

B. Elliott is vice president of Schick, Inc. Ministerial Association urges businesses to close on Sunday. Cpl. Byron W. Hegener, husband of the former Miss Geneva Cooper, lands in New Guinea.

NOVEMBER—

Nov. 2.—Lt. Thomas F. Murphy reported killed in action in France on June 18. Lucy Hill Doty, Red Cross representative, pictured in Egypt. Ruff place brings \$35,000 at auction. Freezer-Locker priorities approved, plant should be built soon.

Nov. 9.—FDR elected to Fourth Term, as so-called Southern Democrats make poor showing in South Carolina. M. A. Kirkland heads Veteran's Program in county. Winnsboro interurban bus service established by J. R. McMaster and T. D. Rivers. DEATHS: Mrs. John Peay Jones, 73, Ridgeway; Mrs. Abbie Futch. Capt. Roland Wooten missing in action.

Nov. 16.—Wounded: Sgt. A. F. Harsey in France; Pfc. S. J. Gladden in Germany. S-Sgt. Haynes Miller among first paratroopers to land on Reich soil. DEATHS: Mrs. Mary Broome, 79, T. M. Cathcart, 86.

Nov. 23.—David Reynolds killed in action in Germany. Sgt. Jerome George wins Distinguished Flying Cross. Sixth War Loan Drive (\$380,000) gets under way. DEATHS: Mrs. Catherine Sara Roberts.

Nov. 30.—Capt. Bob McMaster returns to States after 27 months of Jap-hunting. Pfc. Harry Levy wins Soldier's Medal for act of unusual bravery—swims through fire and water to rescue aviator. Anti-inflation meeting is flop here. Governor Williams addresses Rotarians. Thirty acres of Strange property brings \$24,000. Sgt. William J. ("Bunny") Arnette was in Tokyo Rose, first Super-Fortress to fly over Jap capital. G. R. Lauderdale wins Herald's Presidential guessing contest—Elliott and Quattlebaum second and third places. Five sons of the E. G. Isenhowers serving in Army and Navy. Bobby DesPortes joins Marines.

DECEMBER—

Dec. 7.—Capt. Dorman Turner, medical officer back from France, addresses Lions, Capt. Bob McMaster speaks to Rotarians. City Council elects two new policemen—W. R. Ashford, E. G. Isenhower—fires two old ones. Greenbrier folks buy \$21,400 in bonds

E. Ketchin observe 55th wedding anniversary, Nov. 27. M-Sgt. Carl Stevenson writes from France, Lt. Edward McMaster from East Indies.

Dec. 14.—Pfc. John D. Ferguson, Great Falls, killed in action on Armistice day. Wounded: Pfc. Charles Lee Isenhower in Germany; Pfc. Albert M. Swygert in Germany. G. H. Rion is first winner in News and Herald's ad contest. DEATHS: Mrs. Annie Griffen Mosely, 44.

Dec. 21.—Gannaway addresses 100 men at Boag Memorial. Mrs. Sarah DesPortes Kelly to receive Air Medal and 2 Oak Leaf Clusters for her husband, Lt. Sydney Kelly, missing over Germany. Seaman Charles L. Richardson reported missing in Pacific. Dr. J. J. Obear in vocational talk to Rotary club. Missionary predicts long war with Japs. DEATHS: Marion G. Brown, 43, J. K. Stevenson, 60; Mrs. Jack Gettys, Lugoff, sister of Mrs. P. A. Matthews.

Dec. 28.—Lt. Leonard O. Stevenson arrives in England. Lt. R. C. Brown awarded Air Medal. Marion L. Sharp, now serving in Pacific, writes Christmas poem. DEATHS: S. E. Matthews, Winnsboro Mills.

And now the \$64 question: What will 1945 bring? Some major and minor prophets are already making predictions.

The Fairfield Herald, Winnsboro, S.C., February 26, 1868.

Mr. Editor:

Friday, the 14th of February, was a great day for the citizens of Ridgeway, and its vicinity. For weeks the country had been deluged with water, the roads almost impassable, the sun shrowded in gloom, and everything looked sad and cheerless. But on that memorable morning the sun rose in all its splendor and threw its genial rays on a world, now wide awake. All was commotion. The people from far and near, might be seen, hastening forward. You might ask, what is all this about? Why, the great tournament to come off near Ridgeway. When we arrived at the town, a beautiful sight awaited us. The Knights, in their various and appropriate costumes, were galloping through the different streets. We could not help feeling sad to *know and feel*, that those young men were not free, and while indulging in these thoughts, we were startled by seeing some one riding up Coleman's street, asking a friend, who that was: He replied, "The Knights of the Lost Cause," clothed in a complete suit of Confederate gray. It brought forth sad recollections. But we digress.

The programme made known that Capt. J.K. Thomas was Marshal of the field, and Capt. H. Edmonds, Herald. The knights were.

J. Quinton Davis, James Fitz James, Knight of Snowdown.

Ulysses G. Desportes, Knight of the Lost Cause.

Master Willie Edmunds, Knight of Rowan.

John K. Craig, Ivanhoe.

R.H. Edmunds, Jr., Knight of Lyons.

Edward K. Rosborough, Knight of Tyrol.

W.R. Thomas, Black Prince.

Master E. Palmer Davis, Roderic Dhue.

T.E. Hammond, Knight of the Cross.

A.F. Ruff, Knight of Ridgeway.

Master Harry C. Davis, Nigel Bruce, Knight of Scotland.

The Knights were formed in Ruff street, in front of St. Stephen's Church, and marched to the ground, in command of Capt. James Fitz James. Arriving at the point selected for the tournament, we found a vast crowd had assembled. The ladies not forgetting the privilege accorded them, leap year, had assembled in great force, and brought forward all their heavy artillery...their sweetest smiles and looking their prettiest.

The tournament was opened by the Herald announcing the "Knight of the Lost Cause", who with poised lance bore himself gallantly through, and each cavalier addressed himself to the tilt in succession, knowing that the eyes of his lady love were upon him.

After each knight had ridden through three times, the judges retired to consult and decide who were the victors. The Herald then proclaimed that James Fitz James having encircled his lance with eight rings was victor, and entitled to the first crown; that the Knights of Ivanhoe and Lyons had displayed equal skill, and there fore would have to contest again for the second crown, and the Knights of Tyrol and the Cross having tied, would have to contest again for the fourth crown.

The rival Knights, soon addressed themselves, and with noble mien, again gallantly drove forward at the rings. The Knight of Lyons won the second crown, Ivanhoe the third, and the Cross, the fourth. The Knights were drawn up in front of the place occupied by the Ladies, and the Herald proclaimed that James Fitz James declared Miss Anna Ladd, Queen of Love and Beauty. The Knights of Lyons, Miss Anna Thomas, 1st Maid of Honor; Ivanhoe, Miss Ann Thomas, 2nd Maid of Honor, and the Knight of the Cross, Miss Mary Walker, 3rd Maid of Honor. Each of the ladies advanced to the point, and were crowned by their respective

Knights, and received the compliment with blushing modesty and lovely grace.

The Queen of Love and Beauty then placed the Victor's wreath of laurel upon the shoulders of the Knight, James Fitz James, who on bended knee received it. It was proclaimed that the first prize for horsemanship had been awarded to the Knight of Tyrol, the second prize, to Nigel Bruce, the third prize to Roderic Dhue, Scotland's Knight which was personated by a youth of ten summers who rode a pony two years old, broken and trained by himself.

The successful knights then conducted the Queen and her Maids of Honor to their carriages, and escorted them from the field. The pleasures of the day were completed by a ball, where the young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

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The following fraternal officers for the year 1911 were listed: Winn Lodge Knights of Pythias—Preston Rion, C. C., James H. Thornwell, V. C., John S. Cathcart, Prelate, T. A. Moore, K. of R. & S., R. E. Caldwell, M. of A., L. Landecker, M. of W., John H. Gibson, Inner Guard, R. Y. Bolick, Outer Guard; Winnsboro Lodge No. 11, A. F. M.—J. B. Burley, W. M., C. A. Robinson, S. W., J. N. Center, J. W., G. B. McMaster, Treas., C. M. Chandler, S. & T.

Among the many advertisements were the following: John H. McMaster & Co., McMaster Company, John W. Cathcart & Company, J. W. Seigler, James Macfie, L. Landecker, James M. Smith, Ernest Gladden, Obeur Drug Co., H. E. Ketchin, Furniture, DesPortes Mercantile Co. (Fay Allen DesPortes, Sec. & Treas.), D. V. Walker & Co., C. S. Pixley, M. D., B. G. Tennant & Co., Ketchin Mercantile Company. "Time Marches On." 12/17/1910

ARMISTICE DECLARED IN WINNSBORO--RIDGEWAY BOUT

7/13/1931

The final game of set-back between the Invincibles and the Unconquerables took place at the invitation of Mr. James S. Edmunds in the Log Cabin in the Wildwood, resulting in a score of 16 to 15 in favor of Winnsboro. This brings the series to a tie. Therefore Ridgeway remains invincible and Winnsboro remains unconquerable. So mote it be!

A truce was declared for the months of July and August. Hostilities will be resumed at the call of Ed Brown of Ridgeway and Marion Brown of Winnsboro.

Pen Pictures.

Joe Coleman, star player in the contest, as his name implies, plays with cold, matter of fact good judgment. He is a bachelor of parts and was much in demand when the old maids had their convention in Ridgeway recently.

John Middleweight Harden is a retired oil magnate—not smooth as oil but hard as rocks in a game. He has the distinction of never having lost a series at his table. While his face reminds you of the book of Ecclesiastes (Lamentations), he has an infectious chuckle when things are going his way and against "Old Man Dixon." He has a great play of surrendering the jack and making his deuce the next play. Then he shakes and boils over with hilarity.

Tom Haynes, enigma, mystery man, never smiles, never worries. With walrus mustache, poetic, an air of Edgar Allen Poe, quoth the raven never more style, he is in the first rank; A1, first-class player, radiating no enjoyment and absorbing none—standing preeminent the dealer, and the peer of any player in any place and at all times.

Louis Nooe, captain U. S. Reserve Corps, bonhomme, prince of good fellows, raconteur, poet, and author of that esprit de verse "Anent Horses' Tails." At the third series Louis "Wiped his sweet smile off his face, He changed it to a scowl; He turned into a curly wolf, An Winnsboro began to howl!" Speaking of the next meeting in September he said: "Then we are going to have a banquet, Some time the coming Fall; Let's try to get together, Not justa few but all. I hope I'll see you all there, and please forget my bunk. I shall try to bring Dixon sober, But I will myself be drunk." Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, said his great rival, Mr. Gladstone "did not possess one redeeming vice." In this

respect, Louis is superior to Mr. Gladstone, for he masticates tobacco and in doing so expectorates over the universe.

Tom Center, as his name implies, has been the center around which all the great attacks have been made. Ridgeway has always known that its victory must be made in hammering down the fortress presided over so ably by Tom. Against him all the great offensive moves have been made. These have mowed down a Hinnant, a Brown, and left Tom a cripple on a stick in Uncle Sam's service.

R. Ed Brown, as his name implies, is cousin germane to Postmaster General Brown and A. J. Brown of Amos and Andy fame, they having a common ancestor in Old Father Noah who built the ark out of shittim wood, there being no Nooe's nor saw mills in those days. Mr. Brown in stature, feature, and all around, ensemble, bears a striking likeness to President Hoover, but he takes it as a matter of course. When you add that he has more sense than Hoover. From the startling eyebrows down, past the combative eyes, the pugnacious nose, the pragnacious jaw and to the tip end of the Neanderthal chin he is Hoover. But above the eyelids, the front is Jove. Then the sweep of the contour of the Alp-like head over and down to the wart which acts as an improvised back collar button—yes, this part of the man is all a mixture of Columbus and Robinson Crusoe. In fact, for years, ever since he kinged it over Blackstock, Ed Brown and his alter ego, the Southern Railway, have had W. S. Lee and Professor Einstein figuring on the differential of the curve of the earth's surface. Ed figures that if he can get a locomotive of super-driving wheels and an unburstible boiler, get it running at a million miles per second, at a certain point of the earth's curvature it will leave track and land without misadventure in the Grand Central Station on Venus. Harry Shannon, his porter, is to be taken on this trip. You can't horoscope our president of the Invincibles, but it is more than likely that he will land on the island of Juan Fernandez. He may not then be named "Mud," but Harry's name will be changed to Friday, and a Poll Parrot will be singing "Poor Edward Brown." The president of the Invincibles is very fond of flowers. He has nasturtiums for

raises a row if there are no morning glories at supper.

Henry Nooe, of the Invincibles, knows his onions when it comes to business or sport, but he has been afflicted with good looks all his days. It only needs for some woman to call him Harry or Hal to effect his utter ruin. The thrill of his towering height, the splendid set of his graceful shoulders, gives you a thrill as he enters a set-back game and crashes through it like a Crusader. There he sits, a gorgeous effigy, serene, aloof and invincible in the play until some one remarks upon the symmetry of his nose or perchance about his shell like ears and then Henry goes blooey. Ridgeway will sign him on again however if the multiplicity of his many social engagements do not preclude his appearing. He has one appointment with the sculptor, Borglum Ruckstuhl, to pose as Samson in the scene with Delilah, but this is set during the dog-gone hot days of "dog days."

Marion G. Brown, manager of the Unconquerables, is the youngest member of the participants. In fact, just seeing his head over the tables, you would think a starry eyed girl had been abducted into a room of border ruffians. He will manage the team the coming season, and already has hitched his wagon to a star.

A. J. Hinnant, Citadel man, applies to the game the science, strategy, tactics, camouflage, and all the art of war with which he is so richly endowed. On the medal his club will present him for distinguished action and intrepidity under fire, will be the suitable phrase embossed: "She did what she could."

Charlie Robinson and Wood Dixon are pen-kodaked here together. This is the same Charlie who went to the South Carolina College and afterward made such a splendid mayor of Winnsboro. It was during his incumbency that Wood Dixon was town attorney, member of the Legislature, and captain of the Winnsboro Guards. Some wise guys, most likely Arthur Owens and Red Matthews, one night while the company was drilling interfered in some way. Chief W. W. Ketchin didn't know exactly what to do. Dixon, as attorney for the town, advised him to declare martial law and call out the militia. The offenders were chased in a double quick, but escaped with much laughter on both sides. Dr. Joynes was professor of modern languages and formed a deep attachment for Charlie. He gave a complimentary breakfast at the old Grand Central Hotel. To the function he had this reporter, Senator Tillman

The Divine Sarah, actress and tragedienne, had but recently suffered an accident and the amputation of the right leg, but science had stepped in and supplied her with another of cork or rubber. Whatever the material, Charlie assured me afterward that it was soft and agreeable—to his or her touch he didn't just say, Dr. Joynes lead us into the drawing room where Sarah was seated. She said to Charlie, "Mon cherie garçon, vous comment parley, vous?" Charlie had bought a little French conversation book on the train going down and replied in great solemnity, "On both legs." Dr. Joynes said softly to Sarah and Senator Tillman, "Une faux pas." Dixon nudged Charlie and said, "They think you came on your fore paws." With that sweet smile all his own, Charlie bent to Madame Bernhardt and stuttered, "No-am! On both behind legs." The tragedienne shed tears of laughter, took him by the hand, drew him down to the divan and seated him by her artificial limb. Then she stroked his hair, patted his cheeks, and called him, "Mon chere petit enfant."

(Editor's Note: The conclusion of the report of our special reporter;

PEN PICTURES OF CHECKER PLAYERS

7/24/1931

Mr. Editor:

In my last article I was striving to give an account of the notable contest between Ridgeway and Winnsboro with cards and checkers. I had finished the pen pictures of the set-back players—all except that oblate spheroid figured fellow, Wood, Dixon, and that straight line of platitude, Charlie Robinson. These, we were depicting in a suite of rooms in the old Grand Central Hotel, guests of Dr. Joyner along with Senator Tillman, the late Preston Rion and this reporter at a breakfast in honor of the great tragedienne Sarah Bernhardt. At this time Sarah was 76 years of age, and one of her lower extremities had been amputated, but so great an actress was she, and so faultless was her make-up that all these gentleman, lame halt, obese and one-eyed, vied with each other for the slightest favor of her appealing personality. Charlie, seated on the divan, anent her artificial limb, was rubbing his left knee in ecstatic glee. Senator Tillman, his blind side to her, was stretching his neck awry to catch the oriental slant drag of her beautiful eyes. Mr. Rion was striving to range himself tete a tete, reiterating that he was the rightful heir to the crown of France and on the coming restoration she should be the Louise La Vallerie of his reign—Le garçon annonces: Breakfast is served! Dr. Joynes looked around in some perturbation. Who was to conduct the divine Sarah into la salle dejeuner? The colossal vanity of Senator Tillman which would have made him want to be chief pallbearer at his own funeral, aspired for the privilege, but Dr. Joynes vetoed the idea on account of some principle of optics or obstetrics, I forget which. Mr. Rion pushed forward claiming the honor by royal prerogation only to be courteously turned down on the ground that he was minus an ulna and radius. With rotary movement, Dixon presented his bellicose anatomy only to be answered: "Nay verily!" So Charlie, with his monolithic figure, was chosen as a kind of crutch or Charlie-hoss for the occasion, and he it said that never did carpet knight caper so nimbly in a lady's chamber as did he in detouring the world famed interpreter of Oprelia, Juliet, and Lady Macbeth from room to hallway. Leading her by a strand of her marigold hair he

dallianced down the entree way as if it were a primrose path that he and Sarah had to tread. Oh well, to make a long account short, they sat down to breakfast, arranged the white doilies in their laps, but Wood was so confused he stuffed the whole corner of the table cloth in between his shirt and trouser's band. When Sarah had shown her art in reciting a passage from Richard III—Shakespeare, Dixon essayed to spout the "Boy stood on the burning Deck." In turning around to make a sweeping gesture, the end of the tablecloth stuck tenaciously to his tightly stuffed abdomen, and dragged all the dishes, wine decanters and china-ware with a frightful crash to the floor—and let me tell you, Wood didn't stand like the boy on the burning deck, but he most surely fled!

Let us step back a two step. This correspondent was just back from the sidewalks of New York, had met Mayor Jimmy Walker, and descending from his Tin Lizzie at the Log Cabin, saw a young man that was the spit image of the Metropolitan Mayor, who proved to be Jimmie alright but was in fact our charming host, Jimmie Edmunds. He was standing by a sedan, a lady inside, her Tribby foot upon the wind-shield, singing Ben Bolt. He was responding in diapason tones "Will you Love Me in December As You Do in May." I suggested it was June time and dire time to go in and receive his guests. He excused himself and went in. His welcome address was as follows: Gentlemen, hill-billies, rubber-necks, pulp-wooden men, two-by-fours and logger-heads: Playing cards were first invented to amuse a crazy King, the unfortunate Charles VII of France. I am glad therefore to find you all here instead of in a lunatic asylum. "Checks" are always associated in my mind with correct clothing apparel. So I congratulate Mr. Lauderdale, Mr. Whitlock, Mr. Bolick and the check devotees for being here and not in the State Penitentiary. Enjoy yourselves boys! Eat, drink and be merry and "Don't Go Home Till Morning."

Marion Brown responded: "Mr. Edmunds, your welcome affects us all as a gentle zephyr or south wind coming over a jecsamine bush, or over the perfumed bank of sweet violets."

There is no telling where the purple patch of words might have spread, but Charlie Norman, thinking of terminal facilities, in a fog horn voice, shouted: "Rodents! Rodents! Rodents! Let heem go back to de lettle grisette in de sedan!" Then Mr. Edmunds departed to a dance in the Beverly Heights environs of Ridgeway—the last seen of the girl—O, Tempora! O, Mores! O, Mamma! her nude foot was still riant against the wind-shield, and along with the noise of the exhaust pipe and the sound of the motor-horn, the song of Ben Bolt floated on the night breeze, but while she may have been in a corner she was neither obscure nor alone.

Pen Pictures:

Wade Aiken, as his name implies, is willing to wade into anything and concentrated thought gives to his face the similitude of a vicarious sacrifice, or couldn't it be better said by Dr. Bryson's diagnosis—that Wade in a check game always suffers an attack of cramp colic, molar tooth ache complicated with severe pains in the Eustachian tubes. He was born in the western part of Fairfield county in the shadow of Buckhead mountain and on the left side of Possum trot. Mr. Aiken has beautiful manners, reverential to all feminine sounds and always takes off his hat in speaking to ladies over the telephone. He got a good break in the contest but more of that anon.

Sydney Cloud Smith: I write the name out in full to distinguish him from an English clergyman of the same cognomen and Capt. John Smith whose head Pocahontas saved. Many women in the long ago combed and turned Syd's head, but none have saved it. It's still lost in the cloud of his baseball pitching days. Syd got three games, or more in the contest and says if he hadn't got his inside finger mashed the day before while making a chicken coop he would have won every game. Moral: Don't put up chickens the day before a checker combat.

Charlie Norman was born at UZ in Chaldea and while the star Aldeban was in conjunction with the planet Venus. He is perhaps the third best checker-player in Winnsboro and by far the best liked member of the Leap-um and Take-um Club of the Capital of Fairfield.

John Ameen—The Stars in the Cobalt skies are no brighter than the eyes of this member of the Leap-um and Take-um Club. He is just a little fellow with a curvature of the spine as depicted by James Whitcomb Riley, but oh Papa! Whoa Emma, when he got through with Bob

Bolick, Bob felt like the man who went up the road from Jerusalem to Damascus and fell in among thieves.

Dr. Gordon Quattlebaum—sweet tenor of Allen's Branch has all the qualifications of a great dentist and surgeon, the eye of an eagle, the hand of a woman and the heart of a lion. I heard them say of Doc that walking Billy Wilson went to him for some trouble with a wisdom tooth. Billy wanted to save the tooth as a memento of other days, but as it was the only one left obstructing food through the oesophagus, Doc wanted it to come out. Asked the charge, he said 25c to draw it; 50c to pull it; \$1.00 to extract it—free of charge to knock it out. Billy said: "Knock her out."

Robert Madden Bolick, Captain of the Punch-um and Take-up Checker Club of Ridgeway, has long been identified with the sport life of America. In the absence of the discus and check board, a favorite pastime of his in this hot weather is to see how far he can throw a bull by the tail. He is one of our very best checker players but showed bad generalship in the contest. He fought his three players against five of the enemy. Again, he had Wade Aiken beat to a stand still, 7 games to 3, when his kindness of heart prompted him to feature four other games he could play, but while he was playing and showing them Wade won the next four games. Bob's conduct in this regard was human and beautiful, but it was not war.

Warren Gamaliel Whitlock, as his name implies, may some day be President of the United States. He already has a good start in being Mayor of Ridgeway, and we have weekly reports that he will carry Smallwood, Adger, Boneys and Simpson. His close association with the late Major T. W. Woodward gave his greatest incentive to not only be something but do something in life for others in the woods. He made his fortune in telegraph wire and railroad lines. Although now a retired telegrapher and station agent, as a matter of courtesy and friendship he takes charge of the office at Ridgeway, allowing Mr. Brown to go to see his best girl in Rock Hill. Apropos of his fondness for locomotives the other day a freight train was standing on the main track at Ridgeway, the crew left it a moment to run over to Joe Palmer's for ice cream. Whit stepped up into the engineer's cab. He had no intention to meddle with the iron monster but when he got his hand on the lever the temptation to set the big driving wheels in motion was too

started and went roaring northward; before it passed the seed houses on the right-of-way, Whit got excited and pulled the throttle wide open, whistling and pulling the bell all the while for the crossing at the Baptist Church. Alas, a-lock-a-day! Earl Mile's cow got on the track near the lumber mill, and instead of applying the brakes, he gave the lever another lusty pull, the train fairly bounded forward, got Earl's cow and spread her all over the smoke-stack and then all over the lumber yard. Ergo; Earl may be seen every day looking for his cow in the lumber yard. Mr. Whitlock has already selected his Presidential Cabinet: Charles A. Robinson, Sec. of State; Stoney Lyles, Sec., Treas.; John Middleweight Harden, Interior and Oil Preserves; Attorney General, Wild Wooly Dixon; Sec. War., Louis Nooe; Navy, John Leviathan Higgins; (his private instructions will be contained in one sentence: "Swim around, turn over all the boats and let your thirst be your guide); Postmaster-General, M. M. Stewart; Sec. Commerce, John Ameen; Sec. Labor, Henry Nooe; Secretary Leisure, Joe Coleman; Poet Laureate, T. M. Haynes; Ambassador to Great Britain, Rosicrucious Edward Brown; Minister to Liberia, Harry Shannon; R. M. Bolick will be his private secretary; Secretary Hot Air, Henry (Red) Matthews; Chief of Staff, Marion G. Brown.

Geo. R. Lauderdale, the Leonidus of the Leap-um and Take-um Checker Club, has 8 sides to his nature, a front side, a back side, a right side, a left side, a top side, a bottom side, a heavenly side, and a devil side. He is pulcritude, lavender and lace, honey and money, sweetness and blessedness, to everybody, man or woman, adult or child, black or white until he gets into a checker game—then the shoulders stoop like a gorilla, the eyes take on a fierceness, diabolical, the hands appear a simian Tarzan sinister shape, the Mona Lisa smile he uses on old women fades and evolves to the twisted lips of a bull terrier about to attack a cur. A game with George is short but not sweet. Why? Because he gets into the high gear of that eighth side of his octagonal nature and gentle reader, that side to run up against is simply hell and a heap of it. Do you ketch the pint? If not, try him, and a quart will come your way!

These sports have done a good deal to make the two towns cultivate each other and looking on I believe they had more enjoyment in two hours than I have had in all my life time.

Y. HAMP LUCAS

MORE FROM THE PEN OF Y. HAMP LUCAS

7/31/1931

Mr. Editor:

You asked me if I couldn't write some poetry for your paper about the set-back players and as the Good Book says that "all men are liars," I told you I could. Knowing that I was lying but wanting to make good, I ruminated that every man sometime in life had essayed to rhyme or had an ode or a lyric written about him, I put out to consult John Creight anent the thing. As luck would have it, I found Ed Brown at the depot waiting for the train to Rock Hill. He shook hands with me and said: "Hamp, you are sui generis." Not knowing what he meant, I started to run, but John Creight caught me, while Mr. Skinner explained with great particularity that the two words were Latin, that they were neither defamatory nor laudatory, and while the words were not pax vorbisum neither did the meaning convey any threat of vie et armis proceedings. Mr. Brown seeing that I was still dull of comprehending Mr. Skinner's clarity and lucidity of explanation said: "I simply mean, Hamp, that you are a monumental ass with a whole lot of sense in your 'think pot', but not of the right kind." I asked kind and how? He said sense was of various kinds—horse sense, cow sense, non-sense, common sense, uncommon sense, proper sense and improper sense, and that I was over stocked with improper sense. Mr. Brown had raised his voice during the while, and its tone like his face and stature being a duplex of President Hoover's, a great crowd thronged about the depot for a sight of him. Mr. Skinner became much excited and phoned for the efficient Chief of Police Lyles. The train was held five minutes to get Mr. Brown through the concourse. A lady fainted, an Italian was knocked down, a German clubbed and a negro lynched, but Brown enjoyed the attention and sensation of the moment. On the departure of the train northward bearing Mr. Pickwick (I mean Mr. Brown) I stated my business, a desire for a poem either written by Mr. Brown or about him. Mr. Skinner said that such matter was not within the scope of his plenary agency and besides was irrevelant, reduntant and non-testimentary, but Creight's face lit up with impishness. "He smiled like a villain and said: 'I have the very thing. It's a poem written about Brown many years ago when he was a bachelor at Blackstock. A

tilted flame gave it to my father, W. B. Creight, and the rats have romped over it in the old freight depot every night the past 47 years."

An Ode To Edward Brown:
It was many and many a year ago,
In dwelling down in town,
That a fellow there lived, whom you
may know,
By the name of Edward Brown;
And this fellow he lived with no other
thought
Than to our house to come down.

I was a child and he was a child,
In that dwelling down in town,
But we loved with a love that was
more than love,
I and my Edward Brown—
With a love that the ladies coveted,
Me and Edward Brown.

And this was the reason, that long
ago
To that dwelling down in town,
A girl came out of her carriage,
courting
My handsome Edward Brown,
So that her high-bred kinsmen came,
And bore away my Edward Brown,
And shut him up in a dwelling house,
In a street quite up in town.

But our love is more artful, by far
than the love
Of those who are older than we,
Of many far wiser than we,
And neither the girls that are living
above,
Nor the girls that live down town
Can ever dissever my soul from the
soul
Of my handsome Edward Brown.

And the moon never beams without
bringing me dreams
Of my handsome Edward Brown.

And the nights are never dark, but I
go on a lark
With my handsome Edward Brown.

And often by day I go all the way
To see my beau, my life and my joy,
To his office down in town
To the depot on the rails down town.

—Written and signed by Caro-
line Botts.

The Marriage of Sir Wood Dixon
Not a sigh was heard, nor a funeral
tone
As the man to his bridal we hurried,
Not a woman discharged her fare-
well, groan
On the spot where the fellow was
married.

We married him about eight at night
Our faces paler turning,
By the struggling moon beams misty
light
And the 'carry-sene' lamps steady
burning.

No useless watch chain dangled his
vest,
Nor over-dressed we found him;
But he looked like a gentleman wear-
ing his best
With a few of his friends around
him.

Few and short were the things we
said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow
But we silently gazed on the lady
that was wed,
And bitterly thought of tomorrow.

We mused as we silently stood about,
With spite and anger dying,
How the grandest rascal had cut us
out,
And left us all a-sighing.

But our hearty task at length was
done
When the clock struck the hour for
retiring—
And we heard the scribe and spiteful
pinn
The girls were sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we turned to go
We had struggled and we were gorg;
We shed not a tear and we spoke not
our woe
But we left him alone in his glory.
Y. HAMP LUCAS.

CHALLENGED BORO TO TOURNAMENT

Ridgeway has challenged the Winnsboro checker players to a tournament. The following is a faithful pen portrait of the Ridgeway team.

The captain of the team is W. G. Whitlock. In the meridian of life he put off childish things, and possessing grace and originality—qualities which are rare—ambition led him to seek the mayoralty of the village renowned for being the highest point between Charlotte and Columbia. He can talk informatively upon any subject from electricity to pulp wood and how to raise foxes, catch them and how to arrange red fox around a woman's shoulders with bandage tucked about her throat, and a tip of the index finger under the chin well thrown in as persiflage.

The venerable mayor plays a game of checkers as tough as white leather, and believe it or not, he is a greater player than Muscogee Robertson. Keep your eyes on the mayor in the contest. The only way to beat him is to divert his mind from the game, in light talk about Mae West, Ginger Rogers, Gay Frances, Joan Crawford and especially his favorite, Helma Todd.

Next in high pressure comes Bob Bolick, who delights to tie his adversary in a bow knot and lick the stuffing out of him in the final move to victory. Bob does not possess the iridescent combination of features that constantly beams from his captain's physiognomy, but traveling photographers have often sought his likeness for a fit representation of the book of Lamentation. He was once asked to be a character in the Parsafal. I think he was to represent one of the apostles, most likely the one who with a sword cut off the ear of the High priest's servant. Bob can hold his own with any of the Winnsboro players, except Geo. R. Lauderdale. Don't let his looks deceive you—this last star of the pleiades seeking sad sisterhood" appearance. It is often put on to mask the alert mind behind it. He will measure up fairly well with Wade Aiken, Humphries, John Ameen and Hypolite McMaster.

Albert Bonaparte Coleman. This young cockerel of the Ridgeway team rejoices in the idea that he resembles, in many ways the great Napoleon, and often may be seen strutting up and down the streets of Columbia viewing his reflection in the plate glass windows on main street. He is about the size of the great emperor and there is a personal resemblance, if you compare the portrait, well painted in oil by the great artist David, but unfortunately the young strategist of Ridgeway has a nose that looks like the ace of clubs. After

self in an institution of plastic surgery, and well he might, for he is still unmarried and a perfect slave to the fairer sex in the environs of Ridgeway.

Norwood Zackaria Crumpton. The ancestors of Crumpton were among the first settlers of Craven (now Fairfield) County, South Carolina, coming here from the neighborhood of the present St. Johns woods in Surray, England. Tradition says that his ancestors were devoted to the game of chess, but lost the chess men and the board in an incendiary fire incited by Tarleton and the Tories. To while away the times, a check board was made by the little Crumpton boys of pokeberry juice and goat horn buttons. Norwood's fondness and skill is therefore of long inheritance and he will be found worthy of steel in the meet between the two teams.

Sydney Smith. As the name implies this entrant of Ridgeway possesses all the pugnacity, intrigue and tactics handed down to him by the commander of the British fleet that destroyed the French armada in the Bay of Aboukirka and disrupted Napoleon's campaign for the conquest of Egypt. Next to their captain, Sydney is expected to win more games than any other player for Ridgeway. He is an even match for McMaster of the Winnsboro aggregation.

Joe Coleman. This charming old bachelor we hope will be on hand to hold up his end of the line of keeping the time and the score along with his rooting for the visiting team.

Place of meeting date and rules are in the hands of Geo. R. Lauderdale, O. C. Scarborough and Wade Aiken.

A like pen picture of the Winnsboro team will appear in our next issue with date and place of meeting. Much interest is being manifested in both teams by checker fans as to the result of the contest.

EDITOR'S NOTE—W. G. Whitlock, referred to above, is a former mayor of Ridgeway. J. S. Edmunds is the present mayor.

THE WINNSBORO TEAM

George R. Lauderdale has never been known to perpetrate an invaracity even to a woman, but he is very prevaricating and mis-leading at a checker board. His years of deep and high thinking have traced an immortal freshness about his face that renders him attractive to little children and all old octogenarian women. A woman of thirty, the other day viewing him as horse traders do, from head to foot, said this to him: "You have good blue eyes, long black lashes. Your foot speaks a good breed. Withers and chest strong and not too like a Percheron for speed. As a man you nos-

inspires trust and confidence of everybody, the love of young people and the adoration of Israel Pinckney and Maggie McAilley!" But checker antagonists beware of his shaking his leg. Heed not his words for every vowed and consonant has been steeped and infiltrated in the Saliva of An-nias and Saphire.

John Ameen—His private life stands four square to the winds of criticism. The equal of Lauderdale in strength and character, it is a pity that he falls much below him in personal pulchritude. His eyes, windows to his soul, are as twin stars in the month of June, but, alas, "His head looks like the coffee pot; his nose looks like the spout, his face looks like the fire-side, with the ashes all shaken out." In the famous lines of Lord Byron: This Syrian will sweep down on Ridgeway like the wolf on the fold, and game after game, to his credit, will be told.

Wade Aiken—Some time ago the Federal Government sent its agents to Winnsboro, avert the new postoffice site. On their return to Washington, Farley, the Postmaster General's first question was: "Did you see Wade Aiken?" The reply being "Yes," the great chairman of the Democratic party next asked: "What does he look like; what kind of a duck is he? The agent asked if he could speak as Gen. Johnson Hagood did before the Munitions Senate Committee. "Yes you can." Then the agent said: "Mr. Aiken has a utility nose, long and sharp enough to use as a pick in digging the foundation of the new post office." His mouth is big enough to shovel all the excavated earth into, and Mr. Secretary, those who watch Nature detect her jestful moods of shrewdest irony. For instance, she sometimes places toads in the neighborhood of flowers. Well the joke on our Civil Service is, we find, this fellow, Wade, hopping about and around male matters in the neighborhood of two flower like women in the post office at Winnsboro. We understand it is the same way at his home where he is attended by a bud and a rose in full bloom.

We understand that he is a fine checker fan and pushes the men on the board entirely on the theory of giving one man and hopping two is sufficient to win the game.

C. E. Dean—This is a ringer for Winnsboro. A southpaw from Virginia, who has spent the Autumn and Winter in the 'Boro and is more interested in the widows than orphans of our Cornwallis town. He has a clay head and a Webster understanding and a full knowledge of how to get the adversary in a "bad fix." The only trouble is he likes to sit in a "rocking chair" during the game and hectoring his oponent with the command: "Step right up, sir."

Muck Robertson who never said a foolish thing nor did a wise one in the game will be pitted against Joe Coleman of Ridgeway, solely on the grounds that he ought to have some sense in his head because none has ever come out of it.

The first contest will take place at the Community House of the Winnsboro Mill Village. Date to be announced by O. C. Scarborough W. G. Whitlock and W. W. Dixon, a committee on arrangement.

CHECKER CLUB WILL PLAY YORK TEAM

10-17-34

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small;
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all."

The Winnsboro Checker club has challenged the York Checker club for a series of games to begin on Thursday evening in the Community Club of the Winnsboro Mills. The return play will be the following week in York.

George Lauderdale will, of course, be one of the six players. There is some uncertainty about the others, but the material to select from are J. Creighton McMaster, John Ameen, Wade Aiken, Hugh S. Wylie, R. R. Macfie Sr., J. S. Lyles, Charlie Norman, Charlie Sams, W. J. Seigler, Dr. G. A. Quattlebaum, Wood Dixon and Muck Robertson. The last two will be drafted merely as utility men, rooters and mascots.

The results of the games will be noted in our next issue. In advance we welcome the visiting team to Winnsboro and extend them the hospitalities of our community.

NEWS FROM THE WINNSBORO RUMMY CLUB

12/21/19 34

The shades of evening were falling fast over the City of Winnsboro, thousands of variegated lights peeped out from electric bulbs and beribboned the historic town clock, the Confederate monument, and the streets in a maze of incomparable beauty; faithful Penelopes sat alone at home or attended the movies while their husbands trudged toward the City Hall. The occasion was the annual election of officers of the celebrated Winnsboro Rummy Club. The first to arrive, except the Beadle Ceiffies Bolick, was that Nester of Flim Flam with cards, J. C. Center, who had rather shoot than win a Noble prize of Peace, and lays on McDuff but never cries "hold enough!" Next to arrive is that confirmed old veteran from the battle of the Marne, Charlie Bolick, who explains his single wretchedness in saying: "It takes too much effort to get married." He was followed almost immediately by the Manipulator of Decks, A. J. ("Dad") Hinnant in

Branch ran east and northeast instead of west and northwesternly. And who is that strutting into view down Washington street, cane in hand, cigar perched to the cobalt heavens, cap at an angle on the wrong side of his head, humming "Old Man River." I wouldn't fool you, it is Sergeant Stewart, who gained his sobriquet of "Julius Seize-her" in the Phillipine Islands after the battle of Manilla Bay. After him approached the tall slim, slick saplin, Charlie Robinson, the elder. Waddling after him is that Arab Shiek, Charlie Norman. His hirsuite shock cause all of the feminine gender to look with wonder these bobbed hair days. Last, but not least, the President arrives with his 10-gallon white sombrero, rodeoed in by A. M. Owens, on a Shetland pony, cracking his whip, swinging a lariat and singing "Get a Long Little Doggie, Get Along."

All the old officers were re-elected except Prof. Wild Wooly Dixon. In his stead Mr. Frank Norman, who has written a book on Rummy, was elected Tutor Extraordinary. In accepting another term, President John M. Harden said like Washington, he did not chose to run a third time. Some think this is deplorable. It is bound to bring politics into the Club in striving for this most coveted position. Bill Hennessee, Bob Jennings, Henry Matthews and Cole Blease, an honorary member, are already spoken of in this connection. However, old heads in the political game think that Geo. R. Lauderdale will be rung in at the last moment and secure the plum.

Under new business the club took up the matter of what could be done for the children of the county and resolved to raise some money by the 4th of next July and see about another camp for them.

An amusing incident came about under the head of "Welfare of sick members." One of the club's best liked new members, Mr. Hugh S. Wylie, has been indisposed for several days and confined to his room. President Harden was asked about his sickness. Now last Sunday Mr. Harden had a sick horse and thought they were asking about the horse. He replied to the question: "Oh, he is all right." "Old Dixon came by my house yesterday from Will Seigler's house, and knowing he knew how to handle quart bottles, we drenched him with a quart of kerosene and turpentine, and he is feeling like a 4-year old today. Yes, I'm going to hitch him to a plow and plant turnips in the morning." What a dear fellow the God of Chance must think John Harden. He plays against all the rules of the game and yet he wins about as many games as any conceded fine player of the club.

CHECKER CLUB MEETS, ELECTS, CONFERS DEGREES

The white cottages, the asphalt streets and the well-kept lawns of the Winnboro Mills were gleaming and glistening in the morning sunlight, the historic town clock ticking the seconds for a hundred years, sent its reverberations over the city, tolling the hour of 10 a. m., when there might have been seen, pipe in mouth, a country gentleman weaving his way toward Mr. Geo. R. Lauderdale's store, sad and earnest was his mien. Who is this country gentleman? Is he old Father Time or is he a Win- kle out of some Mossy Hollow? It must be Old Father Time for he is singing "I am ten thousand years old and know more about checkers than ever has been told." Yea verily, it is "Muck" who is always hoping he will have some luck. He is attending the annual meeting of the P. A. C. G. (which stands for Push Away Checker Club). The annual address was made by Mr. Henry E. Matthews, who with eyes afire frenzy rolling, showered around copious praise and dispraise on the members, causing old Israel Pierson, a CWA worker standing by, to remark: "That gentleman show do recom- mend hisself" and shouts of "Amen" and "Glory Be" from another CWA worker, Maggie McAllilly. The ad- dress was replete with wit and hu- mor from start to finish. He de- scribed the members in mass as com- parable only to the S. C. Legislature, a few of whom sit and think and act, some who sit and think, but most of whom just sit. He said beware of George Lauderdale when he shakes his leg; watch out for Hypolitee Mc- Master when he commences to talk about "Rex" and hunting. He said one could tell Muck and Dixon were consins by the way they manuvered their men—the only difference being Muck moved his pieces wherever there was an opening, and "Wild Wooly", being bull-headed, making his moves where there was no open- ing, not caring for the wreck of mat- ter so there would be a head-on col- lision somewhere.

Mr. Wade Alken was court-mar- shaled and reprimanded for some reprehensible conduct toward Mr. R. R. Macfie. Just what it was didn't come out as the charge was made by Mr. John Ameen in the ancient Syrio- Phoenician language and written in Arabic script. However, a new trial was granted and the matter was left over to next meeting, pending trans-

lation of the charge into English by that Oriental Professor, Charlie Nor- man.

Election of officers resulted in the selection of:

- G. R. Lauderdale—President.
- W. J. Seigler—1st. Vice President.
- R. R. Macfie—2nd. Vice President.
- Hypolitee (Tay) McMaster—Treas- urer.
- John Ameen—Secretary.
- Dr. James Bryson—Psycho-Analy- sist.

Wade Alken—Medium Spirit Tap- per.

Charlie Norman—Interpreter of Gibberish.

W. W. Dixon—Dictionarian of Checker Argot.

Standing of members:

G. R. Lauderdale	99.99
Hypolitee McMaster	99.9
John Ameen	99
Charlie Norman	98
R. R. Macfie	94
W. J. Seigler	94
Mose Norman	91
Bill Ameen	90
Charlie Sam	90
Wade Alken	88.8
James Macfie	88
Frank Norman	88
S. E. ("Suit Case") Lyles	87
Jease Cribb	50
Longstreet Gantt	49.2
Henry ("Red") Matthews	49.1
Bob Ameen	38
Bob Arnette	15
W. W. Dixon	1/4 of 1%
Muck Robertson	000.00

The following degrees were con- ferred:

G. R. Lauderdale, C. D. (Doctor of Checkology).

Longstreet Gantt, LLD. (Doctor of Laws).

D. C. Wylie, R. R. D. (Doctor of Rocks & Roads).

W. W. Dixon, D. D. (Oh! Not Doc- tor of Divinity, but Doctor of the Dictionary).

H. E. Matthews, C. D., (Doctor of Cottonology).

A. M. Owens, M. C. (Master of Cowology).

P. M. Dees, M. B. L., (Master Belles Lettres).

M. G. (Lefty) Brown—M. I. & L., (Master of Ink & Linotype).

Hypolitee McMaster, B. D., (Doc- tor of Refrigeration).

The following were made honorary members: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Will Rogers, Mae West, W. G. Whitlock,

Senator J. M. Lyles.

Resolutions were passed express- ing sympathy and commiserations to Mossy Dale over his son-in-law, Muck Robertson's poor performances

for the year and hoping for improve- ment in 1934's standing of dear Muck.

The club had with them as its in- terested guest, Dr. Daniel, of Clem- son College, on this occasion. This reporter over-heard a conversation of Dr. Daniel, Young Coleman and A. M. Owens after the meeting, part of which had reference to Mr. Mat- hews' speech. Dr. Daniels remarked "that the similes, metaphors and tropes in it were strong—in fact, if printed and broadcast over the cot- ton belt of the south it would kill every boll weevil in the country this summer." Owens replied: "Man, no, it might kill all my cows, too." Young Coleman swore he wanted none of it in the "Dark Corner" for fear the diction and grammar might kill early corn next spring. John Harden, pass- ing by and not hearing very well, catching the last about "corn", said: "Who, old Dixon? He don't need corn no more. He's got a job in the Court House and all he needs is but- ter milk."—Reported.

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The Record's Editorials

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1959

And he said, Wherefore doth my lord thus pursue after his servant? for what have I done? or what evil is in mine hand?—1 Samuel 26:18.

The Columbia Record

SALEM CROSSROADS Remembers the Robbery But Now Relishes Fine Pickles

By JOHN BIGHAM

A recent, exploratory venture into Western Fairfield County brought us in due time to Salem Crossroads, a small but significant spot on the map of the Midlands. The roads which cross at this point, and thus create the name, are highways Nos. 34 and 215. The former is an east-west route which delivers traffic back and forth across the Broad river a few miles distant. The latter is a north-south highway once popular as a means of transporting Columbians to and from the mountains, but which in recent years has been largely relegated to local usage.

The hurrying visitor sees little at Salem Crossroads. There is the usual store and filling station at the intersection, and off to the side one observes a school, a church, and some scattered homes. Little else meets the eye. However, if the same visitor will stop and hobnob, as we did, with one or two prominent citizens in the community, he will come away signally impressed by an area which represents much more than a road crossing in the hills and valleys of western Fairfield.

Our first point of call was the home of the Marion Stevensons, situated hard by the Monticello High School and appropriately designated on a small granite marker as "School Daze."

Stevenson is the efficient and popular superintendent of this school. As we approached, he came dashing out of the house. He greeted us cordially, but allowed that "I have two prospective teachers to interview at the school, and I sure don't want to miss them."

For this reason he was excused from questioning, but his good wife was routed out of her kitchen into the living room to supply

us with facts and figures about the crossroads area.

"I am busy making bread and butter pickles," she said, "but I will be glad to come out of that hot kitchen long enough to help you, if possible."

Ruth Stevenson, housewife and office worker, is a leader in the Monticello-Salem Community organization. Serving as its treasurer at the present time, she is a fervent believer in the present and future of this Fairfield area. She is also acclaimed as the best cucumber and artichoke pickle-maker in the countryside. She was kind enough to give us a jar of bread and butter pickles hot off the stove. These we have accepted as being the best in the world, but real proof will come next winter when they are broken out of the family pantry.

In the short period of relief from her kitchen which our presence afforded, Ruth Stevenson furnished much information about the crossroads community.

"The Monticello-Salem Community program, now in its third year, has paid off," she advised, "and we want to continue what has been begun. As much as anything, we want to induce desirable families to move into our community and help us make it grow and prosper."

As an aside to the conversation, Ruth Stevenson recalled an event that solidly put Salem Crossroads on the map several years ago. That was the robbery of Ladd's store, wherein two men were convicted of the crime but the money (amounting to thousands of dollars) was never recovered.

The victim has since died, the store has long been abandoned, but the commotion stirred up by the event in this part of the country has yet to die completely away.

"It was the most exciting thing

to ever happen here," said Ruth Stevenson, "and I recall that everybody and their brother turned out for the various investigations and the trial."

The Stevenson park at Salem Crossroads, located between the school and the Presbyterian Church, is one concrete result of the Monticello-Salem Community organization's work. The site was once thickets of briars and honeysuckle vines; today it is a recreational area as attractive and useful as any we have found in our rambles through rural communities.

Our second call at the Crossroads was made on the Rev. Bob Wallace, pastor of the Salem Presbyterian Church. Founded in 1812, this is one of the most historic rural churches in Fairfield county. Not only is this personable and colorful minister among the community's most loyal boosters, but he is also quite worthy of a story himself.

A native of Alabama and for 29 years a practicing attorney in several southern states, Bob Wallace in 1947 suddenly changed his life calling from the law to the ministry. A severe heart attack at that time helped him to make the decision which took him out of the courtroom and into the pulpit.

Our chat with him in his study was short but fruitful, revealing that he is sold on the Monticello-Salem community and its people.

Declining his invitation to stay for lunch, given perhaps seriously, and another invitation to preach for him the following Sunday, given we are certain in a jocular manner, we drove away from the Salem manse and the crossroads, greatly convinced that when it comes to bread and butter pickles, education, community pride, and faith, no place in the world offers a superior product.

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'F' and 'W'

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THE LETTERS to The Record From Readers

FIGHTING OBSCENITY
To the Editor of The Record:
This will extend to you my personal thanks for the excellent man-

The politicians will be quick to jump in and stop all news coverage because, for them to stay in... they have to purify the mi-

GUESTS OF MOSCOW
To the Editor of The Record:
Instead of Maine or Miami, it's now stylish to vacation in Mos-

LOOKING BACKWARD

Bachelors' Protective Union, Formed In Winnsboro More Than Half Century Ago, Was Unique Organization. Grover Cleveland An Honorary Member.

Looking through some very old papers, a citizen came across the "Constitution of the Bachelor's Protective Union," a club that flourished in Old Winnsboro more than fifty years ago. It should be of peculiar interest to many people, although most of its members have married and died in the years that have followed.

The club must have been first organized about the year 1880, or earlier, as a member who is still living informs that President Grover Cleveland was made an honorary member. Cleveland went to the White House in 1884 and we understand the local club received a letter from the then bachelor President. He was married in the White House a year later to the beautiful Frances Folsom, and the Winnsboro Bachelors' Protective Union buried him with solemn ceremony.

The charter we have at hand, which was issued prior to 1888, carries the following names: Officers, T. W. Lauderdale, President, G. B. McCants, vice president, D. D. Gaillard, secretary. Other members with their titles: H. B. McMaster, Orator, J. H. Harden, Akoond of Swat, W. J. Elliot, Nabob of Arcot, W. M. Propst, Perpetual Reporter, J. W. Hanahan, Judge of Advocate, M. B. McMaster, High Cockolorum, C. A. Douglas, Grand Prosecuting Attorney, B. G. Pratt, Grand Jabberwock, O. W. Buchanan, Grand high Chancellor, E. L. Wilson, Captain of the Host, Saml. Johnston, Grand Tycoon, C. M. Chandler, Perpetual Censor, J. E. Williams, Begum of Bophal, W. T. Crawford, Poet Laureate, E. W. Aiken, Surgeon General, H. E. Ketchin, Grand Chaplain, R. B. Hanahan, Assistant Surgeon General, E. B. Ragsdale, Abbi Effendi, A. W. Reynolds, Fumius Bandersnatch, G. W. Ragsdale, Grand Mogul, O. Y. Owings, Maharajah of Madagascar and W. C. Rion, Grand Tyler. Other members, who married prior to the time this charter was issued were T. K. Elliot, T. H. Ketchin, W. H. Flenniken, D. V. Walker.

Constitution Of The Club

The title of this society shall be the Bachelors' Protective Union, and its object shall be to prevent its members from taking a chance in that great lottery, marriage; for the Society will not countenance any games of chance.

Article 1. Any man not over forty nor under nineteen years of age shall be eligible to membership in this Society, provided he can subscribe his name to the conditions hereinafter named.

Article 2. Each applicant, before joining the Society, shall be required to take the following solemn obligation: "I solemnly swear that I am not now engaged, nor

Article 3. Each member must pledge himself not to "set up" to the same girl twice in one week.

Article 4. Any member who is "kicked" must give in his experience at the next regular meeting of the Society, thereby enabling other members to see the folly of such proceedings.

Article 5. The Society shall meet on the twenty-ninth of February, or as soon thereafter as the President may see fit.

Article 6. The President shall be empowered to call an extra meeting at his discretion, when there is a rush of business.

Article 7. Every member upon his election shall be appointed to some office, even if one has to be created for his special benefit.

Article 8. No member shall be allowed to give candy to his little brothers or sisters, to keep them out of the parlor while visiting, or to treat to soda water to get on the good side of older ones—such conduct being looked upon as bribery, and consequently unbecoming a member of this Society.

Article 9. If any member shall be so unfortunate as to be accepted, it shall be his solemn duty to invite the Society as a body to his funeral and, furthermore, to resign from the Society as soon as he becomes entangled.

Article 10. No member shall take moonlight walks or drives with any member of the fair sex, as the Society regards the same as the most dangerous temptation to which its members can be exposed.

Article 11. Any person known by the Society to have been engaged, and escaping before the knot is tied, can become a member of the Society, provided he presents upon his application, a release, properly signed by the person who entangled him.

Article 12. No member shall be allowed to remain later than 10:30 p. m.

Article 13. Any member out walking or riding with a girl is required to take off his hat to fellow members every time he passes them.

Article 14. When a member becomes engaged the Society shall wear mourning for him for one month.

Article 15. The fines collected by the Treasurer shall be expended in the purchase of watermelons, peaches and grapes in summer, and "spiked water" in winter.

Article 16. No member of this Society, when escorting a young lady, shall walk slower than at the rate of 2 miles an hour.

Article 17. When convenient, each member shall bring to the meeting a durable tin pan (or bucket) and a musical cow bell.
FINES—Section 1—

Article 18. The fine for "setting up" to the same girl twice in one week shall be one dollar for each and every offense.

Sec. 2. Any member failing to give his experience when called upon shall be instantly expelled.

Sec. 3. For failing to observe Article 8 of the Constitution, known as "the candy and soda water rule," the fine shall be five dollars.

Sec. 4. Any member remaining out later than the time allowed by the Constitution, when visiting, shall be fined ten cents for every five minutes over time.

Sec. 5. For failing to recognize a member when out "sporting" the fine shall be fifty cents.

AMENDMENTS

1. That in balloting on application for membership, one black ball shall be sufficient to reject.

2. That the Union at no time on:

1. Telegraph or express company shall consist of more than 25 actual members.

3. That the Union shall have no invited guests at their meetings, except one member of the Press and one of the Bar of Winnsboro, and that both parties shall be married men.

IN MEMORIAM

Sacred to the memory of Brother....., who became a member of the Society on....., and was a most efficient officer. He was born on....., and became engaged on.....
Peace to his wool.

Looking Backward

3/31/1938

Toasting The Town

The following is the response made by President Lauderdale to the toast "Winnsboro" on the occasion of the late meeting of the Bachelors' Protective Union: Winnsboro is a good old town, As all of you do know, Also a place of some renown I shall proceed to show.

We don't need the Belgian blocks, With which to pave our way, We can furnish all the rocks— For which they'll have to pay.

Our quarries are celebrated For the granite which they yield And will prove a source of wealth To the people of Fairfield.

The population is increasing, I do not think I'm wrong, When I state the present number At sixteen hundred strong.

Sometimes there is a failure

To make some kind of crops; There's one that never misses— The sort the cradle rocks.

So the numbers will not diminish That we do chance to meet— Judging from the baby carriages We see upon the street.

Sinners we have amongst us; If they are left in the lurch The excuse will not hold good, That they could not go to church.

For we have a goodly number, I think either six or seven, With their spires pointing upward To the Christians' heaven.

Every Sunday here are heard The ringing of their chimes Warning us all to prepare, To dwell in other climes.

Of seats of learning we can boast Of the oldest in the State, Whose records bear honored names That there did graduate

Manigault in his rounds With pleasure doth relate That we have the finest Company In this grand old State.

Of clubs and societies We have our full share— Some of them are very old And some are very rare.

The Masons and Odd Fellows Are here as everywhere, Who gain a few new members With the advent of each year.

We have dramatic clubs And clubs for charity— Farmers' clubs for politics, And clubs who like a spree.

But of clubs that I have named The best I mention last— May its popularity be as great In the future as the past.

The sentiment that prevailed Crystalized at length. And found that organization Added to our strength.

Then give three cheers for the B. P. U. As we surround this feast— Although the last to organize We can't be called the least.

Let us hurrah for our society— Hurrah in our mirth— Then let us give three hurrahs For the town that gave us birth.

Whether we remain within her borders Or whether we are called to go, We'll always be true to our order And dear old Winnsboro.

Witchcraft Abounded In Fairfield 150 Years Ago

2/8/1940

Letter Written By P. Edward Pearson Of Winnsboro In 1837 Tells That "Burn- ings & Beatings" Were Resorted To Here In 1792.

By Frank A. Dickson
In Anderson Independent

As strange as it seems, witchcraft—which flourished to its greatest degree among the pioneers of the Northern colonies—was known in South Carolina at one time. In fact, hardly more than a century ago there sprung into existence within the borders of the Palmetto state witchcraft trials that resulted in the beating and burning of the feet of those hags who received adverse verdicts.

Amounting to a curiosity in itself, the message sheds startling light upon olden witchcraft and trials regarding the practice, always extra-legal in their nature. The contents read:

"Dear Sir, In reply to yours of the 22nd, I answer that I was never concerned in a case of witchcraft. Some years ago Stephen D. Miller, Esq., defended seven or eight persons who were indicted at Lancaster for assault and battery and false imprisonment. The defense was that an old woman, the prosecutrix, residing in Chesterfield, had mal-treated, by diabolical acts, a poor girl residing in Lancaster; and that the persons indicted, acting on the best advice procurable, went to the old woman, gently laid hands on her, and brought her into Lancaster to touch the abused girl, and say over her 'God bless you.' The significant words had been pronounced with the proper ceremony, and the girl instantly recovered.

"Judge David presided, and I suppose with a view to look somewhat into grounds of defense as a matter of curiosity, permitted the girl to be sworn.

"She testified that being fatigued one evening at her labors, she lay down to rest; Barbara Powers, the prosecutrix, came in and sat upon her and choked her with great violence. After this, Barbara raised her up, converted her into a horse, rode her to Lancaster village, went through the

keyhole into several shops, brought out goods of great value, loaded them on her and rode her into Chesterfield with the booty. Barbara subsequently rode her to Cheraw, and proceeded in like manner, obtained bags of goods, and rode her back to her residence.

"With the severity of her almost incessant hardships in the service of the witch her health and strength greatly declined. Here the judge interposed and cut off all further testimony.

This happened about 1813.

"In the year 1792 witches abounded in Fairfield. Many a poor girl was thought to be sadly afflicted with these miscreants. Also not a few persons of the other sex. In fact, to so great a length did they carry their enmities to a number of individuals, that to relieve the sufferers it was deemed necessary to give the witches a trial, and if found guilty of the charges brought against them to punish them with signal severity.

"In that year a court composed of witch doctors was held at the house of Mr. Thomas Hill, five miles below Winnsboro. Four persons were tried and found guilty. They were punished by stripes and burning their feet at a bark fire so that the soles came off.

I can barely remember seeing one of the sisterhood in the hands of an officer of the court. She was a poor German woman, seventy years of age, going to the place of trial; and afterwards to have seen the scars of cow skin on her arms and shoulders. The sufferers brought suit in the county court of Fairfield and the defense was gone fully into. The plaintiff's recovered nominal damages. From that day to this we have not had occasion to complain of dealings of witch or wizard among our people.

"P. Edw. Pearson."

McDonald Cites Power of Witches Through the Ages

2/1/1960

Speaking Tuesday to members and guests of the local Rotary Club on the weird topic of "Witches and Witchcraft," T. K. McDonald, dean of the Winnsboro bar, bewitched, bewildered, bemused and bothered his listeners as he graphically described the amazing influence these sinister and supernatural creatures have exercised over mankind throughout all ages. He was presented by Dr. R. R. McMeekin, who correctly appraised the situation in advance

in going out of town for talent when it abounds at home.

In a whimsical talk, described by competent authority as perhaps the most entertaining the club has ever heard, "Seer" McDonald regaled his audience with examples of witchery from the time Mother Eve "cast a spell" over Adam to the modern-day era when the Eva Gabors are performing a similar job on a large segment of America's gullible male population. Needless to say, although he did not uncifully emphasize the point, most witches are of the female persuasion. And whether or not he has succeeded in putting "the hex" on himself and his associates remains to be seen.

Inasmuch as The News and Herald purposes to print the text of the talk in full, this reporter will not attempt full coverage here, thereby dulling the edge of the original script. Suffice it to say that if the speaker didn't make witchery real, he did specifically show, citing chapter and verse, the terrific impact for woe that belief in witchcraft has had during countless ages, from the time King Saul sought the advice of the Witch of Endor to Eighteenth Century South Carolina, when anti-witchcraft legislation was still on the state statute books.

And, strange though it seems, Mr. McDonald pointed out, even during the times of the Renaissance and the Reformation, witchcraft flourished. The church, itself, helped to put to death many so-called witches and the greatest of religious leaders seemed to concur in the necessity of destroying such creatures. Benedict Carpzor, a Lutheran, said he procured the death of 20,000 witches; John Calvin, the patron saint of the Presbyterians, declared "the Bible teaches there are witches and they must be slain"; John Wesley, father of Methodism, held that "disbelief in witches was disbelief in the Bible." And the speaker brought to mind the story of the witch-hunts in New England, about 1690. Also, he related an historical incident of "witches abounding in Fairfield in the year 1792" and of the trial and torture of poor girls and old women—details of which will have to be told in another chapter.

Census now is, Mr. McDonald explained, that the witches of those long-gone days were probably persons suffering from mental illnesses. And in conclusion, he drew a pertinent moral when he said: "May a merciful providence grant us the desire and the power to resist political witchcraft from whatever source it may emanate . . ."

TALES OF WINNSBORO

And Fairfield County

By Nell S. Graydon

IN Winnsboro one finds an atmosphere so reminiscent of the Old South that it cannot fail to impress the most casual observer. A priceless heritage is reflected in the architecture of her homes, churches and civic buildings. The story of the old town clock—the oldest one running in America today—was told in the State Magazine several years ago, and most South Carolinians are familiar with the ancient Mt. Zion Society that has played a part in the educational development of the state since 1777.

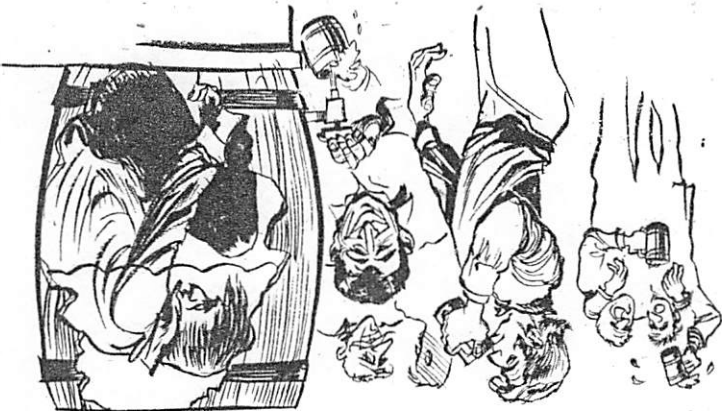
AN interesting story was told me by the charming mistress of one of the stately antebellum homes that stands far back from the tree lined street that runs through the heart of Winnsboro.

Fortune, the personal servant of Captain Robert Buchanan, of Winnsboro, was with his master at Georgetown when Lafayette arrived there. Captain Buchanan generously lent Fortune to the Marquis for the duration of his stay. The famous man grew attached to the loyal, efficient Negro and regretfully parted from him.

Many years afterward in 1825, Lafayette returned to America and was elaborately feted throughout the land. In Columbia, a wonderful welcome was extended to him. Fortune, then a very old man, carefully dressed, rode his pony from Winnsboro to Columbia. Arriving at the hotel where the General was attending a banquet, Fortune had some trouble gaining admittance but when he finally stood before the General the famous man immediately recognized the first servant who had waited on him in America, and ordered a glass of champagne for old Fortune. George M. McMaster, who was born in 1828 and lived to be quite old wrote a relative in 1899 that he remembered "Fortune who always wore a woven woolen cap shaped conically. A

For a second he thought the apparition was a figure of his imagination, but another flash revealed it within a few feet of the doctor. Doctor Robinson was a brave man, and took no stock in tales of the supernatural, but without delay he sprang upon his horse's back. To his horror, the apparition jumped behind him and long bony arms clasped his waist. The doctor realized the firm grasp belonged to no phantom, and began to question his unwelcome companion, and

drop had been drained from the barrel, it was still heavy one man could not lift it. The merry-makers decided to burst it open, and it was found to contain the perfectly preserved body of General Packenham, dressed in his uniform complete with decorations. The story most commonly believed is that the General was "embalmed" in the alcohol and put on a ship for England and the ship was captured by privateers and the rum carted to Charleston and sold.



NEARLY all the older residents of Fairfield county have heard the gruesome story of General Packenham and, as with most legends and traditions, there are various versions. In 1812, during the Battle of New Orleans the general was killed. In a certain section of Fairfield county a group of friends met periodically to share a barrel of rum. On one memorable occasion the rum arrived from Charleston and when the last

found that it was a poor deranged man who had escaped from his sleeping family and wandered into the churchyard.



Sixty-one years of sales, service ends /continues with torch passing

By Faye J. Johnson

After sixty-one years, an era has ended in Fairfield County with the passing of the Chevrolet-Oldsmobile dealership from the Crawford-Hughes family.

Ernest M. Crawford started Winnsboro Motor Sales in 1927; it remained in the family until September 2, 1988, when it became a part of the Hope-Petty corporation.

English Lyles, the very first employee of Winnsboro Motor Sales, recalls that in the early years the workdays were ten to twelve hours long, and that the 1928 four-cylinder Chevrolet "was the best ever"!

He doesn't remember who bought the first four-cylinder, but says the first 1929 six-cylinder Chevy was purchased by the late Frank Willingham of Winnsboro.

In the beginning, the dealership was restricted to selling only within the county; the vehicles were shipped in by rail, loaded in boxcars, and it was the dealer's responsibility to unload them.

The company, which started out as Winnsboro Chevrolet Company, was first located across the street from present-day Herald-Independent office; the name had to be changed because Chevrolet requirements forbid the use of a town's name with the word "Chevrolet". The company moved to the present location in 1949. By 1950, the staff had increased to seven, and later reached 24.

At its Congress Street location, Winnsboro Motor Sales had survived the fire that destroyed the neighboring Winnsboro Hotel, located where the News and Herald Tavern parking lot is now. However, in 1955 the showroom, with five new top-of-the-line cars on display, and the offices were completely gutted by a late-night blaze.

Retta Crawford Hughes, daughter of the company's founder, remembers the fire well. "It was a long night - I had to stay home with my children, who were small then, and I could hear explosions. The police department could tell me nothing when I called because everyone was at the scene and no one was repor-

The company survived the blow, and in 1961, added the Oldsmobile line.

In 1964, Mr. Crawford stepped down, and his son-in-law, Forest E. Hughes, became the dealer, retaining this position for 24 years.

Hughes joined the business after attending Clemson, where he enrolled following service with the 8th Air Force in England during World War II.

Through the years, the company grew and prospered; long-time bookkeeper W.J. "Dub" Davis recalls that on the company's golden anniversary date in 1977, some research on records showed that early sales were 21 new cars per year, at an average price of \$425. In 1977, there were 400 new car and truck sales.

The company continued to grow, and several family members have been involved with day-to-day operations. Family continuity will be maintained by Herron McDonald, daughter of Forest and Retta Hughes. Herron will remain with the company in the bookkeeping department.

There have been many employees of Winnsboro Motor Sales down through the past 61 years; they include the late T.D. Rivers, Jane Weed, Ernie Hughes, Charles Dove, Chip Sims, Joe Beckham, Edward Glover, Jack Robertson, Marion S. Stevenson, and Thomas H. Weir, as well as that first lone employee, English B. Lyles, who, incidentally, purchased the first new car from Hope-Petty Chevrolet-Olds!

Ernest Crawford was born in Fairfield County, son of Susie Mobley and George W. Crawford. Among his early memories was that of hauling brick by mule and wagon, as a young boy, for the construction of First Baptist Church, now Washington Street Baptist. Prior to founding his own business, young Crawford worked at U.G. DesPortes Mercantile Company on Winnsboro's South Congress Street. Mr. Crawford, an avid golfer, belonged to country clubs in Columbia and Winnsboro. He was also a member of the Winnsboro Rotary Club. He was twice married; first to the late Virginia Owens Crawford, and then to Nella Haygood, who lives in Winnsboro.

Ernest Crawford's daughters, Retta Hughes and Susanne "Sook" Melton, both reside in Winnsboro. Retta, a Brenau College graduate and public school teacher for 30 years, has served as an officer in the company. Susanne Melton, also a Brenau graduate, is the wife of Fairfield County Council Chairman William P. Melton.

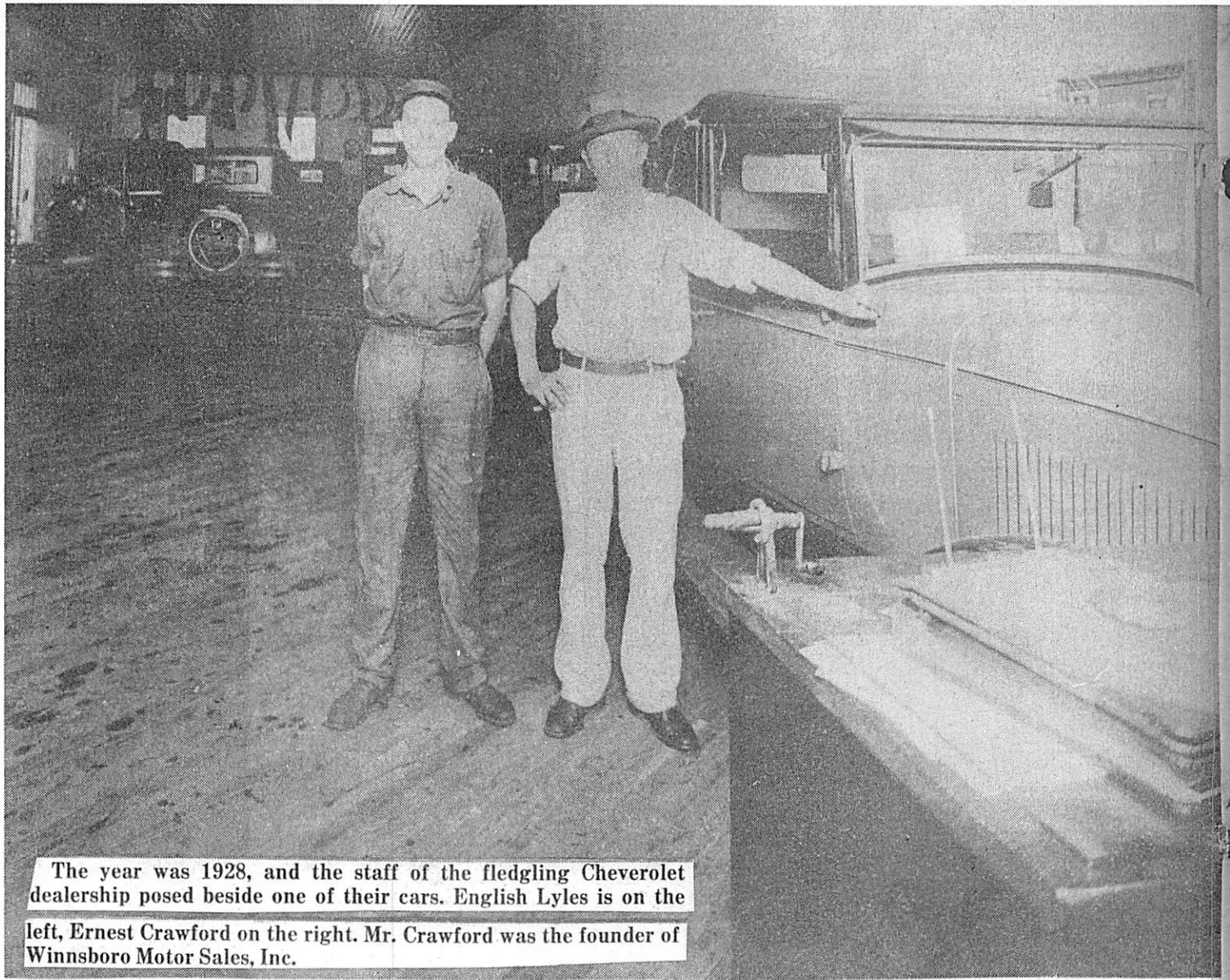
Forest Hughes, Retta's husband and head of the family business for almost a quarter century, has been active in a number of civic organizations, among them the Fairfield County Jaycees and the Winnsboro Rotary Club. He is a past director of the South Carolina Automobile Dealers Association, and has been known to play a game of golf now and then.

But Forest's biggest claim to fame is his devotion to his alma mater, Clemson University. A member and past president of IP-TAY, Forest is one of the biggest fans and boosters of the Clemson Tigers.

The familiar "Winnsboro Motor Sales" sign may be replaced by one bearing the "Hope-Petty" legend; but for generations of Fairfieldians the Crawford and Hughes names have been synonymous with Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, and quality service.



Winnsboro Motor Sales in 1950



The year was 1928, and the staff of the fledgling Chevrolet dealership posed beside one of their cars. English Lyles is on the left, Ernest Crawford on the right. Mr. Crawford was the founder of Winnsboro Motor Sales, Inc.



Like the phoenix, Winnsboro Motor Sales had to rise from the rubble. Among the rubble were five new top-of-the-line Chevrolets.




The staff of Winnsboro Motor Sales posed for this photo in 1963. Edward Glover, Robert Stewart, Jack F. Robertson, Carl B. Chaffin, and the founder E.M. Crawford is in the foreground, and the others are, from left to right: Forest E. Hughes, Jr., David Doch, James Glover, George Counts, Thomas Livingston, Thomas H. Weir, and W. Davis.

...for sixty-one years, Winnsboro Motor Sales and the Crawford-Hughes family catered to the needs of the car buying public... Now an era has ended...

The New Management Team



The "torch" passes to the new dealer. Ronnie Stroman (L) is congratulated by the previous owner, Forest Hughes, (R) as the change in ownership takes effect.

Hope-Petty
 CHEVROLET  OLDSMOBILE