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WPA Recollections and Life Histories From Fairfield County
South Carolina Writers Project 1936-1940
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VOLUMN II

[A Community Man]

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Approximately 4,000 words SOUTH CAROLINA WRITERS' PROJECT

LIFE HISTORY

TITLE: A COMMUNITY MAN

Date of First Writing January 30, 1939

Name of Person Interviewed Mr. W. T. J. Lever (white)

Fictitious Name T. J. Oliver

Street Address Route #1

Place Blythewood, S. C.

Occupation Farmer

Name of Writer L. E. Cogburn

Name of Reviser State Office

Rounding the curves, pulling the hills, and crossing through woods and creeks, between the Monticello road and the home of T. J. Oliver, in the hills of the Big Cedar Creek section fifteen miles northwest of Columbia, brought to mind the old couplet,.

> "Over the river and through the woods
> To Grandfather's house we go."

It was the day before Christmas eve. As I pulled up into the front yard, explosive cracklings and poppings

resounded from the field on the slant of the hill. Three men and several hogs were moving leisurely about the scene of explosives. One of the men, sighting me, started toward the house. *{Begin handwritten}* [C. 10 S. C. Box,??] *{End handwritten}*

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It was Mr. Oliver himself, a bit stooped but of about average height and weight, his dark hair much streaked with gray. His brown eyes appraised as keenly until he was close enough for recognition and then they lighted with the greeting of a cordial handshake.

"This is the day set for my coming, if you've been too busy to remember," I reminded him. "I hope it doesn't break into your plans."

"Yes, I remember. There's nothing pushing to do until this afternoon, then I must go to Blythewood. Get out and come in."

"Let's see what you're doing down in the field first. Are Arthur and Claude at home? Looks like them down there."

"Yes, they're both at home, playing boys again with their pranks."

With exchanges of Christmas greetings, I shook hands with them, Arthur first. He is the oldest son, near the middle thirties, and a little taller than his father, but has his father's dark hair, and his mother's blue eyes and light complexion. Claude, probably thirty, of average height but broad-shouldered and heavy, has dark hair, but his eyes are blue and complexion light.

"Family forms and features run pretty true to patterns," I commented. "That indicates, I believe, a long line of blooded ancestry. Weren't you exploding something down here a few minutes ago?"

"Yes, we were chastising the hogs," Claude explained. "They were eating the corn Papa put here for the turkeys. We blasted them with firecrackers. A bit of fun and right effective. They've yielded [ground?] and retreated down the hill."

"Yes, they'll not come back right soon," said Mr. Oliver. "Suppose we go to the house and get by the fire."

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The house, a large two-story, T-shaped frame structure, stands on the crest of a hill gently sloping for a half mile to the swamps of Big Cedar Creek. Large oak trees stand in front, on an abrupt slope extending fifty yards to a branch. A windmill, pumping water for the farm, stood in the back yard. A hundred yards to the rear is the stock lot, enclosed by a scraggly plank fence. Near its center stood the old barn and stables.

The home of the Olivers burned in January, 1936. All the family were absent. Mr. Oliver, returning from his work of terracing some neighborhood farm, came in sight of the house just in time to see the cloud of smoke burst into a sheet of flame. Nothing could be saved except a table or two. The new house, built by sections as time and funds have permitted, is not yet finished inside and the exterior not yet painted.

"We'll go in here," Mr. Oliver said, turning to the rear of the building - the stem of the T. "Here's where we live mostly. I built these three rooms first, after we were burned out."

Here in a room used for both living and dining room were Mrs. Oliver and Lillian, their daughter. Mrs. Oliver, her eyes blue, complexion light, and her figure of the stocky type, looked better preserved than her husband, though her hair was quite gray. Lillian, in the middle twenties, is a small, slender brunette, with dark hair and brown eyes like her father's.

"We'd just finished breakfast when you came," Mrs. Oliver apologized," and haven't finished cleaning the house. We were all up late last night and took our time about getting up this morning."

"It isn't so late," I replied. "I came early so as to catch Mr. Oliver at [home.?]"

"Sunrise is late for Mother," Lillian said. "Papa, the fire is going to

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need some wood before you got through with your life story. Arthur and Claude are going, to hunt holly and mistletoe. I'll have the Christmas cards finished by the time you've fixed the fire. Then you may have the room all to yourselves."

Mrs. Oliver returned to the kitchen, and, while Mr. Oliver went for wood, I sat with Lillian, planning anew the course of the interview.

But it was Arthur that brought in the wood. Claude and Mr. Oliver, with a rabbit nestled on his breast, came in a little later.

"How did you catch it?" I asked.

"Claude caught him."

"You don't mean he ran the rabbit down."

"No, he caught him in a trap."

"What are you going to do with him, Papa?" Lillian asked.

"Kill him."

"Please don't kill the poor little thing. Turn him loose."

"Yes, I am going to kill him. He has been eating my rutabagas, now I'm going to eat him. There is no better meat to eat. Here, Claude, take him out and dress him."

Lillian, taking her cards from the table, said "You all use this table, and I'll go help Mama in the kitchen."

Mr. Oliver, pushing the table nearer the fire, said, "I wonder what's the object of having these stories written."

"The same question has come to my mind. You know this is being done all over the South. Stories given true pictures of the problems and struggles of Southern people may throw some light on Problem No. 1. But I think the purpose is more literary than social. Some of the best sellers contain just such

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material as will be in these stories.

"If an account of my life can do any good, I will gladly give it. But where shall I begin? I was born and reared on this acre, part of the original grant from the King of England, handed down to us by our forefathers."

"That's a fine start."

In a pensive mood, he continued, "We are of French descent. The story goes that we descended from Isaac Oliver, Le Olivere. In 1685, during the regin of King Louis XIV of France, and Protestants were not only forbidden to worship God in their own way, but were forbidden to leave their country on penalty of death. Isaac stated that nearly all of his family had been put to death while trying to escape across the closely guarded boarders of Alsace-Lorraine, and that he, the only one of the family, with great hazard, barely escaped and went into Germany and lived for a short time. On hearing that William Penn, proprietor of the province of Pennsylvania, in North America, resided in London, he and a few of his friends went to London.

"In the party was a French woman, very attractive and resourceful. She made inquiries as to where Penn might be found. While the directions were being given, a coach came dashing down the street. She was told that the man in the coach was Penn going to his office. She, running toward the moving vehicle and addressing him in French, attracted his attention. The coach stopped. Not being able to speak English, it was fortunate for her that Penn had studied in Paris and could speak fluently in her native tongue. She gained an appointment, during which she unfolded the story of what they had recently gone through with in France. Penn gave her a letter of introduction to his agent. A grant of land in Pennsylvania was made to her. Issac, afterwards in Pennsylvania, married one of her daughters. My great-grandfather,

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William Oliver, fought for the American cause in the Revolutionary War.

"As far as we know, all the Olivers in South Carolina are descendants of John and Sam Oliver, who were born and reared in Lexington County and moved to Richmond County after the War of 1812. My grandfather, John Oliver, fought in the War of 1812. He married Nancy Brown, daughter of William Brown, who is living on Big Cedar Creek, on land granted by the English King. He had five boys and four girls. My father, Jackson J. Oliver, one of the five boys, was born and reared on this original grant. On the day of Secession he married Susan Wessinger, who was of German descent. They had four boys and five girls. Two of my brothers and one sister have died. All of the surviving members, including

myself, live on farms.

"My grandfather was an educated man. I had all of his old books in the house when it was burned. French books, German books, and all the other old books, a collection of ages, were burned. I would not have taken a thousand dollars for them.

"After the Civil War, my father built a log cabin here on the place. In it I went to school to a lady teacher until I was eight years of age. The room was heated by a big fireplace and had no glass windows. We did not have desks, but had to sit on slabs supported by wooden legs. Had no blackboards. Slates were used to cipher and write on. The more advanced pupils used foolscap paper as copy books. The teacher would set the copy at the top of the page, and the pupil would copy line after line until the page was filled to the bottom. The recitation bench was up at the front near the fireplace, but we would always stand in line during the spelling recitation. If a word was missed, as often was the case, it would be passed on down and through the length of the line until some one spelled it. The

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successful speller would advance near the head of the class.

"Sixty years ago, my father gave the land and the lumber, and the neighbors helped build a new schoolhouse. This was the Belleview High School. the first in Upper Richland County after the Civil War. We were proud of it. I have the old blackboard, made of [wide?] pine boards, in my barn now.

"Mr. [B. R.?] Turnipseed, Dr. B. Rhett Turnipseed's father, was our teacher. He was paid by the patrons of the school. I have never attended a public school; that is, one that is run by paying the expenses from the public treasury. The school term was eight months in the year. I had to walk five miles to this school. I attended school here four years and completed requirements for college entrance, which was equivalent to the tenth grade.

At twenty years of age, I applied for admission to Clemson College, the first year it was opened. I remembered, in sending my application, I wrote 'Poff. Clinkscale,' looked at it, and said, 'No, that's not right,' and I erased one of the f's. I was not accepted, turned down because of the limited capacity of the school. At the beginning of the nineties, the low price of cotton caused a shortage of money on the farms. My father could have paid my expenses at Clemson, but not at the more expensive colleges, as Wofford or the University of South Carolina.

"I wanted to go to college. Thinking I might get something to do at Leesville College, I tried there; but Dr. Koon, the president, told me he had nothing I could do. So I was not able to attend college."

As further explanation, Mr. Oliver pulled forth a roll of Confederate money, from a box of souvenirs, fondling it, he handed it to me, saying, "This partly explains why I was not able to obtain a college education. This is

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a part of $9,000 that was left on my daddy's hands after he had served four years in the Confederate Army. During those trying times following the Civil War, he did well to raise so large a family and give us the opportunities we had.

"Because of the cramped conditions on the farm in 1893, I tried city life. I worked as city deliveryman for the Southern Express Company in Columbia for two years, at thirty-five dollars a month. This was as skilled labor, ten to twelve hours a day. I worked all over the city, and knew it like a book.

"During these two years, I learned one thing thoroughly, and that was I did not like city life. I went to Florida to go in the citrous business with my uncle. I was there during the big freeze of 1895, which knocked the business out. While down there, I tried truck farming but did not find it profitable. I came back home on May 12, 1896. All these times, I never laid down my books. I read and studied everything I could find that I thought would be educative.

"In 1896, I stood the teacher's examination in Fairfield County and made grade A, 70. I taught two years in public schools, and then got married. And I've been taught ever since."

He said this rather loudly, wishing to be overheard by his wife, who was busy in the kitchen, the adjoining room. And again, quite loudly, "I wonder if the ol' o'man heard what I said." Turning to me, he whispered, "We are going to have some fun now."

Appearing in the doorway, a dish and drying cloth in hand, Mrs. Oliver asked, "What is that you've been telling?"

"I was just relating a bit of history of my life. Sometimes I feel

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that it might be called ancient history, yet I [know?] it is current. I said that I taught school two years and then got married and have been taught ever since."

Smiling, yet apparently in earnest, she came back at him: "That's just the way with you men. You make us think we are having our own way, and, at that same time, you are leading us around by the nose. And the strange thing about it to me, and I guess amusing to him, is that I think I'm having my own way all the time."

"Judging from the results of your efforts, these fine sons and daughters you have reared and educated, you must have had a mutual understanding at least on the more important questions," I commented.

"I love to tease her," resumed Mr. Oliver.

"On February 15, 1899, I married Annie Riley of Saluda County, near Chappells. I changed from school teaching to farming that year, and I've been farming ever since.

"Two sons and two daughters were born to us. I had promised myself if I ever had any children I would give each a college degree. Well, it was a hard struggle to keep up the standard of living on a two-horse farm, with the high price of labor and the low price of cotton, six and seven cents a pound, and the boys off at college. But each one was willing to help and did help with expenses by working. Claude had worked with the [canteen?] at Wofford. Winnifred had a dining room scholarship at Greenville Woman's College, and Lillian, after her sophomore year, at the Columbia College, assisted in teaching.

"All have college degrees now, and I believe are doing well. Lillian is teaching home economics in the high school at Great Falls, and Claude

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is teaching manual training in the high school at Chester. Winnifred married a farmer and lives near us. Arthur is a member of the South Carolina Methodist Conference. During his four years as pastor of the Chandler Memorial Church in Columbia, he did all the work, except writing the thesis for his M.A. at the University of South Carolina. He is now on leave of absence from the conference and is studying for his Ph. D. at Duke University.

"In 1909, seeing the need of improvement in our farm work, I took a correspondence course in soils and agriculture with Clemson College. About that time, farm demonstration work was being started in this county, and I was appointed as assistant farm demonstrator of Richland County. I continued in this work until 1922. At the same time, I was running my farm at home. My work being throughout the county, I used a horse and buggy for transportation until 1916, when I bought a Model-T Ford. But because of bad roads, I had to leave it in the garage a great part of the time and drive my horse and buggy. During this time, I finished all short courses offered, at Clemson, to agricultural workers as preparation for their work.

"Since the coming of the boll weevil, cotton farming has been altogether unprofitable. In this section, cotton is supplemented by poultry and livestock.

"Since 1935, I have been employed as emergency agricultural teacher. My work is this has been soil conservation, such as checking old terraces and surveying lines for new ones. I try to impress on the farmers that to keep the fire in fireplaces and stoves is still the first principle in soil conservation.

"At present, I am [teacher?] in the Workers' Educations in Cedar Creek

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Community." Handing me a bulletin, "This will show you something of the nature of the work."

Glancing through it, I saw lesson plans, research questions, and so forth.

"You will notice at the end that the name of Doctor William Jones, of Clemson, is along with mine, as one of the authors. All he did was to copy three paragraphs from another bulletin; the rest is my work.

"My farm work is done by a darkey that I've had here on the place for sixteen years. I pay him a dollar a day. If it wasn't that he has been with me so long, I wouldn't give him that much. This year we made only three bales of cotton, but enough corn and forage for use on the place.

"In short, I have spent most of my life for others. I have lived to help other people. In church and in the schools of the county, I have done all I could to advance church work and education by cooperating with others. Whether with or without compensation, I work right on. I have been trustee of the public school of the district for half of my life. Have served as steward of the church, secretary of the farmers' union, chaplain of the grange, and president and director of the local farm association.

"I have never been in a legal dispute, arrested or persecuted for any offense. I won't say I haven't been persecuted.

"I prefer hard struggles in my home community to city life.

"I am a one hundred percent democrat - woof, warp, and filling.

"I enjoy community recreation and country picnics. At socials, I am first on the floor for folk dance.

"You should see our community recreation hall. The neighborhood contributed $700, and the W.P.A. labor did the work. We are going to build a

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storage house next week for the community hall.

"The burning of our home hit us very heavy. The $400 insurance didn't go far towards rebuilding. Besides, we lost everything in it. All my library and records, books I had collected from boyhood up.

"My children are helping me build it back. Each is building a room for himself as a home. We do the work as we can. Claude and Arthur work faithfully on it during their vacations. Though three years have passed, and it's not completed, we hope to have the best that can be found in these hard hills.

"Let me show you what we have so far."

The three rooms that were built soon after the old home was burned, and are now being used as a living room, kitchen, and bedroom, join the main building to one side and about the center. The living room is heated by an open fireplace and is furnished by a big round center table and chairs. On the wall near the door was a telephone. By the side of the fireplace were several shelves filled with books.

From here we went out into a screened side porch and entered the kitchen, adjoining to the right. This was well lighted by three windows. A new range was on one side, a sink under a window, and an enameled metal cook table in one corner.

"If you have never had you house burned, you don't know what a struggle it is to have to build, and buy furniture for the household. But we have never lost faith, and we are beginning to see the light that leads out. Now I will show you through the main building."

We entered a hallway some eight feet wide and extending back to the chimney. From here a stairway led up to the second floor. While we were

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going up the steps, we stopped and looked down at the chimney. Mr. Oliver remarked: "I don't suppose you have ever seen a chimney like that before. I haven't either. There are about 8,000 brick in it. The base is seven by eight feet, extending, as you see, to the ceiling of this hallway. In order to have fireplaces in rooms on both sides of the hallway we had to make it the width of the hall. This arrangement also makes space for the stairway."

Mr. Oliver took the lead as we continued up the stairway into the hallway which extends across the width of the building.

"This is Lillian's room. All, you will notice, are not completely furnished. We have to crawl before we can

walk," explained Mr. Oliver.

This room was ceiled, walls and overhead, as are the others on the second floor. The natural color of the yellow pine is brought out by a coating of shellac. The four large windows were tastefully curtained with light cretonne. The improvised washstand of apple boxes and draped with same material as curtains, was very convenient and attractive. The bed was of white enameled iron, with white counterpane orderly spread.

Going to the next room on the same side of the hall, Mr. Oliver said: "In here is the old maid's quarters. (Meaning Arthur, who has never married.) This is where he sleeps, and there, across the hall, is his study."

In the bedroom where an old walnut bed, which was used by his grandfather, and a trunk. The study was a well lighted room of some ten by twenty feet with white painted walls. Here were books galore; some were arranged in shelves and many stacked in piles on the floor. By the window were a typewriter, chair, and table.

Going back into the hall and down to the opposite end, we entered Claude's room. This was some larger than the others, about eighteen by sixteen

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feet, and furnished with an iron bed, small oak table and two straight split bottom chairs.

Retracing our steps downstairs, Mr. Oliver stopped at the foot of the stairway and, pointing to the left, said, "This will be the bathroom, when we get the fixtures put in and the water cut on." Going directly across the hall, we entered the living room, about fifteen by thirty feet in dimensions and not yet finished.

"This will be the dance hall," said Mr. Oliver." And pointing to the present living quarters, "That is the 'sylum."

Arthur, who had joined us, explained: "He means the asylum, hospital for the insane. He likes to have his fun."

We passed through a narrow hallway separated from the stairway hall by the double chimney and entered another room.

"This," said Mr. Oliver, is his humorous way, "will be the most expensive room in the house; that is after we begin to use it. It is to be the dining room. Here to our right is the fireplace I referred to a while ago. The flue goes into the big chimney. We hope to do this next summer when the boys are here on their vacations.

"As soon as we are able, we expect to have the house wired for lights. After three years of hard work trying to get the rural electric line extended into our community, we hope now in a short time to begin the construction. I am going to Blythewood this afternoon to see if the material has come."

Information about SGML version of this document.

Manuscript 2

Rob Padgett AKA Bert Patton

American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940

Item 26 of 48

[A Day with the Pattons]

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Approximately 5,000 words *{Begin handwritten}*15*{End handwritten}* SOUTH CAROLINA WRITERS' PROJECT

LIFE HISTORY

TITLE: A DAY WITH THE PATTONS

Date of First Writing January 9, 1939

Name of Person Interviewed Mr. Rob Pagett (white)

Fictitious Name Bert Patton

Street Address None

Place Lykesland, South Carolina

Occupation Rural Mail Carrier and Farmer

Name of Writer Mattie T. Jones

Name of Reviser State Office

A happy setting of circumstances caused me to be included among the guests of the Patton family one glorious Sunday in January. Their home, some seven miles east of Columbia, on State Highway number 76, is a six-room bungalow painted green, with ivory trimmings. The avenue leading about the distance of a block from the highway to the house is bordered on both sides by pecan trees. About over the yard are large liveoaks interspersed with cedars. The house is bordered with shrubbery, and to the left is a large plot of perennial flowers.

Of the four members of this rural segment of the Patton family, Sadie, a rather low, well-

rounded brunette, who never elected to marry, is the *{Begin handwritten}*C10- 1/31/41 - S.C.*{End handwritten}*

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oldest. Martha, a tall, slender blonde, and also a spinster, is next in years. Bert, the head of the family, is of medium size and of dark complexion. He is some sixty years of age. Formerly, he was a mail carrier, but now, retired on a life annuity, he farms the fifty acres that belong to the place. He delayed marriage until two years ago, when he married Bobbee Baxter, a rural sweetheart twenty-two years old.

And the guests of that day were, besides the writer, a Columbia brother, Marvin, the oldest of all, and Olive, his wife. Adding to the pleasure of the day was the drive out from Columbia with Bert and Bobbee. The guest's car - well, it wasn't running that day. So Bert, true to form and character, came in and got us.

Miss Sadie met us on the portico to augment the kind invitation with her cordial welcome and to usher us into the glowing warmth of the living room, a cozy room, with oak logs burning in the brick fireplace. The furnishings were simple and tasteful. Over the mantel was a picture of Sir Galahad, done in sepia.

Miss Sadie, clad in a simple and becoming black dress, bubbled over with easy and charming animation as we circled about the fire. In the corner with the fire implements stood a sword-shaped piece of steel. "That was my fathers' sword," Miss Sadie explained in response to me eyeing it. "He carried it in the Confederate War for three years. Funny place for it, but Bert put it there to hold the piece of paper in place till it can be stuck back on the wall. The maid seems to have used it for a poker this morning, and I'll use it for one now. One of these days I'm going to polish it and send it to the relic room in Columbia. My father has a manuscript there. Just before he died- when he was seventy - he wrote notes on his

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soldier-boy experiences from memory. It was an interesting paper."

"And this, Bert added, as he opened a drawer of a nearby secretary, "is the pistol Dad carried in his pocket all three years."

"Listen, Son," exclaimed Marvin, "don't point the thing in this direction; turn it the other way. It's the unloaded gun that shoots and kills, you know."

"Yes, that's the reason I always keep mine loaded," Bert answered. "And I've never shot

anybody yet."

"This piano is another one of our antiques." Miss Sadie said. "It's way over one hundred years old, and still has a sweet tone. When my mother was born, my grandmother died, and my mother went to live with a Revolutionary soldier, a major, from Lexington County. He bought this piano for my mother when she was just a child."

"Sadie, for goodness' sake, forget about antiques for a while," Marvin urged.

"I'm wondering Mrs. Jones, if Bert pointed out to you any places of interest along the road as you came down," said Miss Sadie, in the desire for a new subject. "He talks so little and drives so fast, I bet he forgot to point out Heathwood on the left as you come out of the city. That's one of Columbia's beauty spots. Lovely homes and gardens."

"To begin with," put in Marvin, "you came out on the Carners Ferry Road. If you haven't grown hazy on your South Carolina history, you'll recall that it's one of the oldest roads in the State. It is a part of the old Statesborough-to-Columbia road. Years ago, stage coaches carried mail and passengers from Charleston to the interior over the road. It's a beautiful highway now, and, in the spring, it's more lovely, with blooming plants

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and grass on both sides."

"The ruins of Millwood are visible from the road, too," Miss Sadie explained. "The columns stand like sentinels to remind folks, like Marvin, that South Carolinians are still proud of the Hamptons."

"That Veterans' Hospital is a handsome thing," Marvin continued. "When the Government first started it, I thought the committee was a set of darned fools to build as big a thing as that, but I be-dog if it isn't running over with patients all the time. They've got 545 there now. That's one of the prices we pay for war.

"Christine, Pete, and Susan ought to be here today." Marvin continued after reflective moment, "so as to make the family unit complete. Somehow we're too busy these days to think much of family unity. Maybe we're just too confounded indifferent. Those were good old days when we all answered 'present' to the family roll call. Well, reminiscing is a sign I'm getting old, I guess."

As the writer later learned, Marvin is both the oldest boy of the family and a favorite. When he was six years old, he was laid low with typhoid fever. For days he lay emaciated and unconscious, almost lifeless. A distant cousin came regularly in the evenings, after work was done, and he and Marvin's parents went into the living room to pray for the sick child. One night, after prayer, he said, "Cousin Sallie, Marvin is going to

get well." At midnight the crisis came, and the child began to improve. There was also a second serious illness, when a local physician lanced an abscess on Marvin's liver and held the incision open with a disinfected sharpened stick.

Bobbee came in to invite us into an adjoining room where a delicious dinner was served. Here Martha, previously busy with dinner details, joined

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our group. Bobbee, in response to various compliments on the dinner, especially addressed to her, remarked a bit deprecatingly, "Preparing a meal is no new experience to me. We had a big family and us girls took turns doing the work. We had lots of company. Huh, I was down home yesterday, and thirty-eight people were there for dinner. I've made a pretty good cook of Bert, too. We do everything together. You'd be surprised, though, how easy it is to get our meals. We raise most of our food right here on the farm. We have plenty of corn, hams, butter, milk, chickens, and eggs. We milk three cows now, and we raised a thousand biddies here in the yard last year. And we always have a good garden of vegetables, winter and summer.

"It's a mighty good thing we can have plenty close to hand, or in jars in the pantry. We never know when Bert's going to bring in carloads of folks to eat. Christmas day, when the table was all laid and dinner ready to serve, in came Bert with five little children whose mother had just died. They wouldn't of had much of a dinner, if Bert hadn't thought of them. Every now and then he picks up a load of children and takes them to Columbia to the Micky Mouse Club. Yes, it's open house here just like it is down home."

"No use to worry," the cynical Marvin retorted. "The President will feed you. I'm glad Congress has stopped some of this wild spending, for a while, anyway. He's thrown away millions of the people's money. Dad blame it all, I'm tired of it myself."

"Now, Marvin, go slow," admonished Miss Sadie. "I declare you've associated so much with that new millionaire son-in-law of yours and sold so many high-priced suits to rich people that you've learned to think their thoughts after them. Roosevelt's done lots of good and made things easier for poor folks. You must not 'speak evil of dignitaries,' you know."

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"And, Sadie," said Martha, "you wouldn't speak evil of the devil himself, and you won't let any of us do it. You've always got some sort of an alibi. Did we hear the President's last speech! If it were broadcast, Sadie heard it. She's never missed a program since we had a radio. The other day she made a cake, put it in the stove, and sat down at the radio.

She forgot all about the cake, And when I went to the kitchen to see what was burning, it was ruined, burnt to a crisp.

"Well, I don't see why a commonplace thing like a cake should interfere with a program of beautiful music like Nelson Eddy and Jeannette McDonald put on," Sadie rejoined.

The meal over, a Negro girl, black as the ace of spades, with ivory white teeth, whiter still because of the contrast, came in to clear the table of dishes. Instead of a maid's cap, she had a modern bird's nest hat perched on the left side of her head. "Miss Martha, I wants to git a envelofe to mail a letter wid... No'm I can't read nor write. I can pick out some letters in the paper though...How old I is? No'm I don't know 'zactly, but I's 'bout fifteen. But I knows where I was borned, down in de old field... Dick, you git outer my way. You'll mek me broke dese here dishes o' Miss Bobbee's... No'm I ain't got no husband. Reckin I'd kill 'im ef'n I had one, ef'n he wouldn't treat me right... Yessum, I got two children, but dey bof dead, though."

Miss Sadie explained Annie's position in the household by saying she comes in handy about bringing in wood, sweeping yards, and doing other heavy work about the place. "Sometimes we pay Annie, and sometimes we pay her to stay away. We try to keep her and Jack in clothes and shoes. We've just given her those new shoes she has on now. She and Jack were outcasts, and we took them for their sakes, rather than for ours. They both think the world of

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'Cap'n Bert,' and of the rest of us, too, as for that. We couldn't be true to our tradition, if we'd mistreat the Negroes on the quarters. We're told that, after the war, our grandparents sold old treasured keepsakes, one by one, in order to keep an ex-slave comfortable. Then father and mother had lots of the 'milk of human kindness' and were always kind to the Negroes.

"Our parents were in their early twenties when the war closed. Father's education was cut short by the war, but mother graduated at the Columbia Female College in those days when it was still a question whether a woman had sense enough to warrant an education or not. My mother, accustomed to slaves all her life, had a hard time making adjustments. She has told us that, as a bride, she gave out a peck of flour for biscuits the first morning.

"My father owned a plantation in **Fairfield** County and carried my mother there as a bride. The lands were fertile. Everything in plant and animal life could be raised on it. The scenery was charming and varied. But there were rocks and hills galore, and farming was expensive. Father's other brothers had homes in Richland County, and they persuaded him to move near them. Some sort of an exchange was worked out between father and the farmer in Richland. I don't think any money was exchanged.

"Six of their twelve children, however, were born in **Fairfield**, and we older children started to school there. I can see the little old schoolhouse now down in the 25 acre pasture, so far from home that mother always sent a Negro nurse with us to protect us from the rams, built, and boars, should they become vicious. Other children came to the school, and the patrons paid the salaries of the teachers, who usaully lived in the community.

"After we moved to Lykesland, father was delighted with his new place and soon became a pioneer in progressive methods of farming. He made terraces to

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prevent soil erosion, rotated his crops, and secured registered breeds of stock and cattle. The task of rearing that big family must have been a staggering one to them. Mother was never very strong and always stayed in the background, interested in making a home rather than a living. But she was the source of inspiration and courage to the rest of us, the real power behind the throne. A prolonged illness, and she left us at the age of forty-five."

With the quick motion and easy grace that characterizes her every movement, Miss Sadie moved over to the built-in book shelves and returned with the family Bible. The covers were dog-eared and worn; the pages were ragged, misplaced, and yellow with age. "What a good time we children have had reading these Bible stories in the preface. Mother would make us wash our hands so clean they would bear inspection. Then she'd seat us in the middle of the floor, with this Bible in the midst of us. How we loved these stories with the colored illustrations. She was one woman who didn't think it was too holy for the children to enjoy." At the bottom of the page, where the important records of the family were kept, those words were scrawled in a child's handwriting: "Victor colt born August 19, 1891 written by Pete."

"You know Pete's married? Oh, yes, he's been married six years. Married the head nurse at O'teen. That's the Federal TB sanatorium at Asheville, you know. Jane is a lovely girl. We're all very fond of her. For the two years that Pete was a patient and she his nurse, they were in love. They wrote each other every day, and occasionally Jane, accompanied by another nurse, would drop in to visit Pete during off hours. But the marriage was a complete surprise to everybody. At first, we thought it was very unwise, but Pete argued that if Jane were going to nurse TB patients

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all her life, she just as well nurse him, and both of them could have companionship and a home. Jane makes a good salary, about $150 and her board, and she takes excellent care of Pete. As attractive as ever? Well, we think so, and there are frequent discussions

among their friends as to which is the better looking, Pete or Marvin. Pete has tried raising chickens and hogs, but he has to go back to bed every time he exercises much, and he says he's writing a book now when he has to stay in bed. He's one of the many tragedies of the World War. He and Ned grew to be real friends."

"Ned? Who is Ned?" I asked while she carefully replaced the precious old book in its place on the self.

"Lawsy me, I thought I told you about Ned. Didn't I ever tell you that Ned is sort of an adopted member of the family? You've seen our new brick parsonage? Several years ago, we were about to lose it because of a $600-debt; so we women decided to sell meals at the State Fair to make some money. We worked ourselves nearly to death, but we had lots of fun, and paid the $600-debt. This lad, Ned, took his meals with us, and he was such an attractive chap we all enjoyed him. A few days after the fair closed, in walked Ned one morning. 'You told me if I ever needed a friend, I could count on you,' he said. I've lost my job. I want a friend; so I've come to you.'

"That was a problem. We didn't know what in the world to do with Ned. We had no guest room at that time, and Bert drew the line on sharing his room with this questionable stranger from Canada, who had been traveling with the aquaplane. But something had to be done. Ned had no clothes, no food, no money, no home. So we put up an extra bed on the back porch and made him welcome to all we had. When the first rain came a few days later, ye

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gods, the porch leaked so in the middle of the night that Ned couldn't stay out there at all; so Bert called him into his quarters. Bert never expresses any emotions, as you know, but we had observed with interest how Ned was growing in his favor. The whole family fell for Ned. Christine came for a visit. Christine is our oldest sister, Mrs. L. C. Carroll, at **Winnsboro**, you know. Well, she and Ned read French plays together. He followed Bert around like a shadow and helped with the work whenever he was needed. It was too funny to see him coming from the field one afternoon on the bare back of a mule, and the mule running as fast as she could. The mule ran straight to her stall, and Ned was thrown against a stump. We were petrified with fear. Ned lay lifeless; we were sure he had been killed. Finally Bert came in from his work, and we carried Ned into the house. After several days in bed, he was out again and seemed O.K. There were no bad effects.

"After about eight months, Ned said one day, 'Well, I got to go. I've got a brother somewhere and I got to go find him.' We shared what money we had with him, and Bert gave him some extra clothes and took him nearly to Camden."

The Pattons have always kept open house. Their father provided everything for the table

in abundance, and their friends marveled that the "loaves and fishes" were always "multiplied" on Sunday to meet the needs of dozens of guests who went home with them from church.

During most of the day, Martha had sat quietly. She slipped from the room, and Marvin remarked, "She's gone now to see that everything has been done just right. She's worth her weight in gold. When she was a little thing, she used to tell us, 'I'm the chicken of the blue hen.'"

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"Have you seen my swallow's nest?" Bert asked, as he carefully lifted a nest from the mantelpiece. "One day last summer, Sadie heard an unusual noise here. Finally she located it in the fireplace. The nest has fallen from the chimney, and there were four babies in it. It seems to me to be a piece of perfect art. I never let anybody destroy a bird's nest on this place, so we put the little birds in a sparrow's nest under the eaves of the front porch. And do you know that sparrow fed them just like she did her own birdies?"

"Do the red birds and mocking birds still come to the front porch and sit on the backs of the rockers and sing?"

"Oh, yes. A mocking bird was there the last warm day we had."

"Bert, take 'em out in the yard to see your cats, dogs, and pigs," Mrs. Patton suggested. Bobbee shared her husband's interest in the pets, although she had been in the family only two years and was thirty-eight years younger than her more matured husband. It was she who told us about the calf that had been accidently cut on a nail and how painstakingly they had cared for it till it was well; of her pet pig, a runt, that comes to her window, day or night, whenever she calls, "Honey, come on here." She also told of the six cats which had been taught to climb a ladder at the first sight of a new bulldog; about the three dogs that had thirty-six puppies at the same time and every one of them had to be killed because one of the mothers developed rabies; and of Mr. Woo, the very smartest dog she had ever seen. She had actually taught him to turn the electric light on and off.

"What's this thing that looks like a cage?" I asked.

"Oh, that's a pen I made for a hawk last spring." Bert replied. "The darned thing kept eating my red biddies, and I just had to shoot him. He

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fell with a broken wing. I got sorry, bound up the wing, and cared for him till he was

well. I thought, of course, he'd be appreciative of the favor; but instead, he brought in all his friends and neighbors in the fall when they wanted delicacies, and I had to kill him after all.

"How long have I been keeping chickens? Ever since I can remember. We keep our reds here in this run and our white leghorns over yonder in the rear of the yard. We like eggs, and those leghorns keep us supplied. Haven't bought three dozen eggs in two years. I'd say we've sold $75 worth of chickens and eggs, together, and we eat chicken whenever we want it.

"Bert, let's show her our prize hog," Bobbee insisted.

"This is the hen that lays our golden eggs," Bert said, as he showed us this fine hog. We keep her in a separate pen from the other hogs. She's Duroc Jersey, and was an unusual buy for five dollars. In three years, I've sold $450 worth of pigs, and the up-keep hasn't been so much.

I'm not much of a cotton farmer. Fact is, I haven't been much interested in farming till the last few years. My job has been to carry the mail for Uncle Sam. When my mother died, our struggle began in earnest. She was ill for several years, and father kept borrowing a little money on the home place so he could make ends meet. The oldest child, Christine, had just finished Columbia Female College. She looked after housekeeping, cared for us children, and taught school over there at Smith's school. With her salary of $35 a month, she helped to send Marvin to Spartanburg for a business course, hoping he could help out with our finances. But his health failed, and for a education of the other children, each one helping with every other one. My, we had a hard time."

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"No such thing, Bert," said Miss Sadie. "We've always been happy. and sacrifice is part of the joy of having a big family and sharing with one another. It was no sacrifice for me to leave home and work as matron at Columbia Female College for two years, so that my salary of $50 a month might be applied to the education of the two younger children. And it was a pleasure for me to rent a house for $15 a month and take six boarders at $25 each, in order for Mary to get college training. Shucks, that's an interesting part of the game. I get a big thrill out of my part of the sacrifice, if that's what you want to call it."

"Well," Bert took up his story again, "I saw where things were headed; so when I had a chance at the small job, I took it. I was about twenty-five. At first, I had only eighteen miles, and my salary was $51. For a few years I used two horses. The roads were terrible, and sometimes I had to get a mule to pull me out of the mud. When the roads improved and my route increased to thirty miles, I used a car. I've bought seventeen Chevrolets, and

I believe my car expense has been $400 a year. I reckon I've put $7,000 in these cars. But I was well paid - my salary went to $175 a month - and I should have saved money. There have been many and unusual demands on me, however. I've been retired five years now, at a salary of $96 a month. I consider Uncle Sam a pretty good fellow to work for.

"The loss of our home was a staggering blow to us all. Father died suddenly in 1915. The mortgage on the place kept growing with the years. The World War came on. Camp Jackson was being built, and labor went to six dollars a day, and we couldn't compete with that sort of price. Later, the boll weevil and the depression hit us. We had been offered $40,000 for the place, but when the showdown came, we couldn't raise the $15,000 we had borrowed on

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it, and so it had to go."

"Lets's forget it," Marvin said. "I've prayed day and night that I never could think of it again. It's the worst kind of nightmare to me." "And the saddest day of my life," Sadie added, "was when I left my home." And together they walked off in the direction of the barn.

"We moved over to the Brooks Place," Bert continued, "and Sadie nursed an old couple to help pay the rent. After three years, we tried another farm, hoping we could do better. In the meantime, the doctor found I had diabetes and other complications, and I've been on a strict diet ever since. He ordered rest in a hospital, but somebody in the family had to carry on, and I couldn't stop. We came here three years ago. I pay $350 rent and have 50 acres. I'm allowed to plant fifteen acres in cotton. Last year the boll weevil got all the cotton in this section. I only made six bales, and I usually make a bale to the acre. I doubt if we clear $10 per bale anyway; so I'm depending more and more on other things to supplement my salary and to pay for the privilege of planting a crop. I pay 70 cents a day for labor and own my stock and plows, and so forth.

"You have observed I haven't known anything much about the cost of things. We have never bothered with that side of it much; we've been too careless, I realize. But Bobbee is a good business woman, and together we're already working on a budget for this year. Come back a year from now, and I'll be well versed in these figures. The sunshine is not so warm now; maybe we had better go to the fire."

"What do you all know about Christine these days?" Marvin asked. "I've felt all day that they would drive up here this afternoon. I sold Mr. Connor a suit of clothes the other day, and he said neither of them is very well these

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days. He told me some kind of cock-and-bull story about their not coming up here any oftener. They are both crazy about those boys of J.W.'s. That's Christie's third family to raise, isn't it? After mother's death, she was a mother and a teacher to us children. When we got from under her wing, I guess, like Napoleon, she wanted another family to conquer; so she finally consented to marry Mr. Conner, and his seven children become her charge. Now, since J. W.'s death, she has these two grandchildren. My, we could hardly live through the rearing of our four. She's done a good job, too. Out of the Connor children, she's made a distinguished Methodist preacher, a capable school superintendent, and two excellent school teachers. She entered the schoolroom for the second time and put her salary into their education. A darned good record for a stepmother, I'd say."

Miss Sadie then told us about Susan, who married a widower. "She and Brother Saxon didn't get home for Christmas, but Susan sent me and Martha a lovely coat apiece. Susan hasn't lost her sense of humor, and it relieves many tense situations in that Methodist parsonage. Her sarcasm sometimes hurts the sensitive parishioners, I imagine; but she's charming and handsome, and Mr. Saxon is devoted to her. She and Mary were so congenial. Somehow none of us can get over Mary's untimely death."

"Before it gets any later, Bobbee, let's take the folks for a ride and show'em the changes they're making in the road," our thoughtful host suggested. "This road will be a beauty when it's finished. Quite a difference between this one and the one I first rode the mail over."

"We're coming now to the church and to the place where we got our 'learning,' said Miss Sadie. An ancestor of mother's gave this land and some gold money to build a Methodist church and a school near this creek. You see the new

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highway will divide the church from the cemetery. Some folks are disgruntled over that.

"When father first came to this community, the first Sunday we were here, dressed in our best bib an' tucker, we all came to this church. I recall we came, eight strong, in a double-seated open vehicle, driving a mule and a horse, Beck and Annie, with Annie's colt running along under the shaft."

"Excuse me, Sade," Marvin interrupted, "is that the Sunday I had to wear one of the girl's aprons which you turned 'round and buttoned in front for a shirt? I can see those buttons now, sewed all 'round the waist for me to fasten my pants to. No boy was ever so sinned against. I'll resent it till my dying day."

"Well, there wasn't anything else to do. You didn't have a clean one, Marvin, and you know as well as I do that there was no excuse father would accept for not going to

church. I think you should congratulate us on our ingenuity.

"Father was made Sunday School superintendent that very day, and he held the position for twenty-five years. He was superintendent in **Fairfield**, and a steward in three churches. Brent has taken his place as steward in our church now. Father gave a lot of time to temperance work, also. Here's the Horrell Hill School where four children were killed in the tornado several years ago. There were, I think, about fifteen people killed in the community at the same time. This lovely new brick building took the place of the old one. Progress often follows in the wake of disaster." "Now you can see what lovely broad acres lie along this road," Marvin remarked. Originally all those plantations were owned by father and his

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brothers and my wife's father and his brothers.

"I recall one year father made a bumper crop out here without spending a cent for commercial fertilizer. These folks are new enough to Columbia to enjoy the good things the city had to offer, and they have telephones, electricity, and water. This highway will enhance the value of the property, too. Those folks have been offered $600 [?] more for some of his land, but they are holding it for $1,000. Better take us home now, Bobbee. Bert can't stay away from home after dark."

We passed by the Negro quarters. Dick ran out to the road and said, "Cap'n Bert, whar you gwine? Leeme go wid you, Cap'n Bert. Us done fed up de mules an' de hawgs an' milked de cows. Lemme go wid you, please, sir."

"You can't go this time, Dick. Tell your daddy to look after things till I get back."

"This is the place where I beat my husband farming last year," Mrs. Patton said proudly. "He gave me an acre in here, and I made two bales on it. He didn't make but one on his best land. Right here below the Veterans' Hospital is the place I've picked out for our new home. We don't want but ten acres either, with a brick bungalow on it. Oh, yes, we're working on the house plans. Haven't done anything else since Christmas. It may be only our dream house, but I am hoping not.

"When we have our own place, we're going to do truck farming. We plan to put out strawberries, raspberries, and [?] the first year. Then gradually we'll get our peach and apple and [?] orchard planted; oh, yes, a vineyard, too. We'll have red chickens for food and white leghorns for laying eggs, That's as far as I'm going, but Bert says [??] to raise hogs and livestock. Of course, I'm expecting him to raise [??] for

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everything we have. We hope the hospital will furnish a market for our produce, but if it doesn't, we'll have the curb market to fall back on. I believe it will beat planting cotton."

Information about SGML version of this document.

AMERICAN MEMORY	PREVIOUS	NEXT	ITEM LIST	NEW SEARCH	BEST MATCH

Manuscript 3

{Begin body of document}
{Begin page} Approximately 3,000 words

74 B SOUTH CAROLINA WRITERS' PROJECT

LIFE HISTORY

TITLE: AIN'T IT SO, CORRIE?

Date of First Writing February 6, 1939

Name of Person Interviewed John William Prosser (white)

Fictitious Name Don Powers

Street Address 304 Wilson Street

Place Olympia Mill, Columbia, S.C.

Occupation Textile Worker

Name of Writer Mattie T. Jones

Name of Reviser State Office

"Yes, ma'am, this is Don Powers. Glad you come. Corrie's round here somewhere. Let's go in the house and set by the fire. It's pretty chilly out this mornin', though I'm warmed up all right with chopping this wood. Corrie says I never let a little work interfere with a chance to run my tongue. Yes, ma'am, them two boys in the truck belong to us. We've just got ten, and one dead. Me and Corrie ha' had pretty tough, sometimes, but we're gettin' along fine now.

"We'll go right through the kitchen, if you don' mind. This bedroom *{Begin page no. 2}* is where Corrie stays most all the time. Corrie, this is the lady our preacher told us about. You help me to tell things straight, for I can't recollect things like I use to could, you know.

"Here's a letter what come in the mail this morning and it's shore a fine letter, too," Mr. Powers continued, as he reached for a letter on the mantelpiece. "Come from my nephew way out in Texas. This one never had no check in it; but he has sent me letters that had check in 'em. About four months ago - it's been four, ain't it, Corrie? - Jim sent me money enough to pay my way out there, and I went and stayed two weeks with them. On account o' my health, you know. I was sick twelve months or more and didn't have no recovery much. My old teeth was just ruinin' me with poison, and me the only one to work. So he sent word for me to come out to Amarilla, Texas - that's where Jim lives - and he would have every last one of them pulled out and pay all the bills. I went, and he was as good as his word. And I'm a-gettin' better fast now. Can hit it ten hours a day, and I calls that pretty good for an old man like me.

"We ain't been in Columbia but ten years. Ain't it been ten, Corrie?"

"No, Don, it's been a little over twelve years. You can't remember nothin', Don. We come to Columbia in November, 1926."

"We was both raised in Florence County," Mr. Powers continued. "My father and mother lived around Pamplico and Lake City all their lives. My father was a blacksmith. He never owned a thing in his life but a trade. Now my mother did have seventy-nine acres of nothin but woods, but she lost that in 1900. They give a mortgage on it and lost it, you know.

"She died January 31, 1904, with pneumonia. My father married again in six months, and my stepmother didn't get on well with we four boys. I *{Begin page no. 3}* was the baby, and she liked me better then she did the other boys. They run away from home not long after she come there. When my father died, five years after that, I had to take his place the best I could and keep her up.

"None of us children got no education hardly. I reckon I went to school two years in all. I'd go a couple of weeks, and then I'd have to stop to help in the shop. You see, I learnt the blacksmith trades too. But I managed to get in the third grade."

"And I never got out of the second grade myself," Mrs. Powers added, as her husband replenished the fire. "I went to [Postons?] to schc five or six years and knowed everything in them second grade books by the time I was thirteen. But we never had no money to buy then new third grade books with, and I never did get to go none in the third grade."

First time I ever seen her was at Kingsburg," Mr. Powers rejoined. "She was ten years old, and I was sorter playing with her. I told her then I wanted her to come live with me soon as she got a little older. But her daddy sent me word he'd meet me at the crossroad some day if I didn't stop my foolishness; so I got scared to go back over there."

"It was a good thing you got scared, too, Don, 'cause my daddy always done what he said he was gonna do. It was three years before we met again. He come over home one Sunday evenin', but I kept hid in the room from him. I didn't have no pretty clothes to put on, and I didn't came to go out. That was in the fall. Christmas day come, and somebody had traded Pa a hen for a puppy. And we cooked the hen for dinner. My sister and me pulled the pully bone, and I got the lucky piece. I put it over the front door, and that night in come Don right in that door. Then he kept comin' every Sunday *(Begin page no. 4)*till March, when we got married."

"I was twenty-two and she was fifteen," Mr. Powers said. "I got 'er young so I could raise 'er to my notion. And it wasn't so very hard to get 'er, neither. I just told 'er, 'I got a mule and a buggy, and I got a good place to carry you to. Won't be so much work for you to do, neither. My mother and my auntie are both paralyzed, but Ma can use one hand and one foot all right.'"

"And I told 'im I'd try it for a while," Mrs. Powers rejoined. "So the eighth of March, 1914, me and 'im got married at my house. Had a big supper, too. Wasn't nobody hardly invited, but the house was full, and the yard was full. Yes, ma'am, all stayed for supper, and all the men got drunk."

"And I got drunk, too," Mr. Powers interrupted. "Her brother give me the whiskey. Course I had took a drink before, but I never had drinked to a habit. And I ain't never been drunk since. I've took some drinks, though, lots o' times.

"That night Miss Collins and Miss [Turbeyville?] fixed up a room all nice for us. They told Corrie, 'Course he's got sense enough to stay out till you've got in the bed.' And I stayed out, too. Next mornin' we stayed in bed till the sun was way up and comin' in at the window. Corrie wasn't use to cookin' breakfast 'cept by lamplight, and she said it seemed so strange to her to be a-cookin' breakfast and the sun a-shinin' in at the window.

"We was gettin' along all right. I was workin' with a blacksmith and makin' three dollars a day. Well, sir, in August we was burnt out, our clothes and everything. Never saved a thing hardly. Caught from the *(Begin page no. 5)*fire in the stove while we was cookin' dinner. We did get Ma an' Aunt Sallie out before the roof fell in. We never had nothin' left to move but two beds, a stove, and a few chairs. So we carried them over to a railroad shanty, and I done track work for two years, at a dollar and a quarter a day. Then we moved to a farm. And when the big [freshe?] come, in 1916, it washed all our crops away, and we had nothin' left again.

"We moved thirteen times in twelve months, goin' from one place to another. Our first baby was borned in 1917. That same year my mother and Aunt Sallie both died, and I'm telling you, we had a time.

"The World War was goin' on then, and I was subpoenaed. I listened for the call every day, but it never come before the armistice was signed up and our boys begin to come back home. The next year - wasn't it the next year, Corrie? - we moved to the Brown place. Everything was bringin' a good price then, and we had a horse and buggy and a cow. That year I planted two and three-quarters acres of tobacco, and cleared $1,100. I bought us another black-speckled cow and a horse, old Dan. Paid $135 for the cow and $200 for the horse. But I wanted to do bigger things, so I moved to another farm and lost about everything again. It was a wet year, and tobacco got all scalded out in the field. Couldn't sell it at no price. My $1,100 was gone, and me with a wife, two children, and two of my wife's nephews to feed. We had took these two boys 'cause their mother died and they didn't have nowheres else to go.

"Then I figured we could do better at a cotton mill, so we moved to Darlington, South Carolina. I got a job that paid ten cents an hour, and the boys picked up a little work every now and again. But I guess I had the movin' habit by that time, and we moved from one place to another.

*(Begin page no. 6)*We'd sharecrop for a while, and then we'd rent. I'd work at a sawmill, and then blacksmith again, till we settled down and come to Columbia. What year was that, Corrie?"

"I've just told you, Don, it was the last of November, 1926. And we've moved three times since we come here. And every time we've had three rooms to live in.

"Susie, the baby's waked up. Bring its bottle on soon as it's ready." As she took the baby from the cradle, improvised out of a dry goods box and some rough boards, she continued: "We have to buy Carnation milk for her. She's little, but she's been well all along. She didn't weigh but six pounds when she come. You see I wasn't well and had to go to the hospital this time. My health was poor, and I had such a bad time with George. I didn't have no 'tention like I ought to've had. That was a year and a half ago. So the doctor at the clinic said I'd better go to the hospital. I got along all right this time, but I've gotta go back in March."

"Doctor told her she mustn't have any more babies before she had this one," Mr. Powers said. "They told her to come to the hospital to effect in March, but I ain't sure we'll get her to go. I'm leaven' it up to her. If she wants to go, she can. But as for me, I don't believe in no birth control and nothin' like that myself. The Bible don't teach it, and I'm one who believes in what the Bible teaches and nothin' else.

"Self-control in the Bible. Well, maybe it is there, but the Lord said for Adam to go and replenish the earth. That's what he said.

replenish the earth. And he told Abraham he'd make his seed like the [illegible]
I'd like to go back to them good old days myself. I don't like these highfalutin' *(Begin page no. 7)*notions they're puttin' in the heads of women these days. Course I'm leaven' it up to her. She can go have the operation any day she wants to, and I won't object."

"It's the expense of it that I'm thinkin' about," Mrs. Powers rejoined. "We owe for this other one and can't pay what we owe. They only charged $13.60 for everything. And we pay two dollars a week on it. The doctor hasn't sent no bill yet. Goodness knows how much that 'll be."

"I don't see why you don't go myself," Susie replied. "Won't cost as much as having another baby will cost. You've got four babies now. And goodness knows I've washed clothes and nursed younguns till I'm about fed up on it. That's all I've done since I was big enough to hold one on my lap. I want to go back to school now so bad I can taste it, but there's no chance for it. I went pretty regular till I was in the sixth grade. Then I couldn't get clothes that were decent and that looked anything like the ones the other girls wore. And I wouldn't go looking so shabby."

"There ain't none o' our children gone out o' the sixth grade," the father commented. "We couldn't buy books and clothes for 'em, you know. There, Susan, get that child before he falls!" the father yelled [petulantly?]. "Change his clothes and go get his bottle of chocolate milk or something for him to eat. Shut his mouth somehow. I'm tired of hearin' him bawl. We lost one of our babies once, and we've tried to take better care of these last ones."

"I've tried and tried to get a job," Susie said, as she returned with the chocolate milk, "but I can't get none, it seems like. Every week I do [Bob?] Smith's laundry - he's a boy what boards in the other side of the house. He pays fifty cents for that, but it don't go far. There's a good *(Begin page no. 8)*school I've heard about. Yes'm, believe it is called Opportunity School. And I've been wanting to go to it every since I heard about it, but I can't get enough money to do anything.

"Just costs $20 for the month. I'm going to see Miss Gray tomorrow. Maybe she can tell an how I can make some money. I'll do anything to get to go to that school I've heard so much about. My oldest brother has a job learning to weave in the mill now, and he makes $5.60 a week. Soon as he learns, he'll make $12.00 But he fell out with Papa and left home, so I know he won't give me anything on it. He wanted to go to the shows and stay out nights like other boys do, and Papa wouldn't let him do it. He's staying with Mrs. Burgess, helping her and driving her car for her. She's a widow, you see, and needs somebody.

"Do I like to go to picture shows? I reckon I do, but Papa won't let me go, if he knows it. We have to slip and go. I got my picture took in that contest the State Theater put on once. And if I had been at the show when it come on the screen, I'd have got $32. But I couldn't go, d so I missed gettin' the money."

No, sir, I don't believe in picture shows. And I don't believe in havin' no pictures on the walls either, 'cept these pictures of Jesus and Bible pictures like you see here. I believe in holiness and true religiousness myself. It's true I don't belong to no church now, me nor my wife. But we use to belong to the Pentecostal Tabernacle. We believe in immerser baptism and trustin' God to a great extent. But I got disappointed in churches and quit 'em all. I held mission work papers, licenses, you understand, for eight years, but I quit it all six months ago. Sometimes I walked fifteen miles out to a church to preach to people and try to get 'em saved, and I never got a cent for it, neither. I organized three mission churches,*(Begin page no. 9)*but they didn't follow it up. I even quit smokin' cigarettes once, and my wife quit dippin' snuff. But we've both gone back to it now."

"I'll just tell you the whole truth and be done with it," Mr. Powers continued, as he reached a cigarette from the mantelpiece and lighted it. "I was all down and out on account o' my health, and I lost my mind completely. Couldn't hold myself together. Had so much worry, I just couldn't stan' the pressure. So I started smokin' again to help me steady myself. I left home one day. Just walked out to leave it all and stay gone. You thought I was gone for good, too, didn't you, Corrie?"

"Naw, you had been doin' it so much I knowed you'd come on back."

"Well, I shore didn't mean to come back that time. I walked eight miles out in the country and stopped at a friend's house to spen' the night. I told him I'd never go back home again. But that night about 11 o'clock I got so sick I thought I was gonna die shore enough. I laid there and figured I had a bed back home and had it paid for. So I called John and said, 'John, get up. I'm gonna die, and I want to die in my own bed that I paid for. I want you to take me home.' And he did. But I didn't die. Soon as I got in my own bed, I felt better.

"I guess you noticed my truck in the back yard. Two years ago, I paid $30 for a strip-down Chevrolet. Then I decided to put a body on it and try to sell some wood. I can buy wood for fifty cents a load. And when I cut it up, I get $1.50 a load. I get two loads a week, and the $3.00 helps out. I make $16.50 a week in the mill at Granby, runnin' super draft slubbers.

"We've had a big trip to Georgetown in that truck," Mrs. Powers recalled, her blue eyes gleaming with pleasure as she related the story: We covered the *(Begin page no. 10)*truck with a canvas cloth, piled all the children in, and went to visit my thirteen sisters and bro[illegible]s who live in the country around Georgetown. It's the only vacation trip we ever had. One of my sisters, Mary Lou, had a fish fry for us one evenin'. My brother-in-law took Don and the boys out in his boat, and they caught the fish out o' the river. They brought home three dishpanfuls. I never seen so many fish in all my life. But we eat 'em every one. Fried 'em right out in the woods, with all the pretty moss hangin' on the trees, and the boats a-comin' right up to the back of the houses. I was the prettiest sight I ever did see. We had such a good time we stayed two weeks. The mills was shut down, and Don could stay all right.

"The children all behaved better while we was gone. Even when we come back home. They aggravate me nearly to death sometimes. But I enjoy 'tending to 'em. We ain't got nary one to spare. I'm glad we're all livin' and satisfied. None of us ain't cried for hungry yet. We've been pretty low down, though."

"We ain't never been where we didn't have nothin' in the house to eat but one time." Her husband interrupted. "I paid my grocery bill one day evenin' and sent a order for my week's supply. The clerk never sent us a thing. I was settin' in the swing on the front porch here and a man was passin' on the sidewalk. He come in. And when he left, he laid a $5-bill on my lap. God saw no way, so He made a way. The ravens fed old man 'Lijah, you know.

"Fruit? No, ma'am. It costs too much, and makes 'em eat up too much rations. I got every kind of fruit you can mention, Christmas, but I can't buy 'em any more. Fruit makes 'em eat to much."

{Begin page no. 11}"Having fruit sure made me eat more and made me enjoy my vittles more, too," Susie put in. "I told Mama I felt better when I eat that fruit than I have all year. I wish we could have just one apple or one orange apiece every day."

"No'm, we tried a budget one time after I went to a meetin' at the community house," Mrs. Powers replied, "but we never tried to long. To just try to stretch our money as far as it'll go. And if it won't go, we just have to do without. I sent to the store for a 12-pound sack o' flour yesterday, and I told the storekeeper to send me a cheaper one if he had any. Twelve pounds don't go nowheres with all these hungry mouths to feed. But I rather live here where we get our money than to live in the country. We didn't have none atall when we farmed."

"They fuss at me all the time," Mr. Powers said, "but I saved $50 before Christmas. Never bought a thing for myself, neither. I gave Corrie ten dollars and Susie five, and then I bought socks and shoes for all the younguns. I set 'em all up to new things. Yes, Ma'am, I shore set 'em up. When I come from Texas, I lost my suitcase with all my clothes in it. The company paid me $25 for it, but I wouldner took $25 for what I had in it.

"Roosevelt's tried to make things easier for folks, but he ain't helped [us none?], I don't reckon. Vote[?] No, ma'am, I don't never vote. I don't believe in 'sociation' with folks that hang around the polls. That kind of trash don't suit me. Don't let her go, neither."

"These flowers here in the yard are all mine." Mr. Powers said. "The turnip sallet belongs to Corrie. It's little, but she picked a mess yesterday. I got the rose bushes off the streets. Whenever I see a woman has throwed away cuttings, I go pick 'em up and stick 'em out in our *{Begin page no. 12}*yard. They always grow, too. Ain't it so Corrie? This one right here by the steps is the prettiest red one in summertime. These pansy plants was give to me. Ain't they gonna be pretty when they start bloomin' along the walk?"

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Manuscript 4

{Begin front matter}
*{Begin page}{Begin handwritten}*Beliefs and Customs - folkways*{End handwritten}*

Accession no.

W11048

Date received *{Begin handwritten}*10/10/40*{End handwritten}*

Consignment no. *{Begin handwritten}*1*{End handwritten}*

Shipped from *{Begin handwritten}*Wash Office*{End handwritten}*

Label

Amount *{Begin handwritten}*4p*{End handwritten}*

WPA L. C. PROJECT *{Begin handwritten}*Writers'*{End handwritten}* UNIT

Form[md;]3 *{Begin handwritten}*Folklore*{End handwritten}* Collection (or Type)

Title *{Begin handwritten}*Reminiscences - [Begin]: At Christmas times during...*{End handwritten}*

Place of origin *{Begin handwritten}*Spartanburg, S.C.*{End handwritten}* Date *{Begin handwritten}*1/12/38*{End handwritten}*

Project worker

oject editor *{Begin handwritten}*Elmer Turnage*{End handwritten}*

Remarks

{End front matter}
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*{Begin page}{Begin id number}*W11048*{End id number}*

Project 1885-1

Folklore

Spartanburg, Dist. 4

Jan. 12, 1938 *{Begin deleted text}*390558*{End deleted text}*

Edited by:

Elmer Turnage

REMINISCENCES

"At Christmas times during the Civil War, people in Union did not have luxuries, at all. Union was only a village, and the stores did nc carry much at best. Charleston was *{Begin deleted text}*blocaded*{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}{Begin handwritten}*blockaded*{End handwritten}{End inserted text}*, and even Spartanburg which was not much larger than Union at that tim did not carry luxuries in her stores, either in food or wearing apparel.

"Those who had money could not buy, for [it?] was not to be had. Everybody had to use parched wheat, parched okra seed or parched r veet potato chips for coffee. Not even tea came in. We used sassafras and other native herb teas both daily and at parties when the her teas were in season. Some were good, but the substitute coffee was not. The darkies cut the potatoes up into small squares and parched them in the coffee parcher. This coffee needed no sugar, but for other things we used sorghum for sugar and it was a poor substitute. I liked the okra seed better than any of the coffee substitutes. *{Begin note}{Begin handwritten}*?*{End handwritten}{End note}*

"Women of the South think that the cereal companies got their idea from them for [illegible]
Before the war, cereals like grapenuts and wheat flakes were unknown.

"We had plenty of food during the war. The woods were dense and they were full of wild animal life, and the streams were full of fish. On Christmas the dinner tables were weighted down with turkey and other wild fowls and many delicacies from the garden, field or stream. No one ever thought of not enjoying the coffee and tea. If sugar was missed it was never mentioned. Even the darkies boasted of [illegible]ne coffee and tea [brewn?] from the herbs and wheat. *{Begin note}{Begin handwritten}?{End handwritten}{End note}*

"Beautiful clothes were rare during the war. Most folks had to go back to the loom and spinning wheel of Revolutionary times.

*{Begin page no. 2}*Of course the age of 1800 ushered in a new era in dress, and by the time the Confederate war came along, women wore gorgeous silks and satins, and in those days it took many yards of cloth for a dress.

"However, during the war we -- my sister and I -- did not have to resort to coarse homespun cloth for our clothes. A man, Mr. William Keenan, who built the house where Mrs. T.C. Duncan now lives, was a merchant. He went out of business and my mother bought four trunks full of silks, satins, brocades and linens from him about this time, which was at the outbreak of the war. Mother had these trunks stored in our attic in the house where Mrs. J. Clough Wallace now lives. That is the Meng house. Little girls could sew '[daintly?]' at the age of twelve in those days. They thought nothing of doing a tedious piece of needle work or hand embrodiery at that age. However, Union had a dress maker at that time, a Mrs. Frasier. *{Begin note}{Begin handwritten}?{End handwritten}{End note}*

"Mother, my sister and I made our clothes from the things in those trunks. We only made now clothes at Christmas time during the war, and the materials in the trunk lasted. One thing that I had to do when I was twelve years old was to wear wool stockings. One warm Sunday I was walking to church and my stockings scratched my legs. I stopped and pulled then down below my knees. My sister told mother what I stopped for. Mother made me pull them up again and scolded me severely. She thought that I had stopped to tie the lace of my boots. My dresses came way down below my boot tops and I wore my hair below my waist. In those days people weighted themselves down with a lot of clothes.

"Two families in Union had beautiful things until near the close of the war and they were the St. [Amaid?] and John Rogers family. Both Mr. Rogers and Mr. St. Amand were *{Begin deleted text}*blocade*{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}{Begin handwritten}*blockade*{End handwritten}{End inserted text}* runners. Mr. St. Amand used to bring his little daughter, Georgianna?], gingham that *{Begin note}{Begin handwritten}?{End handwritten}{End note}{Begin page no. 3}*cost $50 a yard. Mrs. Frasier would make her dresses for her. Mr. John Rogers brought his wife a pair of boots from Charleston that he gave $58 for.

Mrs. Frasier also sewed for the Rogers. Once she, Mrs. Frasier, had a dress of English homespun with the most beautiful stripes that I ever saw. Mr. Rogers brought the material to her the third Christmas of the war. Eleven years later when I was a bride I was in Philadelphia and I went in Wannamaker's and was looking at some homespun and saw a piece exactly like that that Mrs. Frasier had had in Union during the Confederate War. I have never seen a piece of homespun so beautiful since.

"During the war Union was as gay on the surface as ever. When the soldiers came home on furlough, wounded, maimed and filthy, the women took them and cleaned them up, patched their ragged clothes and had parties and dances for them. The women of Union could and did dance and sing and make merry with aching and bleeding hearts to keep up the spirits and courage of their men folks who came home so discouraged and blue in the face of defeat. The Union soldiers outnumbered ours four to one toward the last. Women in Union did everything. They never gave up and they never stopped making much with nothing.

"During the time that Sherman was on his famous march through the Carolinas, the train often went no farther down than Alston. The train's return to Union from Alston was an event when everybody in the town went to the station to hear the news. Our gate was a triple gate. There was a large gate for the carriages to go through and a pedestrain gate on each side of the carriage gate. Mother went to the gate when the train stopped. The gate was only about 50 yards from the track where the train stopped. The train still stops that near the drive entrance. The soldiers or the train crew would always *{Begin page no. 4}*tell mother the news while the engine was being refueled. which took much longer than it takes now.

"The day that Fort Sumter surrendered the train went to Alston and back. Mother went down to the gate as the train pulled in. She heard the news and came in the house rejoicing. That night everybody went to the Hix house for a dance. Mother shouted with joy when she came from the train and went into her house."

Source: Mrs. Ida Baker, E. Main St., Union, S.C. Interviewer: Caldwell Sims, Union, S.C. (11/10/37)

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Manuscript 5

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Approximately 2,000 words SOUTH CAROLINA WRITERS' PROJECT

LIFE HISTORY

TITLE: KARL A. BRUCKER, STONECUTTER

Date of First Writing December 29, 1938

Name of Person Interviewed George A. Bruns (white

Fictitious Name Karl A. Brucker

Street Address 1300 Calhoun Street

Place Columbia, S. C.

Occupation Stonecutter

Name of Writer Stiles M. Scruggs

Name of Reviser State Office

When I called at the stoneyard of Karl A. Brucker, he was closing a sale of a tombstone to a lady customer. After he had finished, he d the object of my visit. He then invited me into his office and willingly gave the following story of his life.

was born March 27, 1874, at our home, which was then on the 2000 block of Sumter Street, Columbia. I am the youngest son of Karl Brucker and Elizabeth (Kimbraugh) Brucker. Both my father and my mother were born near Hanover, Germany. They, with their parents, came to South Carolina, when father was sixteen and mother was twelve years old. Those families were neighbors in Germany and likwise when they came over here. *{Begin note}{Begin handwritten}*[?????]*{End handwritten}{End note}*

"Father had never seen a banana until he saw a big bunch hanging in a Charleston grocery store. He asked the clerk what the bunch was. 'Bananas,' *{Begin page no. 2}*the clerk said in German. 'They are good to eat.' He pulled off one and handed it to father, and he started to eat it, rind and all. 'Hey, you can't eat it that way!' said the clerk, taking the banana and pealing it. Then he handed it back, saying, 'Now eat it.' And father did. He liked is so well that he bought a dozen and kept eating. Soon he was ill from the effects of the strange fruit. He never cared for bananas again. He told me the story one day when I carried his lunch to the jewelry store. I had bought bananas and placed them in his lunch.

"My father learned the jeweler's trade and established a jewelry store on the 1500 block of Main Street. The store stood on the site where the S. H. Kress store now stands. He managed to pay house and store rent and to support the family, which embraced my mother, four sons, and two daughters. But none of the children had any spending money unless they earned it. At the time I started to school, when I was seven years old, I had a few nickels in my pocket that I had saved from my paper carrying earnings. I carried the route for The Columbia Daily Register in 1881, for fifty cents a week. The carriers today, they tell me, now get ten or twelve dollars a week for the job I did for half a dollar.

"I kept in the public school until I completed the course, and on Saturdays I sold papers, or carried a route between sessions. The little sums that I earned in the summer, generally less than a dollar a week, helped to pay for school books and little things dear to boy life, such as candy and chewing gum. Through direction of my father, I transferred from public school to Thompson's Academy. It stood where Taylor public school now stands. There I remained during 1890-91.

y schooling was apparently a tug of war between me and the teachers from beginning to end. One illustration may suffice to show what caused it.

*egin page no. 3}*Every time a circus came to town I would leave the schoolroom and follow the parade to the show grounds. One time it was P. T. Barnum's show. I had seen his picture in the newspapers and read about him until I was anxious to see him. At the show grounds I was talking about it to the strange lads I saw there near the big tent. 'I sure would love to see P. T. Barnum,' I was saying. As I looked up a well-dressed, smooth-faced gentleman was passing by me. He adjusted his silk hat and smilingly said: 'Hey, Laddie, you wish

to see Mr. Barnum?' I was dumbfounded, but I said, 'Yes, sir, but I lack ten cents having the price to get in.' He took me by [illegible] and at an entrance he told the man:

'See that this lad gets a good seat near the center ring. He is my guest, and I'm judging he will grow up to be a great showman.' The man who took me to a seat, said, 'You must be a great lad to win favor of the man who owns Barnum's Greatest Shows on Earth.' From my seat I cheered when the same gentleman who put me in the tent came out to make and announcement. This thrill was so enjoyable to me that school switches mattered little. I think I got one for that lark, but I received so many whippings that I have lost track of the count.

"When I was seventeen years old, I became anxious to earn some money. So I got a job with A. R. Stewart, who was working the granite quarry at Granby, three and a half miles below Columbia, on the east side of the Congaree River. My father was unwilling for me to quit school, and he arranged for me to attend night school, when I returned from Granby. So I began work at Granby the next day. And after I had finished a hard days work and walked approximately four miles home, I was not yet through my daily task.

"The hard days work in the granite quarry, and the four mile walk home, were followed with a bath, supper, and then an hour at night school. Returning *{Begin page no. 4}*home, I studied at least an hour, preparing my lessons for the next day. When I hit the hay, as our boy gang called the bed, I was so dead tired that I was asleep instantly. Father saw the tasks were hard on me, but he was not disturbed much about it. One evening as we talked, he said, 'Every German boy has to learn at least one trade. Even the son of the Kaiser is not excepted. Life is a struggle, son, physically and mentally. Although you are an American citizen, you are a German boy, and you are learning a good trade. You will not beg bread, because you are not afraid of hard work and long hours. I'm proud of you!'

"After three years at Granby, during which my wage had increased from fifty cents a day to three dollars a day, Mr. Stewart told me I could go to Rion, where he also had a producing plant, and finish my four year apprenticeship, if I so desired. I gladly accepted the change. And at Rion, Fairfield County, South Carolina, I became a full-fledged journeyman stonecutter, and my wages increased accordingly.

"From 1896 to 1904, I engaged in the building trades as a stonecutter. At different times, I worked on the Anderson Courthouse; several steel, stone, and brick buildings at Atlanta; Stone Mountain; and on another courthouse at Lithonia, Georgia. The wage in 1896 was not so big as it is now. The top was five dollars a day then. Now is it nine dollars. I saved a considerable sum on these early jobs. But they were far between, and I had to spend money when I came home, waiting to get work again.

"My father was getting old, and he was often sick; or my younger sister was ill, and the money in my pocket went out to both of them when it was needed. My sister, Amelia, was a mere babe when our mother died. I was the youngest son, and I was only three years old at that time. Amelia and I *{Begin page no. 5}*stayed with father all his life. When he died of old age ailments, in 1918, he left the home residence to Amelia and me.

"Failing to get rich in the building trade, I quit it. And in 1904, I engaged in the monument business in Columbia, under the firm name of Hyatt and Brucker. Mr. Hyatt looked after the granite and of the work, and I specialized on the marble side. The firm managed to win favor with the buying group, and we did a pretty fair business. In 1916, I bought Mr. Hyatt's interest in the stoneyard and have been operating it ever since. As I look over the years, it occurs to me that my life has been a struggle from infancy to date. What little education I got was a big struggle. My trade apprenticeship was a hard grueling life. My career as a builder was full of hard work at a low scale of wages, and the building up of this monument yard was not at all an easy life.

"The reason that I am a bachelor is not because I didn't love the girls. The one great love I had for one girl, here in Columbia, gives me a sweet memory even to this day. The man who wrote: 'It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all,' certainly spoke my sentiments. I lost the girl because I told her we would have to care for my father and sister as long as they lived. She wished a home of her own and nobody in it but herself and her husband.

"And now, at the age of 65, one of my big duties at the stoneyard today is the designing of monument patterns. These change with the years, just as the styles of hats or automobiles do. We practice in the cutting of stone here on the yard. In addition, we get monument catalogues annually, from which we get fashion designs.

"Just now the request for monuments is, generally speaking, for either marble or granite in rather modest design. Each monument is fitted with special coping to surround a grave, and the ensemble in a modern cemetery is *{Begin page no. 6}*now thought to be very attractive to the eye.

"From the business angle of my stoneyard, we keep busy, therefore, we are reasonably happy. I buy my supplies of granite and marble freshly sawed. The blue granite Rion quarries wont he blue ribbon at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1894, and it has been popular in the trade ever since. I buy marble, freshly sawed, from the quarries at Tate, Georgia, and import Italian marble from Philadelphia. The sawed stone, arriving here in the rough, is dressed, lettered, and carved on this yard.

The letters are first carved on a glass-like rubber, attached over a stone. Then the letters are cut out on the rubber, and afterwards, we pour them in the cut holes on the rubber with a sand machine. When we remover the rubber blanket with hot water from the stone, the letters are cut in the stone. This is a great improvement over the old system of cutting the letters by hand, which sometimes cracked the stone and was not nearly so regular and neat as the present system.

"I employ stonecutters who have specialized in dressing and lettering inscriptions on monuments. Two of the employees work in granite and one on marble. I am inclined to think that my plant sells its full share of monuments in the Columbia District. The law, and public sentiment as well, causes the market to call for the three foot height and two and one-half foot width monument in either granite or marble.

"The tall shaft is made only on special order, and it has been more than a year since we have had a call for one. The depression in past , such as in 1893, or 1907, never interferred very much with my sales. But the depression of 1929 - and yet hanging fire - caused a onsiderable slackness in my trade. Business for 1838-9 has been better at my yard than it has in other years since 1929. My sales in 1938 netted me $3,147.50. This figure is about *{Begin page no. 7}*as high an average as I have yet had at the close of a year. But, of course, I hope to do a greater business in 1939."

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Manuscript 6

{Begin front matter}
{End id number}{Begin page}{Begin handwritten}Beliefs and Customs - Folkways{End handwritten}

Accession no.

W11064

Date received {Begin handwritten}10/10/40{End handwritten}

Consignment no. {Begin handwritten}1{End handwritten}

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Label

Amount {Begin handwritten}7p.{End handwritten}

WPA L. C. PROJECT {Begin handwritten}Writers'{End handwritten} UNIT

Form[md]3 {Begin handwritten}Folklore{End handwritten} Collection (or Type)

Title {Begin handwritten}Fairfield County Thomas C. Camak, 83 years old.{End handwritten}

Place of origin {Begin handwritten}Winnsboro, S. C.{End handwritten} Date {Begin handwritten}6/28/88{End handwritten}

Project worker {Begin handwritten}W. W. Dixon{End handwritten}

oject editor

Remarks {Begin handwritten}Newspaper clipping with portrait of Camak attached.{End handwritten}

{End front matter}
{Begin body of document}
{Begin page}Project #1655

W. W. Dixon

Winnsboro, S. C. {Begin handwritten}6/28/38 trans{End handwritten} {Begin deleted text}390577{End deleted text} FAIRFIELD COUNTY THOMAS C. CAMAK

(white) 83 YEARS OLD.

Thomas C. Camak, widely known as a contributor of news items to the Fairfield [News {Begin deleted text}and{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}{Begin handwritten}&{End handwritten}{End inserted text} Herald?] of Winnsboro, S. C., lives in a two-story frame house on his plantation twelve miles south of Winnsboro, S. C. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. T. C. Camak, Jr., and her two children live in the home with him and his wife. At the advanced age of 83, he is still active and a member of the County Equalization Board of Property, in Fairfield County.

"I am up here this morning attending, with a few other feeble-minded men, a meeting of the Fairfield County Board of Equalization. It's a curious thing the way people return property for taxation. For instance, two highly respected citizens live on adjoining lands that produce about the same crops per acre. One will return his property in value at seven dollars per acre, his house at five hundred dollars, making mention of two outhouses at one hundred dollars each, four mules at fifty dollars each, etc. The other citizen will return his lands three hundred dollars per acre, his residence at two hundred dollars, making no mention of outhouses, and return his mules at venty-five dollars a head. It's strange the first man doesen't take exception to the prejudicial return of his neighbor, but he never does. he only fair way, it seems to me, is to have property returned at its full and just valuation.

"Again it is strange that all the boards I serve on are alive {Begin page no. 2}with interest in seeing that the real property of railroad, factories, and other corporations are assessed pretty high in order to bring in sufficient revenue to run our schools and pay the bulk of the cost of our expensive county government systems.

"I was born about ten miles east of Winnsboro in the Lebannon section of the county, just after a red rooster crowed three times in the nighttime, on May 11, 1855. It is reported that I came here into this world squalling and demanding nourishment and the favor of the superfine sex. In my old age, I have changed very little about the nourishment and the favor of the women of my household.

"My father was David Y. Camak; my mother, Jane Robinson Camak, Scotch-Irish on both sides of the parental house. My ancestors e from Ireland to this country, about the year 1765, and settled on Crooked Run Creek in Fairfield District, Craven District then.

"The first school I attended? Let me see! I walked four miles to a one-teacher school; first, to a Miss Helen Puit and then to a Mrs. S. B. Simmons, who taught in the same school. The building was known as the Cornwallis House, from the fact that Lord Cornwallis spent a day and a night there during the Revolutionary War. Is it still standing? No, the Yankees burned it, but on it now stands the parsonage of Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church in the Greenbriar section. It was a tuition school. My father paid ten cents a day for my schooling then. I attended five days a week, and I stayed all day. For my dinner, I carried a bottle of molasses, two buttered biscuits, and one biscuit with a streak of lean and a streak of fat bacon between it. We began in the old blue-back speller. As we progressed, we got into Robertson's arithmetic and used slates and slate pencils. I forget the history book, but there was a funny way the teacher taught geography. We *(Begin page no. 3)*sang it to the tune of Old Dan Tucker. The whole school enjoyed this method of learning geography. All the boys and girls who went to this school with me are dead and gone. The last one to depart was Thomas Woodward Ruff. I can't remember how many boys there were, but I remember counting the girls every night after I went to bed. The number was exactly twenty-two. There was only one other boy, besides myself, that was big enough to court them, and we sure did our best. The influence of these girls, which was good, made me study hard at night and slick up my hair a little before going to school in the morning. I pause here, like Brutus in his address to the Romans, to ask you if you think the large school plants with the excellent equipment of today are turning out as worthy products as the old field of the sixties and seventies?

"What about the period of great hostilities between the North and South? Looking over church statistics, it is shameful that secession and war ever came about. Here was a young nation, not as old as I am today, founded on the principles of Jesus, patience, forbearance, long suffering, liberty, tolerance, and a declaration that all men are born free and equal. Why could not the sermon on the mount have been heeded? That would have provided for just recognition of what the South had done for the Negro race, a time to be set for their emancipation, and compensation to the individual slave owner for the property valuation of the slave. The Christian citizenship of our country lost a great opportunity when it did not stand between the Pharisaical traders and manufacturers of the North and the arrogant and proud land owners and slaveholders of the South and settle the question without bloodshed and on some social and economic policy fair to the Negro and not injurious to the southern white people.

Vell, at the end of the war, Sherman's army came thru our section *(Begin page no. 4)*raiding and burning. When they got to our house, ey herded up all cows and sheep, put halters on the mules we had, made the Negroes catch our chickens - all except an old red rooster iat got away under the barn - ransacked the smokehouse, and, for pure meanness, emptied a tub of lye soap into our molasses hogshead. After they left us and marched on to Winnsboro, it was a long time before we saw an egg again and the old red rooster was very lonely; in fact, he didn't strut any more.

"We didn't have any coffee for a long time after the war. We used as a substitute, that winter, parched ground rye; in the fall, ground okra seed. Mother made our clothes; spun the thread on the old spinning wheel after the cotton had been carded into bats by the Negro women on the place. She could weave the cloth necessary to clothe the family. We took strips of bark from live walnut trees to dye the cloth.

"Yes, I remember the old wire hoop she wore to bulge out the skirt. Later, the hoop was discarded and bustles became the rage and fashion. This looked like a head rest, but was tied on too far down the back to do the woman's head any good, I think.

"One of the great diversions in my young manhood was horseback riding with girls. You couldn't carry the getting-up, mount block along with you into the woods, when you were in quest of wild strawberries, whortleberries or wild flowers; so, when the quest was over, the great problem was not one of depression but one of elevation of the girl to her seat upon the horse. It never happened to me, of course, bu sometimes a nervous boy would find difficulty in finding the proper foot of the young lady in the labyrinth of furbelows, petticoats, balmorals and riding skirts. Then he must have a good play of the wrist muscles to allow for any eccentricity of the girl's ankle; for it might turn under excitement of the *(Begin page no. 5)*movement, slip out of the boy's hand, and by force of gravity descend to the ground. Now there is a law in physics that when a downward pressure of this kind is removed and the upward pressure is not instantly withdrawn, the resultant effect might be one of personal confusion and embarrassment.

"Yes, I recall the corset. The smaller a woman's waist, in those days, the more attractive she was. It ought to have been condemned and outlawed. I have often seen a girl or women faint at a dance or picnic, due, in my judgment, to tight lacing.

"How about the Sabbath day observance now and in my young days? Well, I was brought up a strict Sabbatarian. We got up, went to family prayers in the dining room, ate breakfast without the usual levity and talk about personal affairs, had our boots and shoes blacked, ressed, and the whole family attended church. Nothing but sacred music was played or sung in the house that day, not even our vorites.

"While I like baseball, I shudder every time I read of a game being played on Sunday, visualizing the gate money, betting, coca-cola stands, peanut venders, loud speakers, and so forth.

I told my wife, who is just 80 years old, that if she ever play[illegible]
must pull it off some other day besides Sunday.

"Woman suffrage? I thought once that was the panacea for all our ills and woes, but, alas, I see very little change, except the women have become a little more masculine and the men a little lazier. Some of the byproducts are high school girls smoking cigarets on school busses, and Mrs. Smith attending a rally at the Jefferson Hotel, which required Mr. Smith (I suppose) to remain at home and attend to the

"In some homes in those good old days, we were allowed to dance the *{Begin page no. 6}*quadrille and the Virginia reel, but in most homes, under the saintly power of the preacher, it was prohibited. There was no round dancing in our section in my youth. Indeed, we boys were so unsophisticated, in our neck of the woods, had one of us got his arms around one of the twenty-two girls I spoke of, he would have stalled like a mule or carried her bodily to the Methodist parsonage and got married through shame and remorse.

"What did we do for entertainment at the other houses where dancing was forbidden? O, we played 'Thimble,' told fortunes, played 'Old Maid,' 'Little Sallie Walker,' and 'Heavy, Heavy, Hangs Over Head.'

"I know very little about the military government in South Carolina. And I have no knowledge of the Ku Klux Klan. When I became a man, I put away childish things, joined the Greenbriar Club, in 1876, wore the red shirt of those days, and obeyed the orders of Major Woodward, the leader. Where he got them we never knew nor asked any questions, but the Major presented the club, in July 1876, with three hundred muskets and plenty of ammunition to fire them. Each member took a musket and some powder and balls and a box of caps home with him.

"One night I was at the Methodist parsonage when a courier, Tom Smith, came and notified me to come with my shooting iron to McKinstry's Hill, where the Greenbriar Club was to be assembled. I got my horse and musket and met them. We were led to a schoolhouse by Major Woodward. When we arrived, it was estimated that there were 5,000 Negroes outside and inside the schoolhouse. A bright mulatto from Connecticut, I. B. Smith, was speaking. Major Woodward pushed thru the crowd into the schoolhouse and I squeezed in behind him. Some discourteous reference to the Major was made by the speaker. The Major advanced and knocked Smith down and broke up the meeting.

{Begin page no. 7}"That winter our Greenbriar Club went to Columbia. Fairfield had two Negro members in the Republican Mackey House of Representatives, John Gibson and Dan Byrd. John Gibson lived ten miles from Winnsboro; Dan Byrd in my section, Mossy Dale. We got John and Dan to leave the Mackey House and come over to the Wallace House of Representatives. We contributed that h to the strengthening of the Wallace House and to the undermining of the Mackey House.

Dan lived to an old age and was a privileged character among the white people of Fairfield. After John's term expired in the legislature, he opened up a shoe repair shop in Columbia, S. C., where he enjoyed a large patronage from white people who know his history."
*{Begin page}*Sage of Mossy Dale Passes His Eighty-Third Milestone

Four Score & Three Winters Have Failed To Dim Wit & Humor Of T.C. Camak, Veteran Correspondent For News & Herald. Celebrates Birthday At Home. T. C. CAMAK ("Mossey Dale") On 83rd BIRTHDAY

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Manuscript 7

American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940

Item 44 of 66

[Nina Rabb Castles]

W11058

{ page image }

*{Begin handwritten}*Beliefs and customs - Life Histories*{End handwritten}*

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Project worker *{Begin handwritten}*W. W. **Dixon***{End handwritten}*

Project editor

Remarks *{Begin handwritten}*South Carolina*{End handwritten}*

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Project #1655

W. W. **Dixon**

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Mrs. Nina R. Castles, widow of the late Warren P. Castles, lives with her daughter, Janie, on the southwest corner of Liberty and Crawford Streets, in the town of Winnsboro, Fairfield County, South Carolina. In comparison with resident and property owners in the locality, she is wealthy and well connected socially.

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"I was born February 5th, 1858, on my father's plantation about six miles west of Winnsboro. My father was John Glazier Rabb, and my mother was Nancy Kincaid Rabb. Father died in 1872; mother in 1900. They are both buried in the graveyard of the old historic 'Brick Church' on the banks of Little River in this county.

"My father and mother had a large family of children. I'll try to tell you a little about each one. John, the eldest, never married. He was killed in the great War of Secession while carrying the flag of the 6th Regiment at the battle of Gaines Mill, Virginia, June 30, 1862. In carrying the colors on this occasion, General Bratton afterward said of him: 'He advanced onward and onward with a stride unnaturally steady. None who saw it can ever forget the splendid picture

presented by that glorious and handsome boy, John Rabb, on that occasion. Our line poured on behind him, wave over wave, through obstructions, and, coming up to the colors in his steady hand, we continued the advance until we had swept over the enemy's line of battle.' My brother, Horace, carries the gold watch that John carried the day that he was killed.

"James Kincaid Rabb, the next boy, was wounded at Petersburg, Virginia, but he lived through the war, married, and reared a family. He died June 5, 1908, and was buried with

Confederate honors at Seattle, Washington. William Clarence Rabb was in the 2d. Regiment, but he lived on till August, 1929. Virginia Rabb died at the age of ten years. Edwin Belzer died at the age of eight. Jessie May Rabb married Rev. W. H. Millen, D. D., and had three children. She died in Rosemark, Tenn. Horace Rabb married Mary Walker. He is a retired A.R.P. preacher living at Due West, S. C. He is the source of much of the information I am giving you this morning. He is three years older than I. I, Nina, am the eighth child. Charley K. Rabb born 1860 married Elizabeth Province, daughter of Col. David Province. An infant born July 16, 1864, died a few months before Sherman raided our home.

"My father was fifty-two years old and I was about seven when the Yankees came through our section of the county. He was a successful farmer and slave-holder, and had stored up large quantities of cotton, meat, corn, molasses, wheat, oats, and other farm produce on the plantation. He had at this time eight mules, five mares, a herd of cows, droves of hogs, and flocks of sheep, ducks, geese, turkeys, guineas, peafowls, and chickens. Yet, when the armies and camp followers of Sherman passed through, not one of all these - think of it - not one of all these were left on the place! I remember an old bob-tailed horse, a superannuated

carriage horse returned three days after the Yankees left. How glad the slaves and I were to see old Bob! Old Bob, however, was *{Begin deleted text}*passed*{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}{Begin handwritten}*past*{End handwritten}{End inserted text}* his working days. The Yankees found it out and he was not wanted by them; so they turned him loose to wander back home. They didn't leave one pound of meat, meal, flour, nor molasses, except a small amount that had been buried in a box in a hole in the slave graveyard on the farm.

"The house furnishings were destroyed or taken away, and the only bed-clothes saved were those on mine and Charley's beds; we were, supposedly, sick with measles. The members of the family were not left a change of clothing. The gin-house and twenty-five bales of cotton were burned in my father's sight. The large barn and a log house on the opposite side of the farm escaped destruction. Army wagons had hauled corn from them. Perhaps other wagons expected to come and carry off the remainder and then set the buildings afire, but none returned. From the remainder of that corn, my father supplied many neighbors. Since the gristmills had been destroyed and no meal could be ground, our family and others subsisted on lye hominy for a long time.

"In spite of all this ill treatment, my mother kept her poise and peace of heart in the deep resources of her faith in God and the Christian religion. She said, 'In spite of it all, we are not to cherish ill feelings toward the people of the North.' And I can truthfully say that I have lived to make many dear friends of families whose forebears fought that the Union

might be preserved.

"My mother was a woman of energy and good judgment. She was a skilled weaver and seamstress. During the war, she operated and directed a number of sewing machines, which turned out many yards of cloth that were sewed into garments. She often worked a loom with her hands and feet. When jute bagging became scarce, she conceived the idea of making bagging from the inner bark of the

Page 4 { page image }

poplar trees. Water was dammed up on a branch, and long green poplar poles were cut and submerged into the water until the bark could be easily removed. The inner bark was then peeled off and wound into balls, from which shuttles were filled. Hundreds of yards of bagging were thus secured to wrap the lint cotton into bales.

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"Our slave quarters were in sight of our residence. They were arranged in two rows of houses, with a well kept street or wagon path between the two rows. They were frame buildings with rock chimneys, and they had blinds to close the apertures or windows. The carpenters made each household of slaves sufficient and efficient bedsteads. The bedding was made of wheat straw and the pillows of cotton. Cotton quilts were used on the beds in summer and coarse wool blankets in winter. We fed the slaves well, and a spirit of affectionate care existed upon the part of the owners for the slaves, and a spirit of respect and faithful service prevailed on the part of the slaves towards the occupants of 'the big house.' Our slaves had the same physician our family had, and they received attentive nursing. Doses of medicine were accurately measured and duly administered to them. Prayers were conducted among them, and the older ones were taken to church on the Sabbath.

"I had a governess in our home, a Miss Harriett Betreville from Charleston, who taught me in my girlhood. She was in the home when the Yankees came to the house. Our hams had been salted and smoked in the dirt smokehouse that prevailed

Page 5 { page image }

in slavery time on all plantations of any size. We had taken fifty hams and suspended them in the attic of our home. They soon ferreted them out. The Yankees came in squads and would go up and come down with them in the transportation. As the last ham was thus being carried out, Miss Betreville, with an old maid's sternness and precision, seized

the ham that was in the hands of the soldier and said loudly, 'You shall not have the last one.' The soldier hesitated and then laughingly relinquished it to her hands.

"You asked about the dress style in those days and how much material was used in a single dress? I think it was from fourteen to sixteen yards, depending somewhat upon the pattern of the dress and the size of the lady. Yes, we wore wire hoops. They were slipped over the head and the petticoats and dress came on afterward. When a lady sat down, she was careful to arrange her skirts and press both hands down on the front of the hoop to prevent the untoward results of its flying upward and carrying the skirts along with it. Well, it looked mighty pretty while standing and walking, but it took some education, refinement, finement, and experience to get away with the mode in a crowded reception room. One never wore them while horseback riding. The long riding skirt was the vogue for equestrians.

"I wonder what has become of the old Barthrop sewing machine? This was a pedal sewing machine antedating the Wheeler and Wilson. It was larger and was boxed. It had folding doors to the inside mechanism.

"How did the term 'smokehouse' originate? This was the meat house. It had a dirt floor. The meat was suspended from cross pieces arranged therein. Fires were built on the dirt floor under the hanging sides, shoulders, and hams of meat, and in that way the meat was smoked and cured. The house derived its name from the method of smoking and curing the meat. During and after the

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"There were quilting parties, sewing bees, and candy pulls among us during the war. In 1872, our family moved to Due West, S. C., and one month afterward, Feb. 20, 1872, my father, John Glazier Rabb, died. We came back to Winnsboro, to live on the old plantation, and my mother died there, April 11, 1900. Both are buried in the Old Brick Church graveyard, on Little River.

"I married Warren Preston Castles in 1892. We have been blessed with three children. Clazier, lives at Great Falls, S. C. Nancy married Herbert Young and lives at Kershaw, S. C. Janie is not married; she lives with me and teaches school on the border line of Fairfield and Richland Counties. We still own the old home in the country, and we try to keep it up. We own and live in this town residence.

"You must call again and bring some of your friends and have some music on that sweet-toned old piano over there. I have a radio but it is not altogether what I long for. I want

company - young people - girls who can play and men and boys who can sing the old songs like 'Silver Threads Among the Gold,' 'In the Gloaming,' and 'Juanita,' and some comic ones like 'Cushion Bend' and 'Susan Jane.' I find myself at times wishing to hear the old songs rather than the new ones on the radio. Bring some young people to see me."

Information about SGML version of this document.

AMERICAN MEMORY	PREVIOUS	NEXT	ITEM LIST	NEW SEARCH	BEST MATCH

{Begin front matter}
*{Begin id number}*W11058*{End id number}{Begin page}{Begin handwritten}*Beliefs and customs - Life Histories*{End handwritten}*

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"There were quilting parties, sewing bees, and candy pulls among us during the war. In 1872, our family moved to Due West, S. C., and one month afterward, Feb. 20, 1872, my father, John Glazier Rabb, died. We came back to Winnsboro, to live on the old plantation, and my mother died there, April 11, 1900. Both are buried in the Old Brick Church graveyard, on Little River.

"I married Warren Preston Castles in 1892. We have been blessed with three children. Clazier, lives at Great Falls, S. C. Nancy married Herbert Young and lives at Kershaw, S. C. Janie is not married; she lives with me and teaches school on the border line of Fairfield and Richland Counties. We still own the old home in the country, and we try to keep it up. We own and live in this town residence.

"You must call again and bring some of your friends and have some music on that sweet-toned old piano over there. I have a radio but it is not altogether what I long for. I want company - young people - girls who can play and men and boys who can sing the old songs like 'Silver Threads Among the Gold,' 'In the Gloaming,' and 'Juanita,' and some comic ones like 'Cushion Bend' and 'Susan Jane.' I find myself at times wishing to hear the old songs rather than the new ones on the radio. Bring some young people to see me."

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Accession no.

W11050

Date received *{Begin handwritten}*10/10/40*{End handwritten}*

Consignment no. *{Begin handwritten}*1*{End handwritten}*

Shipped from *{Begin handwritten}*Wash. Office*{End handwritten}*

Label

Amount *{Begin handwritten}*7p.*{End handwritten}*

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Form[md]3 *{Begin handwritten}*Folklore*{End handwritten}* Collection (or Type)

Title *{Begin handwritten}*Fairfield county*{End handwritten} {Begin handwritten}*Thomas M. Cathcart*{End handwritten}*

Place of origin *{Begin handwritten}*Winnsboro, S. C.*{End handwritten}* Date *{Begin handwritten}*6/28/38*{End handwritten}*

Project worker *{Begin handwritten}*W.W. Dixon*{End handwritten}*

Project editor

Remarks *{Begin handwritten}*South Carolina*{End handwritten}*

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W. W. Dixon

Winnsboro, S. C. *{Begin handwritten}*6/28738 trans*{End handwritten} {Begin deleted text}*390578*{End deleted text}* FAIRFIELD COUNTY THOMAS M. CATHCART

(white) 80 YEARS OLD.

Thomas Madden Cathcart is a lawyer and a magistrate. He resides alone in a two-story frame house on North Vanderhorst Street in the town of Winnsboro. He has been the magistrate of this district for fifty-six years, being appointed for the first time in 1882. He is well posted in the law, both civil and criminal. In spite of his age, he never has opposition in the democratic primaries, which is decisive for all elective offices now in South Carolina. His rulings and decisions are sound. In fact, he has not been reversed on appeal to the Circuit Court since the case of Johnson against the Southern Railway Company in 1906.

The old lawyer has some eccentricities when it comes to his personal appearance. His gray hair is worn long about his shoulders. He grows a mustache but is otherwise clean shaven. He was wearing at this interview (May 24, 1938) the same celluloid collar and the same black cravat that he wore in 1904.

"I was the oldest child of our family. My father was an immigrant from northern Ireland, coming to this country about 1827. His name John M. Cathcart. He began farming six miles north of Winnsboro, and was very successful. He married Nancy Madden, sister of T. B. Madden, for whom I was named. Do you remember Tom Madden who was for many years postmaster at Columbia? Well, he my first cousin. The other children in the family were Belle and Mary, my sisters, and one brother, William M. Cathcart, who died in this house last *{Begin page no. 2}*winter. My sisters were educated at Due West, the Associate Reformed Presbyterian College for girls. Both became teachers. I am the only survivor of the family. I have never married. I commenced school at Mt. Zion Institute in 1864, then taught by Prof. Adolphus Woodward and Prof. Farrar. I began in Webster's blue-back speller. The school was one of the best in the upper part of the State. The pupils idolized Prof. Woodward. After leaving here, he went to Selma, Alabama, and was head of the

hool in that city. Prof. Farrar was the assistant; I forget his initials, but he made a military company of the larger boys in attendance.

Yes, I recollect seeing the Yankees in Winnsboro. They ransacked most of the houses, in search of money, jewelry, silverware, and ortable articles of value. Afterward, they set fire to houses of the most prominent people, and committed sacrilege in burning St. John's piscopal Church on Sunday. They laughingly said they did so because many of the members had the family name, Davis, spelled the ime as President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States.

he war, my father engaged in the mercantile business in Winnsboro, and prospered greatly. I left him in January, 1876 and ran lf to Randolph County, Illinois. It was a prairie section of country then. The little town or village where I received my mail was named parta.

One day I opened a democratic newspaper, published in Indianapolis, Indiana, and read these headlines: 'Behold! Hampton is iaugurated Governor of South Carolina. Behold Old Confederates! The Radicals sit solitary. They have become as widows. Their lthiness is their skirts. Their garments are stained with the gore of shame and dishonor.' It gave me a longing for home, and I came ack to Winnsboro. I began the study of law under Col. James H. Rion, and was admitted to the bar on examination by the Supreme 'ourt of South Carolina.

*Begin page no. 3)*When I was appointed Trial Justice, Jno. J. Neil was also a Trial Justice here. Our jurisdiction covered the entire :rritory of the county. We received no salary, and we were paid according to a fee bill enacted by the Radical Legislature. It was a very ..rative position under the fee bill. Now my salary is $200.00 per annum, plus costs in civil cases.

When the Yankees came through, the Confederate money was much depreciated, but the individual Yankees would exchange powder or it. I remember Mr. John Smith bought some powder for hunting purposes. It was a small amount, but he gave a Yankee ten dollars for . I remember another incident. Two of General Johnston's Confederate soldiers, in returning to Tennessee, wanted to cross a ferry. They ad a quantity of tobacco and some Confederate money. It was left optional with them whether they would pay in money or so much obacco. One elected to pay in money; the other paid in tobacco.

Between 1876 and 1900, there were some thickly settled portions of Fairfield County. Most of the inhabitants were white people who wned small farms. Oakland had a democratic club of 360 white men; Greenbriar, 400; and Feasterville 375. Now all white people of neans and wealth have moved into Winnsboro, and those who were poor and in bad circumstances went to the cotton mills. The country opulation now is about seventy-five percent Negro race.

Horse racing and cock fighting have given place to moving pictures, baseball pool, and punch boards. Draw poker has been changed to nd high die to craps. At one time we had seven barrooms in Winnsboro that kept open day and night. There was generally a back o. in which cards were played and drinks were served. A country store could secure a county license to sell not less than a quart of iquor. Winnsboro went prohibition once. It lasted just twelve months, and whiskey was restored by a great majority at the election box. nstead of seven barrooms, there were as many or more places that sold liquor.

(Begin page no. 4)"When Hampton was elected, the Democratic Party felt under political obligations to Republican Judge T. J. Mackey or his change of party affiliation during the election campaign of 1876. The Legislature of South Carolina re-elected him Judge of the circuit in which he lived. He was an entertainer on the hustings, in conventions, and, in fact, whenever and wherever called upon. His wit and humor did not depart from him in the exercises of his judicial capacity. One of his nephews, Arthur W. Mackey, was a practicing ttorney at the Winnsboro bar. Chalmers Gaston, father of the present Judge Arthur Gaston of Chester, was solicitor of the circuit. A homicide case was carried before Judge Mackey, who was holding court in Columbia, Richland County, which was out of the judicial district. The Solicitor, Mr. Gaston, made the point that Judge Mackey being out of his circuit had no right to hear the habeas corpus proceedings in Columbia. Mackey went ahead and heard the case, fixed the bond of the defendant, and said this to the defendant's attorney: 'Mr. Solicitor and Gentlemen of the counsel for the prisoner. It happens that I am going to my home in Chester on the first train this afternoon. You will prepare an order granting the writ and fixing the bond at $3,000. (I think that was the amount.) We will all take the train together. When the headlight of the engine strikes Fairfield County, get your pen and ink ready. When the tail end of the coach we are riding in passes over the demarcation of Richland and Fairfield Counties, you will present the papers to me, along with the pen freshly inked, and I will sign them. Mr. Gaston, we would like to have your company on this trip.' Mr. Gaston could not constrain his admiration and laughter, and he withdrew his objections to the jurisdiction.

"The greatest personal force in politics since Hampton, in South Carolina, was the force exercised by B. R. Tillman, who wrested the political control of *(Begin page no. 5)*the State from the hands of old time, aristocratic families and put it into the hands of the farmers and poor whites. This Tillman movement, as it was called, divided the white people into two camps, Tillmanites and anti-Tillmanites. The bitterness between the two parties was greater in Fairfield, in 1893, than in any other part of the State, owing to the fact that General John Bratton of Fairfield County was one of his opponents for governor in 1890. Fights, quarrels, and dissensions occurred among members of the same families. Its influence pervaded the court proceedings and affected the selection of petit juries and the complexion o. irverdicts. For instances there was a murder case tried here, an interesting one, reported in 40 S. C. Reports (Shand) on page 363, tate vs. Atkinson.' The indictment charged Jasper Atkinson as principal and John Atkinson as accessory before the fact for the murder of John Clamp. The two Atkinson's were then staying in the home of the deceased Clamp, who was shot and instantly killed one night as he was returning home from Ridgeway. The killing took place January 28, 1893. The case came up for trial at the February term of court, 1893, before Judge Wallace and a jury. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and the links in the chain were: John Atkinson was a day laborer on the farm for Mr. Clamp. He loved Mrs. Clamp, not wisely but too well. She became infatuated with John, without

the unsuspecting husband's knowledge. Jasper appears on extended visit to John Atkinson. Jasper was John Atkinson's uncle. He was small, weak of will, and under the domination of John Atkinson's stronger will. Neither John nor Jasper Atkinson owned a shotgun. Clamp was killed by a wound in the head, made by buckshot. Mr. Clamp kept a shotgun in his house, but he used birdshot. The anxiety of the widow in employing counsel, J. E. McDonald, to look after his interest in the case caused comment. John and Jasper Atkinson were arrested and placed in jail. While *{Begin page no. 6}*making the arrest, the officers of the law burst John Atkinson's trunk open and brought all his papers to the courthouse at Winnsboro. Clamp's shotgun was a muzzle loader. At the scene of the murder, they found [illegible]s of scorched paper wadding, with which the killer had packed the powder and the shot down the muzzle of the gun. These bits of p[illegible] fitted into copy of the Fairfield News & Herald found in John Atkinson's trunks on the chain of circumstantial evidence, the jury found both defendants, 'Guilty with recommendation to the mercy of the court.'

"An appeal was taken to the State Supreme Court, but the appeal was dismissed. Chief Justice McIver overruled all the exceptions and remanded the case to the lower court to set a new day for the execution.

"In all the history of criminal cases, these two men are the only ones who suffered the extreme penalty of death where the verdict was, 'Guilty with recommendation to the mercy of the court.' Every governor from Rutledge to Tillman recognized the recommendation as a case of commuting the death sentence to one of life imprisonment. The Tillmanites made a minor political issue out of it in the primaries of 1894. Tillman was still governor, but was making his campaign for U. S. Senator. He ignored the hoary precedent, he said, in favor of enlightenment and justice denied the application for executive clemency, and the Atkinsons were hanged publicly in the courthouse yard that summer before the primary election.

Strange to say, that fall (1894) a Tillmanite Legislature passed the following act:

CODE OF 1932, Sect. 1102.

Whoever is guilty of murder shall suffer the punishment of death: PROVIDED, However, That in each case where the prisoner in found guilty of murder, the jury may find a special verdict recommending him or her to the mercy of the *{Begin page no. 7}*court, whereupon the punishment shall be reduced to imprisonment in the penitentiary with hard labor during the whole lifetime of the prisoner.

Act of 1894.

"Now it is mandatory on the Circuit Judge presiding to give heed to such words on an indictment, and to send such prisoners to the penitentiary for life."

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Manuscript 9

American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940

Item 1 of 500

[Chester County]

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Project 3613

W. W. Dixon

Winnsboro, S. C. CHESTER COUNTY SAMUEL D MOBLEY.

(white) 74 YEARS OLD

Samuel D. Mobley is a retired business man. He lives with his sister-in-law and his nephew, John D. Mobley, in the town of Blackstock, South Carolina. He has been a close observer of the panorama of life unfolded to his vision in the last half century and is a reasoner and philosopher of no mean ability.

"I am of English descent. My father was Edward D. Mobley; my mother, Roxana Dixon Mobley. There was a large family of children, five girls and eight boys. I was the second son.

"I began school in 1870, in a log house about three miles from home. At that time, I was living about six miles east of Blackstock, South Carolina. I commenced on my sixth birthday, March 22nd, 1870, to Miss Janie Mills. It is needless to say that the beginner's book was Noah Webster's blue-backed speller. It was a very small pay school, supported by a few families in the neighborhood. The pupils could not arrange any large games and had to be content with mumbly peg, knucks, and Holey Rolly. We all loved our teacher, and I don't remember of her ever having to use the birch on any pupil. She was a good disciplinarian and had the gift of imparting lessons to children.

"My next teacher was Mr. John Bingham. Professor Banks Thompson of Blackstock, South Carolina, came next. The last school I went to was *{Begin handwritten}*C10 - 1/31 - 41 -- S C.*{End handwritten}*

Page 2 { page image }

at Fort Mill, South Carolina. It was in charge of Professors A. R. Banks and L. W. Deck. Both were able educators, and I got all the general principles of a business education from them.

"I began clerking in the firm of L. S. Douglas & Company, a general merchandise country business, in

the fall of 1886. On the retirement of the senior member of the firm, Doctor L. S. Douglas, I became a member of the firm of George L. Kennedy and Company. Mr. Kennedy was my brother-in-law, having married my sister, Lyda.

"We made money rapidly under the operation of the lien law, a statutory enactment of the Legislature of South Carolina. The main provisions were, a tenant of a farm, or person engaged in farming, who had little money and no credit could go to a merchant and mortgage his growing crop to him for as much as he estimated he would need for food, clothing, and plantation supplies to cultivate and produce the crop. The phraseology was about as follows. "I hereby mortgage all cotton, corn, oats, peas, and provender growing or to be grown on a certain plantation, the property of - John Jones, in the county of Fairfield or Chester, as the case might be - and I do hereby further mortgage to secure said debt one black mule, named Ben, one spotted cow, named Bloss, six shoats and all household goods, over all which described property I do herein represent there is no prior existing lien or incumbrance whatsoever and which property above described I possess an absolute title to.

"Articles in our store had a cash and a lien price. The lien price was 20 percent higher than the cash price.

"We bought and sold cotton as a firm, and this was a source of profit.

Page 3 { page image }

My partner handled the cotton. He classified, graded, and set a price on it. I handled the checking and pay end of the line, taking out the store account on payment for the cotton.

"I married Louise Allen of Spartanburg, South Carolina, in 1890. She died in 1901, without having given birth to any children.

"I established the Bank of Blackstock in 1916, but went into liquidation and wound up its affairs on my retirement from business in 1933. No one lost a penny by the operation of the bank.

"What are some of the most significant trends of the times I have observed in my seventy-four years? 1. The Red Shirt movement and the entire elimination of the Negro as a factor in South Carolina politics. The final chapter was written in that history when the last democratic convention of 1938 debarred the Negro from the rolls of the party. I feel like and believe that this provision will be in force for the next 100 years. 2. The change and migration of white people from the rural districts of the State to the towns and cities. This is bad. The [United?] States Government has made some attempts to check it. Looks like rural free delivery of mail and the telephones would have been helps to keep white people in the country, but good roads, consolidated schools, and the movies have proven stronger attractions. The rural part of the State has been nearly depopulated of white people. What few land owners who farm find it easy, because of good roads, to jump into their automobiles and ride out to their farms in ten or fifteen minutes.

"I don't look for rural electrification to induce the white people to stay in the country. The march will grow on. In fact, I look for our small towns to die out in favor of courthouse cities. See how such towns

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as Ridgeway and Blackstock and trading places like Woodward, White Oak, and Simpson, in Fairfield County, have gone down from importance to insignificant points of interest? It's expensive to maintain a U. S. Post office or a railroad station agent at such points nowadays.

"Cast your eyes around. Reflect. There is not a physician, a preacher of the Gospel, nor a school teacher living in the country outside of an incorporated town in Fairfield County. 3. The frantic assertions and demonstrative [ebulitions?] in regard to State's rights are less proclaimed than they were forty years ago. There has been full acquiescence in the National Government taking part in building our highways, looking after our health, conserving our forests, preventing the erosion of our soils, building our schoolhouses, and administering our criminal laws. Andrew Jackson has become a fixed star of the first magnitude in luminosity, and John C. Calhoun an asteroid fading and disappearing into the realm of innocuous desuetude."

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Page 5 { page image }

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"I have noticed that every attempt to legislate morals into the people has resulted in disaster. I will call your attention to the fact that you and I remember when we had the old barroom system, the State dispensary system prohibition, and the present retail liquor shops. No system is perfect, but the worst of all was the prohibition law. Whiskey caused some trouble in Papa Noah's family and resulted in some confusion in Uncle Lot's household. But religion and morals should be taught and inculcated in the church and home, and self-control and temperance should be read and studied from the Bible rather than the Statutory Code.

"When the Mobleys came over from Sheffield, England, to America, they came in the Dove, an immigrant ship of Lord Baltimore. They were Catholics. Shortly after they arrived, they joined the Episcopal Church. After coming to South Carolina and settling in the Up Country, where there were none of that profession of faith, they built a meeting house in which all denominations might worship. This was called the Mobley Meeting House.

"Well, you know I suffered a paralytic stroke four years ago and must not over exert my mind, but I want to tell you an incident that occurred at court in Chester, where I was in attendance in 1894. R. C. Watts was the presiding judge, and Hough, an old gentleman, was solicitor. **Harry McCaw** was the court stenographer, a well-liked and mischievous young fellow. Solicitor Hough was

Page 6 { page image }

fond of wine and fine liquors and brandies. He went into a drug store and, while there, lost all his papers and indictments. Court had to take a recess for the day, in order for old Mr. Hough to look for them. Irritated and worried, the solicitor attempted to drown his unenviable plight in more drink, and he had to be put to bed in his room in the hotel.

"**Harry McCaw** was his roommate, and, hearing an Italian down in the street with an organ and a monkey, he went down and effected a loan of the monkey for a time. He took it into Solicitor Hough's room and fastened the chain to the bedpost. It sat upon the post and set up a chattering after a time, the noise of which awoke the old solicitor. He sat up, looked at the monkey, rubbed his eyes, reached under his pillow and brought forth his revolver and said, 'Mr. Monkey, if you are not a monkey, I am in a h---ll of a fix, and if you are a monkey, then you are in a h---ll of a fix.' He fired and killed the monkey.

"The question is always asked, 'Who paid for the monkey and what become of the Italian.' **Harry McCaw** and his friends paid for the dead monkey and buried it. The bereaved Italian left town. The sobered solicitor found his papers and the court resumed its monotonous grinding of prohibition cases the next day."

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When the Mobleys came over from Sheffield, England, to America, they came in the Dove, an immigrant ship of Lord Baltimore. The were Catholics. Shortly after they arrived, they joined the Episcopal Church. After coming to South Carolina and settling in the Up Country, where there were none of that profession of faith, they built a meeting house in which all denominations might worship. This was called the Mobley Meeting House.

"Well, you know I suffered a paralytic stroke four years ago and must not over exert my mind, but I want to tell you an incident that occurred at court in Chester, where I was in attendance in 1894. R. C. Watts was the presiding judge, and Hough, an old gentleman, was solicitor. Harry McCaw was the court stenographer, a well-liked and mischievous young fellow. Solicitor Hough was *{Begin page no. 6}*fond of wine and fine liquors and brandies. He went into a drug store and, while there, lost all his papers and indictments. Court had to take a recess for the day, in order for old Mr. Hough to look for them. Irritated and worried, the solicitor attempted to drown his unenviable plight in more drink, and he had to be put to bed in his room in the hotel.

"Harry McCaw was his roommate, and, hearing an Italian down in the street with an organ and a monkey, he went down and effected a loan of the monkey for a time. He took it into Solicitor Hough's room and fastened the chain to the bedpost. It sat upon the post and set up a chattering after a time, the noise of which awoke the old solicitor. He sat up, looked at the monkey, rubbed his eyes, reached under his pillow and brought forth his revolver and said, 'Mr. Monkey, if you are not a monkey, I am in a h—ll of a fix, and if you are a monkey, then you are in a h—ll of a fix.' He fired and killed the monkey.

"The question is always asked, 'Who paid for the monkey and what become of the Italian.' Harry McCaw and his friends paid for the dead monkey and buried it. The bereaved Italian left town. The sobered solicitor found his papers and the court resumed its monotonous grinding of prohibition cases the next day."

{End body of document}

Manuscript 10

Library of Congress

[The Clouds Beyond]

No. 1

Approximately 2,800 words [7 C?] SOUTH CAROLINA WRITERS' PROJECT

LIFE HISTORY (Ex-slave)

TITLE: THE CLOUDS BEYOND

Date of First Writing February 15, 1939

Name of Person Interviewed Jim Kelley (Negro)

Fictitious Name Ham Cloud

Street Address None

Place Blythewood, S. C. (Rural Section)

Occupation Tenant Farmer

Name of Writer John L. Dove

Name of Reviser State Office

Up and down, up and down an old walkway flanked with spicy-scented boxwood in front of an old farm house strode Ham Cloud, an old gray-haired copper-colored Negro. The place, the old Ben Cloud farm, is located on the old Blythewood-Camden Road, six miles east of Blythewood, South Carolina. It was August 18, 1918, and war time. "Uncle Ham," as most every one in Bear Creek community called him, had just the day before said good-bye to two of his sons, who had been drafted into the Army. He was worried.

"Good morning, Uncle Ham!" said a white lady, past middle age, S. N. S. C. Box 2.

who sat on the rear seat of a car that had just stopped at the end of the walkway and was unnoticed by the old Negro.

"Honk, honk!" the car horn sounded, as the driver's hand pounded on the button at the end of the steering shaft.

Pausing in the walkway, Ham Cloud stood for a moment with his blinking eyelids shaded with a trembling hand. He then slowly approached the car at the end of the lane.

"Don't you know me, Uncle Ham?" inquired the lady in the car.

"Bless my life, if it ain't Miss Alice done come back to de old house ergin!" They shook hands.

"Uncle Ham, is there anything to cause you trouble this morning?"

"Miss Alice, I was jes' thinkin' 'bout all de trouble dat am caused at dis place by de debil and he wars."

"You think this war is the work of the devil, Uncle Ham?"

"Yes, ma'am, Miss Alice, I 'lows dis war bizness am de work of de debil. It sho is, caze I members de time when Marse Ben hafter give up his three boys to go to war. He say then de war am de work of de debil. And when Gin'al Sherman and he sojers come through here, what dey couldn't carry off dey destroy. I's worried 'bout my two boys what lef' here yestiddy for de war, for dey tells me dem Germans ain't nebber seed a nigger."

"Uncle Ham, do you remember when General Sherman's army came through this country, and what they did on this place?"

"I members all about it, Miss Alice. When us heard through some of Gin'al Wade Hampton's sojers dat de Yankees had done burnt Columby and was marchin' on to de North, stealin' and burnin' as dey go, me and Marse Ben got busy. I hope him to hide de things on de place out in de woods and 3 fields." Ham then began to laugh.

"What happened then, Uncle Ham?"

"Lawd, hab mercy! Jes' a whole passel o' Yankees pass here. I was standin' in dis walk one day when a crowd of dem stop, and one axe me whar Marse Ben and all de folks. I say to him, 'I dunno; I jes' one o' de free niggers lef' to stay in our house and look after our things.'" Ham was then just a pickaninny twelve years old. But he was faithful, and he had diplomacy enough to save the Cloud family from loss.

Ham Cloud was born a slave in 1853, on the plantation of Benjamin Cloud in the Bear Creek section of old Fairfield District, South Carolina. His father is said to have had Arab blood in his veins and to have been a descendant of Oriental royalty. He was the plantation wheelwright and blacksmith. His wife, Ham's mother, was a servant in the Cloud home. Ham's early life was spent around the kitchen in the "big house" and in the farm workshop. He, therefore, came in close contact with the members of the Cloud household. He was granted many privileges, and they say he learned rapidly through precept and example. The Clouds taught him to do a little reading and scribbling.

It is said that Benjamin Cloud was a very religious old gentleman and that he often read the Scriptures to Ham and to other slaves on the place on Sunday. He encouraged his slaves to fear God and to hate the devil. Mr. Cloud, too, was a believer in his preservation of the Union during the controversy concerning Kansas and slavery. In Ham's precence one day, he spoke of war as the work of the devil. For the remainder of his life, Ham hated war and believed it the work of the devil.

When South Carolina seceded from the Union in December, 1860, and 4 began to organize an army, Benjamin Cloud's three sons - Lafayette, Henry, and Oscar - enlisted in the State service. Later, they were sent to Virginia with General Johnson Hagood's brigade and were with the same when it made those famous charges which one historian spoke of as the most glorious chapter in South Carolina's military history. Henry Cloud fell at Weldon Field. Lafayette and Oscar received severe wounds, but they survived the war and returned home. None were gladder than Ham to see them return. They were his heroes and his idols, especially, "Marso Fayette," the oldest of the Cloud brothers.

A few years after the close of the War Between the States, Benjamin Cloud passed away, leaving Lafayette in charge of the old Cloud home. Lafayette in the meantime had married and taken over the management of the farm. Oscar Cloud was of a more restless nature and he traveled for a number of years before marrying. Ham Cloud remained with his young hero, "Marse Fayette," and helped him to look after "our cows, our hogs, our sheep, our land, and our business."

During the reconstruction period and the Hampton campaign in South Carolina, in 1876, Ham Cloud was a member of the Democratic Party. He took great pride in donning his red shirt and at sping his hero, "Marse Fayette," as an enthusiastic supporter of General Hampton and white supremacy. His activity in this connection brought down on his head the wrath of many of his race, especially the females of the species. It caused him a lover's quarrel, they say, with his best girl, who's parents were staunch Republicans. They later buried the political hatchet, however, and were married.

Prior to Ham's marriage, his main job on the Cloud farm was to attend to the needs of the livestock on the place. Sheep, in addition to 5 other domestic animals, were kept. Ham was very fond of a large ram in the flock which he named Sledgehammer. He was also the family coachman. On each Sunday, he accompanied the Clouds to Zion, a nearby Methodist Church, as driver of the carriage horses. He could have attended the religious

services had he so desired, but Ham usually elected to spend the hours for worship in sleep in the family carriage or on the ground out in the grove in front of the Church.

The Cloud sheep would sometimes break away from their fold and ramble off to Zion Church grounds, and elsewhere, to graze and to get into mischief. They sometimes caused real embarrassment to their owner. At any rate, Ham's pet, Sledgehammer, came to Zion once, to his discomfort. The late Rev. William Barber, a kinsman of the Cloud family, told about this years later in a sermon entitled, "Why Should You Question My Right To Be Here?" His comparison and narrative ran as follows:

"It was in midsummer and the weather was clear and warm that Sunday. It was so warm in the church that it was necessary to the comfort of all present to have all of the windows and doors open. The wide front entrance to the church was directly in front of the pulpit, and I could see out into the grove beyond the front lawn. In fact, I was the only one in the building who could very well have this view and be in a position to note the things that happened out there during the hour of my message. In the midst of my sermon, I saw Brother Lafayette Cloud's Negro driver, Ham, walk to a large pine tree and place himself on the ground by the side of that pine. His head soon began to nod in sleep. Just then a flock of sheep came bounding into view. Among them was a large vicious looking ram. He saw the young Negro, and evidently mistook his nodding head for a challenge to 6 to physical combat. The ram backed away a few yards to the front of the sleeping Negro and then, for a few moments, he stood facing him. For every nod of Ham's head, the large sheep would give a nod of his head in return, in such a way that his brute mind may have prompted him to ask: 'Why should you question my right to be here?' They nodded until the ram could stand it no longer. He lowered his head, dug his rear hoofs into the ground, and charged. Even though Ham was not physically damaged, he was awakened by the compact to the danger of sleep at such a place and at such an hour."

While it may have required a sledgehammer blow from a huge ram's head to arouse Ham Cloud to his senses of duty on the Sabbath day, he did soon after the heady encounter

begin to think and plan for the future. He was not too old to dream dreams, and he was not too young to see visions.

As the story goes, Ham's best girl, Corrie Perry, refused to marry him until he joined the church and became more religious minded. He complied with the demand by joining at Shady Grove, the colored Methodis Church, in 1878. Corrie married him soon thereafter. During the summer of this same year, after Ham's and Corrie's wedding, the colored Methodists held a big revival meeting at Shady Grove. They had a lot of preaching about the devil and damnation. They shouted. Ham, too, saw visions and shouted on the crowded floor. In one of his hallelujah moods one day, he bounced too high. He butted his head against a low slung joist. Even though no damage was done either head or joist, this ended Ham's shouting and cost him a part of his religion, to boot. He is said to have cursed the deacons for having such a dangerous object so near the heads of converted sinners.

At the beginning of 1879, Mr. Lafayette Cloud sold to Ham, on credit, 7 a good plow mule. He also set aside one of his best tenant farms to Ham's and Corrie's use, as renters. In a further desire to assist Ham, Mr. Cloud gave him and Corrie, as a wedding present, one of his best grade Jersey milch cows, named Crump. Ham and Corrie were young and strong, and they started to farming with a vim. Ham's hopes for his future success were high. He would visualize himself the proud owner of broad acres and fine fat cattle. He wanted cattle and other livestock to help in the realization of his dreams, and it was his wish that Crump find heifer calves for him in order that he might expand his dairy herd.

While Ham and Corrie had good luck with their planting operations during their first few years as renters, Ham was doomed to disappointment in two of his ambitions. Corrie's first born was a daughter, which they name Mary. Crump, at about the same time, presented him with a bull calf. A year later, Corrie presented him with another daughter, and Crump found him another bull calf. Ham's luck then took a turn for the better. One morning, in 1882, a son shined upon him. When he went out to his barnyard that morning to look after

the needs of his livestock, he found a new-born heifer calf tugging away at Crump's udder. Ham's cup of joy was so full that he could think of nothing other than to run and report his good fortune to his friend [??], "Marse Fayette." The following was his report, and the conversation that took place.:

"Marse Fayette, does you member 'bout de rabbit us kilt in de graveyard year befo' las'?"

"Why, yes, Ham! But why do you ask?"

"Hit like dis, Marse Fayette. I been carryin' de left front foot off dat rabbit in my right-hand-pants pocket ever since, and my luck done 8 change around."

"What has happened now, Ham?"

"I is gone to havin' boy babies and gal calves to come to my house."

"I'm glad to hear of your good fortune, Ham. What are you going to name your son?"

"Well, Marse Fayette, I names my first chile Mary, and my nex' chile Martha. So I reckon I hafter call dis one Lazarus."

With Mr. Cloud aiding and abetting, Ham and Corrie made progress with their farming operations and became highly respected in the Bear Creek community. He worked hard during those years. It was along about 1886 that Ham, in all probability, did the hardest day's work of his life. He bound into bundles seven acres of high-yielding oats, which was cut that same day with a grain cradle by his brother-in-law, Major Perry. He told later that he was so tired when night came that the witches rode him in his sleep that night to Camden, fifteen miles from his home. Quite incidentally, on this same night, *Major Perry preached in his sleep. And for the remainder of his life he was a somnambulistic preacher. A few years after the oat-cutting experience, Major Perry moved to Saluda County. He was later with a traveling show, and became widely know for his habit, or affliction. The

most remarkable part of it was that he outlined his text verbatim and preached in perfect English, despite his inability to read or write.

The tie of friendship that had developed between Ham and "Marse Fayette" in their younger life followed them through the years. Ham, they say, always depended on Mr. Cloud in the time of his troubles, and he was seldom denied. On the other hand, it was always Ham who Mr. Cloud

*The State: Dec. 9, 10, 12, 1906.

wanted during his later years to accompany him when he traveled from home on business or other missions. They were at Ridgeway one day during an exciting political rally. It was in the early days of the Tillman campaign, and the lines were strongly drawn between the pro's and the con's. Mr. Cloud became involved in a friendly argument with one not sharing his view of the situation. When the argument became a little heated, Ham butted in as follows:

"White folks, if you finds you can't settle de argumentation widout havin' to use your fists, please don't hit Marse Fayette; hit dis nigger."

The long companionship between Lafayette and Ham Cloud came to an end a few months after Ham's demonstration at Ridgeway. The friendship and Ham's loyalty, however, lasted to the end. In the fall of 1894, Lafayette Cloud accidentally lost his balance and fell from a wagon piled high with new-mown hay. Ham it was who reached him first. And it was Ham who picked up his broken body and bore him to his deathbed. Mr. Cloud passed away two weeks later and was buried in Zion churchyard.

Soon after the death of Lafayette Cloud, his family began to drift away from the Bear Creek community in search of their fortunes in other fields. A few years later, Mrs. Cloud, his wife, passed away. The old home ties being then broken, the remainder of the Cloud

children left the community. Ham and his family, however, remained on the Cloud farm and were later given permission to occupy the "big house."

After an absence of many years from Bear Creek, a daughter of the late Lafayette Cloud visited her old home. This was on August 18, 1918, during the World War. She found Ham walking up and down the old walkway in front of her old home. He was in grief over the loss, as he felt, 10 of his two sons, Lazarus and Mood, who had just the day before been drafted into the United States Army. When he recognized "Miss Alice," as she was always known to him, his cup of joy once more was filled. But he did not allow himself the luxury of tears; he fought them back determinedly till he could laugh again.

According to information furnished by "Miss Alice," who is now nearly eighty years old, and living in Columbia, South Carolina, Ham Cloud raised eight children, and sent them to school as much as his income would permit. All of them are married and are proving themselves useful citizens in their chosen fields. Several went North, where they received college educations. One of his sons owns and operates a splendid farm in Richland County. Another son, Mood Cloud, while still a tenant, is considered one of the best farmers in Bear Creek.

In 1932, at the age of seventy-nine years, Ham Cloud passed away at the old Cloud home. His many friends, both white and black, came from far and near to attend his funeral. He was buried at Shady Grove, only a short distance from Zion, where sleeps "Marse Ben and Marse Fayette." An old broken lamp was put on his grave by one of his children. They say it was once used by Lafayette Cloud as a reading lamp, and sometimes they put flowers in it. Perchance it, through a friendly spirit, enabled Ham to see the light on the Bible's teachings of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. However that might be, the old lamp now gives light on the Clouds beyond.

Manuscript 11

Begin body of document}
*n page}*Approximately 2,500 Words

SOUTH CAROLINA WRITERS' PROJECT

Life History

TITLE: WHY THE SIMMONS FAMILY WENT FROM THE

COAL FIELDS TO THE COTTON MILL

Date of First Writing January 6, 1938

Name of Person Interviewed Mrs. Susie Simmons (white)

[?] Address 206 Greenville Street

Place Spartanburg, S.C.

Occupation House Wife

Name of Writer Elmer Turnage

Name of Reviser State Office

Mrs. Simmons, affectionately known as "Susie" by all who know her, prides herself on being as "spry as any of the children", yet she is 67 and the mother of thirteen. She is less than 5 feet tall but she lacks nothing in other dimensions, for she is almost as broad as she in . Her face and hands are scared with the marks of a life of privation, but her small blue eyes sparkle and show no envy for those who ıve been more fortunate in *{Begin deleted text}*worldy*{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}{Begin handwritten}*worldly*{End handwritten}{End inserted text}* possessions.

The weather-beaten, four-room cottage rented by the Simmons family is situated on the outskirts of Spartanburg near the Spartan mill village. A cheap scarlet-covered living-room suite and several other articles of furniture are in the small hall that leads to the "front room", leaving barely a passage way. This arrangement is understood when one enters the front *{Begin page no. 2}*room, for he sees that it is also full of furnishings of an incongruous variety. Numerous pencilings, like hieroglyphs, mingle with the cracks on the scaly plastered walls. A laundry heater sits far out in the room; it is connected to the fireplace, around which shiny new tin had been placed. A large pot of beans bubbles and thumps peacefully on the little stove, and two or three flat-irons rest beside it. The mantel is literally filled with trinkets of the ten cent store variety, and a goodly assortment of home-remedy medicines. High above the mantel hangs a dust-covered picture which portrays the Lord's Prayer in gaudy lettering and designs. The hour of the day could be told about as well by the calendars for several years back which hang on the walls as by the little black-faced clock which holds its small place on the "fireboard". An old-fashioned iron bed sits in one corner of the room, and in another sits an expensive one of the most modern design. The radio is a costly one but it is of little value unless some "mountain music" is on the air.

Susie doesn't know how long she has been a widow, but it has been sev'al year", and "the old man warn't no 'count long 'fore he died." All of the children are living 'cept one. The two single ones stay at home and the others "come in and out whenever they feel like it." Despite the lack of modern conveniences the house is kept clean, and a jovial atmosphere always permeates the abode. The Simmons home is rarely devoid of "company", for a neighbor has "drapped" in to chat with Susie, or some friends have come in to see "Doll and Walt", the two single children. Doll has been married two or three times but at present she is single.

Susie kept her eye on her 3-year-old grandchild who was placing one chair upon another and trying to climb to the top of his "train." Every now and then Susie would say: "Careful there, James; you'll fall 'fore you know it." Presently he toppled to the floor and began screaming. Susie gathered him up in her lap, and in a few minutes his dirty *{Begin page no. 3}*face was beaming again.

Guess you heard 'bout Virgie being dead? Yes, this is her baby. All my others is married 'cept Virgie and Walt."

ıough honest and refined in her way, Susie showed no signs of abashment in relating the fact that her late daughter was never married. During the conversation she got up five or six times to get something with which she could appease the child. "We sho' is crazy 'bout him," she declared; "don't know what we'd all do if it warn't for James."

Susie's eyes narrowed and lost some of their natural friendliness when she was asked if she thought that her large family was conducive to her general welfare than a small one would have been.

"Well, it looks like I done pretty good. I got all my kids up grown, and that's more'n lots can say. 'Course they don't do much to help me, but what they do sho' comes in good. And one thing, they can all look atter theirselves. Everybody can't say that — can they?

"You know, things sho' are better'n they used to be. We allus had 'bout as much to eat as we do now, but we don't have to work nigh so hard these days. I 'member back yonder in Hawkins County, Tenn., where I was born, things used to be awful bad and we had tough times, but a-body had some good times, too. The rich'uns had it 'bout as good as they do now, but the poor devils sho' sho had [it?] to pay.

"No, I don't know how old I am, 'zactly, but I can git Perry's (her husband) Bible; it's writ there in it. Mary writ it there; she's got more learning than any of the others. She went as fer as the Sixth. Lizie (Liza) can write a little, too."

She thumbed through her husband's Bible, holding it upside down all the while. "Here, I guess you can find it better'n me," she said. The only entries in it were -- Susie Simmons, born April 6, 1871; Perry Simmons, born August 7, 1867; moved to South Carolina in 1919. "Well, *(Begin page no. 4)*that's it. I know'd Mary writ it there. Now you can figger for yourself how old that makes me."

At this juncture Bill, a nephew of Susie, who is employed as a laborer on a W P A project, came in from his work. He eyed the interview with suspicion, and presently he asked if another investigation was being made. On being told the nature of the interview he said that he would be glad to tell the story of his life, but added that he would have to have a "salary" for the trouble. Susie informed Bill that his "eats" were ready, and he went immediately into the kitchen, which could be seen through the open door. He sat down at a long table which was made of plain boards and devoid of covering, and completely filled the large bowl before him with freshly cooked beans. As he entered the room he looked around and offered again to relate the story of his life provided he did not have to tell "everything", for there were some things, he declared, he would not even tell his grandmother. Besides the pine board table, the other furnishings in the kitchen consisted of a home-made cabinet, an oil stove and two or three cane chairs.

"Sho', I 'member Mammy," Susie continued; "why she stayed with me till atter Marthy (Martha) was born. She was a Housewright -- Mary Housewright. Why, 'er no, I don't know nothing 'bout my daddy. See, I was jest a outside child. I never had no brothers n'er sisters. Mammy married a man one time, but that was way yonder 'fore I was born. His name was Dick Berry, I think. I know they hung him fer something 'er n'other -- he warn't my daddy, though. I don't know what my daddy's name was -- never heard Mammy say. She lived right there in Hawkins County when I was born ... stayed with her sister and her husband. Mammy sho' had a hard time then.

"I went to school a little when I was a kid back in the mountains, but a-body soon fergits what they learn in school, 'specially atter so many years. I know we had to go to school soon of a morning and stay till 4 *(Begin page no. 5)*o'clock. We had to walk three 'er four miles most of the time. As soon as I got big enough I had to help Mammy make a living. Why, we jest done a little of everything. We washed clothes fer people, and things like that. Mammy done work like that 'fore I was born; then atter I got big enough I pitched in and helped her. I 'member one time we was washing fer some rich people when it was awful cold weather. The ground was kivvered with 'bout six inches of snow, and we got so cold that we nearly froze. We as't the people to let us come in the kitchen and finish rubbing the clothes, but they's a-feared we'd mess up the floors, and wouldn't let us come in the house. We didn't git much money for our work, mostly we got jest rations -- vit'als, you know. Aunt Marge, that was Mammy's sister that we lived with, she had to work hard that a-way, too.

"Mammy used to work in the fields. She could do might nigh anything they was to do in field work. She cut flax, and broke flax, and spun flax. Lots of flax was grow'd up in them parts. Warn't no cotton grow'd though; never seed none till I come to South Ca'lina. Then Mammy was a good hand to spin and card wool. She made wool rolls as big as my arm. She set every night and worked at something like that till 11 o'clock. She made all our clothes, and made clothes and things for other folks, too. She sho' allus had a awful hard time. I allus helped her from the time I was big enough to drap corn till I got married.

"Lots of corn and 'taters was grow'd then, and folks had plenty meat and the like of that. 'Course time was when things got skace like it does now, but most times we had plenty to eat. We had to work hard fer it though, and many be the time I've walked four miles to the mill with a bushel of corn on my back. The miller would take out a half gallon of meal fer grinding a half bushel of corn, and a gallon of meal if he ground a whole bushel. Lord yes, I was strong then; I could pack a bushel of corn to the mill easy.

"I warn't but thirteen when I got married -- jest a little girl like.

*(Begin page no. 6)*Mammy come to live with me and Perry atter we was married. We lived in a little two-room log house. Perry driv oxen and hauled logs to the saw mill. He done work like that mostly fer a living. Mammy worked on jest as long as she lived. We all lived together and got along very good. Things was a lot different from what they are now. We didn't even have lamps back then, though we allus managed to have a light of some kind. Sometimes we'd put oil in a bottle and make a lamp by putting a rag in the neck of the bottle fer a wick. It made a fairly good light. Lots of times we'd take a piece of "lighter'd" -- that's jest a piece of rich pine -- and burn it for a lamp. We'd stick it up in a crack between the logs in the wall. The black smoke would jest bile up, but it made a pretty good light, least we thought it did then.

"As fer as cracks is concerned, we didn't have to look for a place to put the pine knot, fer the house was full of them. You could throw a cat through some of the cracks they was so big. It was snowing mighty hard the night Marthy was born, and they had to tie a quilt up

over the bed to keep the snow from coming right in on us. Why, next morning there was 'bout two inches of snow on top of [illegible]. People need plenty of air, you know, and I guess open houses like that is the best atter all. I guess that is the reason I stayed so healthy.

All my children was born in Tennessee 'cept the two last 'uns. Now Virgie was born in Virginia and Susie Belle was born here. All the kids went to school a little but not enough to 'mount to nothing much. Atter Marthy got married she moved to Ohio. I didn't see her no more fer a long time. It was during the time the "flu" was so bad that we went to see her. You 'member when that was. Me and the old [illegible] and all the ten kids started out to Ohio to see Marthy. We jest had 'bout enough money to make the trip on, fer we never did make [illegible]gh on the farm to save anything. We stopped in Exer, Va., and seed some people we had know'd in Tennessee. Exer is a little mining town between Keokee and Appalachia. These people that we know'd tried to get us to stay there and get a job in the mines. We told 'em that we'd come back if we didn't stay in Ohio.

{Begin page no. 7}"All the kids took down with the flu right atter we got to Marthy's house. We had to put up four beds, and then some had to lay across the head and some across the foot of the bed. I thought it was cold in Tennessee, but that warn't nothing to what it was in Ohio. The wind blow'd so hard that you could throw your hat ag inst the side of the house and it would hold it there all day. I guess we could have got a job there, but we didn't like it good enough to *{Begin deleted text}*stay*{End deleted text}*. I didn't like the doctor that waited on the kids a-tall. He allus had a handkerchief tied over his face when he come in, and he'd come in a-cussing and go out a-cussing. Jim, that's Marthy's old man, he said not to pay no 'tention to that, fer that was jest the way folks up there was 'customed to. Anyway, we decided we'd better go back to Virginia to live where people was more like us.

"Atter the kids got well, we scraped around and got enough money to go back to Exer. The old man and the boys didn't have a bit of trouble in finding a job, and they made good money, too. They made 'bout six dollars a day most of the time. The old man and two of the boys worked, the rest of 'em wasn't old enough to work in the mines. We stayed there 'bout a year and saved up some money, but the work was so dangerous we was afraid to stay any longer. Why, people jest got killed all the time. Every time anybody heard a message that somebody was killed, all the women and everybody went down to the mines to see if it was any of theirs.

"I made out at first that I wasn't afraid fer 'em to work in the mines, but I decided that it was better to know your folks was safe than to make good money. One time, five got killed and their heads was mashed so flat you couldn't tell who they was. They had to stuff cotton in 'em so they would look like somebody. The mines have walls, jest like the walls in a room, and sometimes a wall caves in and mashed the men to death. Marvelee's job in the mines was to 'tend to the trap door. It sho' was a dangerous job. He had to jump back in the ribs as soon as he opened the door, 'er a car would crush him to pieces.

{Begin page no. 8}"If we hadn't found out 'bout the cotton mills, I guess we'd still be in Virginia, less'n we'd been killed 'er something. A [illegible]n come through there one time and had a letter from the super' at Spartan Mills. He showed us the letter and said that we could get a [illegible] in Spartanburg if we wanted to. The old man and Charlie come first and worked at Spartan Mills about two months before they sont [illegible]or us. We'd saved up a shoe box full of money, so we had plenty to make the trip on. Charlie and his daddy made 'bout two dollars a piece fer a day's work. The old man didn't live long atter we moved here; don't know how many years he's been dead, but it could be counted up.

"Fer a long time I had three boys, and sometimes four, working in the mill. They made about two dollars a day; that must have in 1926. Well, no matter how many worked, we allus jest barely had enough to get along on. Up to 1925 they allus draw'd a little money every pay day, but atter that it was all took up in the store. It went on that way fer a long time, and we didn't see no money a-tall. By the time Doll and Walt got big enough to work, the others had married off, and they never was able to help me no more.

"Doll and Walt has been working at Whitney Mills 'bout six 'er seven years. They make twelve dollars a week a piece, and we manage to keep things going on that. "Course they do take up lots in the store, but it ain't like it used to be when a-body couldn't see no money a-tall. I need some shoes now, and ain't got enough money to get 'em. I was getting five dollars a month from the old age pension, but some tattlers went up there and got that stopped."

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Manuscript 12

[James E. Coan]

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Project #3613

W. W. Dixon

Winnsboro, S. C. JAMES E. **COAN**

(white) 73 YEARS OLD

James E. **Coan**, a retired business man, resides in a two-story frame house in the suburbs of the town of Winnsboro. He is 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. He has a florid complexion, sandy hair, and blue eyes. Mr. **Coan** is a good talker and is full of wit and humor.

"My ancestry on my father's side is Scotch-Irish, immigrants to South Carolina from Belfast, Ireland. My grandfather, William **Coan**, married Elizabeth Otts. My father, James E. **Coan**, married Harriet Zimmerman. The Zimmermans were Dutch or Germans of Orangeburg, South Carolina.

"My father owned a plantation at Center Point, Spartanburg District, before the Civil War. Its name has been changed to Moore's Station. I was born near this station the 19th day of September, 1865. This home of father's was not far from Reidville Female College. This college had a primary department for the children in the community, and here is where I first went to school. I began in the blue-backed speller, and while I've forgotten the authors of all other text books, I remember the author of this one and how it was arranged. Noah Webster was the author of this great old book. The alphabet came first; then columns of ba, be, bi, bo, bu, going through consonants coupled with the vowels, a, e, i, o, u. At the back of the book were pictures and reading matter setting fortl fables. I recollect the names of some of those, 'The Country Maid and Her Milk Pail,' 'The Two Dogs,' 'The Partial Judge,' 'The Fox and the Bramble,' and 'The Bear and the Two Friends.'

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The one about 'The Partial Judge' might interest you. A farmer came to a lawyer who had an adjoining farm in the country, not a far way from town, and expressed great concern for an accident which had just happened, by saying, 'One of your oxen has been gored to death by my bull, and I should like to know how I am to make a proper compensation for the injury?' 'You are an honest fellow,' replied the lawyer, 'and will not think it unjust tha I expect you to give me one of your oxen in return.' 'It is no more than justice.' quoth the farmer. 'But I made a mistake, it was your bull that gored one of my oxen to death.' 'Indeed,' said the lawyer, 'that alters the case. I must enquire into the case, and if----.' 'An if,' said the farmer, 'you were as prompt to do justice to others as you are to exact it from them, the case could be settled here and now, but with you it depends upon whose ox is gored.'

"Our hours in school were from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., with an intermission of two hours for dinner. For recreation, we played games, such as town ball, base, and fox.

"We had a spelling class every evening. Boys and girls, without regard to sex or age, were lined up in the schoolroom. The words were taken by the teacher from the blue-booked speller. The first word was given to the child at the head of the column. If spelled correctly, the next word was given to the second in line and thus the lesson went on down the line. When the pupil misspelled the word given, it was passed to the pupil next in line Should he or she misspell the word, it was passed on until correctly spelled by some other pupil, who 'trapped' up to a place in the line above the pupil that first missed it. A pupil who stood head one day, went to the foot the next day. At the end of the session, the pupil standing head the greatest number of times got a prize and was declared to be the best speller in school. I remember one occasion when I went from foot to head on the word 'soire.'

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"My next teacher was Professor R. O. Sams, and the last teacher was Professor William B. Morrison, who wound up his career at Clemson College. Professor Morrison was a fine teacher, especially in history and mathematics. When he was teaching at Welford, Spartanburg County, we had to declaim and write compositions alternating with declamations.

"Some of these declamations often run through my head after a lapse of fifty years: Longfellows Psalm of Life'

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

"Tennyson's Crossing The Bar:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

"Gray's Elegy:

The boast of heraldry the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"There was a girl in the Welford school that could recite the whole of Poe's Raven, word for word, and bring tears to your eyes.

"My father ran a store and farmed near Welford. I assisted both on the farm, and in the store. When I quit school, I went as a clerk in the mercantile part of my father's business, a part of which was buying cotton from neighbors

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who ran an account at our store during the year. I become interested in cotton, as a buyer of the baled staple. I went over to Gaffney and learned how to grade cotton under Carroll & Stacey, who had the McFaddon Agency then. Having learned something about the subject, I came to Winnsboro on October 8, 1888, and bought cotton in the surrounding territory, which included Blackstock, Woodward, White Oak, Simpson, and Ridgeway.

"There was strong competition in the cotton-buying business in those days. We bought a hundred points off the New York market. Now we buy on the flat New York quotation. I was still buying for the McFadden Agency through Walker, Flemming & Sloan of Spartanburg, successors to Carroll & Stacey of Gaffney. 'Middling white' was the basis in grading at that time. Manner of preparation and presence of trash also entered into the classification. Above 'middling white' were the grades 'strict middling,' 'good middling,' 'strict good middling' and 'middling fair and fancy.'

"The lower grades 'strict low middling,' 'low middling,' 'strict good ordinary,' 'ordinary,' 'tingers' and 'stains.'

"I next did business buying cotton for Heath Springs & Company, of Lancaster, South Carolina. Afterwards I bought for M. C. Heath of Columbia, South Carolina, and then on my own responsibility at Winnsboro.

"It takes a man of strong nerve, great physical endurance, and well poised mind to stay long in this kind of business. For instance, you may have a thousand bales of cotton on six different platforms in Fairfield County. A change of one cent in the market amounts to $5.00 a bale. I have been richer or poorer by $2,500.00 many a day, and legitimate business at that, I assure you. It drives some to drink, a few to bankruptcy, many to the asylum, and a few to the penitentiary.

"If Mr. Roosevelt does nothing else in his administration, he deserves a

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moment as high as the Empire State Building for his reform of the New York Cotton Exchange.

"My brothers and sisters? Well, I had six sisters and one brother, but the only ones living are Mrs. [?]. J. Nesbit and Mrs. W. G. Query, wife of the chairman of the State Tax Commission in Columbia, South Carolina.

"You ask about changes in fashions? Well, I think I'll let some lady tell you about the fashions. Maybe I could interest you more in the change of mind in respect to certain phrases of mental attitudes.

"From 1865 to 1895, the mental attitude of the white people of this State toward lynching was unmistakably for lynching a man, white or black, who raped a white woman of her virtue. I will relate an incident of which I was witness at the lynching. A white girl, an orphan, who was being cared for in the town of Spartanburg, received permission to spend the week end with her uncle. She left Spartanburg one afternoon to walk the distance. Night overtook her near Moore's station. She approached a farmer's home and

told the lady of her plight and begged to stay all night. She, a fine woman, readily agreed She gave the girl supper and breakfast. As she was about to leave the next morning, the lady offered to let her little boy go with her to the forks in the road and show her which fork to take, a shorter way by a path through the woods. The husband of the lady volunteered to do this mission, saying that he was going that direction to where his hands were ploughing a field. The man and the girl sat out together. When they reached the woods, he pointed out the path, which they took. In the densest part of the woods, he made an attack on her, and she fought him like a tigress, to protect her honor. He accomplished his base purpose and then, fearing exposure, killed her, hiding her body in the thick undergrowth.

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"Days passed. A Negro, seeing turkey buzzards flying over the spot in great numbers, went to investigate and found the decomposed body. The whole community arose up to avenge her death, an outrage. The sheriff acted quickly. He arrested the man and placed him in the Spartanburg jail. The mob formed. The sheriff hearing of its coming, formed a plan to take the prisoner to the South Carolina penitentiary, by way of Charlotte, on the passenger train of the Southern Railway. His plan was to rush the prisoner to a culvert under the railroad out of town, hold him there and flag the train down on its approach, take him to Charlotte and thence to the penitentiary in Columbia. The sheriff telegraphed his plans to the Governor and asked that His Excellency call out the Morgan Rifles to protect the jail.

"The mob, composed of 400 citizens, had some astute men in it. Spies were sent out to watch and report the sheriff's movements and designs. From their reports, the mob of 40(didn't stop at the jail but proceeded on horseback up the railroad to the culvert spot where the prisoner was hidden. Arriving, the mob demanded him of the sheriff. A detachment o soldiers with fixed bayonets stood guard before the culvert.

"A parley took place between the sheriff and the mob. The sheriff said he would resist force with force. The leader of the mob then gave the order. 'Every fourth man hold four horses. The others fall in line, four abreast *{Begin inserted text}{Begin handwritten}{En handwritten}{End inserted text}* behind me.' He then said: 'Sheriff, we all respect and like you. We know some of our four hundred will be killed, but, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, all of you will be killed, for we will get that d--n raper.' The sheriff gave way under protest. Four of the mob went into the culvert under the railroad and brought the prisoner out, still handcuffed. He begged to be allowed to see his wife and his Uncle Baxter before he died, so as to arrange his business affairs for his family's welfare. The request was granted.

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"The cavalcade came by home. My brother came in for a sandwich, and I joined the mob as a fourteen-year-old spectator. They rode on to the spot where the body of the girl was found, after permitting the private interview with his wife and uncle. They put a rope around his neck, stood him up on the seat of a buggy, drove to an overhanging limb of a forest tree, halted, adjusted the rope over the limb, and drove the horse and buggy from under his feet. Hands manacled behind his back, he wriggled awhile and died by strangulation.

"With a few attendants, his body was given burial in a cemetery near Welford. The girl is interred in the cemetery at Duncan, Spartanburg County. Over five hundred people attended her funeral, and, very likely, it was there and then that indignation reached the height wherein the purpose to lynch the fiend was formed. Of course, this rapist deserved a legal death, but not an illegal hanging. What caused it? Lack of reverence for law, arguments by attorneys in a plea of the so-called unwritten law in murder cases, where one man catches another man in a compromising position with his wife or close relative. Back of 1895, I have heard these pleas for lynching, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God,' and 'You can't indict a whole county nor a majority of a community when the vote of a whole people cry out for swift justice.' These ideas were elongated and strengthened when some of our governors publicly promulgated, 'To Hell with the constitution, when a Negro rapes a white woman. I am willing to head a mob to hang hin as high as Haman.'

"Strange to say, the lynching of the white man set the press to writing, the people to thinking, and the Constitutional Convention of 1896 to enacting a clause against lynching.

"While Congress may never enact its sectional lynching law proposal, it has produced discussion and will have a good moral effect in decreasing lynching of

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Negroes in the South. The effect and result of this bill in Congress is as salutary and educative as the failure of the Supreme Court bill and the Wages and Hours bill. Each bil failed in passage, but the objective seems practically accomplished.

"There is one other incident in my boyhood life in Spartanburg that I must relate in regard to my attitude of being opposed to conviction in a homicide case on purely

circumstantial evidence.

"In 1881, Pot Hawkins, a Negro, was killed outside of Byrd's Grocery store on Church Street. Byrd and the Negro were in a struggle in front of the store where Byrd had followed Hawkins. Thomas White, wearing a linen duster coat, a garment much worn in those days, came up in an intoxicated condition and interferred in the fight. Byrd shot the Negro and dropped the pistol in White's coat pocket. The police attracted by the shooting arrived immediately and found the Negro dead. Thomas White was still on the scene, with the pistol in his pocket, one empty shell recently fired and five loaded shells still in the chambers. White was arrested. Later he was tried, condemned, and hanged for murde of Pot Hawkins. Years afterward, on his deathbed, Byrd confessed all the circumstances of the fight, his ownership of the weapons, and his shooting the Negro. So you see now why I answer 'no' to the judge in court when he asks me if I believe in convicting a man on circumstantial evidence.

"In 1894, I married the youngest daughter of Dr. J. Riley McMaster of Winnsboro. Marian and I have been blessed with two children, both girls. The oldest, Harriet, is Mrs. Jno. W. Calvert of Abbeville, South Carolina, and the younger, Elizabeth, is Mrs. John H Cathcart of Gaffney, South Carolina.

"I served four successive terms as mayor of Winnsboro and one unexpired term. When I was first elected mayor, the town was lighted by kerosene lamps, and we were

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without waterworks and drainage. There was not a paved street in the town. Now all the streets are paved, thanks to W.P.A.'s aid. We have an up-to-date sewerage system, and the town is lighted by electricity.

"In the business of cotton buying, by contact with manufacturers, visiting mills, observation of relationship between employers and employees, I have reached certain conclusions on one of the main subjects agitating the world and our country today, that is the question of capital and labor. I believe that organized labor should be one of cooperation with the employer for their mutual benefit, increased benefits for all. The fight for unionization and collective bargaining is over, and the lingering spirit of combativeness should not be encouraged to survive.

"When asked for an increase of wage, the employer is most likely to say, in all sincerity, 'I can't afford it.' How much better it might be in most instances at juncture, were the union, instead of resorting to a strike to enforce the demand, to say, 'We think we can show you a way to save enough money to give us an increase.' This might be shown the employer in ways known to the union, such as reducing cost somewhere or preventing

waste in the process of producing the goods. An offer of something to the employer in exchange for what the employees want. If the union would adopt such pacific measures, it would result in a higher value of bargaining power.

"Unions should have a research committee; intelligent, fair-minded, conscientious, and not contentious. It could make a rough survey of the possibilities in a cooperative spirit with a committee appointed by the employer in the survey. Out of such arrangement, each side could see the other's point of view.

"Along about 1898 to 1906, the old time foreman of a cotton mill thought he had a right to hire and fire as he pleased, and that an operator had no rights except to work, whatever the conditions might be, and receive his pay. To

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question him why he fired a man seemed to him an inquisitorial offensive invasion of his rights, and high officers of many mills had the same opinions. Now, instead of this 'You do it because I say so' attitude, we have the new humanized foreman who says, 'This action of mine is what the facts call for.'

"The operators, by all means, should have a 'say so' in the standardization of the work. This brings about better understanding among the operators themselves, for it permits all of them to weigh their worth and suggest changes. And, when standards are set, being selfset and agreed upon, they will be followed more willingly. For what we have a part in, we not only understand, but feel we ought to stick to and carry out in good faith.

"It has been a pleasure to talk in this free way, I assure you. It has tired my body but refreshed my mind."

Manuscript 13

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*gin id number}*W11061*{End id number}{Begin page}{Begin handwritten}*Beliefs and Customs - Folkways*{End handwritten}*

Accession no.

W11061

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Title *{Begin handwritten}*Fairfield county Cynthia M. Coleman, Bridgeway, S. C.*{End handwritten}*

Place of origin *{Begin handwritten}*Winnsboro, S. C.*{End handwritten}* Date *{Begin handwritten}*6/28/38*{End handwritten}*

Project worker *{Begin handwritten}*W. W. Dixon*{End handwritten}*

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Remarks

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W. W. Dixon,

Winnsboro, S. C. *{Begin deleted text}*390574*{End deleted text}* FAIRFIELD COUNTY CYNTHIA M. COLEMAN

(white) RIDGEWAY, S. C. 91 YEARS

Mrs. Cynthia Miller Coleman lives with her daughter, Sarah Starnes, who is postmistress in the town of Ridgeway, S. C. She is, for one of her age, active, intelligent, and responsive to all inquiries about her life for the past eighty-five years.

"My father's people, the Millers, and my mother's people, the White's, were of Scotch-Irish descent. They came as settlers from Pennsylvania before the Revolutionary War. My father was Robert LeRoy Miller; my mother, Jane White Miller. In religion, my mother and father were strict-laced, blue-stockinged Presbyterians. I was born on their small plantation on Rocky Creek, Chester County, January 17, 1847.

"I learned to spell and read at home out of the blue-backed speller. It was a great text book for beginners. The first school I attended with other pupils was in 1855. Our teacher was a kind man, Mr. John Chisolm. The schoolhouse was the old Covenanter brick church. We had a long school day. We commenced early in the morning and ended just before sundown. We had an hour's intermission for dinner and recreation. The boys played town ball and shot marbles, and the few girls in the school looked on, enjoyed, and applauded the fine ays. Every Friday we had compositions and declamations from the pupils.

Social amusements in the community consisted of pound parties at some neighbor's home during the winter nights, usually on Friday night.

*{Begin page no. 2}*The music was made by a Negro fiddler, Tom Archer. We danced the cotillion, the Virginia reel, and steal partners.

Our community would not tolerate waltzes and round [illegible]

"I remember the hoop skirt, I wore one. I put it on over my head, tied it behind, then put on my corset above this and laced it tight. My outside skirt came over the wire hoop and my bodice came down over the corset and fastened with a collar about my neck.

"Horseback riding was a great diversion for the girls of our day. We had long riding skirts and sidesaddles; also a hitching post and a get lock at the front gate to assist us in mounting on the horse.

"On the first Saturday in May, there was an annual picnic at Catawba Falls, now called Great Falls. The Catawba River at this point was full of shad every year at this time. After enjoying the picnic dinner and the day, we would return home with the back of the buggy or wagon body full of shad, which lasted the family and all the Negroes on the plantation through Sunday.

"My parents were not rich planters and slave owners. We only had six hundred acres of land and about thirty slaves. I don't remember ever seeing one of the slaves whipped. My mother taught them the Presbyterian catechism, which was printed especially for slaves. They were distributed among slave owners in 1840, my mother told me.

"In 1870 I married Walter Francis Marion Coleman, a boy in the neighborhood that I grew up with and loved all my life. The greatest grief of my life was when old A. S. Wallace, scalawag Congressman, sent troops to the neighborhood to catch him for being a Ku Klux, but he evaded them by escaping to Texas for a time. When he returned, we moved out to *{Begin page no. 3}*Blackstock and lived there until my husband's death.

"Just before the coming of baseball, the annual event at Blackstock was the horseback tournament, with lances, and the crowning of a Queen of Love and Beauty and her two maids of honor. There were three posts erected on a field in a straight line and from there posts were suspended rings on a cross piece. Each rider was costumed as some knight. At a fast gallop they would successively race down the field and strive to gain each ring suspended. Each knight made the attempt three times. The maximum of rings caught on his lance could be nine rings. The one taking the greatest number of rings would have the honor and right to name and crown the Queen of Love and Beauty of the tournament. As each knight would take his place at the standing point, the announcer would proclaim the name of the rider. I remember some of the representations: Knight of Avenel, James Fitz James, Knight of Snowden, Knight of the Leopard, and Knight of Ravenswood. The others I can't recall. It was an exciting, thrilling scene of color, and the plaudit of the populace was deafening if the ring was successively taken by the knight and ran down his lance. I remember Mary Wylie was crowned at one time, Lydia Mobley at another, and my husband's sister, Minnie Coleman once.

"In the little village of Blackstock, at that time about one hundred inhabitants, there were six barrooms, one church, and two policemen. Everybody was poor, everybody had credit, everybody played cards, (I mean the men), and everybody was happy.

"Matches were a luxury. Fire was covered with ashes over night to save one match. The price of them was twenty-five cents per hundred. Soap was made of ashes and hog grease.

{Begin page no. 4}"I have been the mother of eleven children, six of whom are living; the grandmother of twelve children, all living; and the great-grandmother of four children, all living. The Yankees didn't reach us in the route through this part of the State.

"One of my grandsons is a graduate of West Point Military Academy. He is a captain in the cavalry stationed at Fort Oglethorpe. His name is Capt. Logan Carroll Berry. He is a son of my daughter, Julia, with whom you danced fifty years ago. She is out on the porch now waiting to speak to you."

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W. W. Dixon

Winnsboro, S. C. MRS. JENNIE ISABEL COLEMAN

(White) 81 YEARS OLD

Mrs. Jennie Coleman is a widow of high social connection, and has many relatives and friends throughout the country of Fairfield. She is an authority on the history of that section known as Feasterville. At the present time, she is residing with her sister, Mrs. Mary C. [?], who lives on the west side of State Highway #215, near the intersection with the side road leading to Shelton, S. C.

"Our neighborhood has always had something peculiar or distinctive about it - a little different from the other portions of Fairfield County. The early settlers were Feasters and Colemans. These two families have made this section noted for its conservation and for its responsiveness to any progressive movement tending to civic betterment and commendable reform.

"The Feasters are of Swiss origin, from the [?] of [?]. The name was originally 'Pfeisters' but changed to 'Feaster' in the early days of the Colony. The family came to the Colony of South Carolina from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. I have seen and inspected the grants at land to Andrew Feaster among the records in the office of the Secretary of State, Columbia, S. C.

"The Colemans came from Wales to America; first to Virginia, then to Halifax County, N. C., and, finally, to South Carolina, purchasing lands in this section. The first Coleman was David Roe Coleman, a remarkable man in the early times of the settlement. He was a surveyor, a humane slave owner, a useful citizen, and a good neighbor. Old Ben Tillman once said in a Charleston speech, 'I am God *(Begin page no. 2)*Almighty's gentleman.' The silk hat, silk glove crowd was generally shocked, and they hold up their hands in horror as if the utterance was profane and sacrilegious. It is, really, a quotation taken from John [?], and I think I can use it of this old ancestor, "He was one of God Almighty's gentlemen.'

married my cousin, Edward W. Coleman, a widower with two boys, David Roe and John Marsh Coleman. We had one child, a boy, John Albert Feaster Coleman, named for his grandfather. He took pneumonia and died in his sixteenth year. My husband died in 1918.

"My grandmother was Chaney Feaster, born in 1800, and died in 1878. She married Grandfather Henry Alexander Coleman in 1822. My father was the son of this couple. He was born June 9, 1828, and died April 30, 1898. The Fairfield News and Herald said this on his death: 'Mr. John A. F. Coleman, one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Feasterville, is dead. He was a Confederate soldier and a good citizen. He was captain in the 17th Regiment. He entered the army as a private in 1861, served with honor throughout the war, and sheathed his sword a captain with Lee at Appomattox.' He and my mother, Juliana Stevenson, were married October 13, 1853. There were twelve children, including me.

"You ask what are the characteristics that make them a 'peculiar people'? These were more marked in the first seventy-five years of the nineteenth century than at the present time. 1. The love of [?]. 2. Intermarriages. 3. Fostering of local schools and converging in the thought of the whole neighborhood to the advantage to be had in a central school, 'The Boarding House', as it was called from its foundation to the present time. 4. Humane treatment of their slaves. 5. Making the most of their fertilizers in the nature of compost. This compost had many ingredients. Leaves, pine needles, rich earth from the forests, stable manure, rakings from the cow lot, woods ashes, and raw cottonseed were the things *(Begin page no. 3)*that formed the principal component parts of the compost. Sometimes lime was added to the mixture.

"At our home there was never an idle day for master or slaves. Fences had to be looked after; gullies filled and erosion arrested; the winter wood (fuel) must be chopped in the forests and stacked; and all idle hours were devoted to the assembling of material for compost making. This seemed to be the custom of the sections. The people also began breeding their own horses and mules, instead of buying them from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri.

"They rarely bought a Negro, and never sold one. A slave had some rights that were respected. Ample food, sufficient clothing, and a log house, which he could arrange with mortar to suit his comfort, was furnished. Punishment was sure but mild in cases of disobedience, id was severe in instances of flagrant crime. Six landowners had the power to try, condemn, sentence, and hang a slave. This power was sometimes exercised.

The last distinctive characteristic of the people I wish to call your attention to is the religion they established here - Universalists. The deed of a gift of lands to the Universalist Church, Feasterville Academy, and Boarding House was made by John Feaster in 1832. He appointed his three sons, Andrew, Jacob, and John, trustees of the property, with power to name their successors. It has been a continuing

body to hold the property in trust for the purpose of promoting religion and education until the present time. I will say just a few words about our Universalist faith and doctrine: We believe that Christ lived and died, not to save a select few, but for the saving/ *{Begin inserted text}*of*{End inserted text}* all mankind. As in Adam, all men died; so, in Christ, all men will live again. It is not what a man's creed is, but what his life is that counts with God. There is salvation in all churches; still, let not dry rot overcome the creed. Every man who lives for the *{Begin page no. 4}*progression of the ideal in his age, as my father did, will never die, and every good woman like my mother will some sweet day 'sit in the tresses of the snow white rose of paradise'.

...s the French say, 'Let us search for the woman in the case.' We have found one who is entitled to distinctive honors, along with John Feaster, in founding 'The Boarding House.' She, Catharine Stratton, was born in Virginia in the year 1810. She married a portrait painter, George Washington Ladd, and came with him to South Carolina. She was gifted teacher and a writer of poetry and plays.

"On one occasion, while Mr. Ladd was at the easel painting a portrait of Mr. Feaster, Mrs. Ladd, remarked: 'Mr. Feaster, why don't you build a school in this populous community for your relatives and friends?' His reply was a question, 'If I build the schoolhouse, will you teach the school?' She assented.

"From that hour, this dear woman devoted her life to school teaching, and no name among woman is more honored or loved to this day in Fairfield than that of Miss Kate Ladd. After the Civil War, the building was used as a family residence. But after the redemption of the State from carpetbag government by the Hampton and Red Shirt movement, it was used for years as a neighborhood school.

"The people of our section, yielding to the idea of consolidation at schools, combined their school with another and formed the Monticello High School at Salem Crossroads. The question now arose as to what could be done with 'The Boarding House.' We raised a sufficient amount of money and sponsored a W.P.A. project; whereby, the building was remodeled, covered and painted. The interior now consists of three rooms and a large clubroom on the first floor. A staircase leads to the upper story where a large dance hall or ballroom is furnished. The original brass knobs remain on the lovely paneled doors. The four carved mantels and the *{Begin page no. 5}*fan-shaped arch over the front entrance remain as John Feaster first had them placed. From an authenticated genealogy of the family, the descendants of the founder, John Feaster, now number 1,178 persons. Many begin to make 'The Boarding House' a shrine of interest and pilgrimage. Luckily the old building has not been allowed to rot and moulder away. It is still an object of beauty in the community's landscape, a center of recreation and enjoyment, still possessing some semblance of the founder's ideas of usefulness and culture to the community.

"My schooling and education was begun at 'The Boarding House' school during the war. My first years were 1863, '64 '65. After that year there were no schools in the community, but instruction by governesses went on in the homes. Later, I went to Miss Nannie Keller and ...ished school at the Feasterville Academy, then taught by Professor Busbee.

...o I remember anything about the military government in this section prior to Reconstruction? Yes, I had a cousin, Biggers Mobley, who, just after the war, went to his cottonfield and reproved Negress for the way she was working. Enraged, she cut him several times with a hoe, leaving scars to the day of his death. Biggers pulled his pistol and shot her, but the wound was trivial, according to the attending physician, Dr. J. W. Babcock. Bigger was arrested, and, as we were under military District No, 2, he was taken to Charleston where Negro jailers treated many of our best people worse than beasts. When the tub of corn meal mush was brought around, those confined had to extent their palms, into which the mush was ladled. This was the only food they were given. His wife went to Charleston and had a hard time gaining access to the jail to administer food and comforts to her husband. The filthy prison told on his health, and, when he was finally liberated, he did not live long as result of ill treatment.

{Begin page no. 6}"Our section was a long distance from a railroad; in fact, the extreme northern portion was called 'the dark corner.' Strange men would come in Ku Klux times, find a safe retreat, accept hospitality for awhile, and then leave. The women and older children would surmise that these men were Ku Klux members in hiding, and our romantic fancies would surmise their deeds, hair-breath escapes, and romances. But we really never learned anything - so reticent were our parents and elders on the subject.

"Our section yielded to none in its ardent support of the Red Shirt movement that elected Wade Hampton governor. The hate of oppression and the love of independence united these people to throw off the yoke of carpetbag government. The casuist may see a crime in the acts of fraud at the Feasterville box in 1876, but our people realized that a condition, not a theory, confronted them. Half our votes had been left on the battlefields of our country, we were already the political serfs of our former slaves. And if things kept on as they were, we would become their industrial servants also. We feared that the scum of the North's disbanded army, not content with political supremacy and ownership of lands and property, would come down South and demand social equality, and that the South, held down by Federal bayonets, would have to submit and live among its horrors or seek asylums and homes in other parts of the world.

"The victory won, our section resumed its ordinary pursuits of country life, formed a grange, discussed agricultural problems, and were content to leave the honors and offices to other sections. They remained quiet until 1883 and 1884, when the greenback question excited ...e Nation. We were derided as 'greenbacks.' Captain D. R. Feaster was our speaker and public writer. He said: 'The jugglers of high ...nance try to show a distinction between the government's promise to pay in specie and a simple promise to pay. It is a distinction without *{Begin page no. 7}*a difference. A silver or gold certificate and simple promise to pay, each depends upon the perpetuity of the ...overnment. If the government ceases to be a Nation, it can no more pay its silver and gold certificates than it can meet its simple promissory note'."

28

{End body of document}

Manuscript 15

{Begin front matter}
*{Begin page}*Narrator *{Begin handwritten}*Caldwell, James*{End handwritten}* Age *{Begin handwritten}*71*{End handwritten}*

A.S. # *{Begin handwritten}*None*{End handwritten}* City-State *{Begin handwritten}*Newberry, S.C.*{End handwritten}*

Ex-Slave: Yes [No?] Where *{Begin handwritten}*–*{End handwritten}*

Interviewer *{Begin handwritten}*G.L. Summer Race B [W?]?*{End handwritten}*

Narrative Title *{Begin handwritten}*[Customs and Tradition]*{End handwritten}*

Index Subject *{Begin handwritten}*Work, CRAFTS*{End handwritten}*

No. of Mss. *{Begin handwritten}*1*{End handwritten}* Mss. Dates *{Begin handwritten}*6/18/37, 6/25/37*{End handwritten}*

No. of Versions *{Begin handwritten}*1*{End handwritten}* R.B. Vol. # *{Begin handwritten}*None*{End handwritten}* Photo: Yes [No?]

{End front matter}
{Begin body of document}
*{Begin page}*Project 1885-1

FOLKLORE

Spartanburg Dist. 4

June 25, 1937 *{Begin id number}*390151*{End id number}*

ted by:

Elmer Turnage

CUSTOMS and TRADITIONS

"Tan yard Hill" was about two miles/ *{Begin inserted text}*north*{End inserted text}* of Newberry Courthouse. It was here that a public tan yard was operated for many years before and after the Civil War. It was owned and operated by some hardware dealers.

Cotton pickings were held on farms near town. The cotton was picked by hand from the seed. When they were held by young people, a frolic followed the big supper that was given them. The older people participated only in the supper given by the host. Log-rollings, corn-shuckings, house-raisings, hand carding and spinning yarns, and quiltings were given. When a person wanted his house raised off the ground or moved, the neighbors would help. The folks knitted their own socks, gloves, table cloths etc. at home, with two small slender sticks.

The caprous pants were dyed purple out of a home-made dye which if gotten wet or perspired on would "run". Once a young man put on a pair, and when he perspired the color faded and dyed his skin. He thought he was in the [thoroes?] of death, so he ran home very frightened and said he thought he was mortifying.

The chimneys were often made ten feet wide and out of wood which was mortared thickly with a kind of mud to keep it from catching fire. Skillets and other cooking utensils were placed inside for cooking, and some distance above these were hooks for hanging quarters of beef so they would dry throughly during the winter. Whole pieces of six-foot logs were placed in the fireplace.

Source: James Caldwell (71), Newberry, S.C. RFD Interviewer: G.L. Summer, Newber [???]

{End body of document}

over the bed to keep the snow from coming right in on us. Why, next morning there was [illegible]
People need plenty of air, you know, and I guess open houses like that is the best after all. I guess that is the reason I stayed so healthy.

All my children was born in Tennessee 'cept the two last 'uns. Now Virgie was born in Virginia and Susie Belle was born here. All the kids went to school a little but not enough to 'mount to nothing much. After Marthy got married she moved to Ohio. I didn't see her no more fer a long time. It was during the time the "flu" was so bad that we went to see her. You 'member when that was. Me and the old man and all the ten kids started out to Ohio to see Marthy. We jest had 'bout enough money to make the trip on, fer we never did make enough on the farm to save anything. We stopped in Exer, Va., and seed some people we had know'd in Tennessee. Exer is a little mining town between Keokee and Appalachia. These people that we know'd tried to get us to stay there and get a job in the mines. We told 'em that we'd come back if we didn't stay in Ohio.

{Begin page no. 7}"All the kids took down with the flu right after we got to Marthy's house. We had to put up four beds, and then some had to lay across the head and some across the foot of the bed. I thought it was cold in Tennessee, but that warn't nothing to what it was in Ohio. The wind blow'd so hard that you could throw your hat ag inst the side of the house and it would hold it there all day. I guess we could have got a job there, but we didn't like it good enough to *{Begin deleted text}*stay*{End deleted text}*. I didn't like the doctor that waited on the kids a-tall. He allus had a handkerchief tied over his face when he come in, and he'd come in a-cussing and go out a-cussing. Jim, that's Marthy's old man, he said not to pay no 'tention to that, fer that was jest the way folks up there was 'customed to. Anyway, we decided we'd better go back to Virginia to live where people was more like us.

"After the kids got well, we scraped around and got enough money to go back to Exer. The old man and the boys didn't have a bit of trouble in finding a job, and they made good money, too. They made 'bout six dollars a day most of the time. The old man and two of the boys worked, the rest of 'em wasn't old enough to work in the mines. We stayed there 'bout a year and saved up some money, but the work was so dangerous we was afraid to stay any longer. Why, people jest got killed all the time. Every time anybody heard a message that somebody was killed, all the women and everybody went down to the mines to see if it was any of theirs.

"I made out at first that I wasn't afraid fer 'em to work in the mines, but I decided that it was better to know your folks was safe than to make good money. One time, five got killed and their heads was mashed so flat you couldn't tell who they was. They had to stuff cotton in 'em so they would look like somebody. The mines have walls, jest like the walls in a room, and sometimes a wall caves in and mashed the men to death. Marvelee's job in the mines was to 'tend to the trap door. It sho' was a dangerous job. He had to jump back in the ribs as soon as he opened the door, 'er a car would crush him to pieces.

{Begin page no. 8}"If we hadn't found out 'bout the cotton mills, I guess we'd still be in Virginia, less'n we'd been killed 'er something. A man come through there one time and had a letter from the super' at Spartan Mills. He showed us the letter and said that we could get a job in Spartanburg if we wanted to. The old man and Charlie come first and worked at Spartan Mills about two months before they sont for us. We'd saved up a shoe box full of money, so we had plenty to make the trip on. Charlie and his daddy made 'bout two dollars a piece fer a day's work. The old man didn't live long after we moved here; don't know how many years he's been dead, but it could be counted up.

"Fer a long time I had three boys, and sometimes four, working in the mill. They made about two dollars a day; that must have in 1926. Well, no matter how many worked, we allus jest barely had enough to get along on. Up to 1925 they allus draw'd a little money every pay day, but after that it was all took up in the store. It went on that way fer a long time, and we didn't see no money a-tall. By the time Doll and Walt got big enough to work, the others had married off, and they never was able to help me no more.

"Doll and Walt has been working at Whitney Mills 'bout six 'er seven years. They make twelve dollars a week a piece, and we manage to keep things going on that. "Course they do take up lots in the store, but it ain't like it used to be when a-body couldn't see no money a-tall. I need some shoes now, and ain't got enough money to get 'em. I was getting five dollars a month from the old age pension, but some tattlers went up there and got that stopped."

{End body of document}

Manuscript 16

{Begin front matter}
*{Begin id number}*W11056*{End id number}{Begin page}{Begin handwritten}*Beliefs and Customs - Life Histories*{End handwritten}*

Accession no.

W11056

Date received *{Begin handwritten}*10/10/40*{End handwritten}*

Consignment no. *{Begin handwritten}*1*{End handwritten}*

Shipped from *{Begin handwritten}*Wash. Office*{End handwritten}*

Label

Amount *{Begin handwritten}*6p.*{End handwritten}*

WPA L. C. PROJECT *{Begin handwritten}*Writers'*{End handwritten}* UNIT

Form[md]3 *{Begin handwritten}*Folklore*{End handwritten}* Collection (or Type)

Title *{Begin handwritten}*Elizabeth Vanderville Darby*{End handwritten} {Begin handwritten}*(white) 84 years old.*{End handwritten}*

Place of origin *{Begin handwritten}*Winnsboro, S. C.*{End handwritten}* Date *{Begin handwritten}*6/28/88*{End handwritten}*

Project worker *{Begin handwritten}*W. W. Dixon*{End handwritten}*

oject editor

Remarks *{Begin handwritten}*South Carolina*{End handwritten}*

{End front matter}
{Begin body of document}
*{Begin page}*Project #1655

W. W. Dixon,

Winnsboro, S. C. *{Begin handwritten}*[?]/25/[?] trans*{End handwritten} {Begin deleted text}*390569*{End deleted text}* ELIZABETH VANDERVILLE DARBY

(white) 84 YEARS OLD.

Elizabeth V. Darby lives with her half sister, Mrs. Edward D. Sloan, and her niece, Margaret Sloan, on the southwest corner of Vanderhorst and Moultrie Streets, in the town of Winnsboro, Fairfield County, South Carolina. She in vivacious, intelligent, a good talker, and an attentive listener. She is one of the interesting personalities of Winnsboro.

"It is quite a pleasure to see you again. I have been longing to see you and ask you about the particulars of the death of my friend, Bill Ellison. His death was so sudden. He was on the streets Saturday, cheerful and full of life, and early Sunday morning the news came that the silent angel of death had visited him and taken him away in a moment. And here I am old enough to be his mother and still living.

"How old am I? If I live to see the 24th of next September, I will be eighty-four years old. I was born fourteen miles from Wilmington, N. C., at Long Creek, a small post office place in New Hanover County, but the county has been changed to Pender County since then.

My father was a physician and surgeon, Dr. S. S. Satchell; my mother, Elizabeth Vanderville Satchell, died when I was three years old. I was the only child by mother. When she died, father married Anne Moore. There were four children by this union, James, S. S., Jr., Paul, and Margaret. Margaret is the present Mrs. Sloan, with whom I make my home. Again my father was bereft of his wife, and he embarked in the last matrimonial adventure. This time he was joined in wedlock to Sarah Bell. He had one child by this *{Begin page no. 2}*marriage, Quincy Bell Satchell.

"My father was indulgent toward me as a child. I commenced to learn my [illegible]
Carolina when I was a child; so, with the best of intentions, my father sent the necessary money to D. Appleton & Company, publisher and they sent him the blue-backed speller. He began teaching me the alphabet. The book ceased to be interesting to me, a child, after I had absorbed all the tales of the pictures in the front and back; pictures of the bear, the fox, the boy in the apple tree, and the vain girl, with the pail of milk on her head, going to market. In fact so tedious and tiresome became the ba (bay), bi (by), be (bee), and bo (bow), that one day father rode off to see a patient in the midst of a lesson, and I crept out to the well in the yard and threw the Yankee -book (as I called it) to the bottom of the well.

"Father gave up the task of teaching me and sent me to a private school, taught by a Mr. Richardson in Wilmington, N. C. Here I found the blue-backed speller again and went through it with just appreciation, as the dunce cap hung on a nail back of the teacher's chair and three hickory switches stood admonitory in the corner of the schoolroom, evident signs of compulsory education in that day and time.

"In my ninth year I was sent to the Moravian School, and it's a God's blessing I was. The school was in charge of a Mr. de Schweinitz. The teachers were kind in disposition, conscientious and thorough in their training, and the knowledge and wisdom I acquired there have been useful all my life. I remained at school until the end of the war.

"Anent that war, my father enlisted in the regular troops but was soon detached and placed in charge of one of the base hospitals as physician and surgeon. He was under General Ransome, brother to 'Mat' Ransome, who *{Begin page no. 3}*became U. S. Senator after the war, that is when he first enlisted. The general's name was Robert Ransome.

"On the day the Yankees entered the town, the school bell was tolled for assemblage of the pupils in the chapel. We were, as a body, cautioned that our welfare and treatment by them would depend much on our decorum of respect and politeness toward them. The first one who appeared was on horseback. He was alone; I remember his frying pan and cooking utensils were arranged about his saddle. Then two came and inquired about the location of the post office and disappeared.

"The next day many strolled and lolled about the school yard and promenade grounds. In a bevy of girls there always is a pert one or two. Some remarks of an ill nature passed between the girls and a young officer with more bravado than brains, perhaps, and he secured a U. S. flag and put it flying above the school building. The girls wanted it torn down, but Moravians are the kind of Christians who, in their meekness, submit to persecution. The flag remained flying until the Yankees departed.

"Our school ran out of tea, coffee, and sugar. The substitutes used were red sassafras roots for tea, which we liked; ground okra seed and ground parched corn for coffee, and molasses took the place of sugar.

ne Yankees did no burning or damage to property that I remember. In fact there was a good number of people in the locality who did .ot believe in secession and a few who thought slavery should be abolished.

"The next school I attended, for three years, was the convent school in Wilmington, N. C. Leaving here, I went to my mother's people, the Vandervilles, in New Jersey. They secured me a position to teach in the public school at Summerville, N. J. The school hours were from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. with an hour's intermission for recess and dinner. I remained here until the *{Begin page no. 4}*death of my father's second wife; then he had me to return home, keep house, and govern the four children, my younger brothers and sister.

"When my father married the third time, I went back to New Jersey and was governess in a home of four children until I married a prosperous young lawyer, Frank Darby. We were married nine years, but had no children. His mother got the bulk of his property. I consented to receive as my share, $3,700.00.

"Soon afterward, I secured a position as bookkeeper and cashier of Gailord & Co., in Wilmington, N. C. I studied stenography during my idle hours, and became the stenographer of Governor Russell of North Carolina in 1897. He was a Republican but a fine, nice gentleman. Afterward, I worked under my brother, Paul, in Washington in the employ of the [Sou. Ry.?] [Co.?] Next, I worked for my brother, S. S. Satchell, Jr., in Philadelphia, until General Otis went to the Phillipine Islands and the company sent my brother there. Following this, I lost all I had saved in a Building and Loan Association while acting as bookkeeper for a real estate and insurance operator, J. O. Reiley, in Wilmington, N. C.

"I next became housekeeper for Father J. A. Gallagher, a Roman Catholic priest, and remained in his household thirteen years, at Newbern, N. C. Then I came to Winnsboro in 1924 to my sister, Mrs. E. D. Sloan, and have resided with her family ever since.

"My brothers S. S., Jr., left the railway employment and obtained Government service in the Phillipines, and he was afterward on the Pacific coast in the service. He helped me until he died in the Presidio Hospital, out in California.

"On my mother's side I am descended from the first white child born in New Amsterdam. He was a de Rapalje child, and his father a de apalje built *{Begin page no. 5}*the first house on Staten Island. When the English took charge of New Amsterdam, they changed the ame to New York. You see that still leaves me a knickerbocker.

"Yes, I remember the firing on Fort Sumter, near Charleston, I was in my seventh year. General Beauregard had twice made a demand for its surrender, and the third time he told them that the 12th day of April would be the last day of grace. Everybody was solemn on that day, something like the expectancy of an impending total eclipse of sun, which I witnessed afterward in the late 90's. There was no

playing on that day, but there was sad, anxious faces [illegible]
declared. My father went out in Capt. Clingham's company, but he was soon transferred into the hospital service. He didn't face any bullets afterward, but he had to meet smallpox and diseases which carried away as many soldiers as grape shot.

"As the war went along, the matter of women and girls' dresses received much attention. There was no new cloth available. Old dresses were changed, sometimes turned wrong side out or remodeled. Grown folks' clothes were re-cut and fashioned into girl's dresses, dyed, retrimmed. The girls wanted to look fresh when the boys came home on furlough. Dyes and dye-stuff was a problem. Madder, eras, barks, and roots were used to produce various shades of coloring. Designs were nearly impossible; stripes predominated. Economy had to be observed and considered. Well, the styles then were long dresses with trails. You must know that in those days it was the height of immodesty for a woman's ankle to be seen by a man; and a man never knew the color of his sweetheart's stockings until the night they got married. Dresses, before the war, required fourteen yards in the making. Women in those times wore shawls, each had an ambition to own and wear a cashmere shawl. They were *{Begin page no. 6}*lovely things, costly in material and beautiful in delicate embroideries. One of the everlasting griefs to the womanhood of the South was the searching for and taking away of these shawls when the Yankees made their other depredations in their march through the Confederacy.

"I am an old woman now. I have played in the sunshine, walked underneath clouds, and trudged in the rains of troubles that seemed about to overwhelm me, but I have come out of it all, chastened and resigned to the will of our Heavenly Father.

"The first of next month I'll make my annual visit of three weeks to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Belmont, N. C. I shall be very glad to send you a postcard after my arrival, and it will please me to hear from you and my friends in Winnsboro occasionally while there."

{End body of document}

Manuscript 17

Ernest B. Boney

American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940

Item 44 of 48

[The Experiences of a Farm Owner]

{ page image }

*{Begin handwritten}*No.1 (#2 copy missing)3 c*{End handwritten}*

Approximately 3,000 words SOUTH CAROLINA WRITERS' PROJECT

LIFE HISTORY

TITLE: THE EXPERIENCES OF A FARM OWNER

Date of First Writing December 22, 1938

Name of person Interviewed Ernest B. Boney (white)

Fictitious Name None Used.

Place Blythewood, S. C.

Occupation Farmer

Name of Writer John P. Farmer

Name of Reviser State Office

It was a beautiful sunshiny day when I called on Ernest Boney. His home, about one mile north of Blythewood, is on an unpaved road leaving U. S. highway #21 some three hundred yards above the Blythewood Consolidated School and following the Southern Railway Tracks for nearly a half mile.

The driveway leading from the road to the house passes between two great oaks, standing sentinel-like. The walk to the house is hedged with stones and with flowers of some sort that had been planted in the summer and died. The front yard has swept clean, and off to the side of the house stands two chinaberry trees, the largest I ever saw. *{Begin handwritten}*C. 10. S.C. Box, 2.*{End handwritten}*

Page 2 { page image }

The invitation to come in was immediate and cordial. The entire family was gathered around the comfortable fire in the living room. The room furnishings were in tasteful order. In position convenient to the fire, the pieces of a handsome living room suite had been arranged. In one corner stood a piano. Inquiries brought out the information that Mrs. Boney is a musician.

Mr. Boney and family at once fell in with the purpose of my visit. "The story of my life? Sure. Around here it's a tale well known, anyway."

"Yes, I was born here in Blythewood. My father was a Johnal Boney and my mother was Martha (Raines) Boney. Both of them were born and raised right here in the county. All this part of the county was in **Fairfield** at the time. The old home place is about two miles from Blythewood. When my mother and father died, the land was divided, and my older brother, Fletcher, lives there now.

"I was born August 2, 1890, the seventh of thirteen children, eleven boys and two girls, all of whom are still living, either here in Blythewood or in Richland County. I attended school in an old wooden building on the same spot the large brick school now stands. In those days we never had any grades higher than the seventh, so that was as far as I could go. After school we did what we could around home.

"After completing school, my father gave me a small tract of land and started me off farming for myself. As there was plenty of help in those days, none of us boys had to do much actual plowing or cotton picking. We had Negroes living on the place that were glad to get the work. All the profits of the land I farmed was given to me for my own.

"During my school days, I always had pigs that I raised, and usually I

Page 3 { page image }

raised two or three calves for beef. All these things were a source of profits and this was the way we got what little cash money we ever had.

"My youth was spent quite pleasantly. There was plenty of hunting. This part of the county had plenty of quail, and we had them on the table all during the bird season. All of my brothers hunted, as they still do, and there was always several good bird dogs at home. We would have rabbit hunts, as the country abounded with them. In addition to the rabbit hunts, all of the younger children would have rabbit boxes set all around the farms, and we would usually have a rabbit in them every time we went to them. If we could catch them young enough, we would try to tame them. The older ones were used for the

table, or sold. They would bring ten cents cash.

"The greatest sport we had was fox hunting. Everybody took part in this. I've seen the time when there was at least seventy-five fox hounds at my daddy's. During the winter season, several people that owned dogs would keep the pack together, and, as my daddy's place was centrally located, they would keep them there. We had a Negro that didn't do anything but take care of the dogs. He had to cook their food, and this was usually done in a big wash pot in the yard. I remember that the dogs were a constant source of argument between my mother and my older brothers, and daddy. They were always getting into things and disturbing my mother's chickens. There was no such thing as keeping a goat or any kind of a pet around the house while the dogs were there. They would chase them and, even in a spirit of play, were so rough that they would soon leave. We put up with them, though; people in those days thought as much of a good fox hound as they did a fine mule.

Page 4 { page image }

"I never will forget the incident that 'cleared up' the dog problem. My older brother, Durham, had a big flock of sheep he was raising for the market. He had gone to the trouble of fencing off a large tract of pasture land and they were kept there. He had spent quite a bit of money on these sheep and they were in fine shape for a nice profit. Well, the hounds got in the habit of coming back by this pasture from a hunt and terrifying the flock, usually killing one or two of them. Durham didn't have much to say. He would go and fix up the place where they got through the fence, and then the same thing would happen all over again. This happened several times. One morning he went to see about his sheep, and he found all the places that he had fixed broken down. The dogs had gotten into the pasture again and killed over a dozen sheep. Durham didn't say a word. Every time he had mentioned it before it was a source of fun for the rest of the family, as they had warned him he couldn't make anything off the sheep. He very quietly sold the rest of the flock, in addition to his saddle horse and everything else he had that was salable. He then packed his clothes and took them to Blythewood and came back home. He got his shotgun, went out in the backyard and started shooting dogs. He killed every dog he could see. He left home immediately and went to Atlanta, where he worked for over a year before coming back home. After things quieted down a bit, daddy and the rest of the boys cooled down some, but I sure hate to think what would have happened had they found Durham right after the 'dog killing.'

"There is still plenty of fox hunting around Blythewood. Some of the boys, including my brothers, still go every chance they get. I don't go anymore. I don't have any dogs, and I never did have the 'fever' like some

Page 5 { page image }

of them did.

"I do wish they could kill the foxes out around here. They are one of the causes of the bird shortage. They also eat lots of small chickens, and they've gotten so plentiful in the last few years that they are a great nuisance.

"When I was about sixteen years old, I started clerking in my brother's store on Saturday. It was Durham's store. He had Mr. Bill Phillips running the store for him. When Mr. Phillips died, I started working regularly there. Durham didn't know anything about the store, as he had been running the saw-mill and gin. I was the only one that knew anything about the stock and books. I still did my farming, using hired help. When I worked on Saturday in the store, I got seventy-five cents, and when I started running the store, I worked for fifty dollars a month, which in those days was 'big money.'

"Durham had a mighty good thing of it with the store. Times were good, and we sold everything imaginable. We would have to buy fertilizer and feed by the carload. We'd take cross ties and cotton in as payment on accounts, and we had to handle all that. Most of the folks in the Blythewood section bought everything they used right there in the store. You certainly got a varied experience in a general store like that. We would even have to sell shoes to women. Goodness knows how many bolts of cloth we sold for dresses and things like that. I worked for Durham until I married.

"I had been going with Miss Beulah Wooten ever since I was big enough to go with girls, and in April, 1914, we were married. Two of my older brothers, Durham and Brookes, had married Miss Beulah's sisters, Alice and Minnie. All three were the daughters of Judge John Wooten, who died in 1905. Miss Beulah and her mother had been living with Durham since right after Judge

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Wooten's death. Our families had been knowing each other long before either of us were born, and we all had gone to school together. Our courtship was lengthy, as all courtships were. We went together seven years before we married. We would go on straw rides at times. There was usually entertainments, such as box suppers and things like that at the Church or schools which we always attended. I had a horse and buggy, and we didn't have much trouble getting around. All in all, we had as much fun as anyone else.

"After we married, we bought this place. It belonged to the widow of Mr. Bill Phillips, and it consisted of sixty acres. The same house was here, along with a Negro tenant house. There was a barn and lot, a large corn crib, and good stables here at the time. We had to buy the place on credit, and we paid fifty dollars an acre for the place. It was a bargain at that, the land was in good shape. And that price included the house and all the buildings. We paid for the place in five years, right off the farm. I paid six hundred

dollars a year, besides living good and having the expenses of our children coming along all the time. I was able to make improvements from time to time, and I had to build a new barn to take care of my stock. We have always had a cow since we got married, and when we moved here I had quite a few hogs I had to make room for.

"In June, 1915, our first child, Joseph, was born. He was afflicted with a club foot at birth. We didn't know what in the world to do. Finally, Dr. Teams, our doctor, got in touch with Dr. Boyd, the bone specialist in Columbia. After making several examinations, he said he felt sure he could correct his foot so that he would be able to walk all right. After several visits to Columbia, Dr. Boyd broke the foot and put it in a cast. Joseph's

Page 7 { page image }

foot stayed that way until he was about two years old. I never will forget the day we took him to Columbia to have the cast taken off. We had to take the train. His mother and I were so afraid something would be wrong, even though the doctor had tried to console us by saying he thought everything would be all right.

"We had lost our second baby just a short time before, and I was so afraid the grief of this, added to something going wrong with Joseph's foot, would be more than his mother could stand.

"We arrived at Dr. Boyd's office sometime around noon. He saw us immediately. After some examination he took Joseph in and removed the cast. He said his foot was going to be all right, but it looked so bad after being in a cast so long we could hardly believe him. There was such a long time before we could be sure. We had to massage his foot and legs for months, all the time wondering if he was ever going to be able to walk. Our joy was unbounded when he finally took his first step. We still had to bandage his foot, and he was very slow in learning to walk. There was a long time before his foot was right. He had to wear a special built high shoe until he was quite a big boy, but now there is no difference in his feet. We have always looked upon Dr. Boyd as a worker of miracles.

"All of this was a big expense to me; and then in 1918, Ernest Jr., was born. Then came Ben, all of whom have finished high school.

"Our next child died at birth, and in 1923, our first girl, Mildred Ann was born. She is in high school now. Next came Layda, then Bobby, the baby. Both are in school. We have six living children, and thank God, they are all well and healthy.

"In 1922, I went into the general merchandise business in Blythewood.

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Durham had closed his store right after I left him, due to other interests. I did right well for two years. In 1924, I lost everything I had in the store, by fire. There was no insurance. Rates were so high out here in the country without any fire protection that I had never taken out any. I had gone in debt right deep to get the store started, and it took several years to get over the loss. I have never completely recovered from it.

"I have always been able to keep from mortgaging my home. As long as I can do this, I feel like I can feed and clothe my family. There has been plenty of times when we thought we just couldn't keep from it. Just this past fall, my third son, Ben, entered Clemson. He knew I couldn't help him out much, so he had been working for the past two summers, saving his money so he could enter. He just couldn't seem to get enough to get by the first year. Finally, he got some help from the National Youth Administration. But the expense of the freshman year is so large he had to borrow some extra money to carry him on through. He certainly has his mind set on finishing college. He is taking agriculture, and he wants to teach when he finishes. I wish I were able to send all my children on through college, but it is impossible. I have been able to let them finish high school and I am very thankful for that.

"I had a bad crop this year. I planted my entire cotton allotment, and in August, it looked like I was going to have a bale to the acre. It rained a good deal and the boll weevil ruined me. It's gotten to the place where it looks like it's impossible to kill the weevil. I sprayed my cotton as often as possible, but it still didn't do any good. I would have been better off if I hadn't planted a row. I averaged 236 pounds of seed

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cotton to the acre, when I should have gotten a bale of ginned cotton. Oh, well! I reckon everything is for the best. I hear the government has more cotton on hand than they know what to do with. If everybody had made a big crop this year, the price would go down, and cotton is sure cheap enough as it is. I made more cash money on what I didn't plant than I got out of what I did plant.

"Oh, yes sir? I certainly am in favor of Government Control. I'll tell you, we would be in a bad fix by now if we didn't have a control of some sort. The trouble is, people won't give it a trial. They just sit down and start kicking, just to have something to kick about. It makes it hard on people who are trying to abide by the rules. It's just like the relief in Blythewood. It's a fine thing for them that actually need it. What ruins it is that so many people who don't need it abuse it. For a time last summer, you couldn't get a Negro to work on the farm. They would get two or three days work on the W.P.A., and this was all they needed. It isn't just the niggers either. There are lots of white people around here who have farms but won't work them. With all the land around Blythewood that's lying

idle, there could be plenty for all, but they won't work them as long as they can get work on the W.P.A. They won't even raise a garden at home.

"Yes, we have plenty of churches around here. My entire family are members of old Sandy-Level Baptist Church, the church we have attended all our lives. My wife's parents and my parents are buried there. All my family are regular church members. There are several churches in the community. Old Asbury Methodist Church has been here as long as I can remember. People don't seem to go to church nowadays like they use to. When I was a boy, it

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seemed that everybody went to church on Sunday. Everything seems to have changed since then.

"My life has been one of hard work. I have always been able to get enough to keep my family reasonably comfortable. If I can keep my health, I know I can provide for them in the fashion we have always lived. I want them to get all the education possible. They are all good, honest, and hardworking. And as long as they stay that way, I won't think our hardships have been in vain."

Information about SGML version of this document.

Manuscript 18

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W. W. Dixon,

Winnsboro, S. C. FAIRFIELD COUNTY George Gregg Mayes

(white) 72 Years Old [?]

George Gregg Mayes D. D., a retired Presbyterian minister, is a resident of the town of Winnsboro, Fairfield County, South Carolina. He is held in high regard by all classes of people in this section of the State.

"I was born at Mayesville, South Carolina, September 18, 1866. My father was Robert Peterson Mayes, a son of Peterson Mayes, for whom the town of Mayesville was named. Grandfather was a signer of the Ordinance of Session, by which South Carolina withdrew from the Union of States then composing the United States of America. The War Between the States, and its attendant circumstances, deprived my father of a college education, but he was possessed of a fine mind, sound principles, and lots of common sense. He was a good all around business man and a safe counselor among his associates who bore the brunt of the difficult times following the Civil War. He was prominent in the Red Shirt movement, which, as you know, resulted in the election of Wade Hampton and a return of white supremacy and good government to South Carolina. He died in 1881, when I was fifteen years of age.

"My mother was Caroline Chandler Mayes. She was a very remarkable woman and a devout Christian. The home she made for father and her children was a happy peaceful one and a haven for the ministers of her church and the returned Confederate soldiers. She wanted her children to learn in this way about God, the Father of us all, and the true motives of patriotism that actuated the soldiers of the South in sacrificing their lives and property in defense *{Begin note}{Begin handwritten}*C10 - [?][?][?]*{End handwritten}{End note}*

*{Begin page no. 2}*of what they deemed moral and right.

f the ministers who frequented our home, I remember Doctor James McDonald, Doctor W. J. McKay, Doctor J. S. Cosby, Doctor W. '. Mills, and the Reverend William Cuttino Smith. Association with such men early turned my mind toward a life work in the ministry of the Gospel. My mother encouraged me in this thought and bent all her tremendous energies to give me, as a basis for the work, a good education. Oh, the anxiety of a mother's heart! Who can measure it or sound its depth in sacrificial love? She was overheard asking one of the godly men who visited us, 'Do you think there is a promise of usefulness in Christ's service in George?' I had weak lungs and was predisposed to tubercular trouble in boyhood days, and she was anxious concerning my physcial as well as my moral and mental fibre to undertake so great a work in the Master's service for a whole lifetime.

"I attended the ordinary school in the village of Mayesville for eleven years. Miss Sallie Leland was my primary teacher. I was afterward prepared to enter the freshman class of Davidson College. I spent one year at Davidson College and then entered the sophomore class of the South Carolina College, now the University of South Carolina. I was graduated in the class of 1888, with 'Magna cum laude' written on my diploma.

"My favorite studies always have been history and philosophy, but the philosophy being taught at South Carolina College was not altogether true. It stimulated me, however, to seek for and find the truth.

"It was while there that I came to know Doctor James Woodrow, and the power of his personality influenced and continues to influence my thought and life. I consider him, bar none, the greatest teacher I ever had. He knew of my mother's and my design to become a minister of the Gospel and was kind enough to give me extra help in my research for spiritual truth, and, above all, he encouraged *{Begin page no. 3}*me to think for myself.

"While in college, I took an active part in college Christian work. I was for two years head of the Y. M. C. A. I was sent by the association as the student's representative to the first students gathering at Northfield, Massachusetts. That was in 1886. From there, I went to the 'Meeting of the Nations,' as their first conference came to be known. I was one of the fifteen students who met at sunrise during the conference one morning for prayers and started the 'Students' Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.'

n the fall of 1888, I entered Princeton Seminary and also Princeton University for post graduate study. Here I was under such master minds as Patton, Warfield, Wm. H. Green, and others. The life at Princeton did not rob me of my Southern convictions and sentiments it rather intensified them in philosophy under Professor Patton and Professor McCash. When I received my certificate from the seminary, I also received my Master of Arts degree from the university.

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"In the summer of 1890, I was licensed to preach by Harmony Presbytery.

"In March, 1891, I received a 'call' to supply three churches in Sumter County. I next supplied, during the summer, three churches in Anderson County. Shortly afterwards, I received a call from the Presbyterian Church at Walhalla, South Carolina. On the advice of Doctor John B. Adger, I accepted it and arrived there on June 5, 1892, without an acquaintance of anyone in the congregation. They had called me 'sight unseen.' They seemed disappointed that I, in appearance, was a mere boy. The next day the Presbytery met and confirmed the call. I remained in this pastorate six years, and then I was sent by the Presbytery to the Edgefield group of churches as a ...ie Missionary. I remained *{Begin page no. 4}*there 18 months, when the second Presbyterian Church at Greenville, South Carolina, ...ailed upon me to accept their call.

"In Greenville, I had no easy task. It was a struggling congregation, heavily in debt, but in six years we climbed out of its difficulties and paid its debts. The work was too hard a field for my dear wife, so we left Greenville for Concord and Blackstock churches in Bethel Presbytery. These churches are in Fairfield County. We remained in charge of Concord and Blackstock congregations for five years, and then I was called to the superintendency of the Home Mission work. It was a work congenial to my taste. For six years I was engaged in this position. It took me to all parts of South Carolina, and well-nigh into every pulpit of the Presbyterian Church within the bounds of the State.

"The close attention and family demands caused me to relinguish this special work, in 1915, and accept the call of Sion Church at Winnsboro, South Carolina. On the 7th of November, I entered upon the duties of the pastorate, and for twenty-three years I have ministered and labored in this community.

"I took an active part in the various World War activities in drives to raise funds, sell bonds, and conduct stamp sales of the government. The night of the armistice I led a parade up and down Congress Street in Winnsboro. It was the largest crowd ever assembled in Winnsboro. I also led in a prayer of thanksgiving for victory and peace at a service conducted at the foot of the Confederate Monument at the intersection of Washington and Congress streets.

"After the World War, I busied myself to help secure from the War Department one of the Y. M. C. A. huts at Camp Jackson, Columbia, South Carolina, and to transfer it to Winnsboro as a community house for the town and surrounding county. I was successful in doing this, and I superintended the removal and reconstruction of it.

"During my twenty-three years of pastorate at Winnsboro, a new church building *{Begin page no. 5}*was erected and paid for. The membership of the church increased by 33 1/3 percent.

"I was one of the youngest moderators the church has ever had to preside over the Synod. I represented our church in its General ...sembly eight times and was a member of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian College at Clinton, South Carolina, for twenty years. his college conferred on me the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

"When I reached the age of seventy years, I carried out a long declared purpose of resigning the active pastorate work of the denomination. After one year, and six months, the church and the Presbytery consented to the release. On the 14th of October, 1891, when I was at the pastorate in Walhalla, South Carolina, I married Alethea S. Cosby, a daughter of Doctor J. S. and Mary Low Cosby. Through the many years that have followed, she has proven to be a true helpmate, the chief adviser and counsellor of my life.

"To us have been born six children, two sonas and four daughters. Our first born son died in infancy the other son, F. B. Mayes, has been ordained to the Gospel ministry and is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Beaufort, South Carolina. Mary, Mrs. J. M. Workman, is a resident of Winnsboro. Alethea is married to Doctor. R. T. Douglas, and lives in Winnsboro. Carrie, wife of C. M. Turner, lives in Ellenton, South Carolina.

"Customs? When I was a boy, no instrumental music was permitted in the home, except Watts' Hymns. A ride on a railroad train was a sure sign that you were on the road to perdition. One's hands would go up in horror at a golf game, *{Begin deleted text}*[?]*{End deleted text}* a pavilion dance, or a theater show on Sunday. Sight-seeing in conveyances and swimming at a public resort or beach would have been scored as *{Begin page no. 6}*as partaking of the world, the flesh, and the devil. These things are toned down now, in the light of the age. They are classed as innocent pleasures by the general public and many church members. My opinion has suffered little change from what they were deemed in the old days.

"I have been asked many times why there is a decrease in church attendance on the Sabbath and at prayer meetings in mid-week. 1. The radio sermons have had something to do with the decrease. 2. Sunday sermons in Newspapers. 3. The disparity between the rich and poor, as to members, is greater. There are fewer well-do-do people of leisure now and more hard-laboring folks than there used to be. The latter really need a rest, or think they do, when Sunday comes around, and many of the whole number are at work on prayer meeting nights. Some have schooled themselves that God didn't consider it of such importance as to ordain and provide for prayer meeting night. 4. The multiplicity of social clubs and card parties in another hindrance. 5. Ministers are somewhat to blame, too. Many of them are ...ace hunters and are not capable of holding the membership of the church to regular periods of formal services nor the congregation to ...ontinued church sermons from Sabbath to Sabbath throughout the year.

"One thing worthy of notice, along this line, is that from year to year Church membership increases in spite of all the foregoing enumerated causes that militate against its increase. I think that the regulation of all sumptuary laws and rules of society for its government should have been left primarily to the family and secondarily to the church, instead of to the State legislature.

"One thing I have observed about legislaturing morals with the public is that it is done at the expense of the home, the church, and the school governments. And when there are too many such enactments by the legislature, it *{Begin page no. 7}*diminishes the respect for the whole body of the law, and the individual gets into the habit of selecting the ones he intends to respect and the ones he is going to disregard. And he winds up by ignoring them all, when any one of them runs counter and contrari-wise to his or her self-interest.

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American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940

Item 32 of 66

[Kate Flenniken]

W11054

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Accession no.

W11054

Date received *{Begin handwritten}*10/10/40*{End handwritten}*

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Form[md]3 *{Begin handwritten}*Folklore*{End handwritten}* Collection (or Type)

Title *{Begin handwritten}*Kate Flenniken (white)*{End handwritten}* *{Begin handwritten}* 80 years old.*{End handwritten}*

Place of origin *{Begin handwritten}*Winnsboro, S. C.*{End handwritten}* Date *{Begin handwritten}*6/28/38*{End handwritten}*

Project worker *{Begin handwritten}*W. W. **Dixon***{End handwritten}*

Project editor

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Project #1655

W. W. **Dixon**,

Winnsboro, S. C. *{Begin deleted text}*390566*{End deleted text}* KATE FLENNIKEN

(white) 80 YEARS OLD.

"My parents were Col. A. K. Patton and Ansley Patton of the Long Cane section, Abbeville County, South Carolina, but I was born while my mother was on a visit to relatives in Haversham County in the State of Georgia. My father was a brother of the late Prof. E. L. Patton of the South Carolina College, now University of South Carolina. I attended Woodlawn Academy, and was taught by my uncle, Edward L. Patton.

"There were many Union men in our settlement opposed to nullification and secession. A tragedy in our family grew out of these political issues. My grandfather had been selected by a group of families opposed to nullification to go to Tennessee with the idea of looking about for lands to purchase, so they could move there in a body. On the way, he was ambushed and killed by the Murray gang, as they were known in those days. The murderer, a man named Dooley, was caught, tried, convicted, and hanged for the deed.

"I heard my husband, Mr. Flenniken, talking to you about the blue-back speller for beginners. Well, I remember there was a reading lesson in that book at the end of each spelling lesson, and some of the sentences were full of wisdom and knowledge. As examples, I give these:

1. Visitors should not make their visits too long.

2. A judge must not be a bad man.

3. The first joint of a man's thumb is one inch long.

4. A gambler wants to get money without earning it.

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5. There is a near intimacy between drunkenness and poverty.

6. A virago is a turbulent, masculine woman.

7. Pompions are now commonly called pumpkins.

8. One good action is worth many good thoughts.

"I remember the quilting parties in our neighborhood. When the crops were laid by in the summer, quilting parties would begin, and they were held at different plantation homes in the community until late in the fall of the year. Generally each home had one frame of slats. To the home where the party took place, neighbors would bring their frames, and sometimes as many as four quilts were being made at the same time. The quilt frames were arranged on the floor of the room in a rectangle the size of the quilt to be made. A narrow strip of cloth was tacked to the frames all around and the lining of the quilt was sewed to this strip. The frames were then lifted up about the height of a table and rested on their backs. Then the cotton or wool was carded and spread in uniform layers on the lining between the frames. The top of the quilt was assigned to individuals. For instance, each lady would undertake to sew and make a number of squares from the material; another, so many, and so on. As the squares were finished, these were sewed together by others in attendance, until the top of the quilt was completed as a whole. Then the top was placed on the cotton, and the stitching began, from right to left of the frame, the thread going through the bottom lining, cotton, and top covering. The folds could be rolled back as the work went on.

"On some occasions a 'crazy quilt' would be made out of the scraps of satin, silk, and bright colored material. No cotton was used in making the 'crazy quilt'. Some colored cotton cloth was generally used for the

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lining or under part of these quilts. They were made for beauty and show, instead of warmth and comfort. Every bride in those days was presented with one of such quilts.

In connection with one of the quiltings, a party was given at the home of the quilting, and, out of this social festivity, I opine that some boy was inspired, by a girl named Nellie, to write the song, 'Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party.'

"My father, Col. A. K. Patton was killed at the first battle of Shiloh. He was an attorney at law, at Abbeville, before the Civil War. I was brought up from childhood in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian faith and doctrine. Every Sabbath morning the slaves were congregated in the dining room of our home and taught the Shorter Catechism.

I was married to my husband, Warren H. Flenniken, at Abbeville, in 1881, and came as a bride to Winnsboro.

"Outside of our church work and immediate family welfare, I have been deeply interested in the erection of the Confederate Monument in Winnsboro, and in the observance of

Memorial Day.

"Shortly after our marriage in the early eighties, the women of Fairfield County organized the Ladies Memorial Association. This, by the way, was the virtual beginning of the present U.D.C. Chapter, which came into existence twenty years later. We ladies worked with one and in view, that of erecting a suitable memorial to the brave man of Fairfield who fought and sacrificed so much for a cause they believed was right. After years of planning and hard work, in the way of entertainments, such as strawberry and ice cream parties and festival suppers, enough money was on hand to build a monument of our own Fairfield granite. But it was not until the Memorial Association was merged into the United

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Page 4 { page image }

Daughters of the Confederacy that the monument was placed and dedicated in the public square at the intersection of Washington and Congress Streets in Winnsboro.

"In those days an outstanding occasion of the whole year was Memorial Day. An eleborate program was arranged and carried out. Pride and pleasure thrilled the hearts of the young girls of the town, as they took part in the parade, all dressed alike in costumes made especially for the occasion. The procession marched up Congress Street, headed by the Gordon Light Infantry, with the old veterans bringing up the rear, all keeping step to the music of our own brass band. Mrs. W. R. Robertson was the first president of the association; Mrs. H. A. Gaillard succeeded her and served a number of years; and she was followed by Mrs. Sailing Wolfe, who I think was the grandmother of Bernard Baruch, now a great financier in New York.

"When the merger took place, the U.D.C. Chapter was named for General John Bratton, the highest ranking officer living in the county at the time. A great dinner was given in honor of the veterans, and barrels of lemonade were on the picnic grounds for their refreshment every Memorial Day.

"The ranks of veterans grew thinner and thinner as the years rolled by, and now there is only one left, my husband, Warren. Our Chapter once honored me with the presidency. We contributed funds to the erection of the Jefferson Davis Memorial, the Arlington Monument, the Shiloh Monument, and others. At present, the chapter is subscribing and maintaining scholarships in different institutions of learning; namely, Winthrop, the University of South Carolina, and the Confederate Home College.

"Now I recall a sentence in the blue-back speller, 'Visitors should not make their visits too long'"

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The WPA Life Histories Collection

South Carolina: [Warren Harvey Flenniken]

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Accession no.

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Place of origin *{Begin handwritten}*Winnsboro, S. C.*{End handwritten}* Date *{Begin handwritten}*6/28/38*{End handwritten}*

Project worker *{Begin handwritten}*W. W. Dixon*{End handwritten}*

Project editor

Remarks

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W. W. Dixon

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*{Begin deleted text}*29056*{End deleted text}* FAIRFIELD COUNTY WARREN HARVEY FLENNIKEN

(white) 89 YEARS OLD.

Warren Flenniken is the oldest resident in the town of Winnsboro, Fairfield County, S. C. He is the only surviving Confederate soldier in Fairfield County. He and his wife reside in one of the fashionable homes on North Congress Street. His son-in-law, Charles F. Elliott, and his family reside with him.

born October 5, 1848, in the Hopewell community of Chester County, S. C. My father was the Rev. Warren Flenniken, an Associate Reformed Presbyterian minister and pastor of the Hopewell A.R.P. Church. My mother, before marriage, was Jane Hearst Pressley. My brothers, Samuel Pressley, John Calvin, and David Reid, and my sisters, Mary and Sarah, are all dead. My father died in 1851, when I was a boy three years old. My mother lived to be ninety-one, and passed away to heaven June, 1903. After my father's death, my mother married Thomas Torbit of Chester, S. C. She, upon the death of Mr. Torbit, came and lived the remainder of her life with me.

"The school in our neighborhood of Hopewell was taught by two sisters, the Misses Webster. Yes, it was a school that charged tuition; each pupil paid so much per month. The teachers boarded around with different families. I remember the old blue-back speller for beginners. A picture was in the back of the book, showing a small boy up an apple tree being threatened with a stone in the hand of the owner of the orchard. Again, another picture was that of a woman going to market with a pail of milk on her head.

(Begin page no. 2)"We learned the three R's, reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic, and geography, too. Every Friday, we had a spelling match from the blue-back speller. Every pupil stood against the wall, the length of the whole room. Words were called by the teacher. When a pupil failed to spell a word correctly, it was passed to the next child. Should the next spell it incorrectly, it was passed on until correctly spelled by a pupil; and the successful one went up the line. It was a great honor to be at the head, and a disgrace to be at the foot of the line, when the test was concluded.

"There was not much playing in my school days. We commenced school at 8 a. m., and were instructed until 12 m. At the hour's intermission we ate our lunches and played games. We resumed study and recitations at 1 p. m. and continued until we were dismissed at 4 p. m.

"Father had a small farm and about twenty slaves. After his death, mother and my older brother managed the farm, and I worked on the farm on Saturdays. The slaves were taken to church on the Sabbath, when the roads were passable. The road system in my boyhood days was a wretched one. The slaves sat in the gallery of the church. Pianos and organs were regarded as sinful and sacrilegious in the observance of God's worship. Mr. J.W. Bigman was the 'leader' and another member was the 'liner-out'. Nothing but psalms were itted to be sung in Hopewell Church. The 'liner-out' would read two lines in a loud voice. The 'leader' would rap his tuning fork on oench by him, hold it near his ear and 'h'ist' the tune. A pause took place between each two lines, until the psalm of praise was rendered.

"Another peculiarity was the preparatory services before taking the communion on the following Sabbath. These services began on Friday and were continued, with two sermons a day, until the Sabbath. On Friday and Saturday *(Begin page no. 3)*an elder of the church stood at the door, and the departing members obtained a metal token from him, which they had to present at the communion table on the Sabbath; otherwise he or she could not participate. The tokens were collected at the table and retained by the officer's until the next preparatory services for church communion. Yes, the slaves were encouraged to join in the singing; they were given tokens, and they communed at the table following the service to the white people.

"Mr. R. W. Brice was the pastor at Hopewell following my father. He married a school teacher, Miss Steel, and reared a fine family of boys and girls. He was insistent on boys and girls, white and blacks learning the Shorter Catechism. Card playing, dancing, shows, and theaters were preached against in our community as works of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"We tried to make enough on the farm to feed and clothe ourselves and our slaves. The latter ate the same kind of food that we ate, and there was very little distinction in every-day clothes. Their health was of primary concern to mother.

"I am now six feet and one inch in height. I was a tall boy of sixteen years when I went to the Civil War . I left my mother at the gate of the home, weeping. I was in Captain Jiles J. Patterson's company, 3rd S. C. State Troops. Col. Gooding was the Regimental Commander. We were taken first to Camden, a small place near Augusta, Ga., and thereafter to James Island near Charleston, S. C. My service was not long. I enlisted in November 1864, and the war ended in April 1865, but I learned that war is hell. I am the only living Confederate soldier in Fairfield County.

(Begin page no. 4)"I married Carrie Bradley of Abbeville, S. C. November 10, 1869. She lived only four months thereafter. I then came to Winnsboro and clerked for my brother, David R. Flenniken, who was in the mercantile business. Shortly after moving there, I married present wife, Kate, who was a daughter of Col. A. K. Patton of Abbeville, a brother of the late Prof. E. L. Patton of the South olina College. Our marriage took place in Abbeville in 1881. She will have attained her eighty-first birthday if she lives until the 10th next August. Perhaps you had better interview her separately, for I assure you it will be a longer and more informative interview of old time dresses and social customs than I can give.

"There was a deep abiding affection existing between the slave owners and the slaves. It was manifested all through the war and for a

while after the war ended. I don't think there would have been any trouble had it not been for the adventurer and carpetbagger, who seized upon the opportunity to inflame the Negro's passionate desire for social equality and the race's power of equal suffrage at the ballot box.

"The military rule was not as oppressive as the carpetbag, scalawag government's misrule. What the Ku Klux Klan failed to do by illegal violence, the Red-shirt movement later accomplished by awe and persuasion.

s junction I think I'll tell you of a sensational killing that took place in Winnsboro and the subsequent trial in the courthouse that grew out of it. A writer of those times says:

"In those troublous times, the Republican county treasurer, Clark,*{Begin inserted text}{Begin handwritten}*/*{End handwritten}{End inserted text}* was killed by a prominent citizen, William D. Aiken, in an altercation about certain taxes claimed to have been paid by San DuBose, a cousin of Aiken. Mr. Aiken interferred in behalf of his friend and cousin, who was small and frail of stature. Clark was a larger and much more powerful man in physique and strength. In the struggle that *{Begin page no. 5}*ensued, the county treasurer was killed. The case came up in the courthouse at Winnsboro before Judge Rutland, a renegade Judge, and a mixed jury of Republicans and Democrats. It was and still is regarded as the most celebrated case ever tried in Fairfield County. With the Solicitor, for the prosecution, appeared Daniel H. Chamberlain and Zeb Vance, afterward governors of South Carolina and North Carolina respectively. For the defense were Col. James H. Rion, James B. McCants and General M. C. Butler. In later years Butler was a United States Senator. Chamberlain made one of the greatest speeches of his brilliant career. As a legal argument it could not have been surpassed. In persuasive tone it was incomparable. He said in one of his flights of eloquence, which I try to paraphrase:

'On the continent of our finest civilization , a range of mountains draws its lengthy chain of peaks in grandeur and beauty. It is the frequented spot of all native lovers. One of its grandest peaks is that of Mont Blanc in Switzerland. As the rains come from heaven above, the drops falling on one side trickle their way down, forming rills and streamlets that reach the beautiful valleys. These are dotted with the homes of a happy and prosperous people. Here is peace! Homes with innocent, laughing children. Here man loves his fellow men. Justice rules. Nothing is feared but God above. On the other side of the Alps, the raindrops meet the bitter, freezing, eastern winds. They precipitate into icy pellets. They collect to form the dreadful avalanche. In time, the force of gravity causes it to rush down the mountain side, carrying death and destruction to all in its pathway. On that side, life and habitation are impossible. The verdict of this jury will decide on which side our civilization will fall - law or anarchy!'

"Chamberlain *{Begin deleted text}*contined*{End deleted text} {Begin inserted text}{Begin handwritten}*continued*{End handwritten}{End inserted text}* the simile, but in spite of his able and eloquent advocacy and the aid of his resourceful conferees, the inscrutable design of Providence ruled that it was better for the progress of both races that the defense should come out victor in the trial.

..all be very glad for you to come again next week and interview Mrs. Flenniken. I am sure you will find it worthwhile, and we will be glad to see you."

{End body of document}

James Grigsby AKA Jake Philpot

American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940

Item 43 of 48

[Flowing On]

{ page image }

{Begin handwritten} No. 1 In copying please retain this no. 97*{End handwritten}*

Approximately 3,000 words SOUTH CAROLINA WRITERS' PROJECT

LIFE HISTORY

TITLE: FLOWING ON

Date of First Writing March 15, 1939

Name of Person Interviewed James Grigsby

Fictitious Name Jake Philpot

Street Address 2019 Bull Street

Place Columbia, S. C.

Occupation Collector

Name of Writer John L. Dove

Name of Reviser State Office

It was Monday morning, December 12, 1932, and the snow was silently falling on the streets of Columbia, South Carolina. The clang and swish of trolley cars went on as usual. There, too, was the roar of truck and auto traffic. Men, women, and children walked. In fact, there was an unusual amount of walking. Many walked because they could not ride; they were jobless.

At the office of the big Congaree furniture store on Main Street, *{Begin handwritten}*C. 10 S. C. Box, 2.*{End handwritten}*

Page 2 { page image }

it was, indeed, blue Monday. The reception extended the job seeker there was as bleak as the day. Figuratively speaking, the manager needed help; some one with ability to keep the big electric sign, just above the entrance to the building, flashing the name, C-O-N-G-A-R-E-E.

Manager Bason of the Congaree was in a blue and ugly mood that morning. He had cut to the bone the store's overhead expense. The services of a number of collectors and one or more office workers had been discontinued. Salaries had been cut, and he had even begun to practice economy with the heating and lighting in the big three-story building. Just a small light here and there shined down upon the modern and expensive suites of furniture - fine merchandise - that the home owners would not or could not buy, even at bargain prices.

"Bam, bam, bam! " Manager Bason's big fist pounded on the desk before him, as he talked intently to the three collectors who stood nearby thumbing through stacks of bills. "We've got over $100,000 worth of merchandise out on accounts among the people of Columbia, and yet our income is insufficient to meet our obligations. Unless you three men can collect $20,000 and place it on this desk by January 1, you'll be as jobless as rabbits after a big snow storm. I tell you that because January 1, 1933, is the very last day the Congaree's creditors have agreed to wait for their money." The excited manager then turned to Jake Philpot, pointed a finger toward the street and said: "Philpot, go out there and squint until that amount comes into this store."

When Jake Philpot reached the sidewalk with his bulging billfold, he felt the chill of wet snow flakes on his face. He paused just long enough to view the traffic on the street. "Tramp, tramp, tramp," came the noise

Page 3 { page image }

of shoe heels pounding the wet sloppy sidewalks. He knew only too well that many of those walkers were hunting for jobs. But Jake Philpot had a real job, and he had to be on his way.

He opened the door of his battered car parked against the curb, tossed his billfold on the seat, climbed in, started the motor, and was off. He drove on and on through the falling snow, until he reached the big Pacific Mill village on the outskirts of the city. He stopped his motor on Whaley Street, the main thoroughfare in the mill village. There, again, he found men and women walking, and with worried looks on their faces. The only noise around that long five-story building was the maddening "tramp, tramp" of shuffling feet. The mill had suspended its operation indefinitely.

Jake Philpot began to walk. On and on he walked; he knew not where. "I have a job, yet I haven't anything to do but walk." he thought aloud to himself. He walked, too, until he heard a voice singing. He paused in his tracks, leaned his head to one side, squinted his right eye, and listened to one singing the old familiar hymn: "He Will Carry You Through."

"Will carry you through!" Jake Philpot repeated, as he resumed his walk in the direction from whence came the sound of that voice. He found the soloist to be that of a mill worker who lived in an humble cottage located on one of the back streets of the village. He knocked on the door. It was immediately opened, and there stood a mother with a crying - maybe hungry - child in her arms.

"Good morning, Mr. Philpot," she said. Then, pointing to a comfortable chair, she added: "Won't you have that chair? I'm sorry we haven't any

Page 4 { page image }

more to offer you. The mill is not running and, consequently, we have no way of making a payment on the furniture. You can take it back if you need it."

"Thanks, but I can't tarry longer than to tell you that you need not worry about your debt to the Congaree Furniture Company. The hymn that you have just sung has taken care of that. But tell me, Mrs. Roe, if you can, where I might go and find people who do not have to walk."

Mrs. Roe thought for a moment, and then, pointing in an easterly direction, said: "Over there, during my sleepless nights, I can see the bright lights shining; and they ride."

"The bright lights, and they ride!" Jake Philpot repeated over and over again, He understood. He straightened his blinking eyelids, set his head squarely on his shoulders, and made a dash for his old battered car. With a pop and a sputter, the old motor soon began to warm up to the task. Like a flash, Jake and the old car were on their way. The motor roared on through the falling snow until the glimmer of colored lights - Christmas lights - came into view in the fashionable Hollywood homes. He stopped against the curb, climbed out with the billfold under his arm, walked to the entrance of an apartment building, and pushed a doorbell. A well dressed lady opened the door and, after she had observed the bulging leather bag under Jake's arm, inquired: "What is it?"

"I wish to speak to Mrs. Turnbull," answered Jake.

"Sorry, but Mrs. Turnbull doesn't live here anymore."

Jake Philpot thought fast, and his squinting eye had just time to rest on the number on the telephone inside the hallway before the door closed in his face. He returned to the wet,

sloughy street, but he did not stop walking until he had arrived at a corner drug store.

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"May I use your telephone?" he asked the young soda jerker.

"Yes, sir."

Jake Philpot dialed the number he had in mind. When the answer came, he said: "I wish to speak to Mrs. Turnbull."

"Just a minute. Oh, Mrs. Turnbull! The telephone! " Jake heard and recognized the voice. A moment passed, and then:

"Mrs. Turnbull speaking."

"Just wanted to find out if you were in, Mrs. Turnbull, and could receive an important message. The carrier will be there in a few minutes."

"Why, yes, I'll be here, and I certainly thank you for being so nice as to call and tell me."

Jake Philpot retraced his steps and was soon back at the apartment building. Again he pushed the doorbell. And again he found himself in the presence of that well dressed lady. He said: "I wish to speak to Mrs. Turnbull."

"I've told you once, sir, that Mrs. Turnbull does not live here any more." Before she could slam the door in Jake Philpot's face, he replied, "Yes, I remember what you told me, but I happen to know that you didn't tell me the truth. I've just talked to Mrs. Turnbull over this telephone. Will you please be kind enough to ask her to come and receive a message?"

Just then Mrs. Turnbull, who had heard and seen it all, came forward to relieve the situation. She paid in full - $200 - the amount she owed the Congaree Furniture Company.

According to Jake Philpot, it mattered not to him how many times they slammed doors in his face. It made him all the more determined to make them pay what they owed the Congaree. Time after time, he said,

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they threatened him with physical or legal combat as a result of his cunningness and audacity. He invaded home after home in that fine residential section of the city, in an

effort to make them pay what they owed the Congaree. If they had influential guests, or if they had a fashionable party under way in the home, Jake entered and announced: "We need that balance you owe the Congaree."

After his right eye had fallen into a squint, Jake explained his methods in dealing with the "highbrows," as he called them. "I gave them no opportunity to 'button-hole' me, shunt me to the shadows, and whisper an excuse in my ear, or sell me an alibi. I made them play 'Andy's puttin' on the dog,' while I stood in the presence of the 'big shots' they had around and wrote receipts in full for the piles of money they 'forked over' in order to get rid of me, an uninvited and totally unappreciated guest.

"When I'd get home at night to my little house out in Camp Fornance section of the city, it would oftentimes be 4:00 a.m. I'd be so tired, I wouldn't lie down to sleep, I'd fall down."

When asked if he managed to receive sleep sufficient to enable him to stand the strain of such a drive, he replied: "Oh, yes, I sleep with the social elect. And while they play, I work." By that, he meant he arranged his daily schedule so as to be up and about his duties as a collector while the people of a social turn of mind played.

While Jake Philpot never boasts of an accomplishment, or complains of hardship, he merely squints and relates a few of his experiences connected with the peculiar task he undertook during that trying period. He did, however, do what his boss had asked - "get out there and squint" until he collected. He could be seen pushing doorbell after doorbell in

Page 7 { page image }

the fine residential sections of the city at night. During the daylight hours, he could be seen climbing staircases in tall office buildings; crawling from grimy boiler rooms; entering gambling halls, bootleg joints, and houses of ill fame. It mattered not to him what people thought of him or said to him, he only squinted and entertained one thought - a running Congaree.

When Manager Bason looked up from the column of figures on his desk and saw the clock ticking away in his office, it was eleven o'clock. Two collectors had reported and were sitting near the big heater in the office, nodding. They were tired and sleepy. Nothing had been heard from Jake Philpot in three days.

"Oh, what's the use? It's impossible!" Manager Bason complained as he began stumbling over the little walnut and mahogany whatnots on the floor. He had smoked cigarette after cigarette, and the stubs were lying scattered here and there. He was groggy, and it was with a stagger that he walked.

The clock ticked on, and Manager Bason continued his staggering walk from front door to office and back again. From time to time, a smoke stand, a beautiful mirror, or some expensive doofunny would topple and fall from contact with his fist or hand. Great beads of sweat had begun to show on his face. The clock ticked on, but Jake Philpot was not there. When the long hand neared the figure twelve on the dial, Manager Bason said: "It's all over." Just as he reached for the switch to stop the big electric sign on the front of the building, the door opened. It was Jake Philpot. For a moment, Jake stood with a little brown bag in his hand and a squint in his eye. Manager Bason lowered his upraised hand and inquired:

"Did you get it, Philpot?"

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"I don't know, sir," Jake answered, as he handed the little brown bag to his boss. It required only a moment's time for Manager Bason to learn that the balance needed was in that bag. Just as he was closing the heavy vault door in the office, the radio announcer said: "Happy New Year!" It was then one minute past twelve o'clock, on the morning of January 1, 1933, and bedlam had broken loose in the city. Guns fired, bells rang, car horns honked, and people cried and shouted. But Jake Philpot heard none of it, for he snored all the while on one of the soft beds in the Congaree.

While Jake Philpot slept, his boss, Manager Bason, celebrated with the crowds on the street. He was happy. While speaking of the matter years later, Mr. Bason said: "That night furnished the happiest, as well as the host horrible hours of my life." He gives Jake Philpot full credit for the light, C-O-N-G-A-R-E-E, that has never failed. Jake credited it to the account of the kind lady he heard singing - "For He Will Carry You Through" - that damp gloomy day in the Pacific Mill village when the snow flakes were falling thick and fast.

Jake Philpot was born February 8, 1870, on a little two-horse farm on Twenty Creek in **Fairfield** County, South Carolina. He is the son of James and Cora Philpot, whose parents came from Virginia. They were for many years members of Zion Methodist Church in the Bear Creek Community. They say that Mr. and Mrs. Philpot, Jake's parents, seldom missed a sermon at Zion. They required Jake and his five brothers and four sisters to attend preachings and Sunday School at Zion.

When Jake Philpot was seven years old, he started his education at Duke - a little one-room, one-teacher school near Twenty Creek. The old school building, he said, is still standing.

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"Not long ago, I was at Duke and found a few landmarks I saw there fifty years ago when I was a student," remarked Mr. Philpot. He reached no further than about the seventh grade, including his education at Duke or elsewhere. His parents died when he was seventeen, and then Jake was left on his own. He had to work for a living.

He came to Columbia in 1888 and lived for a number of years with a married sister and her family. During that time, he sold newspapers on the streets of the city and was delivery boy for the John L. Mimnaugh store. His first regular job was obtained at the old State dispensary, at one dollar a day. He pasted labels on whiskey bottles for two years. "But I never touch strong drink," he casually remarked.

In 1903, Jake Philpot started his career as a furniture man, working first with the Van Meter store and then with P. O. Roberts & Company. In 1913, he became connected with the parent firm of the present Congaree Furniture Company, as a collector-salesman. For thirty years, he has pushed doorbells at fine homes and rapped on doors of many who could not afford doorbells. While he tells little about himself, he is rich in experience. He goes among the people and among his firm's customers in his quiet unassuming way. It matters not how humble the home, Jake is ever ready and willing to extend a friendly word and a helping hand. There is perhaps no one in Columbia who has come in contact with more joys and sorrows than "Old Jake Philpot." When he is confronted with a real problems he usually squints until he sees a solution to that problem.

Not so long ago, he was asked when and how he acquired the habit of squinting his right eye and leaning his head to one side while listening to a conversation. To this, he replied: "When I was a boy on our little

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Twenty Creek farm, there was a six-acre cottonfield that extended from the back yard of the house to the northern boundary of the farm. I hoed and plowed cotton in that field. When the noon hour approached, I'd watch the shadow of a tall pine that stood in the front yard. When that shadow reached a certain point on the house, I knew it would be around 12 o'clock, time to quit for the refreshment I knew Mother had prepared. In looking at that shadow, the summer sun would beam down in my face so strongly that I'd have to hold my head to one side and squint." Thus it was that Jake acquired the habit of squinting while thinking intently about a problem confronting him.

In February, 1890, Jake Philpot married Miss Margaret Epting of Camden, South Carolina. They have reared and educated four children - three girls and one boy - of whom he speaks:

"I'm proud of them all, and I believe they will not forget the one thing that has been my pillow and guide through the years. I mean that line in the old hymn - He Will Carry You

Through - which I used to hear my mother sing while I toiled in that six-acre cottonfield just north of the house where I watched the pine's shadow.

Despite the falling snow, the pouring rain, the cold and the heat of winter, spring, summer and fall, Jake Philpot keeps pushing doorbells, and rapping where there are no bells, as a collector for the Congaree. He weighs just 135 pounds; is gray-haired; is without his original teeth; but his five feet of manhood and courage are still with him. Like the Congaree, he flows on.

Information about SGML version of this document.

AMERICAN MEMORY | PREVIOUS | NEXT | ITEM LIST | NEW SEARCH | BEST MATCH

Manuscript 22

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Project 1885 -1

From Field Notes

Spartanburg, Dist. 4

May 26, 1937 *(Begin id number)*390068*(End id number)*

Edited by:

Elmer Turnage *(Begin handwritten)*[??]*(End handwritten)*

FOLK-LORE: FOLK TALES

When Sherman was ravaging in the State of South Carolina during the Civil War, many people refugeed from the lower part of the state to the upper part in order to escape his cruelties. A Matthews family came from Charleston to Fish Dam Township. They could find no suitable house within the township, or even in the small village of Carlisle; so Mr. George Hill, owner of "Hillside" Mansion, through the kindness of his heart, took the family into his abode. He was a widower at that time, and kept a Scotch woman to serve as his housekeeper. The Matthews family accepted part of the mansion for their private quarters. They brought with them from Charleston a young house-girl known as "Maum" Sallie. At the time she first began her sojourn in Carlisle, she was between the age of twelve and fourteen years.

One day Mrs. Matthews died at "Hillside". She is buried in the Fish Dam burial ground, where all of the Hills are buried. After her death, r two daughters left Carlisle, one of them going to Greenville, S.C. But "Maum" Sallie had fallen in love with a tall lanky darky whose me was John Hill. John was Mr. Hill's best slave. So Sallie and John were married at the slave church, by the pastor who always eached to the Hill slaves on Sunday in this church. Sallie and John lived on the Hill plantation and reared two sons.

*(Begin page no. 2)*One of them still lives with Mrs. Wood, daughter of Mr. Hill, who now resides at Hillside. His name is Tom, and he waits on the "Cap" and the "Missus" of Hillside today.

When Sallie's little boys were up some size, she married a [negro?] much younger than she was and went with him to Mississippi. She had not been there long when word reached Carlisle that "Maum" Sallie was longing for her Carolina sunshine. For years she lived in Mississippi and did not return to her beloved plantation home. But each year word got back that "Maum" Sallie was coming back to see her folks. Finally the second husband died. He was buried in Mississippi. Sallie's two sons in Carlisle got "Marse" George to help them get up some money to bring their mother back to Carlisle. With the help of Mr. Hill, they got up twenty dollars and sent it to Sallie. The day that she arrived, her sons with their families and the other darkies who remembered her, were all at the station to greet her. All of the darkies in Carlisle were proud to have a woman in their midst called "Maum". Some of them called her simply that and left off "Sallie".

Sallie took up her old place at "Hillside" as maid for the household. She had no trouble establishing her old place in the community, even though all the darkies were now free. She was ever faithful to her "White folks" whom she loved.

During the World War, after Mrs. Wood and her sister, Mrs. W. B. May, had inherited Hillside, they decided to entertain some of the soldiers at dinner one Sunday.

*(Begin page no. 3)*The soldiers whom they had invited were all Yankees. When dinner was about ready, Mrs. Wood went into the kitchen where Sallie was helping the cook. Sallie had become too old now to do any steady work. Mrs. Wood, hoping to compliment her, said: "Sallie, I tell you what you do. Since it is Sunday and at Christmas, too, suppose you put on a fresh white apron and come in and wait on the table today."

Mrs. Wood thought: how the soldiers would enjoy this old slave-time darky. Sallie perked up very indignantly and replied:

awdy God! Miss Ruth, what ails you? Don't you know dis nigger don' nebber want to see no mo' of dem Yankees? Kaise ain't she been eerd of dem ebber since she left Charleston wid her fus' mistess? No maum'um, anything dat youse wants des nigger to do for youse, she'll do it; but she show to goodness ain't gwine to serve no Yankees at no table, kaise she ain't even gwine to look at 'em."

Sallie died on the twenty-eighth of August 1921. She is buried in the slave graveyard on the Hill plantation in sight of the mansion.

SOURCE: Mr. and Mrs. George Wood; Jim Wallace (col.). Carlisle, S.C. Interviewer: Caldwell Sims, Union, S.C.

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Sam T. Clowney Sam T. Colin

American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1940

[From Farming to Politics]

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Approximately 2,250 words SOUTH CAROLINA WRITERS' PROJECT

LIFE HISTORY

TITLE: FROM FARMING TO POLITICS

Date of First Writing March 17, 1939

Name of Person Interviewed Sam T. Clowney

Fictitious Name Sam T. Colin

Place Winnsboro, South Carolina

Occupation Retired Farmer

Name of Writer W.W. Dixon.

Name of Reviser State Office

Sam T. Colin, an aged man, lives with his son, George M. Colin, in the Winnsboro Mill village on the Southern outskirts of the town of Winnsboro. He is six feet two inches in height and weighs one hundred and eighty-six pounds; has a large head resembling a two-yolked hen egg; is aggressive of manner and speech; and has been a lively and industrious personality in Fairfield County's history for the past fifty years.

Coming into the town hall, without salutation, he said: "I wonder

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if you'd like to buy a puppy for five dollars this morning? You know women and girls like to have these kind of pets, and these puppies are genuine fox terriers. They are out of a little slut I got from Bill Ellison and a small terrier dog I got from Henry Phillips. You've seen both and must have admired them."

"Sit down, Sam, Suppose we talk awhile about the days that are gone. We'll talk about the puppies later. As old Policeman Gilbert used to say, 'Maybe you'd like to wet your whistle with a drop of red eye before you begin." Yes? Well, drink heartily."

"Well, Dick, I an now 77 years old, and, while my right hand has lost its cunning, my tongue will not cling to the roof of my mouth this morning.

"Yes, Moses Colin was my father, and my mother was Susan Colin. Her grandfather was one time sheriff of old Fairfield District. He was some pumpkin. I wouldn't fool you.

"I was born near Buckhead, a post office on a star mail route, before the coming of the rural mail delivery. My birth was March 6, 1862.

"My oldest brother, James R., was a Confederate soldier. He died of dysentery in the War of Secession. The next in the family was John Simonton. Then came Sister Hester; then Brother Robert, who for many years was a policeman in the city of Columbia. Next was Sister Mary Elizabeth, who married, lived, and died in Winnsboro. I was the youngest child and am the only surviving one of the family.

"Buckhead, near where I was born, was the Means' Settlement. A very aristocratic element of our people had their homes there before the Civil War. Our small plantation and home were hemmed in and surrounded

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Page 3 { page image }

by the gentry - such people as Governor John Hugh Means, Dr. James Furman, Chancellor Marper, Dr. McMahon, and Congressman Trette, who married one of the Means girls. Here Preston S. Brocks, who used a cane on Senator Summers of Massachusetts in the U. S. Senate, came a courting and married another one of the Means girls. The Lyles, first settlers in the county, lived not far from us. I grew up in this neighborhood a little over-awed by such fine people and a little disgruntled that the Lord or economic conditions had made it so our family couldn't hold a candle to such elegance and fine doings as went on among them. We only owned 318 acres of land and a few slaves.

"After the Civil War, when the Negroes were set free, our family was better able to meet the changed conditions from slave to free labor than those surrounding us. The boys in our neighborhood knew nothing but how to ride and make gallant speeches to the girls. The girls knew how to ride a horse on a crazy sidesaddle and how to dance. We boys in our family could do anything a slave boy was required to do, and my sisters could do all a slave girl could do.

"My first school days began when I was six years old. I went to a one-teacher school, taught by Miss Josephine Ladd. She liked for us to call her Miss Joe. We had only one

book the first month, Webster's Blue Back Speller. Then we were put in arithmetic and learned how to add, subtract, multiply, and divide. I think we went to Miss Joe four years. My next teacher was Miss Chanie Coleman. Went to her three years. The last school I attended was the Feasterville Boarding House School, taught by Prof. Busbee.

"My father encouraged independence in thought and self-reliance

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in his family, and, when I became eighteen years old, I was parcelled off fifty acres of land, given a horse and told: "See what you can do for yourself.' At this time, I was six feet two inches tall and weighed two hundred ten pounds. I was the best wrestler in the county.

"I made good as a one-horse dirt farmer before I was twenty-one years old, in spite of the lien law prices, which were twenty percent higher than cash prices.

"I made some extra money on the side by buying up poor cows and calves in the winter, fattening them up in the spring of the year, and selling then to the beef markets in Winnsboro and Chester. This brought me out of the slavery of the lien law credit shackles, and I increased the number of my plows and farm acreage. I bought one hundred seventy-five acres of land and became independent of any assistance from my father.

"My success went a little to my head. But my head, as you can see, is shaped like a double-yolked hen egg. At that time, it could hold a good deal of foolishness in one side and a whole lot of wisdom in the other side.

"Looking at these shreds and patches today, one would hardily think I was once one of the dandies and fops in Fairfield County. Roach, a tailor of Winnsboro, made my clothes. And old man Bob Dunbar, an Irishman, made my sixteen dollar calfskin boots. The year of Grover Cleveland's first election, I wore a Cleveland white beaver hat. And tied around my neck was an Allan G. Thurman red silk handkerchief, as a token of my admiration of the Vice President on the ticket with Cleveland. I kept a fine pair of driving horses.

"Thus equipped and arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, I drove up one day to the home of an influential and prominent citizen, kidnaped one

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of his girls, and drove off and got married, much to the amazement of everybody and the [consternation?] of the prominent citizen, my father-in-law.

"The result of that elopement has been my children: George, who holds a responsible outside job with the Winnsboro Mills; Russell, who died two years ago in Florida; Sam Jr., living in Charleston, South Carolina, and my four daughters.

"I was setting pretty in 1910. I had been able to acquire 596 acres of land and had it in a fine state of cultivation and farming condition. It was stocked with mules, brood mares, and a stallion. The pastures were fenced for cattle, and a cotton gin equipment was on the place. I had money in the bank, and my older children were in Clemson and Winthrop Colleges.

"Then the fool part of my double-compartment head got the upper hand and commenced to function. I bought a Swiss cottage in Winnsboro and moved my family to town. I excused myself for the lack of loyalty to the country life by saying I wanted to give my younger children the advantages that were supposed to flow from a huge school like Mt. Zion Institute.

"A family newly come to town tries like the devil to get in with society people. They go to much expense to keep in the swim, so to speak. You've heard the saying, 'An idle brain is the devil's work shop.' Well, it's true. I started [lonnging?] around the pool rooms, the livery stables, and taking old cronies in my surry to baseball games in the surrounding towns. My farm was neglected, and I spent more than my income.

"I might have got straight, but the political bee got in my bonnet

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and kept buzzing about my big head until I ran for the legislature and was elected.

"I was wholly unfitted for the job, and being occupied with its duties didn't have a tendency to decrease my expenses.

"While in politics, [I?] endorsed accommodation papers at the banks to the tune of $40,000.00 and put up as collateral security twenty-five bales of cotton, then in the State warehouse system. Nearly every copper and intangible asset was swept away by the failure of my father-in-law and brother-in-law, for whom I had stood security. I am now left with a job of bailiff for the court of general sessions for Fairfield County.

"Some strange things can happen in the administration of the criminal law. I don't mind relating one that overtook me once, after it has been so many years [since?] it happened. Two friends of mine, Albert C. and Charley F. and myself were subpoened to appear as [witnesses?] in a case at Union Courthouse, in February, 1902, I think it was. At the conclusion of the case, we were paid off by the clerk of court. Then we went to the bank, got our certificates cashed, proceeded to the dispensary, and bought some fine whiskey. From there, we went to the Marion Hotel and registered for dinner. After going to the

washroom, where we opened up the liquor, all imbibed to such an extent as to become pretty gay and lively.

"Albert and Charley were fond of pranks and devilment at my expense. We went into the dining room and, it being a very cold day, I sat at the table without removing my overcoat. I sat between them. It was a good dinner, and I became deeply absorbed in consuming a part of it, to the neglect of everything also happening about me. The two friends, taking advantage of my preoccupation of mind, stealthily filled my large overcoat pockets with knives, forks, spoons, and table linen.

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When I had finished eating my dinner, I got up and told them I would wait for them in the lobby. As I was going out, I did notice them gesticulating to the Negro waiter, but thought little of it.

"It seemed they were telling him I was a kleptomaniac and was carrying off the hotel's knives, forks, spoons, and even the doilies of the hotel in my pockets and to go out and stop me.

"Imagine my surprise and indignation when the Negro boy came rushing out into the lobby and accused me of trying to get away with the hotel's property. The lobby was crowded with people.

"The first thing I did was to knock the waiter down. I then gave vent to such a frenzy of words that the police was called in to quiet the disturbance. I was overpowered and taken to jail, before Albert or Charley could come to my assistance. That was a pretty rough joke, but our friendship survived it. They are both dead now, and the occurrence is one of my happy memories. Though, at that time, I thought it was tragic and a hell of a trick and a bad way to treat a friend.

"I was elected to the House of Representatives of South Carolina, in 1915, and took my seat in January, 1916.

"After I had been sworn in, a very likely handsome gentleman from Charleston came to me and said, 'Hello, old fellow. I want you to come to my room after adjournment and let's get acquainted. Some friends will be there who'll be helpful to you in bringing you at once to the front in your career here." I accepted the invitation gladly.

"When I got there, a half dozen or more members of the House had arrived, and more came in later. All the old members became talkative. There were two barrels of beer in the room, one Schlitz and one Budweiser[:?] And several quarts of liquor were on a table. The concensus of opinion, I

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gathered, was that it was easy to get to the legislature the first time, but hard as nails to get reelected. Our host explained how he got back the second time. He rose and said: 'Sam, when your predecessor, D., was down here, we roomed together and had a kind of David and Jonathan friendship. I felt like I had done nothing to distinguish myself thus far as a member of the House and didn't merit reelection. I sat gloomy before that fireplace one night and my friend D. asked what was the matter. I replied, '"Are we friends enough for you to do something for me without asking any questions?" D. said, '"What is it?' I said, '"I want you to go into the engrossing department tomorrow morning and introduce a bill into the House prohibiting all freight trains from having their initial runs in South Carolina on Sunday."

'"D. came back with the rejoinder: '"In short, you want me to proclaim myself a poor lawyer, a fool for lack of sense, and a sissy type of legislator. I can't do it, T.'" '"But my political life depends on your doing this, D. Please do it. And in twenty hours you'll see the vital reasons for it."

'"Well, such was our Damon and Pythias friendship that D. introduced the bill. The next night it was read out at the Speaker's desk and referred to the Railroad Committee, of which I was a member. It was published in the News and Courier of Charleston the next morning.

'"That night I entered this room with a sheaf of telegrams in my hands from Charleston County and the islands adjacent to Charleston. I said to D., "See here, all these telegrams protest against your Sunday bill. They say the passage of it will destroy their truck business. They have asked me to arrange a hearing before the committee. A hundred or more wish to

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appear and show that it will be unfair to them in competition with Florida and Georgia truck farmers in getting their truck to Baltimore and northern markets. They have asked me to do everything to kill your bill." D. said nothing.

'"Well, sir, Sam, it seemed like all the Charleston truck farmers came to the hearing. Before the committee, I made the speech of my life against the bill, with D.'s consent, and I secured an unfavorable report, which was adopted by the full house.

'"My activities in regard to the bill carried me sky high in the next primary election, and I was returned to the House at the head of the ticket.'

"I did not care to return to the House after my term expired, and I retired.

"How much land did I ever own at one time? Well, I bought the following tracts at different times, 295 acres, 318 acres, 178 acres, 11 acres and 123 acres. Total 1278. And I lost all this land on an accommodation endorser and the failure of two banks.

"I am now living with my son, George, who is in the outside service of the Winnsboro Mills. He attends to cultivation of plants and shrubs and is in charge of the beautification of the premises of the homes.

"My time is taken up in breeding rat terriers. But I'm going into the chicken raising business. I'd like to sell eggs and friers to all the mill operatives. I think there is money in the business."

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