have of him was his attention and interest in children. He loved dogs; he exhibited a large copy of a motto he said was of his own writing or composition: "Be sure a child and a dog will not make a mistake in his or her evaluation of you. Be good to both!"

The first night we were in Richmond, Virginia, preparing for the litigation to be started the next week. As we entered the dining room of the George Marshall Hotel a young man now living in Mount Airy came up and spoke to me. It was none other than Cousin Bill (William K. Woltz) of Perry Manufacturing Company. Bill was at that time working as a young engineer with DuPont, located at the Richmond Plant. In a few years Bill went with Maidenform Brassiere Company. While with Maidenform he came through Mount Airy going to his wife's home in Raleigh and spent the night with us. He had

called Louise earlier in the day, advising her of their trip through Mount Airy. After that visit Bill came to Mount Airy as a business associate in Woltz Textile Corporation, a corporation I set up for the manufacture of brassieres shortly thereafter. Bill later purchased a small business in Greensboro, N. C., Perry Manufacturing Company, and moved it to Mount Airy. We, Howard, John and myself, took over Woltz Textile Corporation and Bill continued with Perry Manufacturing Company. He has made a good success of his company and is a valuable asset to Mount Airy.



Counsel Hired By H. L. Clarke In Utility Suits

Ex-President of Concern May Intervene in Litigation

Richmond counsel was engaged yesterday by Harley L. Clarke, former head of the Utilities Power and Light Corporation, Chicago holding company, to investigate suits filed in Federal and State courts here against the corporation. The company acquired its charter in Virginia but has its headquarters in Chicago.

The investigation, it was said, is to determine whether Clarke will intervene in the court actions or institute proceedings for a reorganization of the concern under Section 77b of the amended Federal bankruptcy law. The firm of Christian Barton & Parker was engaged by H. O. Waltz of Mt. Airy, representation of Clarke.

CLARKE PROBES UTILITIES SUITS

Former Head of Power Holding Company Begins Investigation of Action

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 10.—(AP)—Harley L. Clarke, former head of the Utilities Power and Light corporation, huge holding company, Wednesday engaged Richmond counsel to investigate suits filed in federal and state courts against the company here.

The firm of Christian, Barton and Parker was engaged by H. O. Woltz of Mount Airy, representative of Clarke. Woltz said that Attorney Alexander W. Parker would conduct the investigation which he declared will determine whether Clarke will intervene in the court proceedings or bring action here for reorganization of the Virginia incorporated utilities concern under section 77B of the amended federal bankruptcy law.

Richmond paper reprints

CHAPTER XXXIII

My Last Murder Trial

Over the years while practicing law, I appeared in well over a hundred homicide cases and in many of the cases the defendant was charged with first degree murder. Defending a man charged with first degree murder is a great responsibility. His life is at stake and to be sure to protect his interest during the entire trial is rather trying and requires the most careful preparation of the case for trial. The cross-examination of the State's witnesses is most important. To permit evidence to be introduced that is only admissible under the rules of evidence is most important and requires the defendant's attorney, to at all times during the trial, be alert and be very careful to protect the interest of the defendant.

A defendant charged with a crime is permitted to testify in his own defense. However, the Judge instructs the jury to take into consideration the interest the defendant has in the jury's verdict and after that consideration is given to his testimony, then and only then can they consider the testimony given by him. For that reason I would never permit a defendant in a murder trial when I was his counsel, to go on the witness stand. I am a firm believer that any person would lie to save his own life; therefore, the jury would give very little, if any, weight to the sworn statement of a defendant. I would always remind the jury that I would tell a lie to save my own life, and if they would not do the same I had made a mistake in permitting them to sit as jurors in the case.

In the particular case of the defendant I am writing about, he was charged with first degree murder and first degree arson. The facts were circumstantial and very strong against the defendant. His conduct over the years was very bad. He had been associated with the wife of the deceased over a period of several years, being accused of being the father of several of her children, all with the knowledge and sanction of the deceased. In

fact, the defendant's wife was not at all particular about the men she associated with, where or under what circumstance, according to the evidence.

The State's evidence revealed that the defendant and the husband had both been to bed with her the same night, with the knowledge of both of the two men, the defendant and the deceased. They had all three slept together on several occasions. On the particular day of the deceased's death the three had been together since the afternoon before, had eaten breakfast together and all were drinking very heavily. There were several other men there to see the wife and the main State's witness against the defendant. About 5:00 o'clock that Sunday afternoon, in nice summer weather, the house caught fire and burned to the ground. The husband (the deceased) was in the house and burned up with the house. At the time, the State's evidence revealed, the wife was down in the woods back of the house with a man, not the defendant. The husband (the deceased) was in the kitchen portion of the house. No one saw the house catch fire, according to the evidence. As the smoke from the fire was seen by the neighbors of the community, the house being located on a farm about ten miles from a settled town or unincorporated village, the defendant was seen driving fast from the direction of the house on fire, in the direction of his home in Pilot Mountain.

The remainder of the evidence was most sordid, all about the common bad conduct of the defendant and the wife of the deceased. The picture painted of the defendant by the evidence was not good and very damaging, certainly to the extent that his testimony would not be believed by the jury.

The wife, in her testimony to the jury made it, I am sure, much worse than it really was. It was bad enough at best. She had been in the County home and jail of the County for most a year, had been fed good food and dressed up, far better than she had ever been in her life.

The trial lasted several days. Each day we would have the same ordeal with the defendant wanting to testify in his own behalf, contending that much of the State's evidence was not true, but false. I had a very capable associate attorney appearing

with me in the case. He agreed that the defendant should be allowed to testify, if he wanted to; that after all, it was his life at stake, and we should not deprive him of going on the witness stand, if he wanted to do so so badly. I still refused, agreeing to withdraw from the case and let him finish the trial and take the responsibility, but never would I do it or consent to it; (over my dead body would I ever agree to it; I was satisfied we had a good case and I was determined not to have it ruined by the defendant taking the witness stand.) Finally, I won out, and we continued the trial and after the Solicitor closed the case for the State, it was our time to present evidence. We decided not to introduce any evidence and rested our case as well.

We presented the case to the jury and I thought we had a perfect case. I was convinced the Judge should not have allowed the case to go to the jury, but insisted he grant our motion of non-suit for lack of sufficient evidence to go to the jury. He refused our motion. We made strong arguments and I was sure the jury would turn the defendant loose with a not-guilty verdict; however, much to our surprise, the jury convicted him of first degree murder and first degree arson and were kind enough to recommend mercy (which permitted the Judge to sentence the defendant for life, on both counts, giving him two life sentences to serve in the penitentiary). We, of course, appealed the case to the Supreme Court and that is when the trouble started. I had never had a first degree murder verdict returned against a client of mine and just did not believe it would happen; however, it did, and in a big way. I had made the statement that if it ever did happen I would never try a first degree murder trial again, unless under special circumstances (a strong personal friend or close relative.)

While the defendant was in jail awaiting the case to be heard in the Supreme Court, my son Howard was at that time practicing law with me, and on one occasion he went to the jail in Danbury to see and talk to the defendant. Howard was working on the defendant's case on appeal. While there the defendant informed Howard that a man had been locked up with

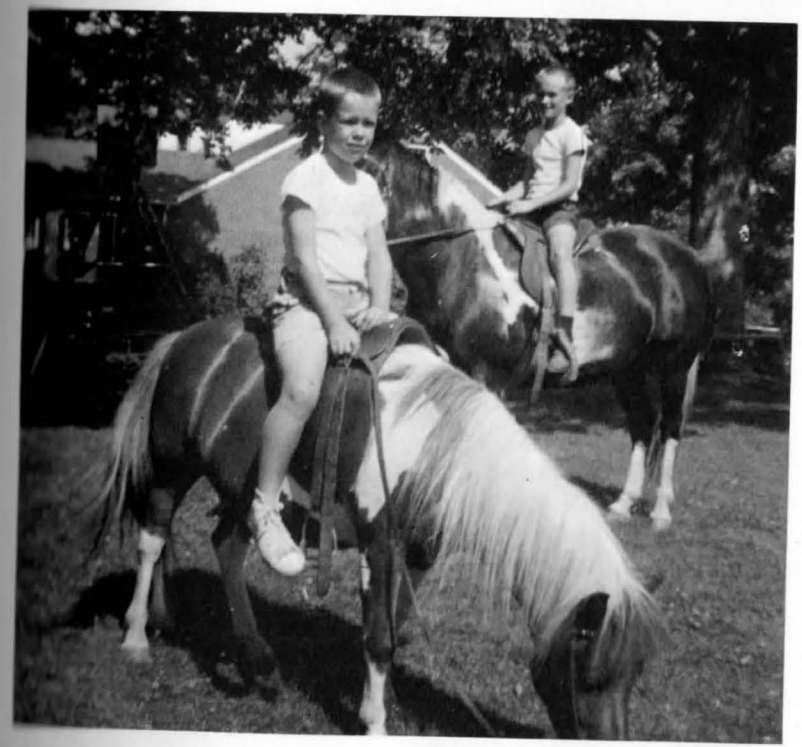
him in the same cell the night before and was still there; that the man had a pistol on him and was going to kill the jailer when he came to the cell. The tale Howard doubted but out of utmost caution, he told the jailer about it. The jailer did not believe it either and insisted he had searched the man the night before and he knew better. Howard still insisted that the man and the cell be searched again.

When the search was made, my son covered the suspect with the Sheriff's gun and the Sheriff or jailer began the search and, sure enough, he did have a pistol fully loaded hidden in his boots. What a lucky thing to have happend for the jailer and certainly for the defendant – the defendant awaiting a life sentence hearing in the Supreme Court and the man with the gun only jailed on a misdemeanor charge. The defendant could have been very easily charged with the killing of the jailer.

As a result of the information about the pistol having been brought to my son's attention, and the defendant having furnished the information, we were successful in obtaining bond of $50,000.00 for the defendant. After he was released from jail on bond he haunted me – wanted to see me, and talk to me day or night, and of course there was nothing I could tell him, except that all we could do was wait and see what the Supreme Court would do with the case on appeal. I will tell you one thing for certain, I worried over that one case more than all the other murder trials put together. I know one thing for certain, I was coal black-headed when the case was tried in the Superior Court in November; the next April, when the case was heard in the Supreme Court, I was gray-headed. I would wake up in the night when I had dreamed the defendant was serving the two life sentences and telling everybody, "Yes, I'm here serving the time, all because I had one lawyer who would not let me take the witness stand and testify in my own defense; I never had a chance to say one word for myself". No one will ever know what I went through, unless he has experienced it himself. However, I have always heard that all is well that ends well.

When the Supreme Court heard the case on appeal, they dismissed the case and the defendant went free. They stated in their decision that they agreed with the defense that at the close of the State's evidence our motion for dismissal should have been allowed.

The defendant went on his way very happy and most thankful for the results and very complimentary of his attorneys' efforts for him. The attorneys, or at least one of them, has never tried a first degree murder trial since and I don't believe he ever will. He is still whiteheaded from the results of the one I have described.



H. O. III and Howell





Fun Together



CHAPTER XXXIV

My Views on Race Relations

Having spent as much time and thought as I have spent over the years in an effort to develop Mount Airy industry, I have naturally given a great deal of thought to race relations and lack of industrial opportunity having been provided for our colored population.

As early as 1937 or 38, after I had organized a mill for myself, one of the early moves I made was to give thought and consideration to the employment of colored people. My first effort in this direction was to employ a young colored boy and place him in the shipping department. Only white men were working in that department at that time and we had just a few people working with him. I watched his demeanor and attitude towards his fellow workers and the way his fellow workers were receiving him. I had no resentment from any of the employees of the mill as to his being colored. The young man conducted himself in a very courteous and co-operative manner and soon won the respect of his fellow employees.

Having the first colored man on the payroll work so well, I decided that if it would work in the first instance, it could work again. It pleased me greatly when the next colored employee was put to work; he also was well received. The two boys were happy with their work and glad to have the opportunity to be in the textile field. They made an effort to properly conduct themselves. It was not long before the first boy put to work had white people under his supervision. That experiment also worked, and worked well. After that, I began to give considerable thought to the integration problem, long before very much had been said about it. I had plans to open a mill solely to work colored people. I soon abandoned that idea in favor of further integrating my own mill.

After the expansion at the mill, we were engaged in the construction of three houses, one for each of my sons, John and

Howard, and the home where Louise and I now live. After the houses were completed, I gave a barbecue and invited the husbands and wives of the people who had worked in any capacity in the construction of the houses so they could see our new homes. All were invited, even an employee of a sub-contractor, or just a laborer. To my surprise, we had over a hundred in attendance. I wanted them to bring their wives so they could see what their husbands had been doing over that period of time. The mixing of the races and people of different walks of life, the assurance given all who were there that they were wanted and their presence appreciated, worked well. I was then thoroughly convinced that the proper procedure to follow was to work for industrial equality for all people, regardless of race, color or creed, and it would pay dividends in the end.

I was then and am still of the opinion that the majority of all races desire industrial equality and not social equality. We now have a large percentage of colored people working in industries I have organized for ourselves, a far larger percentage than of population. My experience in the practice of law, and other experiences have convinced me that people of all classes, regardless of color, are going to socially associate with people of their own walk of life. *"Birds of a feather flock together"*. People with character want to associate with people of character. People with no morals definitely want to associate with immoral people. In my judgment, it is not so much the race problem as it is the segregation problem. It is not only the segregation of the races but is more the people wanting to be and associate with people of their own likes and dislikes, people who have interests in common; people who enjoy doing the same things. The greatest thing that can be done to help the situation is to improve the financial standing of the people, regardless of race; to improve the educational standards of the people; to respect people of character, regardless of their race or color. If this is done, the injustices in working conditions, transportation, and many other fields will be solved much more quickly.

We, as a nation, have observed the separate but equal rights of all Americans. We are now paying the penalty for our

failure to handle it properly. The only answer today, as I see it, is to practice the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you". This does not mean social equality. It does not mean intermarriage of the races. It does not mean that different races have to fraternize or socially mingle. It only means that a fair deal for all is to give them the consideration you would want given you; the same opportunity and no more. Because of the low income of the Negro and many other nationalities we have here in America many peoples of different races are lacking education. Because of their low income they have not advanced in civilization. Crime breeds while people are idle – no ambition, badly crowded living conditions; lack of sufficient food to eat, lack of proper supervision or advice to the children, all are contributing factors to the conditions of unrest among the different nationalities today.

I guess I inherited the desire to do something for the colored people of Mount Airy. Years ago, while my dear mother was living, I joined her in an effort to improve the living conditions of the colored people in our Town. I am sure it has been longer than 50 years ago. She sponsored several projects for their benefit. She was a strong believer in helping all people who needed help. She wanted a playground for the colored people before we had one for the whites in Mount Airy, better streets, and especially better schools. She attempted to fill a gap by teaching Sunday School in the colored section of the City solely for the colored children. She would be proud of the advancement all have made in recent years as to the slum clearance in our colored section of Town. I'll say more about this in the Planning Board Chapter of this – my report to the children.

I referred today to a statement I made for the press several years ago when interviewed about the race subject and how to improve race relations.

The following article appeared in the Winston-Salem Journal in 1950. The article is quoted below:

"Journal Forum – *'How to Improve Race Relations:'*

Jim Crowism and legislation to improve race relations in the South and the nation have been the topic of many lively

discussions for many years. The Journal Forum asked a number of Northwest North Carolinians to discuss the topic and asked them the following questions:

'Several bills under discussion in Congress aimed to discourage discrimination against negro job-seekers. A bill was presented recently to the Virginia State Legislature to abolish segregation on busses and trains. Do you think that legislation along either of these lines would be helpful or harmful?' 'Can you suggest any steps which would improve race relations in North Carolina?'

'H. O. Woltz, Sr., Mount Airy attorney: I think an awful lot of the talk going around about racial inequality is not necessary. When transportation gets to the place where segregation causes delays, then we ought to abolish it, but it is going to take time for the negro to get educated enough to demand the rights to which he is entitled. It's all a matter of education, all the negro wants is industrial equality, not racial equality. I am for doing anything for the advancement of the colored race as long as it does not spoil them or hurt them and I am not against anything that does not cause social equality. As long as it is aimed at industrial equality, I can see nothing inherently wrong with it. I think the main trouble has been caused by the inferior classes of both races.' "

I was one of several people throughout Northwest North Carolina who were interviewed relative to the above questions and I have only quoted my statement to the reporter.



Green Hill Farm looking north



Green Hill Farm looking east



Silage corn in bottom



Aerial view of Homes.

CHAPTER XXXV

Green Hill Farm and How It Was Acquired

When I first started the practice of law, as I have heretofore stated, I became Scoutmaster and went on camping trips to places where I had gone camping in my Boy Scout days. One place was known as Jackson's Lake – a beautiful lake and a wonderful place to camp. I often looked at the farm surrounding the lake and decided the valley and the land in that part of the County was beautiful. However, never did I dream that some day it would belong to me.

In later years the dam broke and the farm land became grown up to some extent. The owner was old and very heavily in debt. After his death the land was owned by some of his close relatives. When I first thought of trying to acquire any part of it, it was many years later.

I first purchased seven acres of land in that area, but this land was over a mile from the lake. My purchase of the seven acres came about as follows: A client of mine owed me $125.00 for an attorney fee, advising me that she would soon pay me $75.00 as she had an opportunity to sell a small tract of land for $75.00 and she would pay me this. I refused to let her do it; instead, I permitted her to make me a deed to the seven acres and marked the $125.00 paid in full. I had never seen the land and knew nothing about where it was located until several years later.

One Sunday my wife and the two children wanted to make a trip to the mountain to visit an old colored lady who sold us dressed chickens. In my effort to go to her home I passed by the home of the people who sold me the land and inquired of them where it was located. The man pointed out the line to me, but I found out later he knew very little about it. However, I took his word for it, and later, without investigating further, decided to build a lake on it, since we found a small spring and stream. After the lake was completed, I discovered half of the

dam and lake was located on land belonging to someone else. There was no road that was passable to it, and the land was all grown up. It was only three miles from Town and near a Methodist Church which had been built by Mrs. R. J. Reynolds in memory of her parents.

The boys were quite young and I decided a small summer cabin would be a good place for them in the summertime. At that time I had several small tenant houses and the depression was so bad the renters were out of work and could not pay rent. They were many months behind in the payment of rents. All of the tenants were good people and willing to work and pay but they just didn't have a job and could not pay. I decided to get some of them together and clean up the place and see what it looked like after it could be seen for the underbrush. The men worked well, and that is when I decided to purchase some logs and build a cabin. I would pay them one-half of the wage and give them the other half credit on the past-due rent. They were all glad to comply with that arrangement.

I had a road contractor who was indebted to me. He was also out of work. He owned several teams of mules and had the dirt moving equipment sufficient to build a dam. I contacted him and he was glad to furnish the equipment and the mules, if I could only feed them. Many farmers were indebted to me. I contacted them and asked if they could furnish me some corn, wheat, hay or anything a mule could eat, since they couldn't pay me, or probably they could spare a team to move dirt a few days. I received great response to that proposition, so much that one day forty-two people were working with very little out-of-pocket payroll. It was not long until the cabin and lake were completed.

Finishing the story about my building the lake on land belonging to someone else: It just happened that the party owning the adjoining thirteen acres or so of land and one-half of the lake was also a client of mine, a son of one of the Siamese twins. When I contacted him about selling me the land covered by water, he just looked at me and told me "No", that he would fish on his side of the lake and I could fish on my side, except

for one thing – neither of us would ever fish because it would never fill with water. He really gave me a hard time about being so stupid, to build a lake on top of a hill, with so little water. Finally, after several conferences he agreed to sell it to me, or give it to me if it ever filled up with water. Much to his surprise and to mine it did fill with water, and made a very fine small fish and bathing lake. Both of my boys learned to swim in the lake, being taught by their mother. Many wonderful and enjoyable times were had by us and our friends for many summers there. We called it "Hideaway Lodge".

I then became interested in the other land adjoining my seven acres. The thirteen acres was finally obtained without too much cost except worrying and waiting several years, all done to tease me. The deed my client drew the first time the lake filled up, but he continued to worry me about it. However, he had a note pinned to the deed executed by his wife and himself advising that if anything happened to him it was my land and paid for; so deliver the deed to me. It was delivered to me, however, by him during his lifetime.

The next twenty-five acres were purchased a few years later, the land adjoining the original tract. The next purchase was for twenty-five more acres, still adjoining the land I had purchased. A short time later I bought an additional twelve acres. By that time I had several acres that could be cultivated. I built a four room tenant house, a small barn, and started farming on a small scale, all good experience and recreation from the law office.

It was a long time after this before I gave any consideration or thought to the purchase, or ever owning, the original farm where the Scouts camped and where the beautiful farm land was located, although on the north side I joined it.

Many years later my law partner's father became interested in the purchase of the old Jackson farm that to me was so beautiful. I investigated it for him with the heirs but after much consideration he decided he would not buy it. Then I started dreaming of owning it myself. I finally was able to purchase the large tract and owned a good portion of the valley I had always thought was so beautiful.

After that purchase I was determined, if it was ever available, I would try to buy the rest of the valley. From time to time different tracts of the land became available, and all of it I have purchased. In this connection, however, I have never bought a tract of land or any portion of a tract that any of the heirs or relatives wanted to purchase for themselves. I have even encouraged the brothers, sons or relatives of the owners to buy it themselves, offering to lend them the money to purchase it with. I have never acquired a tract of land anywhere that the relatives did not all want me to buy. That record I am very proud of, and as a result we have had good neighbors and many close friends.

After purchasing several other tracts of land, lots and small acreage, I now own all the land from near U. S. Highway 52 to near Salem Church, the church Mrs. Reynolds built in memory of her father and mother. The last three tracts of land I purchased is the land where we and both of my fine sons and their spdendid families now live, with all nine grandchildren. It is interesting to note that after many years of consideration my present house is located within four feet of where it was first planned.

When the boys were quite young, we would drive out to the farm, as we called it, drive up on the high hill overlooking the valley and discuss how much we all hoped to live there some day. I divided the twelve acre hill into three lots, one for myself, and one for each of the boys. As to which lot John would get and which lot Howard would get, I could never get them to decide. Each son would say let the other son have the one he would rather have, and I will take the other lot. It was finally determined by planning to draw straws. I insisted in confidence that each son tell me the lot he had rather have, and when the information was furnished me, I discovered the boys each wanted a different lot, so we are all happy – everyone has the location he wanted.

The next problem presented itself. None of us as a family wanted to move to the country unless we all did. When John got married he lived next door to us in Town. When Howard

decided to get married, we all planned to go to the country. We started all three houses the same year; first we closed in Howard's house, next we closed in John's. The last one to start was mine and Louise's. The same carpenters built all three houses. I agreed with them to give them regular work for the entire time it would take to build all three houses, rain or sunshine, after the roof was on the first house. We would work on the house not closed in when weather was good and in bad weather work inside on one of the other houses. I was able to keep my promise with the workmen. They did a fine job and we were all pleased.

The boys have made additions to their houses several times and now, to me this is the prettiest place in this County and we are all very happy. Nothing could make Louise and me any happier than having both our children, their fine wives and our grandchildren, on the same hill, all happy, healthy and normal. We could stay on our knees forever and never give enough thanks to God for the blessings we have received.



Birthday Celebration



Relaxing on Mountain



Mountain Farm House and retreat

CHAPTER XXXVI

Investment in Mountain Land

As I began to get older and having had several business ventures, as well as the strain of the law practice, I began to realize that the most recreation I had was when I was interested in trading, buying, selling and developing land. One small business venture was owning a fleet of dump trucks and leasing them to the contractors who were building the roads on the Parkway, only twelve miles from Mount Airy. I could visualize the future of that section of the mountain, after the Parkway roads were completed. I was convinced that the whole section would sooner or later become a real mountain summer resort section.

The land at that time, in the late thirties or early forties, was very reasonable in price, certainly in comparison to present prices. I had knowledge of the land the Government had purchased for lookout sights. I also had an opportunity to see the plans for the construction of the road known as the Blue Ridge Parkway. I at once began to investigate the prospects of purchasing some of the choice locations. I was rather successful at picking out good scenic sights for a future development. All of the land I purchased was well located and in good production for grass and grazing cattle; certainly enough improved to produce sufficient income to cover the taxes and interest on the investment.

The project has been a very enjoyable one, and also very interesting. I was in the cattle business on a small scale. The mountain land enabled me to have sufficient grazing land for my cattle while I developed Green Hill Farm, my home tract that I am so proud of and have been able to develop. I think, however, the most valuable asset to my becoming interested in the mountain land has been the rest and recreation I have had from the venture. To get away from the business pressures and the worries of the law practice has meant a great deal, healthwise.

The good fresh air, the quiet surroundings of the mountains have done wonders for me. From an investment standpoint, it has been profitable. I have bought and sold enough land to enable me to own the several tracts I now own for a very small investment.

To have a mountain cabin or house to take business friends for a day or night outing has been most helpful in a business way, as well as very restful. In fact, I have thought through more than one business investment I was contemplating making by just getting off to myself to think the proposition through. Many briefs for important law suits and many decisions relative to the trial of criminal cases, as well as civil cases, have been made and planned while enjoying the quiet, cool mountain surroundings.

I have topographical maps of one large tract and plans for a motel, or residential area. I am sure this will be very profitable for the children or grandchildren. One particular boundary of land I purchased and sold is now being developed. I believe the better and more elaborately the choice locations of the parkway are developed, the more attractive and profitable they will become. With shorter working hours, more people reading and becoming better educated, that more time will be spent for recreation. The more attractive the developments are the more pleasing they will be for investors. I predict that the Parkway will be a real summer and tourist playground. I am also sure the locations I have purchased will never be any cheaper in value. Sooner or later there will be golf courses, motels and probably many summer and winter amusement centers all along the Parkway, throughout Virginia and North Carolina.

I am at this time devoting much thought and planning as to how the Green Hill Farm and the mountain land can be developed, with a Master Plan. I have considered placing all the land by conveyance to a corporation, where all the land I have acquired may be developed under the one plan. That way it will profit all the grandchildren and my sons in a much better

way than if divided into small tracts to be developed or sold separately.

I sometimes wonder if writing all such thoughts and happenings in my life will ever be of interest to anyone; whether it will or not, by so doing I can probably think through what I wish to do about it insofar as disposing of it to my children and their children. If no profit ever comes from it all, my health has been helped, I am sure, by my time spent in getting the land paid for, and the time spent at my vacation cabin during the years is profit enough.

This is being written while the hay is being harvested. To sit here on the porch and see the newly-mown hayfields, and smell the pure air and aroma from the new-cut hay, makes one happy and thankful for being alive.

Just a few minutes ago I walked out into the yard to see if the hay in one of the upper fields had been raked for baling and as I passed an old apple tree left in the yard I saw my pet snakes.

Over 15 years ago before I remodeled the house it was used as a tenant house and later as a place to store hay. At that time the house was open, no locks on the doors, and no one around except on occasions removing hay to cows in Mount Airy. While the house was open as described a large black snake made the house his home. On many occasions we would see the snake and feed him. He became a real pet. I now have two real large black snakes. I named the older one Charlie, his girlfriend is called Mildred. Believe it or not, they know their names. They will, on occasions, answer to the call for food. When I have guests up for a steak supper, the snakes know they will be fed.

On one occasion Howard, Jo, Jo's mother and the children saw Charlie put on a real show. I had been to the mountain earlier that morning with my farm manager and we had killed and dressed a young frying size rabbit, the entrails were thrown over into the garden. Little Louise, Howard's oldest daughter, was looking for tomatoes and almost stepped on Charlie. It almost scared her to death. She had never seen the snake before.

Later in the evening we were eating dinner and we looked over in the yard – Charlie was leaving the garden going back to the tree to see Mildred, his girlfriend. He paid no attention to us at all, crawled right by us and straight to his apple tree, his den. Up the tree he crawled, passed over a large limb on the tree, wrapped himself around the tree and put on a real show, relieving himself of all the liquid he had consumed from eating the rabbit entrails. Mildred was watching the performance and they then retired to their den.

On many other occasions I have had guests that were very much amused by my snakes and their being so friendly. Black snakes are the best protection you can have around a country place. They keep poisonous snakes away and you never see a rat and few mice if you have black snakes around. I pay $10.00 to every person who brings me a black snake to put on my farm. I have purchased many of them and protect them after we get them. All my tenants realize their value on the farm.

On another occasion during mating season, while sitting in the yard one day, I saw both of the snakes, Charlie and Mildred in the hollow portion of the tree, all wrapped up together. I called my guests to come and see what I was seeing. We watched them for about one hour. Charlie finally left, crawled up the tree to a fork in the tree. His den was in one fork, Mildred's in the other fork. When he reached the place of his den, on the opposite fork of the tree he lowered himself and with his head and the forepart of his body, crawled up the other fork where Mildred had her den. He then made a bridge for her to cross from the one branch of the tree over to her den. Then came Mildred. She crawled up the tree and crossed over, using Charlie's bridge he had made by his body to her limb of the tree to her den. In the den she crawled and Charlie crawled in and joined Mildred in her den. That was the last we saw of either of the snakes that day.

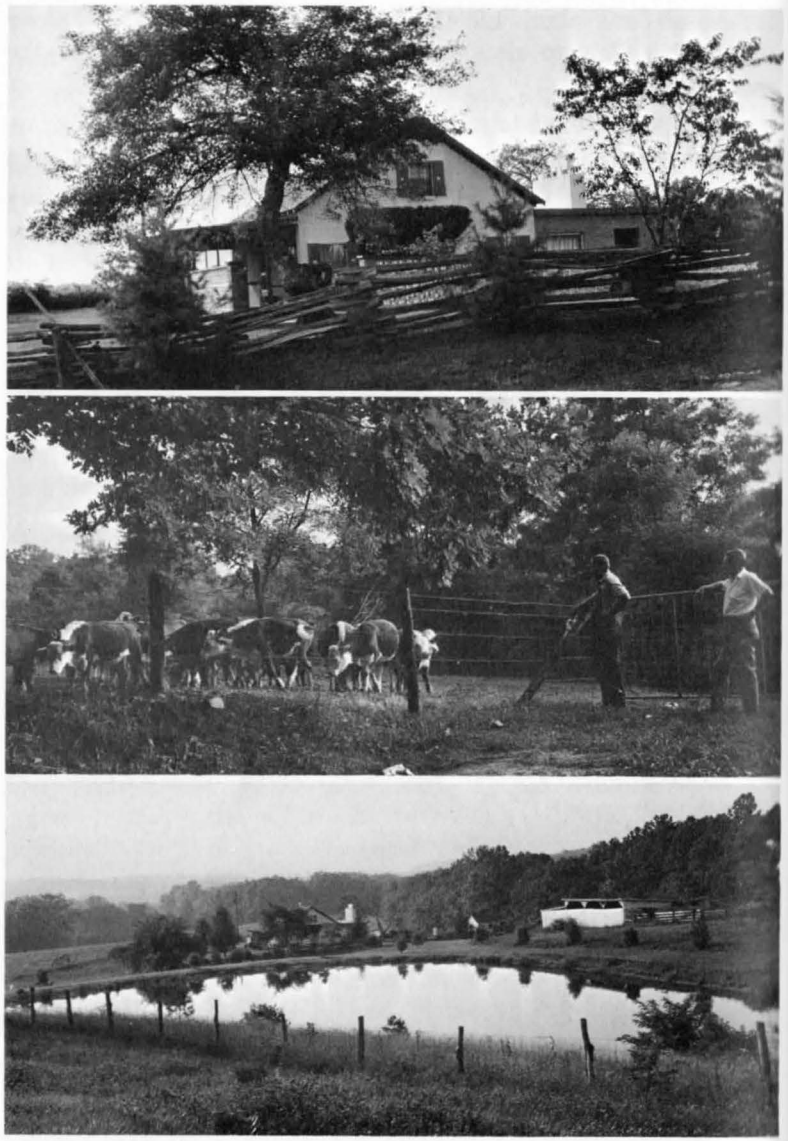
Really and truly, it was a most interesting experience to watch. A real courtship taking place. It reminded me of the

legend of Sir Walter Raleigh. That story I am sure it is known to all. Needless to say, we had many little black snakes the next year.



Mountain farm scenes





Mountain Farm

CHAPTER XXXVII

Development of Green Hill Farm

After acquiring all the acreage that comprises Green Hill Farm, the scenic valley I wanted so badly, the problem then presented itself as to how I was going to develop it. The location of the houses, barns, pasture land, what to leave in timber for future development, and many other considerations were given to different sections of the farm. Realizing how near it was located to Mount Airy, with no roads through it or even to the farm that were passable in wet weather, and having in mind that some day it would be so near town that the main consideration should be what could later be done with the land for residential usage. I knew from the little growth Mount Airy had had in the past that the town was growing in the direction of Green Hill.

I was at that time bringing new industry to Mount Airy and it would have been comparatively easy to have located industry there. In fact, when the land was purchased by me, one site was a woolen mill, another large brick building which had been the Old Thompson Tobacco Manufacturing Company. Water power was provided for the woolen mill by a large stream, Lovill's Creek, that flows through the center of the farm, which was perfect for providing additional dams for more water power. Over twelve branches flow from all over the farm into the creek. It is the best watered farm I know of in the County.

With all of the above information, I could not get the consent of my mind to have industrial plants in that area. The next question was what to do with it – should I try to farm on a fairly large scale or just what was best to do with the amount of land I had. It was all except the bottom land, so to speak, in woods or timber, no large timber but good growing timber for our section of the County.

After much consideration and thought, I decided that a beautiful place could be made of it. The lovely scenery, the

beautiful hills, the fresh flowing streams; all were perfectly located for a real development. With lakes and roads it would be perfect for future development.

The next decision to make was to clear the land, get a large portion of it in grass, leaving trees wherever possible and especially in the fields for as long as it was used for farming purposes.

We decided to build our houses on one edge of the farm, the portion nearest Mount Airy, on a hill overlooking the entire valley, with the Blue Ridge Mountains in the background, and a view of the Blue Ridge Mountains from Roaring Gap to Ground Hog Mountain, over 55 miles.. You can see the lights of the houses on the mountains burning at night, see the cars as they go up and down the different roads over the mountains; practically every Gap has a road leading over the mountain. You can sit on the porch and see the different changes in color of the mountains in the distance, changing each season of the year; snow and snow drifts in the winter time, beautiful clouds hovering at the top or foot of the mountain. At times it really seems a fairy land.

Most of the landscaping of the farm has, therefore, been done with the thought in mind that some day it could be a real residential development, with a golf course up and down the branch bottoms and laid out so as to make a real championship 18 hole golf course. Taking into consideration the high land and the scenic sections for top residential lots, there would be smaller lots of 150 to 200 foot frontage. In fact, years ago I offered to give to the Mount Airy Country Club the land for an 18 hole golf course if they would sell the 9 hole course they then had and now have and spend the money building a club house and building the 18 hole course. At that time they refused the offer. Since they have inquired of me if I would do it now, I declined, having decided we will probably do it in time ourselves.

With these thoughts in mind, every time I would clear a field or hilltop I would leave well spaced trees of a lasting variety, such as locust, white oak, white pines and others, with the development of a golf course in mind. In fact, the plan

used was just like arranging shrubbery in a yard except for the large acreage. Instead of small shrubs for a section, I'll use trees grouped as shrubbery in many corners of fields or in special locations. I have nine lakes built on the farm, and locations for others. In grading the several miles of roads over the farm, they have all been located with the future development plan in mind.

My present plan is soon to have a topo map prepared of the entire acreage and with the map we can more intelligently lay out the golf course and plan for development of the entire farm to the best usage. I propose to have for donation church sites and school sites; to probably build a small shopping area, or whatever expert developers think best for the property and most profitable uses of the premises. If the farm is incorporated as mentioned in another story about farm or mountain land, I am of the opinion it can be developed in that manner as a whole and to the best interest of all my children and grandchildren. Some of the property could be set aside for sale to help charitable organizations, the churches perhaps or other worthy causes. A nursing home for elderly people would be wonderful.

During the past 15 or 20 years I have continually lost money on the farm, largely because of the plan as above described. Being located as close to Town as it is, I am sure it will soon sell by the foot and not by the acre and as once was said about the purchase of land, the way to make money is to purchase it by the acre and sell it by the foot. However that may be, the money lost has not been lost, in my book; at least 10,000 people (or many times that number) drive through the farm every year, looking at the horses, mules, pigs, sheep, cattle and beautiful corn and hay fields, and I am sure get more pleasure from doing that than the dollars invested.

I believe that every dollar lost will be recovered 10 to 1 when the farm is developed. I can look with pride at some of the families who lived with me as tenants. When they first came to the farm with large families, girls and boys alike, uneducated, with never many opportunities, no educational encouragement, and the parents barely making a

living for the family, and in a short while they were living better, in better houses, better surroundings, and in much better conditions and influences than many of them had ever been used to. Most of the children turned out well. The girls married well, all have good homes now. The fathers and mothers are well cared for in their old age. This applies to colored as well as white. I do not take the credit for it alone. The better farm land, a better chance farming, the nearness to schools, and the opportunity they had with industry for employment for the children as they grew up, all were large contributing factors in their progress and growth. Most of them now own their own homes, and are well respected citizens of the community, and a credit to themselves.

Since I acquired my first tract of farm land I have been extremely interested in the development of it. I have written about how it was acquired and how I improved it from year to year. I have always had in mind how it could later be developed and developed to the best advantage for the children and grandchildren and future generations. For that reason I have given much thought to the future plans for the entire farm; how I should dispose of it and what would be the best way to do it.

With nine grandchildren now and the farm being located so near to Mount Airy makes the problem much harder to solve especially if I should attempt to subdivide it into different tracts and try to allot the different tracts. By doing this it would be extremely difficult if not impossible to make an equitable division. Due to the location and the terrain and the accessability of some of the farm in comparison with other sections of the farm, I believe it would be most impossible.

To sell it for division would be a major mistake in my judgment. I have discussed this situation with my two sons on many occasions and I am sure they fully agree with me about it. As discussed with the boys I am not getting any younger and the land is becoming more valuable. I have discussed with them what our future plans should be and how to develop or handle the farm in view of the future for them and the grandchildren.

We are now considering incorporating the farm, Green Hill Farm, Inc., for me to convey all my farm lands including my mountain farms as well and then divide the stock as I desire.

By that procedure all children and grandchildren and future generations could share and share alike and the farms could be developed or divided as desired without injury to anyone.

We have also discussed the possibility of the construction of a championship eighteen-hole golf course and the Green Hill farm and to have a topo map made of the entire farm and see what experts in the field think could be done in that respect. As close to Mount Airy as the farm is, I am of the opinion it would be very advantageous to the town as well as the owners.

This suggestion in fact was made by the boys and they now have the idea and plans under consideration. The mountain land is all located near the Blue Ridge Parkway and is adaptable for subdivision as time goes on.

I already have a topo map made of the mountain property or a large portion of it with subdivision in mind. Residential developments are now being made all around the farm. Mount Airy can hardly expand or grow in any other direction in my judgment as well and as quickly as in the direction of the farm. It will all sooner or later become residential property or property suitable for subdivision. The golf course would be a very valuable added attraction and asset.

The same is true of the mountain land. In the past five years the development of the parkway land has been growing every year. In a short while the parkway will be a real summer playground.

I hope we can soon make some definite plans as to the future development of the farm lands along the lines herein described.

EARLY PLANNING FOR GOLF COURSE



Incidentally, in school I played a little golf and when I came home to practice law there was no golf course. I was talking to two of my young business friends aout golf and the three of us decided to see if we could locate a piece of land near town where we could knock a few golf balls.

After a short investigation, we found a place near the cemetery just outside of town that was available. The land was owned by a former Mount Airy resident that was living in Guilford College. We drove down to see him about renting us the land. Our efforts were successful in that he rented us the land for $10.00 per year.

We began playing on three make-shift greens, and had lots of fun. In a short while others became interested and in a few years we started with much help from a large number of people the present Mount Airy Country Club.

In recent years, after acquiring my farm I offered to give the Club enough land for them to build an eighteen-hole golf course, provided they would sell the nine-hole course they now have, and build the new course with a real up-to-date clubhouse.

The management at that time of the Club refused my offer. I am now glad they did not accept my proposition. It is the same land where I propose to build the golf course I have written about for Green Hill Farm Corporation.

We probably were too small a town at that time to support an eighteen-hole golf course. In thinking and planning for my

grandchildren, such as the development of the farm and the golf course, I have made one observation that disturbs me to some extent as to the future ambitions of the younger men to come on later.

When I was young, almost all of the young men were ambitious to engage in work for themselves and not just accept a job working for someone else.

Now most all of the college graduates and many others it appears to me are more interested in securing employment with the Federal Government or some large Corporation and when you make inquiry as to why, the answer is almost always "For Security".

That change in the outlook and plans and ambitions of the younger generation could be necessary because of the heavy tax structure they are facing and the inability of the young men starting out being able to save enough money to have the hopes of entering business for themselves.

If that is true it makes it all the more important for parents and families to give serious consideration and thought in planning opportunities for their children and grandchildren to go into business for themselves, if they so desire.

Nothing of course will take the place of being sure they all have the best education possible. Without a good education I fear the opportunities for good employment will be limited.

Salaried personnel and government employees have more time to participate in sports such as golf, tennis and fishing than people in business. This is due to shorter working hours. Now industry and all businesses are working shorter hours.

All people have more time for recreation. Exercise and education is being stressed more for families in every walk of life.

Golf is becoming a very popular game from pleasure as well as health standpoints. All the doctors, as well as parents, are stressing for children and the entire family to take more exercise.

For these reasons I feel golf courses will, as time passes, become more popular.





Conferences with my trusted friend and farm manager, Ford Stanley.



CHAPTER XXXVIII

Value of Farm Life

I have been forever thankful for the experience I gained in my early childhood from living on a farm and being closely associated with farm life. My mother was reared on a farm and all her brothers were farmers. I spent many weeks in the summers living in the country with them. I also lived three years, from the age of 9 to 12, on a farm with my parents, and the experience of being closely associated with farm life during my immature years was most profitable to me.

After I began farming myself, having the interest of my children and their families at heart, realizing the valuable experiences I gained as a child, I was confident that the closer they were to the soil and all nature, the better it would be for them.

Howard, as a young boy, had made exemption grades in school and had won three holidays. He was going to play around town during that time. I insisted on taking him to the farm, giving him a mule and a bull tongue plow, and started him learning something about a farm. He still says, and so did his grandmother, that it was one of the most unfair things I ever did to him. It probably was, but I was thoroughly convinced that one of the worst things a parent could do to a child was to fail to teach him to work. Children who grow up in town as a rule are not provided with opportunities to work during vacation periods and before and after school. Seldom do parents have chores sufficient to teach them the thrift necessary in my judgment to instill in them the proper working habits their value.

When I was a boy, my father drove horses before the day of automobiles. I had four horses to curry, feed and water and a cow to milk daily before school. In the evening, I had the wood to get in and the cow to milk. My brother, Greer, helped to some extent in currying the horses but was too smart to learn to milk – *just could not learn how.* My experience almost turned

me against milk and until this day I am not much of a milk drinker. With all the heat for cooking and heating the houses, all dairy products purchased from the grocery stores, there are very few chores around the house for a boy to do that can be classed as "man's work". For these reasons and many more the farm was a valuable asset for my boys in growing up. They were taught how to work, the value of it, and by giving them some remuneration for their services they were taught thrift at an early age.

After John spent one summer working in tobacco and corn at 25¢ a day, I paid him off by note, wanting to impress him with the value of saving money. I explained to him that the note would draw interest and the amount I owed him would double in value in a certain number of years. Many years after he graduated from the University of Virginia, married and was in business, and his own son was working for me on about the same terms, he presented to me for payment the note he had squirreled away for more than 20 years. The face value of the note had doubled all right, and then some. As suggested by Louise, it "boomeranged". I paid him the face value of the note with compound interest as per contract. This experience being known to his children and my grandchildren has made it prohibitive for me to make a note settlement with any of the grandchildren. For a long time thereafter they were leery of any settlement other than cash. Checks were not acceptable, remembering their father's experience with their grandaddy.

Elliott, upon receiving his first settlement for services rendered on the farm, insisted on payment of "cash on the barrel head". He had an important business transaction solely depending upon receiving negotiable payment. That business was the purchase of his first BB gun.

Over the years one of the most important things to my grandchildren, boys and girls, has been looking forward to the day when they were old enough to work in tobacco. My youngest grand-daughter, Mary, barely eight, no longer ago than yesterday inquired of her grandmother if she was old enough to work in tobacco this summer. About tobacco priming time, Grand-daddy

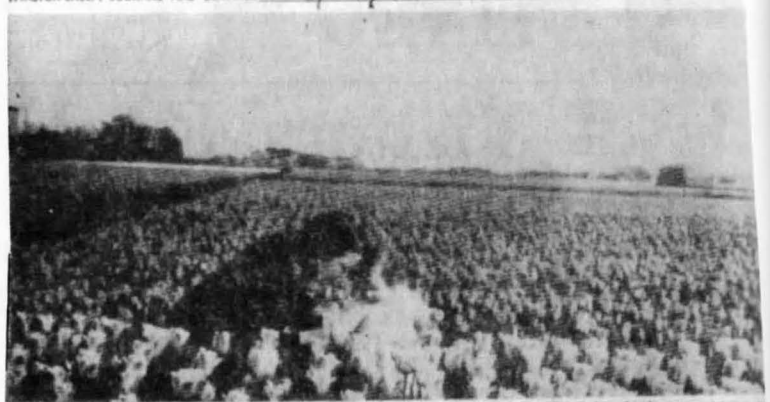
is a very popular character on Green Hill among all the grandchildren. They have their own union – every one is a delegate for the other to speak for higher wages – never asking, but having one of their representatives brag very highly on their fine work and progress. The starting wage in the beginning was 5¢ per hour. However, I have long since been negotiated out of that. A little bartering takes place each year, establishing "the going rate for that year".

It has been a great experience for me and a wonderful association with them. I am sure it has been very profitable for them in more ways than financially. I can truthfully say I do not have a lazy grand-child or one that is not ambitious. They have learned a lot about integration first hand, working with white people and colored people, old and young, educated and illiterate, clean and dirty, with and without character. Every farm manager I have ever had has been very interested in the grandchildren and their working and has been most complimentary of their aptitude and diligence. In fact, they have all had a great negotiator working for them as to the pay scale. All the people on the farm love these little workers and welcome their being around at any time. Such experiences as related above are, in my book, priceless.



Aerial photo of the several hundred acres of Green Hill Farm . . .

WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL AND SENTINEL 3/28/48



TULIPS GALORE—Mrs. John Neuwenhuis Jr. and her daughter, Dinieke, look over some o the 40 acres of tulips and some 200 varieties on the Greenhill bulb farm near Mount Airy

Holland Bulb Experts Direct Surry Farm

Mount Airy.—One of the fea tures of Mount Airy's garden clu festival on April 12 will be a gar den supervised by two bulb spe cialists from Holland, where al most everybody is a bulb spe cialist.

The two are John and George Neuwenhuis, who came here from their native Holland a year and a half ago to supervise the flower farm owned by H. Osler Wolfe Mount Airy attorney. The farm covers some 150 acres in the foot hills of the Blue Ridge, three miles north of here.

The two Dutch brothers have spent their lifetimes becoming ex perts in floral horticulture. They left two other brothers and their 81-year-old father in charge of one of the largest bulb enterprises in Holland.

My interest in the flower and bulb business has been sold to the Nieuwenhuis Brothers and is still in operation in Mount Airy, N. C.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Bringing the Dutch to North Carolina

When I was attorney for the North State Nursery Company and was working through the Netherlands Government in an effort to obtain the right from them to import Holland Bulbs for sale to the wholesale and retail trade in America, I soon found from experience and much hard work that could not be done. The Dutch Government reserves the right for themselves. They permit the respective companies to send representatives to America and sell for their own outfit or company, but no license is granted to importers in America. While working with the flower industry and having plans for building a new house I personally became much interested in the venture.

After much effort on the part of all of us, we gave up the idea of becoming a representative for the Dutch companies, and decided we could get some of the Dutch citizens to come to America and grow bulbs for us. That was the decision my clients arrived at, after the prospects looked so dim for the importation of Holland Grown Bulbs. The North State Nursery Company made arrangements for a Dutch family to come over and grow bulbs for them. After the family arrived in America, the wife of the Dutchman did not like North Carolina, or the section of Florida in which the Company had planned to grow the Bulbs. While in Washington on one occasion I was talking to my client about the conferences I had had with the Netherlands Government, and he advised me about the Dutch family becoming disinterested in growing bulbs for him. I had previously expressed the desire to have a Dutchman grow flowers on my farm, since we were going to move to the country and build on the farm. My client advised me that he had my man and if I would be home on Sunday he would bring him up to see me. When they arrived, my client had brought the Dutchman he had arranged to grow flowers for him. I told my client I wouldn't take his man and was advised that he was going back to Holland,

as they did not like this country, especially where he was supposed to live. The Dutch family looked over the farm and where they would live, and decided to grow flowers for me. This would have been very embarrassing, but they definitely decided not to stay where they were and really were returning to Holland.

After they moved to Mount Airy and began planting their first Dutch iris, tulips, and different types of flowers, daffodils especially, his brother came over to sell for their Holland Company, and talking with the brothers, both of whom spoke English very fluently, I began to learn something about their background and their Holland investment. The family was one of the largest Holland growers. The Dutch Government had permitted the Dutch people to come over on a visitor's visa – six months – and then they could be required to return to Holland. The quota for Holland citizens to come to America was far over subscribed.

We needed workmen after we started the Flower and Blub Farm, and we needed workmen with experience as supervisors and foremen. Therefore, the process of bringing the Dutchmen to America was most interesting and complicated, but necessary for the Flower and Bulb Farm. The trained employees were needed very badly. We decided to invite a number of Dutchmen over here to America on a visitor's visa, then after they were in America legally, they could go to Canada or Cuba, provided they were there legally; go before the American Consul and be admitted to the United States. (Canada and Cuba's quota for entry into the United States was not over subscribed).

The Dutch Government soon found out about our procedure and would not issue any more visitor's visas for the people to come over. We were successful in bringing 18 of the Dutchmen over, all of whom made good citizens. Many of them have become naturalized Americans.

We had some interesting experiences in the development of the Flower and Bulb business. We were planting Dutch iris and had about 40 or 50 farm hands working with the Dutch supervisors and foremen, neither of whom could speak English – only Dutch or French. About the middle of the afternoon one

day, all the workmen stopped work, telling the owner the men were on strike and all quitting work and would work no longer for the company. I was called out to my farm where the bulbs were being planted. The associate of mine in the business, being the boss, could not get them to talk to him about why they quit and why they would no longer work for the Company. When I arrived at the farm they were all standing in the road talking among themselves. I inquired as to the trouble. They advised that the Dutch foreman had called one of the workmen a bad name – (S. O. B). I called my partner and the foreman together, and told them the trouble. The foreman very readily admitted what he had done. He said, "Oh – Oh – Yes, Yes, Son of a B. – S.O.B. Nice Boy – Nice Boy". The Dutchman had heard the word and did not realize it was not a term of endearment, but to the contrary. When that was explained to the workmen, they all laughed and went back to work.

Another interesting thing happened while we were planting bulbs was – one day I went out to the farm and was talking to one of my tenant farmers about his tobacco plants. He was an elderly gentleman, and had a long-handlebar mustache, and short beard. He was sitting on an old log, in the barn lot, whittling on a little stick with his knife. When I was asking about the plants, he looked up at me and said: "Ossie, you have been lucky, but you have played hell now. You got them damn Germans over here and they will own this farm before you know it. You are smart, but not smart enough for them; them damn onions they are planting are not the right kind even". The Dutch, not speaking English, and the hired help not knowing about bulbs as planting stock, was very confusing to the old man.

Things worked out well though. When the flowers bloomed they were beautiful, and the bulbs were of good variety and quality. This has been a most successful venture.



Some successes and many failures have taken place since I visited the boys, John and Howard, on this occasion at the University of Virginia in 1946.

CHAPTER XXXX

What Might Have Been -- Near Misses

When I awakened this beautiful Sunday morning, after having spent the past two days harvesting hay on one of the mountain farms I have acquired during the years, I suggested to Louise taking a mountain tour today. We had breakfast at Mabry's Mill and continued on the Parkway to Peaks of Otter, stopping at every nature trail and every place of interest. Louise is so interested in all scenic and mountain look-offs that I thought we would never reach Peaks of Otter; it reminded me of the story when Howard was being taken to Roanoke by Dr. Mitchell:

Howard was home from the University of Virginia and Louise, Dr. Mitchell and Virginia were taking him back to Roanoke in time to meet his date for a football game. As they drove down the Parkway, every time Louise would admire a beautiful scene or some particular attraction on the Parkway, Dr. Mitchell would get out to take a picture, he being a professional photographer in his own right, and he took plenty of time for each picture. Howard, with all patience, was looking at his watch and realizing how much time had been consumed by the photographic operations. He finally turned to his Mama and said, "Mother, if you admire one more beautiful scene I will miss the football game".

We thought of other near misses as we continued our drive up the Parkway. We reminisced about different trips up the Parkway and the Valley of Virginia years ago before good roads and the completion of the Parkway. When I was so interested in bringing new industry to Mount Airy, I would often drive to Philadelphia and other northern cities to interview prospective industrialists, trying to interest them in moving South. On one occasion, in the dead of winter, a friend of mine and a business associate I had moved South with the industry he was interested in, were planning a trip North. He came by my office the day before leaving and I inquired of him whether or not he

took a drink. He said, "Whiskey, I have absolutely no use for it whatsoever". Of course, the next morning when I picked up my briefcase I left the bottle of whiskey in the office. As we drove up the Valley it got colder and colder. We finally reached Staunton, Virginia, late in the afternoon, frozen to the bone and hungry as a wolf. After having spent the day with him I decided I would be myself, whether he liked it or not, so I remarked to him, "I really wish I had brought a drink along; how I would enjoy a drink now". His remarks to me caught me by surprise, "Why didn't you bring it?" I informed him he scared me to death about having whiskey in his car. Without a drink we had a good dinner and purchased a deck of cards, played a few hands of 5¢ poker, talked awhile and went to bed. I don't believe I have ever known a person who could snore like he could. I know he had not been in bed five minutes before he began sawing wood so hard he almost disturbed the adjoining roomers, and shaking his bed. I listened to him for a few minutes and decided I could not possibly go to sleep with all of the noise he was making. I tried to count sheep as he snored, but when he would gobble and snort I would lose count of the sheep and it was time to start counting again. Finally, the nerve-wracking experience got the best of me and I decided to wake him up. Shaking his bed with my foot only delayed it, and when he started again it was worse than the first time; finally I decided the way to do it. I got up out of bed and went to the window, and beat on it and said: "My goodness, My goodness, my, my my; George, George, Oh, my!" He jumped out of bed, scared to death, and he was wide awake, I am sure. I then told him, "Now d— it, I believe I can get the drop on you and get to sleep before you start all the noise again". As long as he lived he got lots of fun out of telling about the experience. Our association developed into the best of friends. He later was my best friend and my most confident business associate. Continuing the story of our trip to Philadelphia, I do not believe I have ever known worse weather or a more delayed trip up the Valley. The next night we spent in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, near Gettysburg. He had stayed

there before and wanted to stop overnight there because he thought the people operating this small motel needed the business. They were fine people and struggling to make a go of it. I liked the couple too; they were fine people and really were working hard. We were the only guests that night. I talked with them – they were very ambitious. Many times after that visit we made it a point to try to reach there so we could stay with them and help them out.

After a short while we were making another trip together to Philadelphia and stopped there. The husband was away and we inquired of his whereabouts. We were advised he was over at the plant. "What plant, for goodness sake!" "The Oke-doke Plant". "Where is that." "The pop corn plant". Where is it"? "Over in the heart of town". We thought we were there; the place is only a small village. After dinner we went over to the plant. It was really very interesting. He was making money and plenty of it. The product was developed by a brother of his who was an employee of Kraft Foods of Chicago. The process was to take pop corn, spray it with a caramel liquid and other ingredients, and make a real tasty product. Of course, it was really a cheese coated pop corn with enough caramel to make it stick to the pop corn. He really had a good business. He was delivering over 400 five gallon cans to Washington alone every two days, and other large towns in the area. It was a very profitable business, so profitable that he soon became very wealthy. It was a secret process and method developed by Kraft Foods and the only way it could be manufactured was to be licensed by the Kraft Foods Company, with certain allotted territory.

The next morning we continued our trip to Philadelphia, met with our associates there, completed our mission, and at that point I had a surprise for my newly-made friend and roommate. He was to return home alone. I had called Chicago and made an appointment to meet with Kraft representatives in Chicago the next day. I had my train reservations and that was it. He inquired of me why I was going to Chicago. I informed him that since we had made a waterhaul and completely failed in our efforts

to secure new industry for Mount Airy that I had decided to *create* new industry for Mount Airy, and, whether he knew it or not, he was to be my associate in that business.

When I explained to him what I had planned to do, he was elated. It really did not require a large outlay of capital in the beginning. If I ever saw a new venture requiring so little capital that both of us were sure could not miss, it was the manufacturing of Oke-Doke, the cheese-coated popcorn.

The only problem we thought we would have would be securing the franchise, neither of us having had any experience in the manufacturing of food products. We never doubted for one moment that it would be a successful business. When I reached Chicago the officials of the Kraft Food Company were of one mind and discouraged me and tried every way possible to sell me on the idea that it was a specialized business and only experienced food producers should be granted a franchise. Making a long story short, I left Chicago with all the territory north of Richmond to Miami, Florida. I just wasn't willing to settle for a small territory, knowing that we had hit the jackpot. I really didn't think it could miss making money.

I came home, had a building perfectly suited for the plant. The machinery was shipped to us promptly, together with all supplies and full instructions as to how to manufacture the secret process and method of cheese-coated popcorn. Without delay we bought two trucks and employed sufficient personnel to operate the plant. Within two weeks we were in business. During the two weeks delay we had advertised locally and in two of our largest North Carolina towns the coming to Mount Airy of this new food processing company.

After a few more weeks elapsed, we realized for the first time the big mistake we had made and, believe me, it was a major mistake. In all the territories where franchises had been granted they had open bar rooms where liquor was sold by the drink. The very tasty cheese-coated popcorn that had been sold by the five gallon cans by our newly-rich friend was sold to bar rooms and big cocktail lounges to be given away for an appetizer for another drink. There was not a wet state in our entire territory

north of Florida and only the large resort towns there. We soon realized that our corn liquor drinkers needed no appetizer or chaser and would settle for no use for corn except in liquid form – certainly not popcorn, treated or otherwise.

We died hard. We went into the manufacturing of bagged peanuts, parched and unparched, Nabs, etc., secured the franchise for all kinds of foods such as potato chips that could be put on racks in filling stations and stores. The more trucks we bought, the more routes we opened, the greater our loss. After a few months we pulled the door shut, took our loss, and tried to forget it.

An experience of this kind is always profitable, even though you lose. One of my sons, who was twelve years old, was plant janitor at 50¢ per week for after school hours. The older son, 13½ years old, had a route distributing our products. They were both taught young to work, regardless of the type of employment. They often refer to the hard work they did for such small wages at such a tender age. I am sure they will both agree that experiences they gained in the food venture have helped them in many ways. I am sure the greatest lesson they learned was not to make the same mistake their Papa made – that is – to thoroughly think through any business venture before launching into it; to "look before you leap".

While I am referring to business ventures that failed, there are others that over the years I have tried to forget. I have invested in oil wells in which nothing was produced but a dry hole. I have invested in a gold mining operation, the mining of feldspar and mica, all turned out to be nothing more than a gamble, even though they looked good at the time.

I had managed the campaign for our Governor and at that time I was attorney for the North Carolina Granite Corporation, one of the largest rock quarries in the State and the largest open-faced granite quarry in the world. Since I was attorney for the quarry, the Governor referred some investors to me to contact for them the officials of the North Carolina Granite Corporation relative to investing in a talc operation in eastern North Carolina. This state produces 95% of all the pyrophyllite (alum,

silicate) produced in the United States. Only three mines were then in operation, with the same number today. The material was used for many purposes – glazing china, as a dusting agent, filler for composition battery boxes, glazing paper, talcum powder, and many other uses. It is really a wonderful material. With associates, I promoted an organization just before the second World War and the company had, I am sure, a great future. We were doing exceptionally well with the company and had secured 95% of the composition battery box business in the United States and Canada. This was the largest use for the material at that time. We had neglected or were not financially able to purchase the equipment to grind the material to the fine mesh needed in other fields. Out of a clear sky we received a message from all the battery box manufacturers that they had been advised by the Government that no more composition battery boxes could be made for the War effort. The greater portion of their business was the manufacture of battery boxes. No cars were being manufactured for sale to the general public. There was positively no use for the product and it could not be put to further use in the War effort. It was impossible to secure priority for employment of labor or the purchase of supplies. We were forced to close our doors. We had a 50 year lease on the mine, with a minimum tonnage to be mined each month, or we forfeited our lease. No one knew how long the War would last and we were in no financial condition to stem the tide. We were all making money, to some extent, in other ventures. The loss was written off and this was another one to forget.

My two sons were familiar with most of these unprofitable experiences, along with others too numerous to mention. I do feel, however, that the time spent with all of them was not lost. The information my sons gained from being closely associated with me in these ventures has helped them greatly over the years. I am sure they have been much more cautious and have considered prospective investments much more carefully than they would have had they not been familiar with my unprofitable experiences. *Moral:* You can't win them all!







Trip to Hawaii with Howard and Jo





Good times boating with Captain Oden and Pajolo II, named for Pat, Jo and Louise.



"Pajolo II"

CHAPTER XXXXI

Boat Purchase

When mountain people decide to become beachcombers, they are really fresh meat for the coastal speculators.

Early in the expansion of the concrete block business, we decided to acquire the concrete block plant in Wilmington. The purchase of that plant made it necessary for Howard to be there, often each month. Because of the business being located near Wrightsville Beach, he and his family decided that since the children would enjoy a beach vacation (and he himself had several manufacturing changes he wished to install at the plant only eighteen miles away) that they would rent a cottage there for one month during the summer vacation. They were very considerate of us and we were invited as parents to spend one week of the month's vacation with them at their cottage. We had a wonderful time; however, after a day or so it really became somewhat the same, watching the tide come in and go out, looking at the sunbathers and their effort to obtain a tan in the few days they were there.

I suggested to Howard that since we were interested in business in that area and probably would be down that way rather often that we consider the purchase of a boat. The boys, John and Howard, had purchased a Chriscraft 18-foot cabin cruiser kit several years before and built a boat that they enjoyed very much. After some conversation and consideration we decided to look the market over. That is where the story begins.

After much investigation and sales talk from the prospective boat salesmen, we were not willing to settle for the type of boat we needed or could afford to purchase (operation wise). We were carried away with a 35-foot two cabin cruiser; a beautiful boat but needed by us about like the old man in Yadkin County who remarked about a planning program for Yadkin County, "We need a planning program for Yadkin County about like a crow needs a parachute". That was certainly true for us.

As boats sell, however, we really made a good buy in the purchase of the boat had we needed it or were we going to have time to use it. Being as far from the water as Mount Airy was, over 300 miles, the time in transit to and from the boat made it almost prohibitive for much use, especially since we were all busy and did not have the time to spend enjoying it. We were sure John would be glad to join in the purchase with us, as we had done on most ventures – one-third each, so it would not be too hard for any one of us, $12,500.00 for a boat we thought worth at least $22,500.00 was a good buy. John, however, did not go along with us. He, at the time was in Waynesville, North Carolina, about as far in the mountains as one could get from the water when we called him about it. He was not at all interested and wrote us a letter expressing his views which now I think were priceless, but at the time I'll assure you it was not at all appreciated. He, however, was not intoxicated by the sea breeze at the time, not being there on the spot. I quote the letter we received from John.

7/6/60

Messrs. H. O. Woltz, Jr. and Sr.
302 So. Lumina Avenue
Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina

Dear Boys:

Thanks for your call this evening. It was good to hear from you but the purpose of your call was quite surprising. Having just disposed of "Pajolo" after such limited use last year (and the years before that for that matter) I could not understand your apparent enthusiasm for taking another plunge into another boat so soon – especially a $10,000 or $12,000 variety. Speaking only for myself as I am sure you would want me to do, I would not be interested in owning a portion of another boat for the following reasons:

1. The amount of the original investment is frightening for *the amount of use* all of us together plus many others would get out of it.

2. Considering the *amount of money* we already owe for both businesses as well as personal debts I think we should forego another large investment – especially one on which there is a constant drain rather than income producing.

3. The ownership of a boat of that size is merely a *license to spend more* money (i.e., dry dock, painting, repairs and general upkeep, etc., etc.)

4. If we did not *have the time* to use a boat 50 miles away would not another boat be idle about 50 weeks out of the year – especially since it would have to be so far away because of its size?

5. I think it would be so *extravagant* that it would not be a pleasure to use it.

6.)
7.)
8.) These are so you can add your other good reasons why
9.) we do not need and should not get another boat –
10.) especially one of the size and expense you mentioned.
11.)
etc.)
etc.)

Sorry to be a wet blanket but I'm sure you will agree as soon as the hypnosis of the sand and salt air wear off a little.

Sincerely,
(Signed) John

P. S. *If* the airplane was a mistake, "two wrongs don't make a right".

J.

As the years have gone by and the experience we had with the boat, I am sure the above letter is a masterpiece.

During that summer, with a captain at $35.00 per day and expenses, we did not let it bother us. We had a wonderful time

with our new project, and enjoyed it very much. By the time the vacation period was over and the mountain boys returned to the mountains, we soon began to realize that the boat was just about as expensive being in dry dock as being used. There were a few things we did not realize fully, the cost per hour and the cost per day when not in use, also the yearly dockage fee and the maintenance of a boat in salt water; the bigger the boat the more the cost to operate, and the more the upkeep, being used or being in dockage.

We did not let those thoughts disturb us one little bit for the first year or so; all we did was enjoy it to the fullest. We had many of our friends down to enjoy the boat with us, would go deep sea fishing and caught most every kind of edible fish in the sea. The grandchildren had the time of their lives, swimming off the boat, taking sun baths on deck, preparing food and eating at sea –really living it up. We could sleep six people; two each per cabin most comfortably. We would live on the boat, having a wonderful time. We sailed the most of the waters in Eastern North Carolina, from Morehead and the water-way, and all the Sounds, spending the night on the boat at most of the North Carolina Marinas.

I think one of the most enjoyable trips we had was down the water-way from Wrightsville, North Carolina, to Palm Beach, Florida. Louise, Jo and Howard went with me. It took us four days and nights, stopping after dark and sleeping on the boat, preparing breakfast and lunch; what a wonderful trip! We fished for sail fish in the Tournament in Palm Beach, Florida and caught 12 sail fish on our boat. Louise had her seven and one-half foot fish mounted. We have it as one of the prize catches of our fishing experience. The grandchildren have the dolphin and other fish they caught mounted as well. Really a wonderful time was had by all.

With business friends and other close friends we sailed from Miami, Florida to Key West, Florida, visiting most of the Florida Keys, with ten people aboard. A wonderful time was enjoyed by each of us. When we all got back to Miami, Florida, we were docking our boat at West Palm Beach, Florida, and when we

were ready to start the return trip from Miami to West Palm Beach the real trouble and real expense of the boat began.

That morning when the Captain came over from the Marina for us, the news was not good. One of the motors was knocking and it was evident repairs were needed. We had to have the motor repaired at a cost of approximately $800.00, and by the time we reached Palm Beach another motor went out. That procedure continued from time to time until we had replaced the motors over seven or eight times, all very expensive. We later, after the boat was returned to Wrightsville, North Carolina, from Florida, discovered we had to have both motors returned to the factory to overhaul. We then learned the trouble. We had mufflers installed on the boat to eliminate some of the noise the boat would make in cruising up and down the water-way – a very bad thing to have done. The mufflers caused the water not to flow as freely as it would through the motors without them, the motors being water cooled. Knowing very little about the way to keep up a boat and being 300 miles away and depending upon the Captain and repair shops to advise us, it became very expensive indeed – approximately $10,000.00 per year; (too much for our blood).

This reminds me of the story Mr. Rockefeller told to a visitor on his big boat once, when asked about the expense of operation. His answer was, "If a man has for a moment to consider or worry about the cost of operation of a boat, he should not have one to worry about".

I have said enough about the expense of the boat, certainly enough to convey the fact that we certainly did not need one to worry about. However, I do want to mention some of the experiences on the boat while we were enjoying it.

We were going down the water-way; Howard, Jo and Loiuse and I were all having a wonderful time. Jo decided that she would come up front where I was steering the boat; as she started up from the galley, the steps being about three in number, a log was washing down the water-way; I suddenly cut the power off the boat to slow down, and when that happened she lost her balance and cut a flip backwards,

down into the galley. It is a thousand wonders it had not broken her back, but she got up laughing but sore, and I mean *sore* and stiff the next day but up and sunning on deck, having a wonderful time. What a sport that daughter-in-law of mine!

We would go out fishing, a storm would come up, some of our guests would get sea sick, sometimes a motor would strip; at times we would have the 2-way radio to go off; all of this frightened us at first but we soon realized that it was just part of boating. However, to our guests it was not so amusing or even just part of boating. Back on land, they would soon recover and apparently enjoyed the experience.

On different occasions Louise would go with me and we would spend several days aboard and leisurely cruise up the water-way to another Marina and have the most relaxing enjoyable vacation. We really learned a great deal about Eastern Carolina and the Coast, the people, and the history of the different sections of the coastal portion of our State, and at the same time we entertained many of our friends. Howard and Jo, I am sure, had a like experience when they were using the boat, with their friends and business associates. I am also sure that some of the best times we ever had together were when all of us were together at the coast and on the boat, most relaxing and enjoyable. Before we bought the boat I would see a boat sailing up the water-way or where there was a bridge that had to be raised to permit the boat to go under the bridge, with people out on deck sunning or having a drink or eating food and I really was most envious of them. However, after our experiences and paying my portion of the expense, I am not now jealous of them, but just downright sorry for them. I have heard it said, and so truly, "One of the happiest times in a man's life is when he gets a big boat, but the happiest time in his life is when he gets rid of it". That is true, even if you give it away.

I do not in the least regret having had the experience; it was worth it and I am sure if I lived near the coast or on the coast I would definitely want to have a boat, but probably not such a large or expensive one.

CHAPTER XXXXII

Planning for Mount Airy

On July 11, 1961 the Town Board of Commissioners of Mount Airy under the leadership of Mr. W. F. Carter, Jr., the Mayor, and our first city manager, Pete Lydens, created the City Planning Board. I was named Chairman and have served in that capacity since its inception until the present time. The membership of the Board is composed of nine members including the Chairman. The membership has changed somewhat from time to time but every citizen of the town who has served on the Board has rendered conscientious and devoted service. I have nothing but high praise for the fine work of each and every member of the Board, those present and those who have served over the years. I especially compliment Mr. Sam Spencer for the work he has done, and also the City Managers who have served from time to time.

As Chairman, I am sure that I can express the opinion of every member of the Board who has served during the terms of office of Mayor Ed Clarke when I say he and the entire Board of Commissioners have worked very closely with us and inaugurated all the programs recommended as far as finances of the town would permit.

With the fine co-operation we have had from all officials of the Town and their interest in the future growth of Mount Airy, I predict much progress for the Town in the near future.

We have been very active as a Board and have directed many studies for the future growth and development of the Town. Many of the studies made by the Planning Board have been approved and money made available for these projects. We have worked hand in hand with the Department of Conservation and Development, Division of Community Planning which has acted as planning consultant for the town of Mount Airy. At the first meeting after the formal adoption of the ordinance creating the Planning Board, the Board started studying pre-

liminary plans for Mount Airy's overall Comprehensive Plan. After careful study on March 13, 1962 we made a Finding of Fact that an area to be known as the East-West Development Urban Renewal Area of the Town of Mount Airy, North Carolina was in fact an area that qualified for Urban Renewal and delineated that area for the purpose of recommending Urban Renewal to the Town Board of Commissioners. The Board made several studies and recommendations and adopted the Zoning Ordinance and recommended to the Town Board that it be made into an Ordinance and within a couple of months all the required public hearings and meetings were held and the Zoning Ordinance was in effect a law. The Major Thoroughfare Plan worked out by the State Highway Commission and the Town's Planning Consultants was approved and recommended for adoption by the Town Board of Commissioners. The Population and Economic Study Report for the Town of Mount Airy was accepted and made a part of Mount Airy's overall Comprehensive Plan. The Planning Board made studies and recommendations on the methods of financing the Urban Renewal Programs in Mount Airy and recommended that the Urban Renewal Project be executed in two phases so that financing could be arranged. The Public Improvements Program was approved and recommended for adoption by the Town Board. The Mount Airy Redevelopment Plan was approved and certified as being approved to the Redevelopment Commission of the Town of Mount Airy. The Planning Board requested the Town Board of Commissioners to give serious consideration to the establishment of an ABC Store in order to obtain more revenue in order to carry out future plans and projects of the City. In 1963 we initiated plans for the study of a Downtown Central business district urban renewal program.

Annexation studies were made in great detail of the surrounding areas of Mount Airy and recommendations were passed on in this report to the Town Board of Commissioners. The Planning Board recommended to the Town Board that they annex the property south of town belonging to the Development Corporation as soon as the Board felt that it was feasible. The

Board made several recommendations regarding the recreational needs in Mount Airy. A Neighborhood Analysis report was adopted and utilized in the Comprehensive Plan for sustaining our workable program with the Federal Government. A Subdivision Control Ordinance was studied and adopted and passed on to the Town Board of Commissioners for their adoption. The Board revised and brought the Public Improvements Program up to date and it was sent to Atlanta, Georgia, to be included in the Workable Program. After considerable study and debate on the extension of Renfro Street completely through the Town, we went on record approving the location as laid out by the Highway Commission.

Considerable studies and investigations were made by the Planning Board on the location of new South Street and Virginia Street through the Urban Renewal Area. Several revisions of the Major Thoroughfare Plan have been studied and approved. We initiated the planning and studies for the Central Business District Rehabilitation and Renewal Studies. We also made findings of fact with respect to the non-residential development area in a large section of Downtown and certified that the area described was designated as the Downtown Conservation Area within the meaning of the North Carolina Urban Redevelopment Law of 1951 as amended.

We endorsed and supported the $300,000,000 road bond issue in the state of North Carolina in November, 1965. In December, 1965 the Board accepted and approved the Consultant's up-dating of Mount Airy's Comprehensive community Plan which included Zoning Ordinance, Sub-division Regulations, Land Use Survey and Development Plan, and Neighborhood Analysis. We endorsed and supported the application for Federal Funds for constructing the new water plant. After careful review of many facts concerning the fire station and its proper location, we went on record as approving the site and approving the construction of the new fire station.

The Board approved the sites and locations of the two existing Public Housing Areas and has also approved the two proposed sites that will be under construction fairly soon. We

also passed a resolution that the Town Board of Commissioners prepare a plan of annexation and that the area around the Jones School and Wards Gap area be designated as an Urban Renewal Area and that the Redevelopment Commission be authorized to file an application for Survey and Planning. This is one project I especially want to see accomplished as soon as possible which I feel will be for the best interest and for the future growth of the Town. The Jones Elementary School is the largest elementary school of the Town and is outside the corporate limits. If we can bring that section into the corporate limits, then set up a re-development program for that section, it will help wonderfully in our overall planning programs. Incidentally, we cannot get the re-development program instituted unless the area is in the corporate limits of the Town; therefore, the urgent necessity of the extension of the City limits.

The Board approved the second stage of the final plans of the Urban Renewal. We also passed a resolution to the Town Board of Commissioners that they approve the franchise to the Mount Airy Development Corporation for cablevision franchise. We found as a fact that the area of the Downtown Conservation Area had certain characteristics or combinations of factors that made the area qualify for the North Carolina Urban Redevelopment Law of 1951 as amended. The Board recommended that the Town Board of Commissioners institute a program to combat non-residential blight. This program is to follow procedures and timetables as set forth in the report by the Town's Planning Consultants.

There have been many, many requests for rezoning of property, some of which we have recommended, and some of which were turned down. Several changes were made in the wording of the Zoning Ordinance to require more restrictive parking requirements and different use classification.

We have been very active with the Citizens Advisory Committee in holding meetings with Minority Groups and Housing Groups in order to continue better working relations.

The first stage of the urban renewal project has been completed. The second stage is fast being developed and will

soon be a reality. The public housing program has been completed in two different locations, which has been a great asset to the area.

There is another housing program for the aged we hope will be started soon. It will be located in a portion of the land located in the second phase of urban renewal.

All committees on all of these programs have rendered untold service to the Town and entire community. Our Mayor, Mr. Ed Clark, and the Board of Commissioners have some very important work under consideration at this time for us. I am sure. I feel we are very fortunate in having such a progressive Board of Commissioners, and all devoted to the betterment of Mount Airy.

NATURAL GAS

This morning I drove to Sparta and then to North Wilkesboro to meet some people interested in a civic project for the best interest of several of our mountain counties, including Wilkes, Surry and Yadkin Counties, the project being that of securing natural gas for our area.

For several years we have been working, trying to get natural gas for our section of the State. We have realized for over twenty-five years that natural gas would be a great asset to our section, and especially in attracting new industry. We have always been advised by the natural gas companies that we were not densely populated enough to make the investment in laying the transmission lines for gas to our section of the State financially feasible. North Wilkesboro has at this time an opportunity to secure a large processing plant. The plant will not locate there unless they have natural gas. North Wilkesboro is located in Wilkes County, which is one of the counties working with us and interested in our efforts to secure natural gas.

We have a corporation set up, The Blue Ridge Gas Company, and we have a corp of engineers in Baton Rouge, La., who have made a survey for us, and we have plans to construct a line and provide gas for the ten largest towns in the counties, and also the rural areas where the lines are laid going to the respective towns. The corporation we have set up is a non-profit corporation

and all the revenue received from the sale of gas, after deducting the operating expense, will go to pay the bonds issued to finance the project. There will be no tax to be paid on the non-profit corporation's bonded indebtedness and all profit can be applied to payment of principal and interest, without tax.

The biggest cost in bringing natural gas to the three counties is the laying of the main transmission line. The Blue Ridge Gas Company has entered into a contract with Montin Construction Company, of Oklahoma City, to lay this line at a cost of approximately $4,500,000.00. There is some discussion now taking place between the Blue Ridge Gas Company and Piedmont Natural Gas Company for Piedmont Natural Gas Company to take over the entire operation, including all the franchises with the respective towns, building the line and furnishing gas to the entire area.

I am sure the efforts of the citizens on behalf of Blue Ridge Gas Company and the interest shown by the communities has attracted serious consideration by Piedmont Natural Gas Company. Piedmont Gas Company has the responsibility of serving this area; their excuse up to now has been that it was not financially feasible and I am sure, because of the interest of the three counties and the citizens of the towns in the counties that Piedmont Natural Gas Company has had to re-evaluate the situation and is now ready to move on its own, or at least indicate such an interest at this time.

An example of this was the establishment and installation by R. E. A. throughout this area. It did not take Duke Power Company long to see the handwriting on the wall and they began expanding but I am sure it came much quicker than it would have had it not been for the R. E. A. I also feel that gas will be available much quicker because of the efforts of the Blue Ridge Gas Company, if the line is not constructed and operated by them.

We are being delayed at the present time because of the Highway Commission's hesitancy in issuing us a permit to follow the highway roadways in the construction of the lines, i.e., the transmission lines. We are hoping something will be determined

in the next few weeks about this project. We have a meeting scheduled within the next two weeks in Greensboro to discuss the situation. My trip today was in the interest of arranging this next meeting with the engineers, the construction contractors, and the State officials, together with the officers of the Blue Ridge Gas Company. I know of no project which I have sponsored over the years that would mean more to our section of the State than this project.

While driving up the mountain this morning on my way to Sparta and North Wilkesboro, I was reminded of several different experiences I had over the years, in different trips I have made to try some important law suits in Virginia or for civic projects, such as good roads and the like which we were working on at that time for the community. About half way up the mountain I saw a young man who reminded me of a very interesting experience.

Years ago there was a very serious wreck which occurred near the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and a woman sustained a very serious injury. She was the worst injured person I ever saw to live after receiving such injuries. A transportation company, whose truck ran into the car in which she was riding, was the defendant in the law suit. After much preparation of the case, I do not believe I was ever as surprised at the evidence produced by the defendant in a civil law suit. Some twenty people who were riding on a Greyhound bus following the car driven by the husband of the injured woman for five miles had observed the manner in which the car was being driven, and when these witnesses went on the witness stand and told about the manner in which the car was being driven, it showed beyond a reasonable doubt that the accident was caused by the negligence of the injured woman's husband and not by the negligence of the trucking company or the trucking company's employee.

The boy whom I saw on the mountain this morning was present at the trial, and was the son of one of the jurors who sat on the case. After the trial, this young man got in my car and rode with me on the way home, and he told me about his father, who was a juror, praying all night for the Lord to show

him some way in which he could see fit to vote for a verdict in favor of the injured woman. As he was telling me about the prayers of his father and as we came down the mountain, I saw flags out on the highway ordering us to stop, and when I stopped on each side of our car walked up two men with sawed-off shot guns. They crawled in the car and ordered us to proceed down the mountain. The boy was laughing this morning about how I talked to the men as I slowly drove on down towards the foot of the mountain, telling them that they certainly did make a short haul, that they didn't realize that they were holding up a lawyer who never did have any money in his pocket, and that they should just let us go on our way and hold up somebody who had something to give them.

As we neared the foot of the mountain they ordered us to stop; they got out and walked towards a car parked up a little side road. The car they walked towards had a piece of cardboard hung over the license plate. They then ordered us to proceed down the mountain. As we drove on down the mountain I looked at the young man and his face was as white as my shirt, and I am sure he was not one bit more frightened than I was. We drove to the Police Station in Mount Airy, reported the incident, and we were advised that there had been a bank robbery in Charlotte and they had just received information that the money being sent to open a bank in Charlotte the next day had arrived in Charlotte a few minutes before we arrived at the Police Station. Officers were never able to find any trace of who held us up but we were all definitely of the opinion that they were after the people who were carrying the money from Bluefield, West Virginia to Charlotte.

After talking to that young man this morning, all of this story came to my mind. This was the only time I was ever held up during all my trips since I have been practicing law for over forty years, nor have I ever been molested on the highways, but I am sure that the young man I saw this morning will never forget the experience, and I know that I never will.

AIRPORT

About the end of the second World War, a group of interested citizens of Mount Airy decided we would organize and promote an airport for Mount Airy. After much effort we secured a location and began the construction of a small airport near town. It was the opinion of many people and many businesses that air transportation for business purposes was going to develop much faster than it actually did.

A large number of young men were returning from the service and many of whom had been in the air corps and interest in flying was at a very high peak. Several local citizens purchased small planes and it was not long before our small airport was completed and the interest in flying was being promoted among many citizens, many of whom were planning to use flying as part of their business transportation.

I purchased two small planes and seriously considered the use of them for business purposes. I soon learned that the area was not ready for air transportation to that extent. The idea was too new and the experience of the small communities in the operation of the airport had not progressed to such an extent that airplanes for business purposes was feasible especially for small businesses and short flights.

The airport operated full blast for a while, but after a bad crash or two interest became nil. The operation of the airport was very unprofitable for the operators and it soon folded. One of the stockholders purchased the stock of the other stockholders at a very reasonable price compared to what they paid originally for the stock.

While the airport was in operation several local people began to take flying lessons and many of them secured their pilot's license.

Louise and I were among those who completed our course. I had to go to New York on business after I had taken several lessons and I only needed one or two more lessons to solo. I was gone for about two weeks and when I returned home I went out to the airport to take a lesson and my trainer

plane was gone. I made inquiry as to where the plane was and who had it. I was informed by the airport attendant that Louise was flying it. I then learned that while I was in New York she had learned to fly and was flying alone by the time I returned home. She was Mount Airy's first lady flier.

I soon finished my training and soloed myself and for sometime we continued flying. I went on several business trips to Washington, Raleigh and other places and in the course of the trips I had several close calls. Back then the service of the airplane was very poor. Good airplane mechanics were hard to come by and it was just not safe to continue flying, in my judgment. My two young boys were both flying and I soon decided that the Good Lord had been too good to us for the entire family to continue flying around with no more service to the small planes than was available.

On one occasion the operator of the airport took off with a friend of mine in my trainer plane and after reaching about 500 feet in the air, gave out of gas, and had to make an emergency landing.

I would fly up to the mountain to the farm and land on the parkway right-of-way, all against the regulations of the parkway service. I soon learned airplanes were not play toys and the sooner I got out of it the better it would be for my entire family.

I sold at a sacrifice both of my little Piper planes and at one stroke my entire family was grounded.

It was only a short time later that two young boys the age of my two sons were killed and only a short time before that another fine young boy crashed and was killed.

The effort of our citizens to promote the airport at that time was a fine gesture for the town, but I am sure it was a little premature. We now have a splendid airport just completed this year and it is a great asset to Mount Airy. Interested citizens raised a substantial amount of money some two or three years ago and had a hard fight to secure sufficient funds with the government's help to build the 3,500 foot runway.

Howard and John, along with many other interested citizens and contributors devoted a great deal of time and

invested large sums of money in this airport. I am sure it will mean a great deal to Mount Airy industrially and in the future growth of the Town. Quality Mills and Dixie Concrete have a two-motor plane each and the plane transportation has meant a great deal to the growth of both industries.

Both of my sons are good experienced pilots and using our two planes has been a real asset in the operation of both companies.

Our efforts twenty-five or thirty years ago, while then premature, created an interest in airplanes and airplane service and I am sure the effort spent then had its effect on our being successful in promoting our present airport.



Louise and I enjoying our "Cub"

A Record Of Accomplishment

—Mount Airy TIMES, N. C., Sept. 20, 1968

Last week, H. O. ~~G. H.~~ Woltz Sr., chairman of the Mount Airy Planning Board, released a report on the activities and accomplishments of that board since it first appeared on the Granite City scene some seven years ago—in July, 1961. The record is one of which any committee, board or other type of organization could view with pride and a feeling of accomplishment.

After all, it is no small thing to have been an integral part of much of the progress that has been noted in Mount Airy for a seven-year period. Not many organizations can wear as many feathers of accomplishment as can this one single board, which has proceeded along its progressive way, quietly and for the most part unpublicized in its activities.

The lengthy report—but how else could a report covering so many activities over such a long period of time be?—covered the numerous activities of the board since it was established some few months over seven years ago. Atty. Woltz was chairman of the board at that time, a position he has filled continuously since then. Members of the board, as well as Mr. Woltz, may well feel that they are entitled to take a bow for the accomplishments in that report.

Consider, if you will, only a few of the things that one board has done for the betterment of this Granite City:

Set forth areas for urban renewal and redevelopment;

Prepared a comprehensive zoning ordinance for the city;

Approved the Major Thoroughfare Plan worked out by the State Highway Commission and city's planning consultants and recommended it to the City Fathers for adoption;

Recommended areas for annexation;

Initiated planning and studies for the Central District rehabilitation and renewal project;

Endorsed the plan for Mount Airy's new water filtration plant and location on Rockford Street of the fire station now under construction.

These are but some of the points of Mount Airy progress contained in the report. The complete list is a long one, encompassing practically every phase of life in this Granite City.

"With the fine cooperation we have had from all officials of Mount Airy and their interest in the future growth of Mount Airy," Mr. Woltz asserted in his report, "I predict much progress for the town in the near future."

With a progressive board of commissioners and a progressive Planning Board, Mount Airy may well anticipate a period of great growth.

The above editorial appeared in the Mt. Airy Times, September 20, 1968 after a report was made by the planning board.



Louise's brother, Frank's wife and most of their family

CHAPTER XXXXIII

Friends

When I first came back to Mount Airy to practice my profession, I was a stranger to Mount Airy, or at least I felt that way, as I was certainly not known and knew very few people since I had been away from Mount Airy at school and in the Army for over seven years. The new business men in Mount Airy, many newcomers, and certainly the young people who had grown up in the years I had been away at school were all unknown to me. During those school years I had been home very little, having worked in the summer time trying to make money enough to pay my way through school the next year. What I made in the summer time, together with the jobs I had at school to make money, paid most of my school expenses.

As a young professional man, I was interested in meeting the other new people in Mount Airy. One of my first contacts among the newcomers was my good friend over the years, one of North Carolina's most outstanding and capable physicians of his time. He was reared and grew up in Mount Airy, as well as myself, but we scarcely knew each other. He was most courteous to me and extended me a real welcome. He had spent many years away from Mount Airy in school, preparing himself for his practice. We had much in common, neither of us knew many people and neither of us had too many clients or patients. We had plenty of time to spend together, planning our future. We took trips together, had dinner with each other, with our wives and friends. We learned to admire and respect one another and developed into real personal friends. His good sound judgment and discussion over the years have been of greatest help to me. At my request he became my most ardent critic. No two people have ever argued more or been criticized by the other any more than we have over the years. On no occasion have we ever been mad or provoked at each other, for anything said or done.

He has been present at the birth of all my grandchildren except for the last one, born after he retired from practicing obstetrics. He has been our family physicial since Louise and I were married. She loves and admires the Doctor as much as I do. Our wives have been close friends over the years. He tells me he knows every *gut* in my body and I have entirely too many for one person. He is a wonderful heart specialist, member of the F. A. C. P. and has studied all of his life in furtherance of his profession. In short, he is a gentleman and a scholar. Almost any recreation that men could have together we have done; fishing, boating, traveling, picture taking – you name it, we have done it. We have always been just as close to each other as the telephone, day or night.

In the early forties I met another doctor – a self-made doctor and a prince of a man. He manifested a special interest in me from the beginning of our acquaintance. We were together on many occasions – had one business venture together. He was honest, trustworthy and capable, and well versed and devoted to his profession. As a heart specialist he was consulted by me on many occasions and insisted on looking after me in every way possible. He, like my first doctor friend, was a good sport, enjoyed all kinds of sports, fishing, horseback riding, hunting and promoting industry. We had many many interests in common.

He died prematurely, having had a heart attack at the age of 54. Over the years I have been closely associated with his two sons, one a doctor and the other a businessman. I have, in a small way, tried to fill the place vacated by the death of the dear doctor.

An associate of his at a Clinic in the City where he lived, set up by an attorney for the Doctor, and myself was a young surgeon who had just located a few years before with the Clinic. Since that time this young surgeon has been my close personal friend and that of my son, John. Every year we go to the Hospital and have check-ups by this young doctor. He just this year operated on me for a colon infection. If I had been his father I could not have had more personal attention.

Our wives are also friends and we enjoy being together. I predict for him an outstanding success. As a matter of fact, he is now a leading surgeon in that section of the State. Incidentally, he is recognized as a real diagnostician. He has meant a great deal to me and I consider him a real personal friend.

In closing this experience with doctors, neither of the three has ever sent me a bill for services rendered; the only way I pay them is to make them accept some compensation. I have been told by them I have helped them more than they have ever done for me. That is just their opinion. All of them have meant much to me over the years.

Anyone over the years who has sincerely tried to help people is going to be disappointed in some of them.

Disappointment in that respect does not hurt so deeply if you consider that by applying the scale of percentage you will not be pleased with the appreciation shown by all of them, but if a majority of them prove satisfactory, you are batting a good average.

If the people you have learned to love and consider your real friends hurt you very deeply and really take something out of you when they let you down, they do you an injustice. I am sure when that happens it was not a mutual love and friendship that had developed between you but was a one-sided affair. However, it does not help the heartaches when you realize a person you loved very dearly and considered one of your best friends disappoints you.

Each person should exercise caution in his business affairs, and should be very careful to pick business associates whom he enjoys working with and with whom he is friendly. It is wonderful if business associates can also be real friends. I have enjoyed that experience, and am still proud of the friends I have who are business associates.

I have also disassociated with people as business partners whom I did not enjoy working with, with whom I could not have a friendly and pleasant relationship.

Friendship breeds confidence and when disallusionment or the confidence is lost, the friendship is put to a terrific strain, and in many instances come to an end.

No one enjoys loneliness and it is the forerunner of fear. The happy people are those with friends and pleasant business associates. Be kind and considerate of your friends — no person on earth can afford to lose a single one. Make it a point not to lose a friend because of something you do or fail to do. A friend is too valuable, worth more than riches.

I am proud of my friends and I have tried through the years to be as good to them as possible, help them in every way I could. Most of the time they have not let me down. I have been very happy in my life, and one of the largest contributions to my happiness has been made by my friends.

Throughout my life I have had many close business friends and a large number of friends I was in school with and have been extremely close to during the years.

On one occasion I attempted to write about a few of them that I have been so closely associated with, and, of course, some recently-made friends. I soon realized that task could not be accomplished in a satisfactory way. I was fearful of failing to mention by inadvertence one or more of my closest friends and by so doing it would hurt more than help.

One of my good friends once remarked, "I want to have a big party but the reason I do not do it is because I would be sure to overlook someone very dear". I certainly would have wanted to mention my friends and associates one by one but I just do not want to hurt anyone's feelings in case someone very dear was left out. I am sure I am correct in this conclusion.

It is important, however, to state that my good friends and associates in business have meant a great deal to me over the years. Some of them have proven beyond a doubt they would do anything in their power to help me in any way possible. Their consideration of me in business and pleasure has been most appreciated. Some of them have done far more for my pleasure and happiness than I could ever do in return for them.

Friends are a great asset, and without them life could be, I am sure, very lonely and depressing. It has often been said friends are worth more than money. I have also heard it said if you can count your real friends on one hand you are wealthy. Well, I believe I am a very wealthy man in that respect.

I have many friends whom I class as good personal friends. I love them all very much and I shall remain of the opinion they also class me among their good friends.



Our family doctor and real friend Roy C. Mitchell, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P.

Making And Using Money

BY RUTH AND PURNELL BAILEY

Last week I had the privilege to talk with Mr. H. Osler Woltz of Mt. Airy, North Carolina. He is a nationally-known attorney, and a man of wide experience and keen judgement. I asked him two questions which I think very important, and he answered them well.

Here are the two questions: (1) How do you make money? (2) How do you keep money from ruining a man and his family once he has made it? His answers will linger with me a long time.

In answer to the first, Mr. Woltz had the conviction that sturdy character was at the root of making money. In addition to this a man must be fair and honest in his business dealings. He must be alert to opportunity, and apply himelf to his work with zeal. He must have some portion of native ability, and get all the training and skill for his work possible.

The answer to the second question was even more interesting to me, since I have seen many families ruined by wealth. Mr. Woltz had the strong conviction that one must use his money as a stewardship to help others. That was the long and short of it. Wealth is a trust, and it must reach beyond a man's own personal family to the needs of others.

Perhaps the lesson I best learned from Mr. Woltz was his emphasis on the fact that one is to live fully this twenty-four hour day, and the ones to follow will pay their dividends. He reminded me at this point of a passage in Mark Rutherford's "Autobiography" which speaks a secret almost discovered too late.

"As I get older," he wrote, "I became aware of the folly of this perpetual reaching after the future and of drawing from tomorrow, and from tomorrow only, a reason for the joyfulness of today. I learned, when, alas! it was almost too late, to live in each moment as it passed over my head, believing that the sun as it is now rising is as good as it will ever be and blinding myself as much as possible to what may follow."

It is a lesson we all may learn. Live one day at the time. Enjoy God's handiwork today. When we give Him our best in this twenty-four hours, we may be assured that the next day has been built on the finest foundation.

Perhaps the finest recommendation Osler Woltz had to give me was in what he did not say, but what his neighbors gladly contributed. His philosophy is backed by a wonderful home, and a wife of unusual ability and strength of character. His children are an honor to the church, their community, and their own families. His words were more impressive to me because of these!

The above article appeared in the Bailey's syndicated column.

CHAPTER XXXXIV

Louise

Why I ever undertook to write about my life, I'll never understand. No one knows better than I do, that I am just not qualified to do it.

However, there is one thing I am qualified to do and that is, in my humble way, to tell of my wife's life with me and her many accomplishments. I would never have been able to do what I have done in a business way, and in my law practice, had it not been for the broadminded and charitable outlook on life of my wife, and her Christian life. She has had utmost confidence in my intentions and was ready to help in any way, regardless of what I was attempting to do.

I remember early in the practice of law I would be very worried about a law suit, or something some person was saying about me, when she would say: "Well, if you want to change from law to something else, I'll be with you; you seem to be letting the practice of law worry you". She says I remarked and I guess I did, although I certainly did not mean it as she took it that "I love the law better than I do you".

In fairness to her, if I never finish what I have started, I do want to write for my sons and anyone else just what she has meant to me and what help she has been to me. In my opinion she is one of the best educated and most accomplished persons with whom I have ever come in contact. She has been of untold help to me. I really do not believe that there is anything she cannot do and do well. She is a good musician, plays the piano, pipe organ, and has taught music. She has taught every grade in school and holds one of the very few lifetime certificates to teach all grades. She can fly an airplane, play golf, tennis, ride horseback and she is an excellent swimmer. She can weave, knit and sew, and make any kind of afghan or sampler, and can do anything that can be done with a needle and thread.

She has been a devoted church worker and has worked in almost every department of the Church School, teaching since the age of 16. She was Chairman of the Mount Airy Library Board for many years.

She is a good bridge player, and good at most any kind of game. She is an ardent student and reads a great deal. She can paint, do sculpture, and is a good photographer. Louise is the perfect person with children, has all the patience of Job, is considerate of them and their future, which has certainly been proven by our two sons.

She has taken part in the civic life of the community; the Woman's Club; Red Cross, Bloodmobile (having given many pints of blood), the Community Chest, and many other civic and church activities.

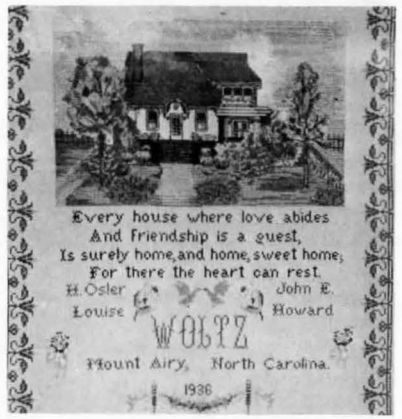
I have been away from her a lot; it has been necessary in the different activities I have engaged in during our married life, and when we were together we discussed business very little, because I did not want to worry her when I was worried about a law suit or some business problem. I am sure that because I was not with her as much as I should have been or as much as I probably could have, she has had to develop interests of her own and find pleasure in any way she could to pass the time, especially after the boys grew up and after she stopped teaching, which she did for over fourteen years after we were married.

Another very admirable attribute she has, is that she is the most unselfish person I know of, the most thoughtful and most considerate of other people. While I have been good to her, I have not been as considerate of her time and association as I should have been over the years. I know she has spent many lonely hours and days without my being with her, and that I regret. However, I cannot recall a single instance during our married life when she would not have refrained from doing anything she had planned if she thought there was a chance of our being together. Any lack of our association and doing things together has certainly not been her fault; it has all been mine. In other words, she has been forced to make an interesting life

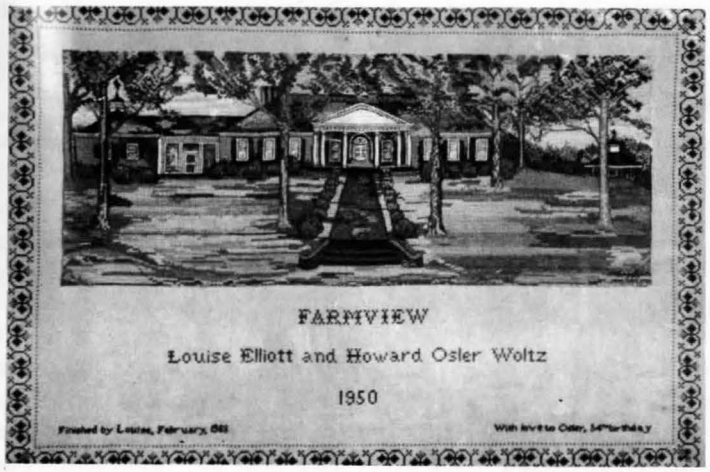
for herself alone, so to speak, without me instead of with me.

Louise is the perfect mother, a good wife, and a true Christian if I ever knew one. Yes, I love her and I know if anybody has ever lived a good life, it has been my wife.

I would never have been satisfied in writing anything about my life had I not written this tonight.



Sampler of our first home and birthplace of John Elliott Woltz in 1926, made by Louise 1936



Present home of author and wife, made by Louise in 1953

Mr. and Mrs. Woltz Honor Mrs. Fred Rierson Saturday

On Saturday night at 6 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Woltz were hosts to a dinner party at the Blue Ridge Hotel, honoring Mrs. Fred Rierson.

The party was a combination birthday party and twenty-fifth anniversary of Mrs. Rierson serving as Mr. Woltz's secretary. Mrs. Rierson was presented a corsage of yellow rose buds by the hosts upon arrival.

The guests assembled in the reception room at 6 o'clock where a social hour was enjoyed and Mrs. Rierson opened her birthday gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Woltz then invited the guests to enter the Peacock room where covers were laid for twenty-five. The table was covered with white linen and centered with an arrangement of yellow roses and white carnations, flanked with crystal candelabra with burning yellow tapers.

Howard O. Woltz, Jr. offered the invocation.

Following the four course dinner John E. Woltz paid tribute to Mrs. Rierson for her wonderful services. Remarks were made by H. O. Woltz in regard to Mrs. Rierson's loyalty and of his appreciation of what her services had meant to all of them. On behalf, Woltz, Woltz and Woltz, Mr. H. O. Woltz then presented Mrs. Rierson with a complete silver service.

Mrs. H. O. Woltz made appropriate remarks and spoke of the close family association of the two families since Mrs. Rierson had been working for her husband. She presented Mrs. Rierson as a token from she and Mr. Woltz a platinum wirst watch. She also made the lovely birthday cake for the honoree.



Reprint of article from MT. AIRY NEWS after party

CHAPTER XXXXV

Secretaries

I am of the opinion that any man who makes a success in a profession or business never does it alone. I have written in my humble way what contribution Louise has made towards my small accomplishments and how co-operative she has been through the years.

It is for sure that next to Louise there is one other person who has been helpful and of great assistance to me. This is Mrs. Gladys Rierson, my true and devoted secretary for over thirty years. She has been a right arm to me. On many occasions when maybe she was sick or had sickness in her family, she worked devotedly and untiringly, looking after my work regardless of her personal problems, and in the process has reared two mighty fine children, one of whom is a teacher and the other a businesswoman who is in business for herself.

Not only has she looked after me, but she has also adopted my entire family, my wife and my sons and their families and I am sure they love and admire her loyalty and devotion as much as I do.

She has been an expert, efficient and proficient secretary, but she is also a good safety valve and would put the 'brakes' on when I would be about to go overboard in regard to some personal or business venture.

I am sure that if any person on earth really knows me inside and out it is Mrs. Rierson. I am sure of one thing, she has the most pleasing personality and disposition of any person I have ever had working for me or ever known in a business way. During the many years of our business association I have never known her to not have a kind word for those in trouble or those less fortunate than she. She is a perfect lady, a devoted and true wife, a wonderful mother, and a true Christian. During her association with me she has befriended hundreds of people beyond the call of duty. She has one of the best memories of

anyone I have ever known. She has been associated with me long enough to know more about me than I know myself. During my many business ventures and in the practice of law she has been in possession of facts that no doubt I could never recall or remember without her assistance and memory. I would never have undertaken the task of writing some of the happenings in my life had it not been for her help, assistance and co-operation.

I can truthfully say that during our entire association together we have never had a cross word between us, and regardless of time, whether it be twelve o'clock midnight or five in the morning, she was as close to me as the telephone if suddenly in the wee hours of night I remembered something I had left undone and most of the time it would be done by the time I got to the office.

To one of the finest ladies on earth I am glad to have had this opportunity in my small way to express my appreciation of her and her untiring services to me and my family. I love her dearly for what she is and for what she has meant to me.

Since I am referring to secretaries, I have been very fortunate in that respect. I have had only three secretaries in over forty-four years in the practice of law.

The first young lady worked for me and the Merchants Association approximately two and one-half years, having to leave Mount Airy and return to her home in Reidsville due to the sickness of her parents. I was successful in getting her a fine paying job with the tobacco company there where she made a good record.

My next secretary was a local girl, fine in every respect who worked for me until she was forced to stop, because of the birth of her first baby. She is now secretary to a congressman from Pennsylvania. Her husband is working and they are very happy. She was very loyal and very efficient and did for me a splendid job.

My acquaintances who really accomplished much as successful business men have had a great deal of help from many people.

The people who contributed the most towards this success have been the people working with them the closest. A devoted, dedicated secretary or trusted employee cannot be given too much credit for the contributions made by them. A secretary really knows more, and has more responsibility in looking after details and protecting an employer from having to spend many useless hours than any person connected with a successful business or professional man.

Much more time is spent with a secretary than is spent with a wife or other close associates. The secretary's contributions to success are priceless.

The multiplicity of details, the weeding out the chaff, the refusal to make unnecessary appointments, the time they save for the employer in numerous ways cannot ever be valued too highly.

If I had any advice to give a person as to their dealings with and responsibilities to close, confidential employees, it would be to always remember that a successful relationship depends upon a sincere give and take attitude. None of us is perfect. No person on earth knows more about an employer than those in a confidential relationship with him.

People must be given the assurance that they are receiving a fair deal. They must love their work and take pride in the contributions they are making towards the success of an employer. Knowing and realizing they are a major part of the success story gives them this feeling of pride and love for their work. People who are not assured of the value they are to a successful employer are not happy in their work and people not happy in their work cannot render their best service.

If a businessman is ever fortunate enough to employ a capable, smart, industrious secretary or close business associate he has made a major advancement toward his future success.

A happy home and pleasant working conditions are a prerequisite to success.

All of my life, not that I think I have been successful, but whatever achievements in that respect I have made, I do want to

give full credit to the wonderful and devoted secretaries and business associates I have had over the years for their assistance.

A more truthful statement has never been made than to say, to be an executive you have to be able to delegate authority and appreciate the good job done by those to whom the authority has been delegated. The appreciation of the services rendered and the ample compensation for same are a must to success.



When Louise and I were proof reading this book, Mary, our eight year old granddaughter surprised us by snapping this picture of my new secretary helping me.

CHAPTER XXXXVI

Our Son's Families

There has never been published and never will be published again anything like what I have attempted to write in this my report to the family of different happenings in my life.

I have not arranged these stories in any particular order and certainly not in chronological order. I do, however, want to include in this my story of important happenings in my life the most important of all except my marriage to Louise and that is my sons' marriages to their fine wives.

Over the years we were very interested in the girls the boys were dating and especially if we thought either of the boys showed any inclination of becoming serious about the girls they were going with.

Louise and I had no daughters of our own, but our boys could never have pleased parents more when they picked their wives than John and Howard pleased Louise and me. Both of the girls have been real daughters to us. At all times they have had our interest at heart and have proven their love and admiration for us. Both of the girls are real ladies, family girls and real mothers to our grandchildren. The Christian homes of both families are living examples of their true Christian character. The conduct and rearing of the children also reflects the fine patience and understanding influence the girls have over all the children. Our daughters are the finest.

John married first, the daughter of Hilda Way and T. Lenoir Gwyn, whose home was in Waynesville, North Carolina. Pat was their only child; one however would never know it. She is not at all spoiled, much to the contrary.

Howard married two years later. Joan's home was in Burlington, North Carolina, and she was the only daughter of Edwin Holt Moore and Elizabeth Payne Moore. She has one brother, Edwin Holt Moore, Jr.

I am so proud of my two daughters-in-law that I have insisted that I be permitted to include a picture of their parents in this my report to the family. The fine heritage of the girls, both coming from two of the finest and oldest families in the State, has reflected itself in the homes and families the girls have of their own.



Howard and Joan and Children





Joan's Father and Mother



John and Pat and Children





Pat's Father and Mother

When grandparents have had the good fortune to live close to their grandchildren and see them grow up and develop over the years, this is one of the greatest pleasures in life.

I have often heard Louise remark that she never had the pleasure of knowing her grandparents, they having passed away before she was old enough to know them.

I am sure the close association she has had with our nine grandchildren has been one of her greatest pleasures in life. I know of nothing that has ever happened to me that has afforded me more pleasure.

On this Sunday morning, August 18, 1968, I have been reminiscing over the last few years about the association I have had with the children. Elliott, our oldest grandchild, will be a third year student at the University of Virginia this next school year. He is working with his Daddy at Quality Mills and is most interested in his work. For the last two summers I have provided him a car to drive and to see how appreciative he is of the things done for him convinced me he is a real settled young man and will, with good health, develop into a fine Christian business executive.

John's second boy, Jimmy, is spending several weeks in Europe this summer. We have had several letters from him during his travels over the different countries and I am sure the trip will be very broadening for him. (Elliott had a similar trip last year). Jimmy is an extremely thoughtful boy and is bubbling over with personality. I am glad he is going to State College this Fall as a freshman and I predict for him a great future. He has been a real source of pleasure over the years to Louise and me. He has worked every summer since he was old enough and I know he does not mind work.

My next grandchild in age is Louise's namesake, Little Louise. She has just this summer received her driver's license and her little Volkswagen. She is developing into a beautiful and accomplished young lady. Earlier this year she and her Grandmother Moore took a trip to the Caribbean and the trip was very informative and educational for her at this period in her life. She is now sixteen years of age.

To see the unselfish attitude of the children is gratifying.

Joanie, the next in line, was so pleased that Little Louise was able to make the trip. We will have to see to it that Joanie gets a similar trip a little later. Joanie had a good time this summer at camp. While there she wove a pillow for us. It was a most thoughtful thing for her to do.

Howell, John's fourteen-year old son, has been staying with us while his parents are visiting Pat's mother in Waynesville. Howell is working at the Quality Mill's Outlet Store. During the last few days I have been with him a good portion of the time. He is very interested in guns and we have been trading some old guns he had for a new pistol he has wanted for so long. To observe how fast he is growing up and to see him develop into a mature young man is a real privilege.

As the older children grow up, we as grandparents see them less as a rule, and our most frequent visits are from the four younger grandchildren. H. (HOW III), now twelve years old, and Eddie, now ten years old, are frequent visitors with us. Mary, John's only daughter, age eight, is a real shadow for Lulu. I believe she is as much pleasure to us as any of the children have ever been and she has one of the most pleasing and thoughtful personalities. Since I have been spending some time writing my memoirs, she is also writing a book. She comes down and joins me in a period of writing. She can also play the piano exceptionally well for her age. Louise taught her finger numbers before she could read and taught her to play the piano and organ.

Eddie and H. cannot do enough for us. H. is all the time wanting to help do something. He is very interested in helping in the tobacco. The work on the farm is very helpful for the children. Eddie is a real gardener. He helps Louise in the flowers and has a little garden of his own along with Mary. Eddie and H. attended camp this summer at Camp Atlantic, Ocean Isle, near Myrtle Beach, S. C. For the mountain children to go to the coast for camp is very good for them. They learn to sail boats, ski, swim and canoe and such wholesome activities that are truly healthful for them. It is a fine association for them as brothers to be together. It has a tendency of drawing them

closer together, all of which is very important for both of them in years to come. It was very beneficial for their fathers to have been together when they were growing up and it has proven to have been a good influence for them and they are now closely associated in business.

Thomas, the youngest member of the clan, now age eleven months, makes his visits almost daily with his mother. He is learning to say Daddy, and Lulu and Mama and a few such words. He soon will be traveling on his own power and that is when he will spend more time with us if it works as it has in the past with the other children, and I am sure it will.

All of the grandchildren enjoy their trips together and the trips mean much to them. They meet many people their age and from many different parts of the country. I hope all the grandchildren continue to enjoy each other, and find pleasure in playing, working, taking trips and doing things together. The age group of the different children make it very congenial for them. The twelve to fourteen age group enjoy each other, the fifteen to nineteen age group have many things in common and of course the younger ones always play together. All of them are fortunate to have others near their age around most of the time.

Very few grandparents have lived to see their families develop as we have seen ours grow up and develop. It is a rare privilege and we realize it more and more and are most thankful to have had the opportunity. To have seen all of them, the older ones going from toys to tricycles to bicycles, ponies to horses, horses to cars, and all the other stages of development they go through, has really been wonderful.

There is one thing for certain, with all of the children as active as they are, and as many projects as they have in process, there is never a dull moment on Green Hill. To name just a few of the projects that were under way at the close of yesterday would read something like this: (1) Trip to mountain; (2) Shoot new guns; (3) Play tennis; (4) horseback riding; (5) Water skiing; (6) Work on old cars, a real project; (7) Help Lulu cook; (8) Go look over the farm; (9) Go fishing; (10) Gather vegetables; (11)

Go on picnic; (12) Scout meeting. By the time Sunday School and Church is over, I promise there will be several new suggestions to add to the list. There is certainly *"Never a Dull Moment"*.

It is now eight o'clock and I have breakfast almost prepared so I shall wake up Lulu and Howell and I probably will be informed of some of their suggestions for the day also. Golf I can assure you will be one of them on such a pretty summer day. It is great to be living and I am truly thankful.

We have been blessed beyond our fondest dreams. All of our children and all of the grandchildren are normal, well-developed children, all mentally alert and trying to make the best of all opportunities afforded them.

With as many in number as compose our family now, it is very seldom we can all be together at the same time. The schedule of everyone on this day has been just about a normal day. Louise is over at Veteran's Park with Howell, H., Eddie and Joanie at a Scout meeting for a report on the activities of the Scouts who went to New Mexico. Howard is on his way to the airport for a visit to our concrete plant in Atlanta, Georgia. Jo is taking him to the airport. Elliott is in Asheville for a date with a very fine young girl from Waynesville. Little Louise, as we call her, is out in her new car with some of her friends. They are attending a church meeting for young people this afternoon. John and Pat are on their way home from a visit with Pat's mother. John had a business meeting in Asheville Friday and Saturday. Jo's mother has just left a few minutes ago for her home in Burlington with her aunt and niece from Florida who have visited Howard and Jo for the weekend. The remaining members of the family, Jo, Louise, Joanie, Eddie and H. of the Howard Woltz family and Howell of the John Woltz family will join Louise and me on the terrace for a hot dog and barbecue supper about 6:30 or 7:00 p. m.

This is just a short resume on all the projects and activities that have been going on all afternoon since Sunday School and Church. What I have written is a fair sample of the daily activities of the Woltz Clan.

I still say there is "Never a Dull Moment" on "The Hill".





Typical family gathering

CHAPTER XXXXVII

Finale

In this, the closing chapter or review of my life, the most outstanding realization and pleasure I have had is in the development and appreciation of my two sons for my efforts in life. While all my efforts were largely spent in planning and working towards their future and what I could make and provide for them, I, as all fathers, could not know or predict what the final result would be. Many parents dream and plan for their children and a very small percentage live to see their plans materialize, or only a small fulfillment of their dreams.

No two sons could take more advantage of the opportunities provided for them by their parents, or could possibly show more appreciation for the efforts put forth for them than ours have shown. The two businesses operated by my sons are entirely different and the people they deal with and work with are in an entirely different field of endeavor. One of the businesses being the manufacture of soft goods and the other the manufacture and production of hard goods. The diversifications of interest is splendid, especially since their financial interest in each business is the same, and the boys are both officers and consultants in the respective industries.

It is most pleasing to me for the people who know Howard to praise him to me most highly, and then add, "I know your other son is fine also to have done what he has done with his business, but I just don't know John as well as I know Howard". In turn, I will meet and be associated with the customers and business associates of John, and other people, and they will tell me the same complimentary things about John. No father or parent could be more pleased or prouder of the record of a son than I am of both of my fine boys. My hopes and ambitions, as well as all dreams, have been fulfilled.

In the beginning, I stated my main purpose in diversifying my business interests as much as I did was to provide opportuni-

ties for my two sons, so they could live in Mount Airy and have a future here if they decided to do it. From the very beginning they have worked untiringly, have been straightforward in their dealings, and have been extremely ambitious to grow and expand in their chosen fields of endeavor. Quality Mills, under John's leadership, has grown far beyond my dreams. John has planned over the years for the future growth of the mill, and labored to bring it about. Howard's business was a younger organization than John's and not as well established as Quality Mills. However, he took over the leadership of the concrete business when we first became sole owners of the company and has done a magnificent job. He has entered new fields in the manufacture of concrete products, and has expanded far beyond my expectations. We now have the controlling stock in five large plants in the States and one in the Bahama Islands. In addition to having expanded in the building and concrete business, he has made an enviable record in the expansion and growth of other business interests.

Both of the boys are recognized as leaders in their fields of endeavor. Nothing could make a parent happier, unless it were for them to be fine Christian gentlemen and good husbands and fathers, and that I am sure of also. Both sons are most considerate and thoughtful of their parents. I have often made the statement that I turned the management of the industries over to them while they were young and I was still available for advice and guidance, if they needed it. They have needed very little of either. However, I made no mistake in doing it, because I was here if they did need it.

One other thing I am very proud of and that is both boys are planning ahead for their children, all of which I consider most important. I have made plans to help in that respect. In fact, I have set up a trust fund for the grandchildren, so Louise and I can make contributions to the trust for the benefit of the grandchildren, and we hope it will help our sons in their plans and efforts for their children and their families.

What more could any parent want out of life than to have been able to see and share in their sons' development as industrial

leaders and as businessmen, devoted to their families and taking an active part in church work and community activities; they are fine, Christian gentlemen.

I am including in this report of my life pictures of the plants the boys have built in each of their industries, and am doing it as a proud father and a thankful man for having been permitted to be here long enough to see them mature, and the growth and results of their efforts.

In closing, I am glad the boys have been so closely associated in business, helping each other and owning the same interest in each industry. I am also pleased with the wonderful girls they married; real mothers and devoted wives. None could be better.

My father was so very proud of his first great grandchild Elliott, John's first child, that I have included a picture of four generations of the Woltz family in this book. I also think the picture is exceptionally good of my father. He looks so happy and pleased about Elliott.



My first child Howard age 5 months



Howard with his great-grandfather age 84, Howard age 2 months

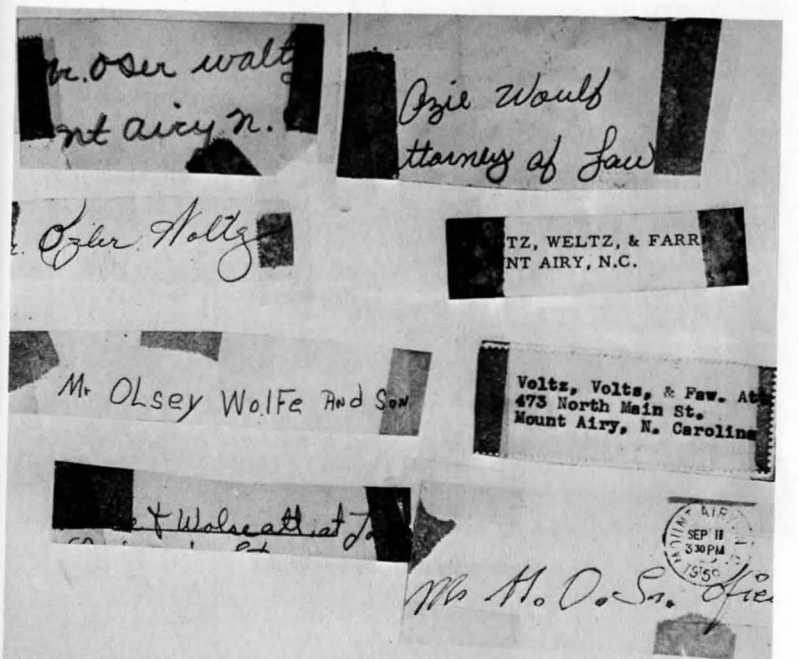
What's in a Name?

If there is anything in a name to be proud about, I can certainly qualify to be very proud indeed. Over the years I have been called most everything.

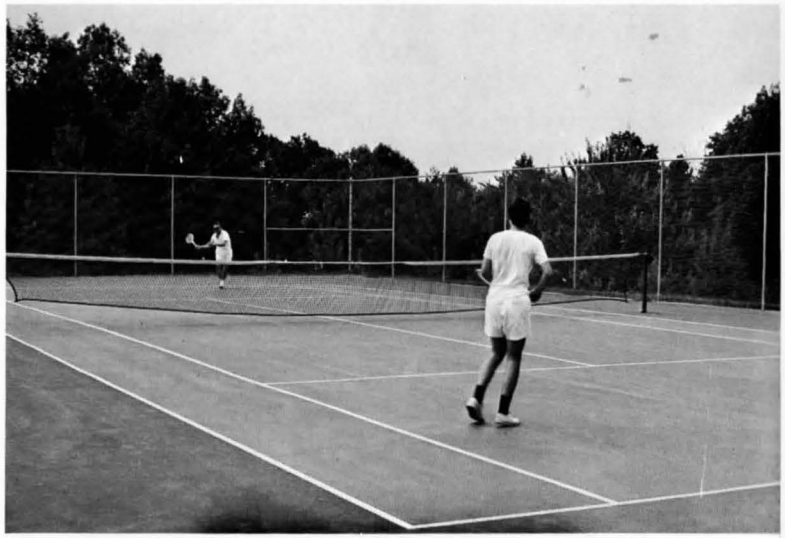
The spelling of "Osler Woltz", judging from the letters received over the years during the practice of law, has been most amusing to the secretaries in the office. Several years ago they began keeping a record of some of the names I was called and the way the name was spelled. The following is an example:







The problems the clients were writing about were as varied as the spelling of the name. Don't tell me there is nothing in a name! I can truthfully say there has never been a dull moment in the practice of law.



Friends playing Tennis



Going to Grand-daddy's House
Drawn by Pat Gwyn Woltz



Howard and Jo's family having supper with Granddaddy



Pat and, John's family

We have had so many good times together on Green Hill, it is hard to stop when it comes to pictures for my book. A few of different occasions, believe, will be of interest to the family in years to come.



Craftsmen at Work.



Thomas and H. O. III



John, Pat, and Mary, 1960



Joanie's birthday, toboggan riding and Halloween











Enjoying Thomas and his first birthday cake



Late Winter 1949 – Four Generations of Woltz Men
John E. Woltz, Dr. John L. Woltz, John E. Woltz, Jr., H. O. Woltz, Sr.

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PROPERTY OF
MUSEUM OF REGIONAL HISTORY
Mount Airy, N. C.

H. O. WOLTZ SPEAKS FOR NEW SUPER HIGHWAY

Has Plenty Of 'Admirals'

SPECULATOR FACES FIGHT OF CAREER

Harley L. Clarke Charged With Misappropriating $3,000,000 During Presidency of Utility.

Local Firm Buys Block Plant In Twin City

Badgett Concrete Owners Make Public Their New Plans

H. O. Woltz Flies To Convention

Elkin Attorney Goes To Philadelphia As Alternate Delegate

Not Seeking Any Office, Woltz Says

NEW MT. AIRY MILLS TO BEGIN WORK SOON

Surry Hosiery Mills Expected To Open Within 30 Days.

Attorney H. O. Woltz Goes To Chicago in Big Law Suit.

Attorney H. O. Woltz left Wednesday afternoon for Chicago where he goes to represent certain stockholders in a four hundred million dollar holding company. Mr. Woltz and his associates in the law suit are endeavoring to have the company placed in the hands of a receiver. Since the interests are in several states the action is brought in the Federal courts of Virginia and Illinois.

Harley L. Clarke, former head of the big holding firm, is leading in the fight for reorganization of the company.

Rumors Have Woltz For 5th D[istrict] Seat

Woltz

Try Joseup Miller Saturday

Mt. Airy Attending Underwear Meet

The Woltz family is in New York where they are attending a meeting of the Underwear Institute be[ing] a joint Monday through W[ednesday]

New Planning Board Eyes Gigantic Task Awaiting Its Action

Seeks Suggestions From Citizens For City Improvements

Invitation to Join Bund Given As Basis of Slaying In Surry

City Names Planning Board

H. O. Woltz, Local Attorney, Named Chairman Of New Nine-Member Body

Battleship Drive Hot In Surry

DAMAGE TRIAL IN FATAL ROAD CRASH STARTS

$100,000 Suits Hinge On Test Case At Newton

Clarke Faces Fraud Charge In Utility Suit

Mt. Airy: Its Present Seems To Be Catching Up With Its Future Planning

H. O. Woltz Offers Land For Golf Course

Sam Sprinkle Bound Over For Trial at April Superior Court

Local Men To Aid In Negotiation Of Trade Agreement

TO IMPORT SOY BEANS

H. O. Woltz Named To Railroad Post

Mirror Plant To Start Operation

oltz Tells Group N. C. Will lect Most Feasible Route

Opinion Expressed At Road Meeting In Pulaski Last Friday Night; Woltz And Ashby Attend Meeting

Rowan Gold Fields Wake From Long Sleep; Move Started to Restore Mining Industry

Iron, Copper And Sulphur Are Sought

Needham Case: One of N.C.'s Strangest

Background for a Stokes Arson, Murder Trial

(This is the first of three articles on the trial and conviction of Claude Needham of Stokes County, who was saved from a life's sentence for murder when the Supreme Court reversed the finding of a jury and found him not guilty).

By Roy Thompson

Jury Found Him Guilty But Justices Disagreed

(This is the last of a series of three articles on the Needham arson and murder case in Stokes County.)

By Roy Thompson

Stokes Man Is Sentenced For Killing

Was It Murder? Was Claude Needham Guilty? Stokes Court Said Yes

(This is the second of three articles on the Needham murder case in Stokes County.)

By Roy Thompson

Frozen Leaher Plant To Open Here Soon

100-Bed Care Center Sought For City

By MILTON SEWELL
News Editor

General Motors To Pay $15,000

Surry County Lawyers Gain Verdict Against Manufacturing Corporation In Federal Court Suit Growing Out Of Death Of Two In Wreck In July, 1941

Davis No Guilty O Lottery Says Jury

Senator Weeps as He Hears Verdict of Acquittal Returned

Court Room Breaks Into Loud Cheers

Mill to Start Building Immediately

Planning Board Asks Annexation North Of City

g Damage Suit Goes To U. S. Circuit Court

Woltz And Smith Made Heroic Pleas

MINORITY HOUSING GROUP PROPOSES URBAN RENEWAL

MUSEUM OF REGIONAL HISTORY
Mount Airy, N. C.

Genealogy
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(copy 1)

A few highlights of my activities over the years for the family record.

This report includes experiences as a practicing attorney-at-law, business man, farmer, and manufacturer.

H. O. Woltz, Sr.

Published by Hunter Publishing Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Memoirs

Never A Dull Moment

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H. O.
Woltz, Sr.