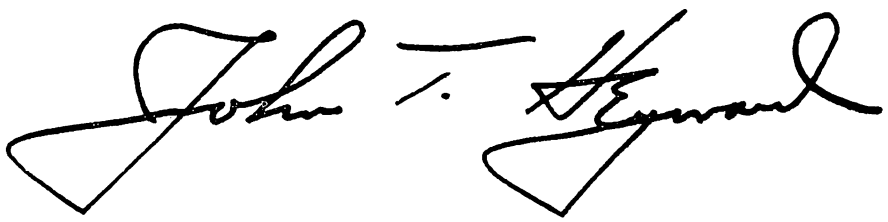
# STORY OF "THE SILK OF THE TRADE"

BY THORNWELL JACOBS

PUBLISHED BY
WINNSBORO BLUE GRANITE
"THE SILK OF THE TRADE"
RION, SOUTH CAROLINA

*The management of WINNSBORO BLUE has for years wanted to place in the hands of its friends a brief sketch of the struggle necessary to bring "The Silk of the Trade" to its present point of acceptance. It is hoped that you will agree that we have been fortunate in the selection of author and that you enjoy the local lore worked into the story. It is my hope that the readers of this book may share some portion of the pleasure experienced by me in bringing it into existence.*



# STORY OF

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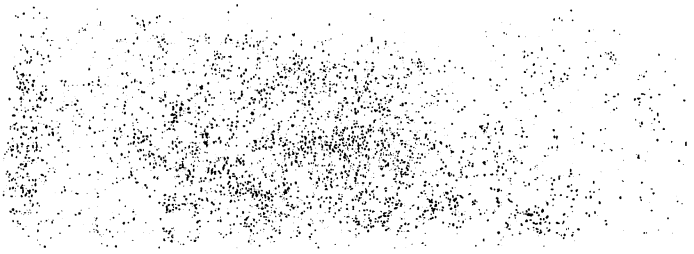
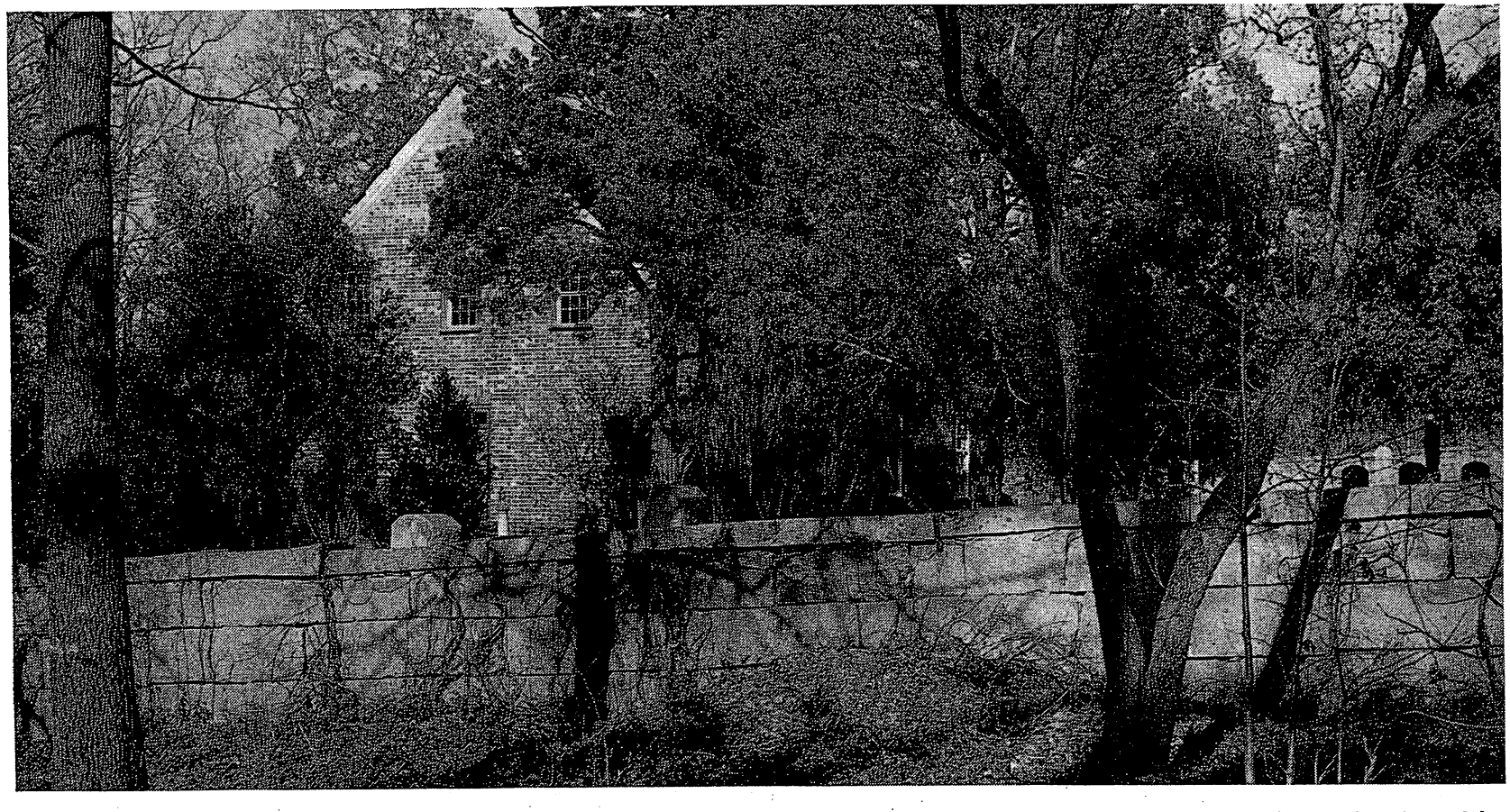
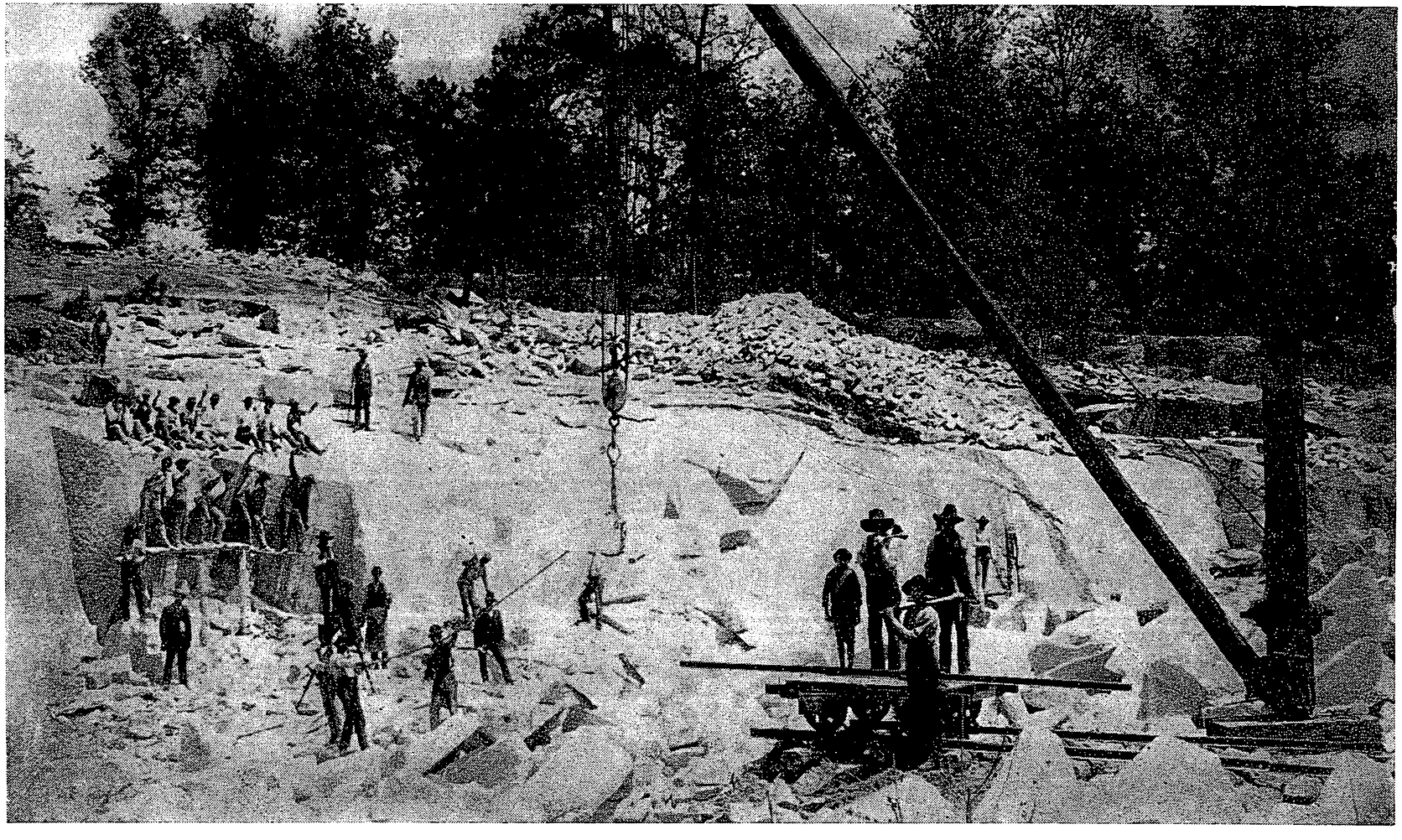




Old Brick Church located about a mile from The Anderson Quarry. In it, on May 9, 1803, a great denomination, The Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, was born.



Early Quarry Scene—Probably 1901.

# 1

ON THE seventeenth of December, eighteen hundred and ninety, the historic old Court House of Fairfield County was packed with eager listeners to one of the most important legal cases ever to be heard in Winnsboro. Outside of the classic facade, many others stood beneath the famous old Liberty Tree, whereunder tradition has it that witch-whippings had been held, perhaps witch-burnings. The marvelous ledge of beautiful blue granite, known from the dawn of Fairfield County history as the "*Ten Acre Rock*," today called the Anderson Quarry, was being striven for in fierce litigation. Not only were many Winnsboro citizens present to learn the fate of the Beautiful Blue, but planters from all over Fairfield, from the Catawba and Broad River Valleys, from neighboring towns and villages and even from far-a-way Charleston had come to learn who was to be the master of that unparalleled boss of perfect stone.

At length, Presiding Judge I. D. Witherspoon wrote and signed the fateful decree. The

court interposed its authority to order a sale of the property "in order to have the trusts executed as contemplated under the trust deed." Suddenly, the intense silence of the courtroom was broken by the decision of the Judge; and

*The Blue belonged to Mr. Redding!*

Within a short while, the whole state knew that A. C. Haskell, sole surviving trustee, had sold the Beautiful Blue Boss to Messrs. Redding, Wagener and McCabe.

The intense interest in the future of this amazing mass of perfect granite had a long history. Its ownership went back through the Anderson family from whom it received its name, to Colonel William Kincaid who had arrived in Fairfield in Revolutionary days. He must have unveiled its beauty before or immediately after his purchase. Before his day, the Cherokees and the Catawbas had fought over it. He found the "Virginia Colony" settled along the banks of the Catawba, the Winns who gave their name to Winnsboro and the Lyles and Harrisons among them. These were, for the most part Presbyterians, but soon a stream of French Huguenots and Church of England men came up from the

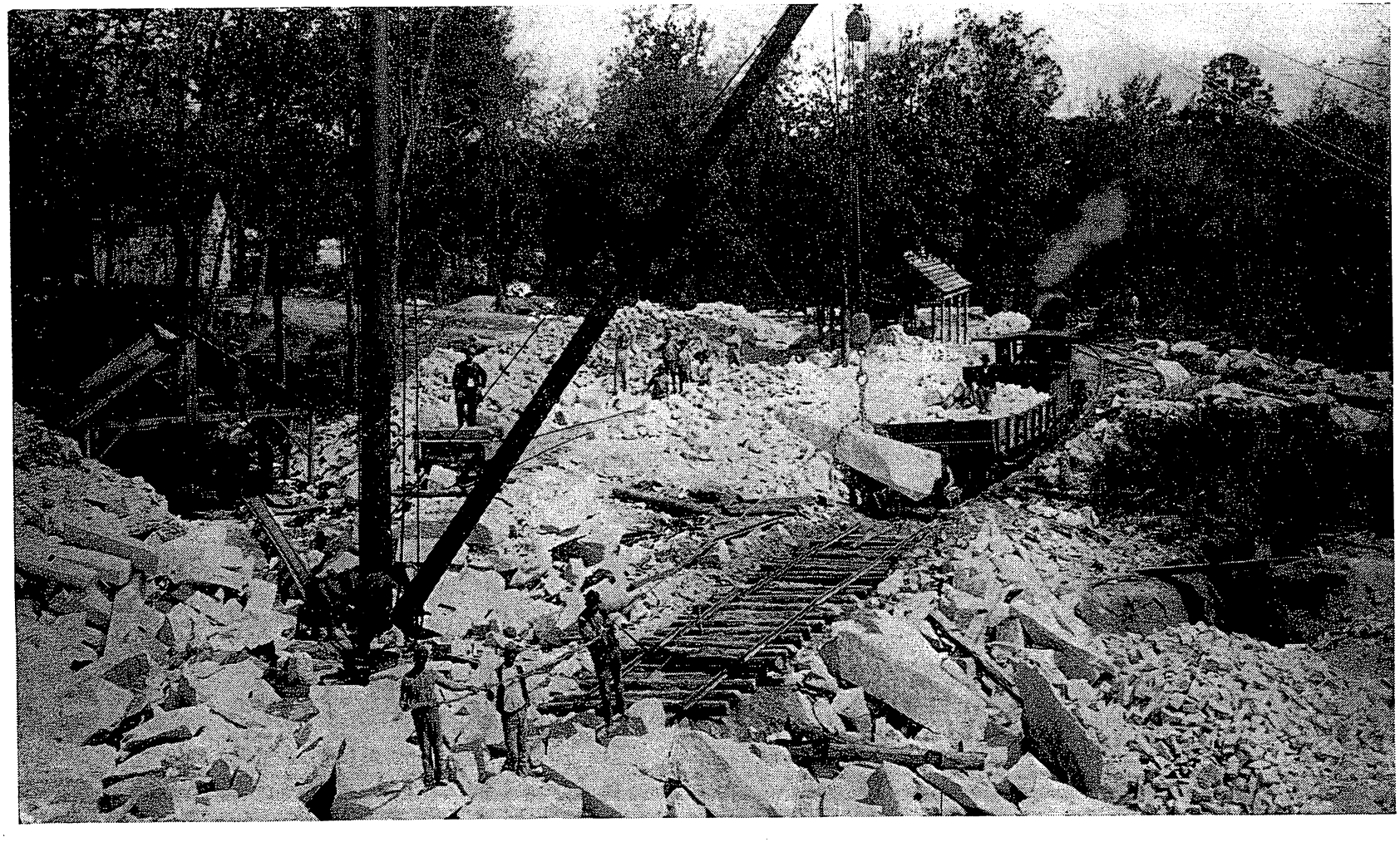
low country and a river of Scotch-Irish from the Northeast. These latter were, for the most part, also Presbyterians who had come over from the north of Scotland, bringing their Scotch-Irish characters as well as faith to match the granite of their new home. They were accustomed to living in stone houses and to quarrying granite. Indeed among the first settlers, we hear of an almost legendary character, "Scotch John," quarry-man and stone mason whose memory is still alive in the minds of Winnsboro's antiquarians because of the part he played in the earliest masonry work of the country.

Just who first set tool to granite in Fairfield no one knows. That record is lost among the mists of Revolutionary days. But any visitor to Fairfield can see that the first quarrying of granite must have been contemporaneous with the building of the first houses, the erection of the first churches and the construction of the first fences. Only a mile from the Anderson Quarry stands the Old Brick Church, originally known as the Little River Church. In it, on May 9th, 1803 a great denomination, The Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, was born. On the facing of one of its doors some sixty years

later, a Yankee soldier wrote his famous apology to the Confederates, still legible:

> "Citizens of this community—
> Please excuse us for defacing your house of worship so much. It was absolutely necessary to effect a crossing over the Creek."

Perhaps, the most fascinating feature of a visit to this historic old church is the stone fence around the graveyard and the ancient sarcophagi and memorials and, for our purpose more especially the granite foundation and the original stone steps of the side entrance. The fence is built of granite ashlars, giving to the visitor the impression of their great abundance, as if they were not only the best material for the purpose, but also the least expensive. The steps are of local stone, moss covered and iron stained. Elsewhere in the county, likewise, one comes upon the same effect. The steps of the present Mount Olivet Presbyterian Church were taken from the old Benjamin Boulware home and must have been quarried back in the eighteenth century in or before the days of "Scotch John." Some of the rock fence-posts found all over Winnsboro and elsewhere in the county must date from the same period as well as the foun-



Another Early Quarry Scene. Note the engine.

Land Title & Trust Building, Philadelphia, built of Winnsboro Granite. It is one of the tallest granite buildings in the world.

dations of some of the oldest houses. Obviously, the quarrying of granite began in Fairfield almost the same time as the felling of timber. Indeed there is what seems to be a well-founded legend that the stone foundations of the first State House, erected in Columbia in the years 1786–1789 were of granite from Fairfield, hauled by wagon over the intervening miles, and there still live in the county, men who testify to the use of Fairfield stone in the present Capitol at Columbia. This wagonning of stones over such distances would have been considered no special feat in those days. Wagonning to Charleston was a common experience of up-country men. Perhaps John Winn or William Kincaid or Thomas Anderson first discovered the exquisite quality of the Winnsboro Blue Granite. At any rate, we know that the quarrying of stone in Fairfield has existed so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

This opinion is buttressed by other facts. Only twenty miles from Winnsboro are the Great Falls of the Catawba, a natural curiosity. They lie in the district opposite Mount Dearborne, (named in honor of General Dearborne, Secretary of War,) where the United States'

Government began to form a Military Post, but afterwards abandoned it. The locks on the ancient canal built around Great Falls were of granite. General Cornwallis, during his stay in Winnsboro, had his headquarters in the old Cathcart home, the foundations of which were of granite. From it he named the county by remarking, as he looked out on the countryside: "What fair fields!"

In short, when Judge Witherspoon heard the case of the Beautiful Blue and decreed her future ownership to Messrs. Redding, Wagener and MaCabe, he was following the best and oldest traditions of the earliest settlers of the country by assuring her immediate development.

# 2

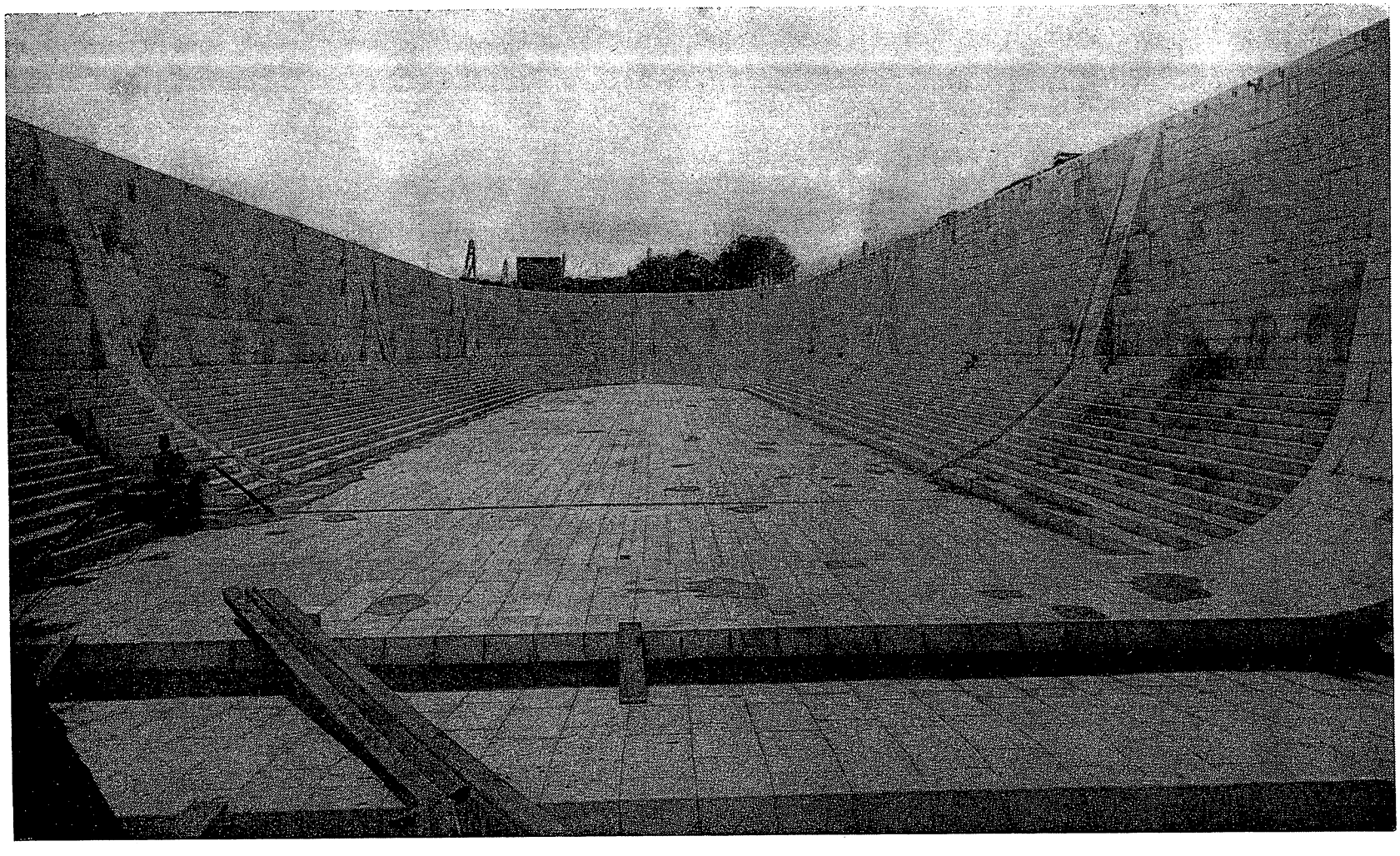
THERE is an eternal law, written into the Constitution of all living things. It is known as the struggle for life, the struggle for survival. Nothing comes to life on earth, from Amoeba to man, that is not won by toil, sweat and blood. Every organ of the body, all that we are and all that other animals are, is the product of perpetual struggle to master the environment; to live, and to enjoy living. That is the price Nature demands for happiness. That is the cost of existence—perpetual pain and eternal trouble. "Through it the lion gained its strength, the deer its speed, the dog its sagacity." As Henry Drummond used to say: "This world is a workshop; not where men make things, but where things make men."

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the men who stood before the Great Granite Ledge, tools in hands, determined to appropriate its perfections to their own uses, should have encountered many and sore trials.

Baffled and frustrated were those who first

undertook to quarry and utilize the Beautiful Blue. This was its description as it appeared in the Fairfield Court House: "*All that piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situated in the County and State aforesaid, containing twelve hundred and sixty-six and one-half acres, more or less, and bounded by lands of. . . .*" but from the beginning no person had seemed able to take the property and keep it. No sooner had Colonel William Kincaid died in 1834, than the bonds began to snap. When his daughter, Rebecca, followed him, her estate was partitioned and the property sold to Thomas D. Anderson. Followed mortgages and more mortgages; then judgments; then, foreclosures. Then attorney, W. D. Lyles "owned" it for a while, having bought its beautiful escarpment at public outcry on the first Monday in February 1888. Then, subject to a mortgage, he conveyed it to F. W. Dawson and A. C. Haskell. Then, more litigation ensued. Then, as already described, the cause was heard by Judge Witherspoon who thereafter made a decree that the Beautiful Blue was to be the property of J. F. Redding and associates, having been conveyed to him by Mr. Haskell, sole surviving trustee. (Mr. Red-

The stone column shown in the above picture is thirty feet and one inch long and four feet, two and a half inches in diameter. The men in the picture have just completed cutting this large column out of Winnsboro Granite at Rion, S. C., for use in the construction of the Land Title & Trust Building of Philadelphia, Pa.



U. S. Dry Dock at Charleston, S. C., built of Winnsboro Blue Granite.

ding became president of the Winnsboro Granite Company.)

But it still struggled to be free; still it tossed trials and troubles at them.

There is an old book chocked full of these obstacles and tribulations. It is the minute book of the Winnsboro Granite Company. From cover to cover it is packed with twice-told tales of troubles; troubles of capitalization, troubles with workmen, troubles with bond issues, troubles with transportation, troubles with stock issues, troubles with machinery, troubles with pay-rolls, troubles with contracts, troubles with collections, troubles with debts—*Troubles! Troubles!! Troubles!!!* More than once, it was necessary to shut down the work. More than twice, the struggle seemed hopeless. More than thrice, failure stared them in the face.

But, troubled as was the financial sky and the labor sea, there was no trouble to be found or feared in the great granite foundation on which their hopes depended. There it rose, a hundred feet into the sky, grandly perfect, its base resting on a bed of solid granite, fifty miles deep. To them it was the pearl of great price. Through page after page of anxious

minutes that firm foundation of faith stood immovable. Hear President Redding read this report of an expert to his worried associates and watch his eyes glisten:

*"Words fail to express my surprise when I saw the Anderson ledge! . . . It is far above anything I have ever seen, either in this country or in Europe. If you can only succeed . . . the greatest granite industry in the world will be in South Carolina . . . This is the most valuable piece of property for fine monumental work in the whole world."*

That was in 1897. Through the months that followed, the secretary inscribed:

*"Of course Anderson cannot be developed until . . ." "We may need . . ." "We must somehow obtain . . ." "Owing to non-delivery of machinery . . ." "Shed delayed by cyclone . . ." "Lowest estimate for getting up this prospectus is a hundred dollars and we have no money to get it . . ." "Fire in the crossties . . . sparks from the locomotive . . ." "Recommend that the monumental department be shut down . . ." "Bonds, mortgage, debts, strikes!"*

And then, in the closing pages of the minutes come these despairing words from President Redding:

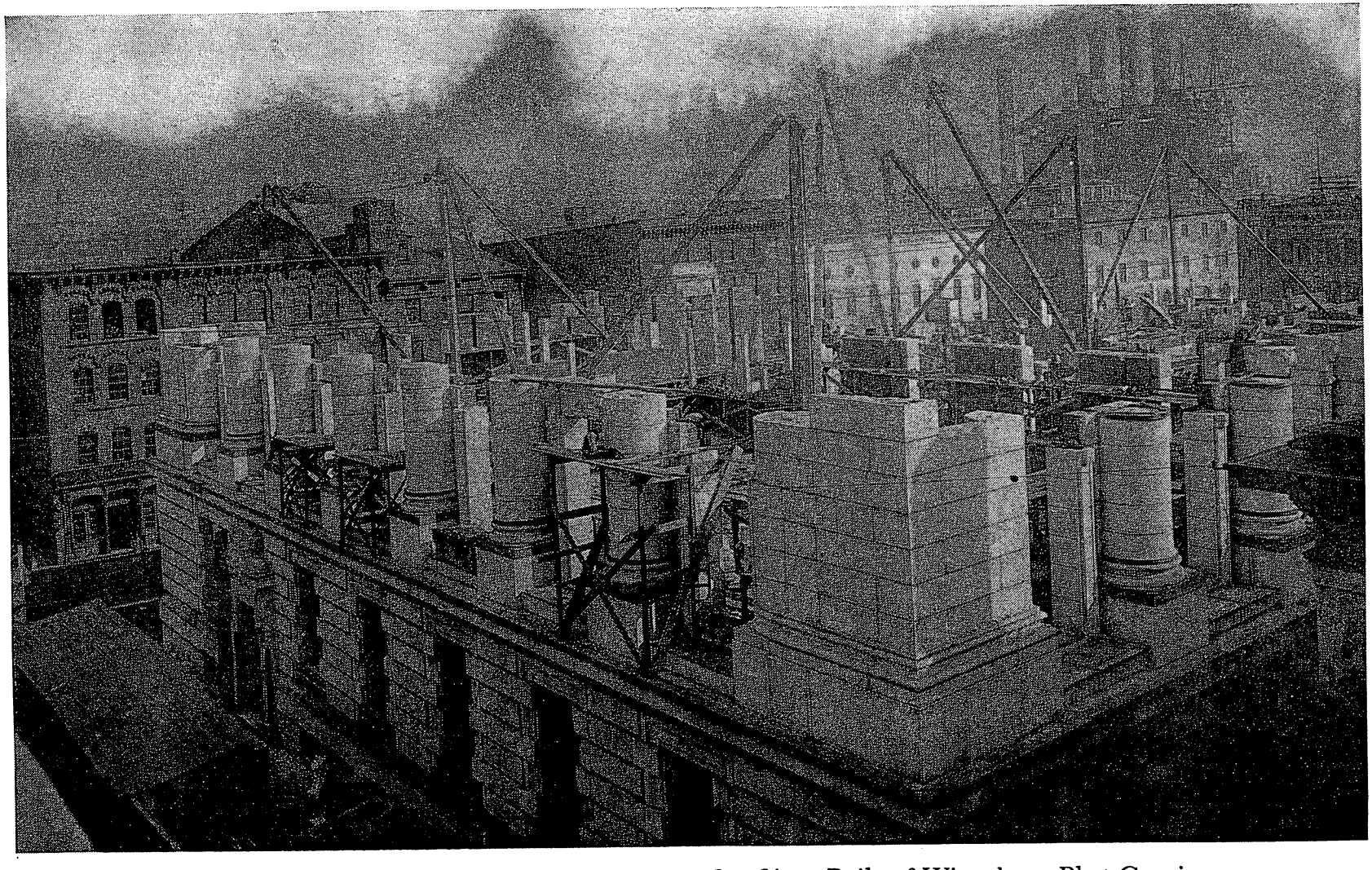
*"Since the fifteenth of April we have been unable to do any business because of need of money*

*which has been the trouble of this company since the commencement of this job . . . We have struggled these many years . . . and for the use of a few thousand dollars it looks as if we will lose the property."*

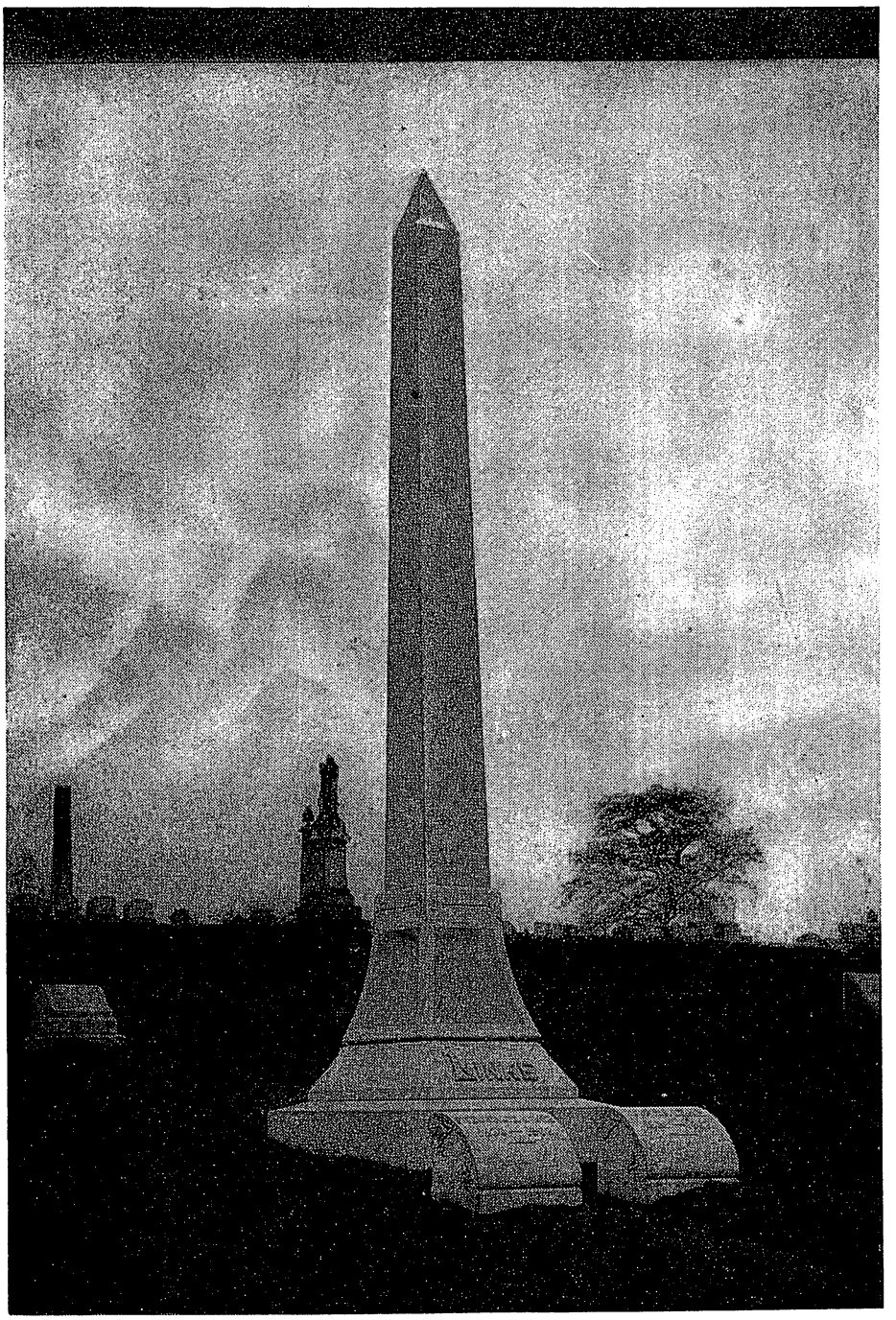
Yet, these men were not little men. For the most part they were among the leaders of the economic and mercantile life of Charleston. One of them was F. W. Wagener whose outstanding mercantile house was known all over America. Another distinguished citizen and business leader was J. F. Redding. Associated with them were such men as H. T. McGee, J. B. Keckeley, Wm. E. Holmes, H. E. Young and the faithful secretary, Leon C. Ferrell. They had put thousands of dollars into the development, including the construction of a 12-mile railroad. Under their administration the granite for many of America's most celebrated buildings was quarried and fitted. Among these were such well-known structures as the Land Title & Trust Building (one of the tallest granite buildings in the world) of Philadelphia, Pa., the Flat-Iron Building of New York City, the Customs Building, the Post Office and the Peoples National Bank Building all of Charleston, S. C., and

others. It was simply that the business was new, the going rough, and the competition fierce.

And they had not lost faith. They believed with all their hearts that they had found the Perfect Granite. "In a short time," they kept saying, "the quality of the 'Winnsboro Blue' will be universally recognized as the best on earth." They encouraged themselves with the knowledge that "every dealer who has seen the stone wants it."



Customs Building, Baltimore, Md., under construction. Built of Winnsboro Blue Granite.



Linke Monument, erected at Pittsburgh, Pa., out of Winnsboro Blue Granite.

# 3

PRESIDENT REDDING'S premonitory prophecy was fulfilled when, in the year 1903 the Beautiful Blue became the property of R. Goodwin Rhett. Mr. Rhett was a distinguished Charlestonian, President of the People's Bank of that city and, later, to become the President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. But it was not possible for him personally to live in Fairfield and direct the multiform activities of a gigantic quarrying operation. Consequently, he searched the horizon for help. Fortunately, he found it.

Among the enterprises to which Mr. Rhett had loaned money was a large Phosphate mine in Florida. Circumstanced very much as was the Winnsboro Granite Company, it also had come to the end of its row. To solve the problems of putting the mine on its feet and saving the money invested, Mr. Rhett had induced his first cousin, a young man named Benjamin Huger Heyward to act as trouble-shooter for him. So successfully had he accomplished this task that, when

# WINNSBORO GRANITE FOR WISCONSIN MONUMENT

The examination of the Winnsboro, South Carolina, granite by Dr. Samuel Weidman, State Geologist of Wisconsin, resulted in its being recommended for the Wisconsin Soldiers' Monument, to be erected in the Vicksburg Military Park. The contract for the monument had previously been awarded to the Harrison Granite Co., of New York, for $83,970.00. The State Commission had reserved the right of choice between the Barre Granite and the Winnsboro Granite for the reason that a considerable saving in freight charges could be made in favor of the Winnsboro Granite.

The granite required for the monument weighs between 850 and 900 tons, and consists of a 12-piece fluted column, 8 feet in diameter and 60 feet high, with appropriate base and entablature. Bronze figures of soldiers are at the base, and an eagle on the top. The monument is to be completed by May, 1910, the anniversary of one of the great charges made by the Union Troops during the siege of Vicksburg. The following is a digest of Dr. Weidman's report:

"The Winnsboro Granite is a fine grained gray granite considerably finer grained than the usual run of Barre. The Winnsboro Granite Corporation operates two quarries, one at Rion, and the other at Anderson, both on a private spur of railroad running out from the main line of the Southern Railroad. It was the fine grained granite from the Anderson quarry that was chosen for the Vicksburg Monument.

"A microscopic study of the granite shows it to consist of quartz, feldspar and mica in close fitting grains, and of uniform granitic texture. No detrimental minerals were observed in the rock. The quarry has a developed face of about 400 feet in length and 14 feet in depth. As seen in the quarry, the granite is essentially uniform in color and texture, and has a suitable structure of rift and grain for easy quarrying. One large block was observed that had just been dislodged from the quarry bed, that measured 10x14x21 feet, weight about 300 tons. This block was carefully examined and found to be uniform, like samples submitted, without spots or defects of any kind. It is evident that stone as large as can be handled can be easily obtained from the quarry.

"The equipment of the quarry and finishing plant is complete and up-to-date. The quarry is equipped with pneumatic and steam drills and derricks. The finishing plant is supplied with suitable machinery affording accommodations for approximately 150 to 200 stone cutters.

*"The crushing strength of cubes of this granite made in the University of Wisconsin testing laboratory on approximately 2-inch cubes showed a strength of 16,700, 19,400 and 19,400 pounds per square inch. Tests made at the U. S. Ordnance Department are quoted at 24,700, 25,585 and 26,080 pounds per square inch. Tests of the Barre Granite were submitted at 14,968, 15,805 and 17,856 pounds per unit. The strength of these granites, of course, is far beyond that required in any structure, but other things being equal the stronger the granite the greater is its density and durability."*

—REPRINTED FROM THE MONUMENTAL NEWS, MAY, 1909

the Winnsboro crisis came, Mr. Rhett urged his cousin to put a year into straightening out the problems of the Fairfield quarries.

Benjamin Huger Heyward was the sort of man a biographer loves to contemplate. He, also, belonged to the Charleston school of conduct and character, always a perfect gentleman, fair and fearless. He believed with some unknown pragmatist that "The best way out of difficulty is through it." For going through this difficulty he had received an excellent training.

Born in 1860, he was reared on Lucknow Plantation (a significant name) on the Savannah River, from which at the approach of Sherman the family refugeed to Chester, S. C. When the storm subsided, they returned to Lucknow. There young Heyward grew up as a successful plantation owner, devoting however as much of his youth as was needed to attend the University of Virginia from which he was graduated in 1881. Then came a great calamity. He had developed the plantation so successfully that his crop was to be the largest ever grown by one man on the Savannah. Such was the pinnacle of success that he had reached one night. The very next morning, the river had

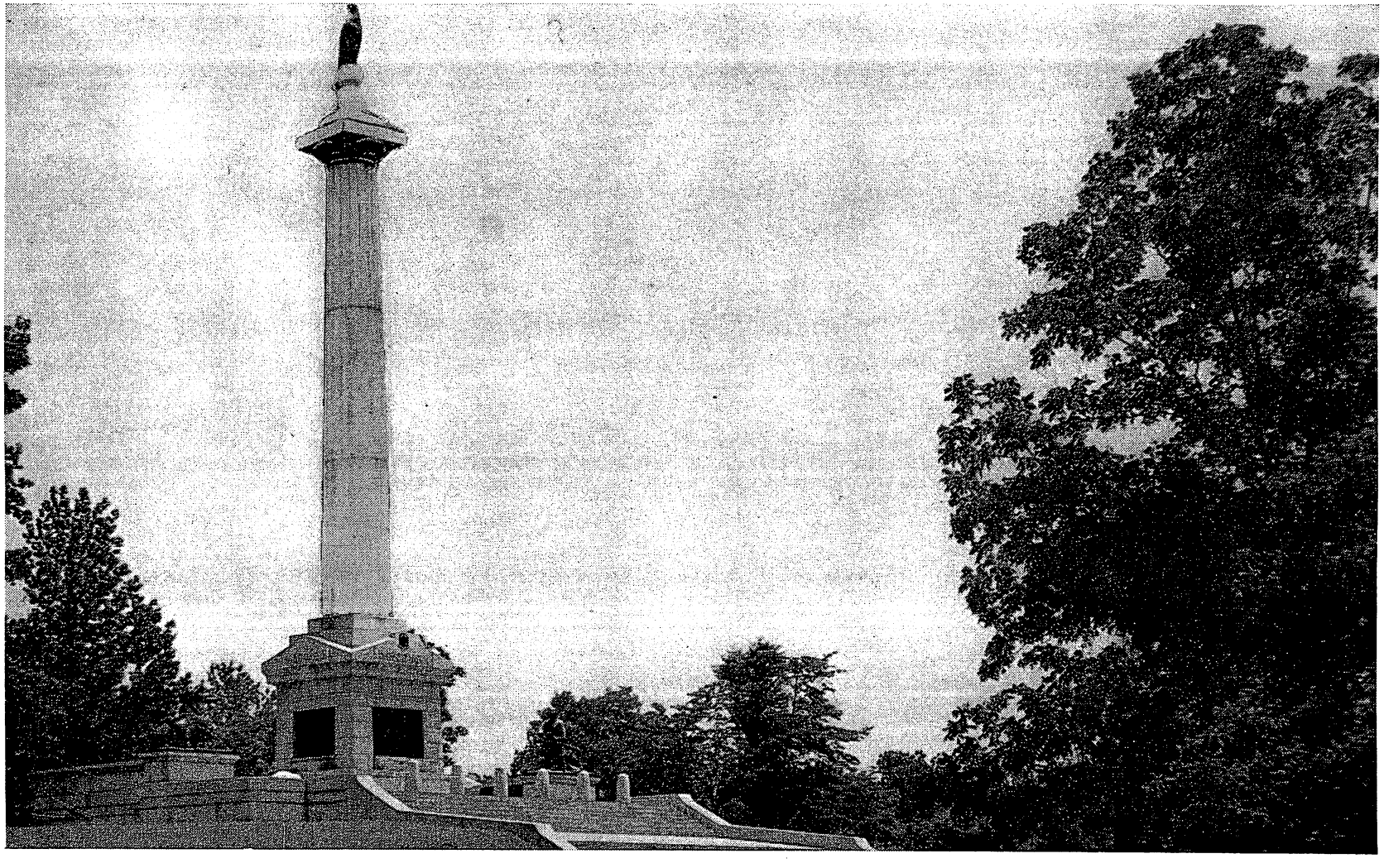
flooded the plantation and had left him nothing.

So, he started at the bottom—this time as a hand for the Southern Cotton Seed Oil Company. Soon he was manager of their Savannah plant. Then Mr. Rhett induced him to undertake the Florida job. After the Phosphate Company had been sold for a profit, he moved to Atlanta (where the present President of the Winnsboro Granite Corporation, John T. Heyward was born) where he took part in the reconstruction of the Seaboard Air Line (the old Georgia, Carolina and Northern) railroad from Atlanta to Greenwood. Then, at Mr. Rhett's urgent request, on May 21st, 1903, he visited Fairfield and for the first time stood face to face with the Beautiful Blue. Montesquieu used to say that "Success generally depends upon knowing how long it will take to succeed." It was not so with Heyward. He was to stay a year. He spent all the remainder of his days in the service of the Winnsboro Granite Corporation, and on July 18th, 1930—27 years later—he gave to Winnsboro Blue Granite his last full measure of devotion, his life.

What strange, new, unfathomable thoughts must have electrified the mind of B. H. Heyward

as he stood, for the first time before that sheer precipice of perfect, blue granite! Its lofty escarpment, unblemished in tone and texture, rose into the sky, a solid, fleckless treasure-trove of faultless stone! It must have been in that moment that the brevity of his stay began to lengthen from one year into a lifetime. On the instant, he must have realized the value and possibilities of the Beautiful Blue. From that moment, he knew that his destiny was wrapped up in an unmitigated, determined struggle to bless the world with its qualities. For, his record of more than a quarter of a century of unremitting labor is shot through with the fascination of its beauty and the pull of its perfection. During all those years, whenever he spoke of the Beautiful Blue, it was with a confident faith in its supreme quality. He lived for it. He died for it. Doubly, he gave it his all.


Convention Booth Scene 1910.



The Wisconsin State Memorial, erected at Vicksburg, Mississippi, out of Winnsboro Blue Granite.

# 4

WHEN B. H. Heyward reached Fairfield he found himself in a community which, for its size, was as rich in history, traditions and legends as Boston or New Orleans or Charleston. The very town in which he made his home, Rion, was associated with one of those fascinating traditions, having been named for Colonel James H. Rion who had been an outstanding citizen of the county. Colonel Rion was born in Canada, was graduated with highest honors by the University of South Carolina and had served as Confederate Captain and Colonel in the War Between the States. A local historian describes his family as "a very unusual family, utterly unlike any other I have known. All of them were very talented." One night he suffered and succumbed to an attack of "*angina pectoris*" and within a few days the whole community was agog with excitement over a revelation made by him just before he died. He had revealed the mystery of his life to the doctor. He claimed to be the son of the "Lost Dauphin" of France, son

of King Louis XVI. According to the report of his physician, Colonel Rion had given his sworn promise to South Carolina's great Statesman of the period, John C. Calhoun, not to reveal his true identity until he felt certain that death was upon him. In that dread hour of revealing of hearts, Colonel Rion declared that the Dauphin did not die in gaol but that, concealed in a clothes-basket he was whisked out of France to the Netherlands. From that country he had been conveyed safely to Canada, where he took the name of Henri de Rion. The Story goes on to relate that John C. Calhoun who was Vice-President of the United States at that time, was host to Count Argentean who had come over from France to this country on a secret mission. He is said to have advised Calhoun that the Dauphin, Henri de Rion, had become an officer in the British army in Canada and was to be guarded from all harm until a warship came to take him home. The warship did not come and Henri de Rion died on March 7, 1828, a month or so before his son, James Henry (Colonial) Rion was born. The Story adds that John C. Calhoun was appointed the little boy's guardian. In his death-bed revelation, Colonel Rion fur-

ther said that this was the explanation of his refusal to accept public office. He had determined to live quietly without attracting any public attention to his origin. As dramatic as this story may seem, it is firmly believed in by multitudes of Fairfieldians and Mr. Heyward was among those who accepted it as trustworthy. Katherine Theus O'bear who tells the story of it charmingly in her volume, "*Through the Years in Old Winnsboro*" says: "We believe the story for we know we could spot the time he passed the secret on to her (his daughter)—that afternoon she had appeared so thrilled over Marie Antoinette. It was no hallucination, we were sure. How often we had seen him, sitting on the railroad bank just opposite his home, pulling at his goatee, lost in thought or dreaming."

Colonel Rion was a great student of and an expert in the laws of evidence. He was doubtless under the influence of morphine or of some similar drug to relieve the fierce pain of *angina*. So, Miss O'bear adds that the doctor and his son, Preston, thought that "it was an hallucination caused by the opiate that had been given him!" *Quien sabe?*

# 5

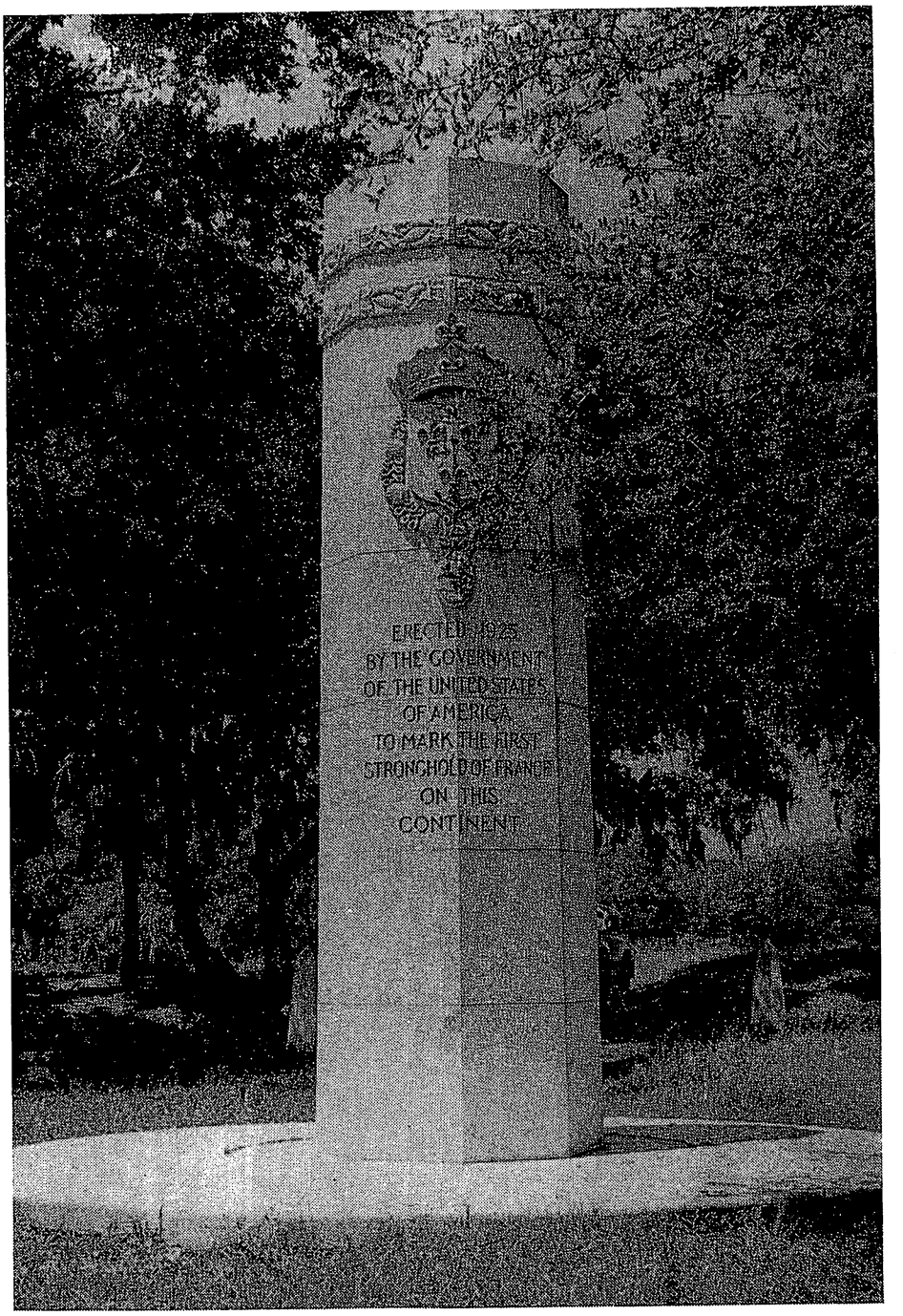
IN HIS admirable book, "*The Old South*," Cotterill remarks that "the Southern farmer . . . had so far worked out the principle of the (cotton) gin that Whitney deserves the name of patentor, rather than inventor." The whole community of Fairfield would applaud that statement, only they would add that the man who really deserves the most credit for its invention was Mr. Holmes who "worked for Mr. Kincaid." This was Captain James Kincaid, (of the same family as was the Mr. Kincaid who had owned the "Ten Acre Rock") and this tradition was, therefore, almost a part of the abstract of title to the Beautiful Blue prepared for Mr. Heyward. The story is that Eli Whitney, possibly having heard of the completion of the plans and drawings of Mr. Holmes (for his successful work on the project had undoubtedly been noised around the countryside) came to Winnsboro and called at the Holmes place only a short way from the Anderson Quarry. Sometime afterward, when the nature of the Whitney

patent became generally known, it was claimed that it contained many of the features of Holmes' designs, perfected in an old mill house about a quarter of a mile away from the Anderson Quarry, so much so, that the whole community believes Holmes rather than Whitney to have been the real inventor. Captain Kincaid is said to have "sailed the Seven Seas as a young privateer." While doing so he saw "the natives on an island in the Carribean taking the coir or outer husk off coconuts by means of an engine with saw teeth revolving between wooden slats which kept the nuts from being injured!"

The old mill house in which the invention was brought to perfection was owned by Mr. Kincaid. On the occasion of Whitney's visit to the mill, it is said that Mr. Holmes was away, but the wife permitted him to see the plans, a very natural procedure as tradition has it that he had collaborated with Holmes in Augusta, Georgia, a short while previously. Since then Holmes had perfected his machine. Thus, again, as Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked of his own birth and as was true of the discovery of ether, it appears that "many things which are conceived in the South are born in the North."

Such was the "Musical" atmosphere as the French would call it, of the remarkably historic community which was the home of the Beautiful Blue Boss. To it B. H. Heyward came to meet and conquer the difficulties which had wearied and discouraged his predecessors. "Difficulties," said the old Greek philosopher, "are things that show what men are made of." The Winnsboro difficulties were made of granite. Heyward was made of steel.

In a territory without roads, in a period without automobiles, in a day of trails and trackless woods he began his task. Fortunately, the old Charleston Company had completed their railroad from Rion to the Anderson Quarry. It was the only practicable way between the two. Soon B. H. Heyward was leaving Rion at six-twenty each morning at the throttle of the locomotive. If, for any reason, the engineer had not come on time, to the minute, he never waited for a passenger even if he were seen running to catch the train. Ten solid hours of work he and his fellow-laborers put in, each day, at the quarry—the twenty-minute lunch period was always made up for by twenty full minutes of extra work. (The common laborer of that




One of the most beautiful of monuments in one of the most beautiful of settings carved entirely from Winnsboro Blue Granite. Its story is succinctly told in the inscription on its opposite side: HERE STOOD CHARLESFORT BUILT IN 1562 BY JEAN RIBAULT FOR ADMIRAL COLIGNY. A REFUGE FOR HUGUENOTS AND TO THE GLORY OF FRANCE.


The Winnsboro Blue Granite monument above was erected by the State of Tennessee through its historical commission in 1946, the sesquicentennial year of Tennessee's statehood. More than four thousand letters are incised on the four sides of this monument.

day earned seven and a half cents per hour.) At five-twenty-five the train began its return trip.

Dr. Walter W. Moore, one of the South's greatest scholars, used to tell the story of a conversation he had once with an old farmer as they leaned over a fence and watched the New York Limited roar by. Noticing the tense, excited look on the farmer's face, Mr. Moore asked:

"What is it that makes that train so interesting to you?"

The farmer waited until the rumble of the wheels had died away and then answered: "It's the engine. It's so *dead in earnest!*"

That was B. H. Heyward, also. Few ventured to get in his way. All watched him with intense interest and with a respect akin to awe. The same force moved him that powers the flywheel of a mighty gasoline engine. He had a flame of fire in his heart! Every day!

And this is what his day consisted of: The fierce application of earnest, confident, highly intelligent determination to exceedingly great difficulties. He filled the community with legends about his intense driving power, to which all his other interests were subordinated. Other men get out of the way of such characters. So

do difficulties. So even, do animals, as the docile, old family horse showed when its master approached the buggy. Mother and daughter might wear themselves out wielding the whip, but the minute B. H. Heyward got into the carriage no whip was needed. Even his machinery knew him. In a critical moment a big pump breaks down, the mechanic gives up the repairing of it as a hopeless job. Heyward gets a Negro hand and together they take down the pump, piece by piece. With infinite care he puts it together again. It simply *must* work! His determination wins. His meticulous application to and absorption in his work triumphs! When it is reassembled—it works!—for Mr. Heyward! He simply would not be denied. When automobiles came along and a tire blew out, would he wait to change it? Not he! He got out and walked. He went on where he was going, without delay. When he got there he sent someone to get the car. Cicero used to say: "It is the character of a brave and resolute man not to be ruffled by adversity, and not to desert his post." That was Ben Heyward. He had "the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute."

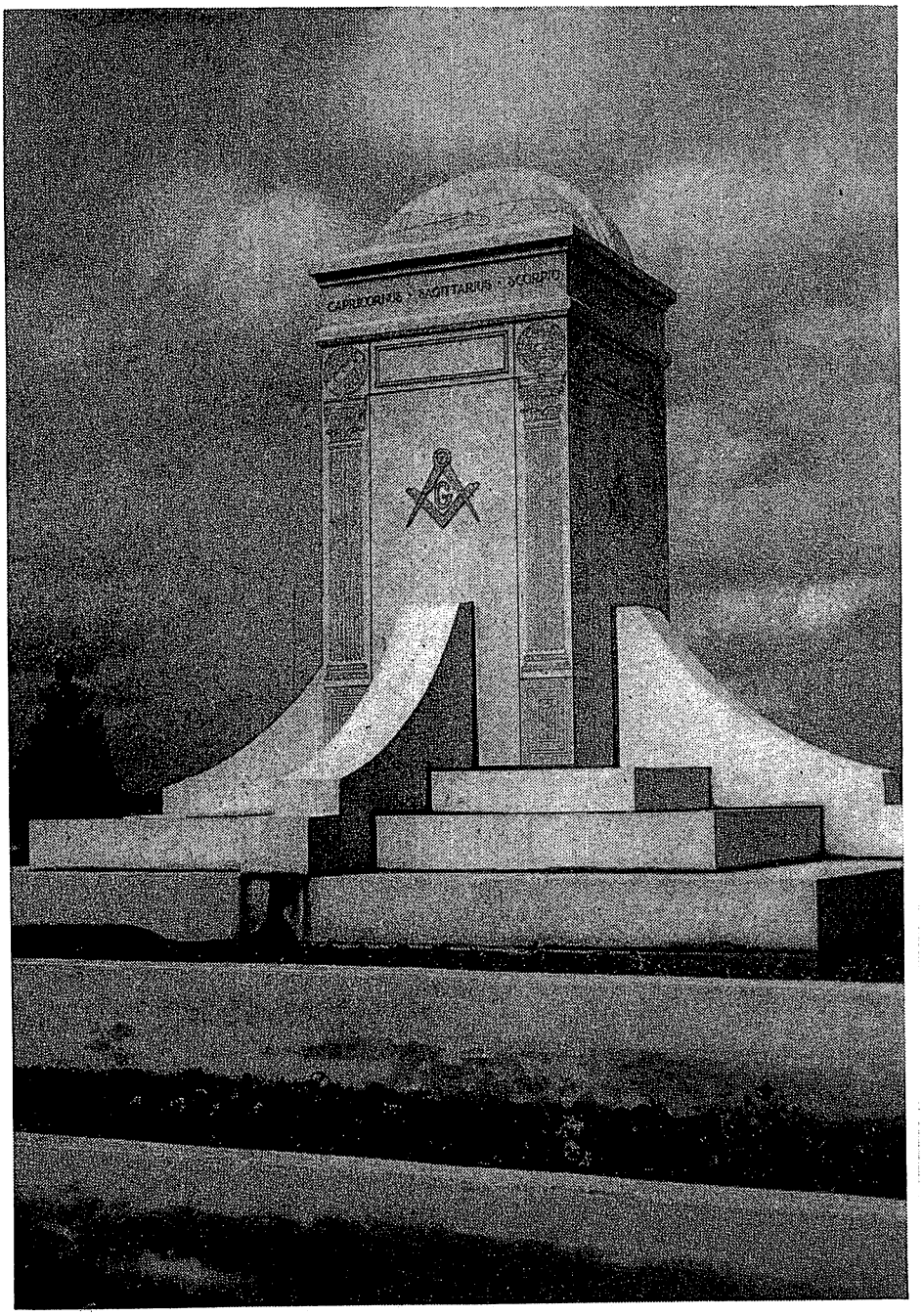
# 6

THOSE who have learned most about granite have realized that the word covers *a multitude of sins as well as a multitude of virtues*. There are, for example, granites which contain too much iron and which are, therefore, soon discolored by the yellowish-red stains of iron oxide. There are some granites which contain too much lime and which, therefore, crumble easily and are quickly eaten into by the acids of atmosphere moisture. While all granites possess great "crushing strength" some have much more than others and searchers for the perfect granite have always eagerly awaited the tests which would show their new discovery excels in that respect. Some granites are guilty of absorbing water too freely and its constant freezing and thawing causes such granites to disintegrate rapidly. Then, there is the matter of color. Some granites are cold, forbidding, repellant. Others are warm, attractive, inviting. Perhaps, the most beautiful, the ideal granite, sought through the ages as perfection, both for building and

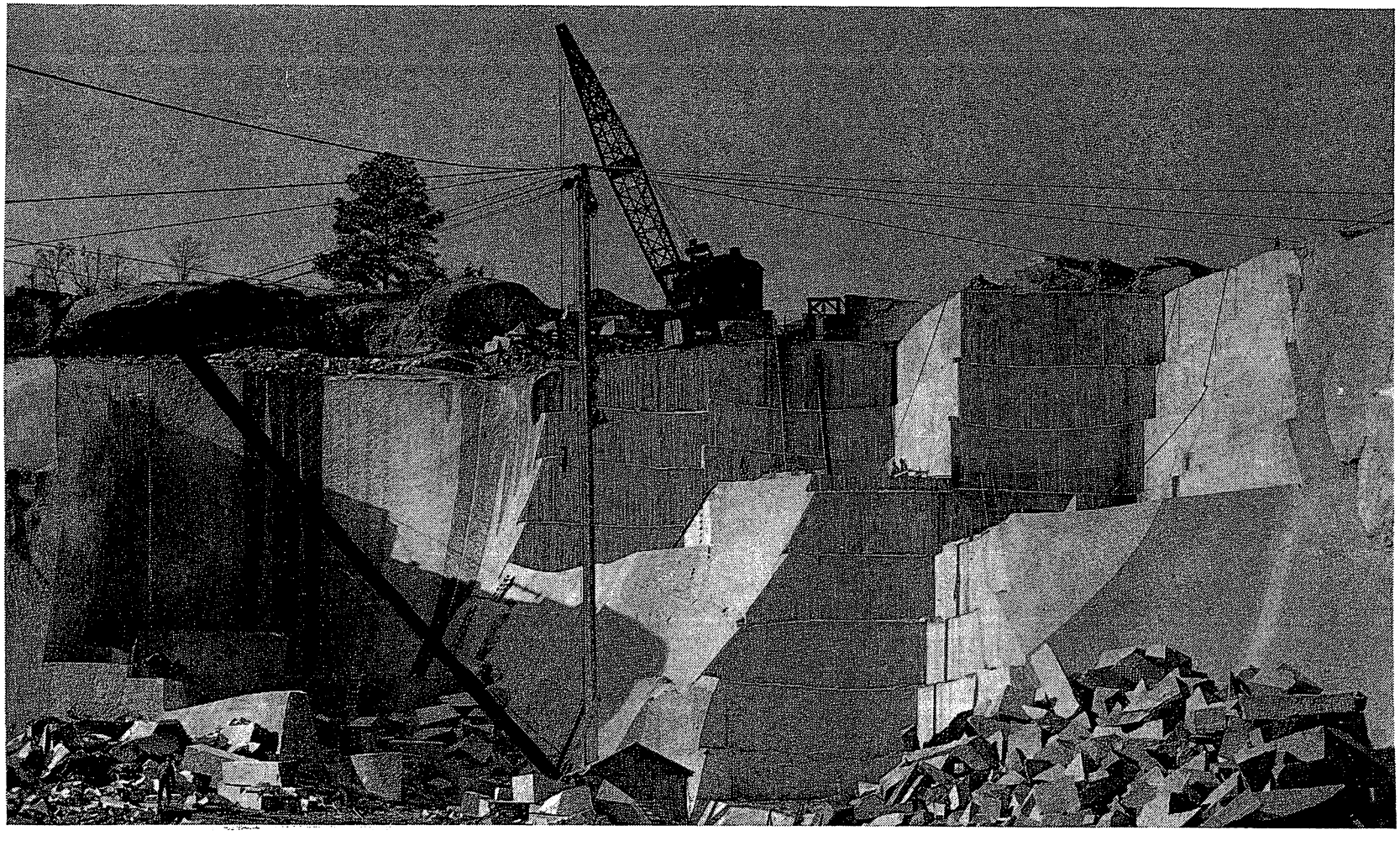
memorial stones, is a rich, bluish, close-grained granite of great hardness, and minimum absorption, containing practically no lime and iron, and uniform in texture and composition. The search for such a granite has carried explorers all over the world.

It is no wonder that Mr. Heyward succeeded beyond all expectations even of his confident friends. He used to tell them that the secret of his success was his determination to make Winnsboro Blue Granite "The Silk of the Trade" known all over the world for its exquisite perfection. He had discovered that his granite met all of the tests for strength, durability and beauty—that it excelled as a monumental stone. He had, therefore, discontinued the cutting of granite for buildings, and had centered his entire thought and attention on the quarrying of the finest granite for monuments, and making its supreme qualities known throughout the nation.

With perfect confidence in the superior quality of Winnsboro Blue Granite, he took this virtually unknown stone and gave it national acceptance. Through highly intelligent, well conducted advertising campaigns, he made



Masonic Monument in Carolina Memorial Park, Charlotte, N. C., built of Winnsboro Blue Granite.



Inscription to go under recent picture of quarry: "A sheer precipice of perfect blue granite. Its lofty escarpment, unblemished in tone and texture, rose into the sky, a solid, fleckless treasure-trove of faultless stone."

Winnsboro Blue Granite known as the finest quality monumental stone in the United States, so that a tribute in Winnsboro Blue Granite marks the height of memorial perfection. He shipped Winnsboro Blue Granite into every state of this country and to many foreign countries. With anyone who remonstrated with him for spending such large sums in advertising, his reply was "I am not spending enough." Very soon the stone-using-world became Winnsboro Blue conscious—Sales increased—Friends increased—Business increased—Success at last!

On July 18th, 1930, Mr. Heyward was inspecting the Anderson Quarry. At one point, he found the men working about twenty feet below the surface. Evidently, at this point, there was something that attracted his attention. He went down to see it. While he was below the surface, a large tray of granite sprawls was being moved by the derrick, and when the tray was directly over his head, one of the chains holding the tray broke and the entire load of approximately five tons came directly down on top of his head. He was killed, instantly. Those who carried him tenderly away, say that there was an expression of amazement on his face.

In these words, John Ruskin wrote his epitaph:

*"Of all the pulpits from which the human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches as far as from the grave."*

# 7

THE spirit of Mr. B. H. Heyward still lives in the Winnsboro Granite Corporation. His third son, Daniel Heyward became manager in 1930. Much progress was made during the eleven years of his administration. A large crushing plant was constructed at Rion, and a substantial business in crushed stone developed. He restored the old Kincaid home where he lived until his death in 1941.

Then, Mr. Heyward's sixth son, John T. Heyward was chosen president and manager. The same intensive consumer advertising which has made Winnsboro Blue Granite known throughout the United States as the finest quality monumental stone was resumed in 1942, and is continued regularly each year as an established policy of the Winnsboro Granite Corporation. The demand for this finest of monumental granites continues to grow. Last year more Winnsboro Blue Granite was sold than in any other year in the history of the corporation.

## *Story of the Silk of the Trade*

The Winnsboro Granite Corporation looks forward to an ever-growing public appreciation of the superior qualities of Winnsboro Blue Granite, "The Silk of the Trade."