

## **Life in Pacolet Station in the era from 1909 till 1915**

**In 1962, a former Pacolet resident, Joseph M. McLaughlin, wrote his memories of when he and his family lived in Pacolet not long after the turn of the century. His father owned and operated several stores in the town. Even written almost 50 years after he lived in Pacolet, this is a remarkable story. Mr. McLaughlin takes you on a tour of Pacolet Station, street by street and family by family. If you have family members that lived in Pacolet Station at that time, it is very likely that you will find your kinfolds in this wonderful story. He has captured the flavor of a time and people that have long left us. He has also left a gift for future Pacolet residents who want to learn about their past.**

**I remember personally some of the people mentioned in the article such as Mr. Herb Genobles. He was elderly but still very active and interested in town affairs in the 1950's when I was in high school.**

***This story is furnished with the courtesy of the Pacolet Museum. Everyone interested in the history of Pacolet is encouraged to visit the museum and view their fascinating exhibits.***

## FOREWORD

This story, written in Alaska in the first few days of January 1962, was done without notes, or consultations, or research of any kind, except with and in my subconscious mind. (I have, and have long had, great respect for the subconscious.)

Early one morning, lying in bed in my cozy apartment here in Fort Richardson, while the temperature outside was 20 below, I thought to myself: "Pacolet was a nice little place. Why don't I write a little story about my days in Pacolet?"

So, I planned the story for a day or so; figured out the general outline and how I'd go about it. I got to thinking about the many fine people I had known there, where they lived, and whatever else I could recall concerning them. Then into the story I plunged; thinking and thinking, and writing my thoughts in long hand. The more I'd think, the more I'd write; the more I'd write the more I'd think — until — Well you see what resulted.

Every particle, every detail, has been dug out of my conscious or subconscious mind. Many of the people, many of the homes, many of the little sketches and incidents, I had not thought of, perhaps, since I lived in Pacolet 46 years ago. Nor did any of this come rushing into my mind. But during a three to four day period, different bits of it rose to the surface and floated around, and I'd seen it all plain as ever I did. Just like I was there again, walking up and down Pacolet streets. Maybe playing tennis with George, Winnie and Marie.

And propped up with pillows on my bed here at Ft. Richardson, I'd write, write, write. I wrote approximately 8000 words.

Now you have the long, long story of long ago. I hope you like it.

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PACOLET, S. C. 1909 – 1915  
(As seen from Alaska in 1962)

This is a story of a little southern town of about 400 souls — counting men, women and children, both white and colored.

The little town is located on the fringe of South Carolina's Piedmont county, 12 miles southeast of Spartanburg, in Spartanburg County. Built on a stretch of level land, its soil light gray and sandy, there was no mud in rainy weather, and in dry weather, little dust. And there were many trees here and there throughout the town; water oaks, red oaks, pines and black gums, adding much to the pleasant and agreeable natures of the people living there. The town's name, Pacolet, was said by some to be an Indian name meaning fast horse. Others say the river got its name from an early settler named Pacolet — the town took the name of the river when the railroad came through as this was the nearest point to the river.

Better described as listing rather than a story, this will tell of the people who lived in Pacolet during the period 1909 to 1915. It will tell something of how those people looked; some of their peculiarities and customs; whether young or old, size of families, children's' names, where their houses were located, and sundry little things about those people and about that town, all of which made lasting impressions on me, a teenager then.

To get started, I'll take the finest place in town at that time — the home of Mrs. Atlanta Wood Bryant, probably the town's wealthiest and one of the oldest citizens. Mrs. Bryant was an aristocratic, fine looking old lady, a widow of some years. She dressed, not showily, but in costly black silks and satins.



Mrs. Bryant's residence was a sort of rambling, two-story frame house of a brownish color, with gingerbread trimming abounding. In the front yard were lots of evergreens and shrubs and flowers – cape Jessamine, boxwood, dwarf cedar, roses, and flower-bordered walks. A brown picket fence enclosed it all. To one side was a well enclosed in brown-latticed well-house. The back yard was screened by a high blind fence, walling in a barn stables and other outhouses, each painted brown – a sort of reddish brown.

As long as I can remember, an old colored man, known to everybody Uncle Sam, worked full time for Mrs. Bryant. (Sam Wilkie was his name)

Mrs. Bryant owned a high-spirited, pretty sorrel horse that Uncle Sam took pride in caring for and used in plowing a garden and other patches on the Bryant estate of several acres, right in town. A fine, high-stepping animal, the Bryant horse seemed embarrassed when hitched to plow or wagon, the latter used by Sam to carry work tools to the field, or haul feed, wood and so forth to the house.

Mrs. Bryant's deceased husband, whom I never knew, had been a successful merchant in his place of business just across the street from his residence. There were two sons who had gone out on their own; Clarence in cotton brokerage in Charlotte, and Fred, a civil engineer in Texas. Miss Terrisa Wood, later Mrs. Frank Anderson, a sister, lived with Mrs. Bryant. More space has been given to Mrs. Bryant than I realized; more than will be the rule. So, stick around. The rest of this story should move faster.

(Back of Mrs. Bryant's garden was a house that was occupied once by the Lon Quinn family, the Osmants, one Henry Vandiver and by the town "cop" Tom Mize. About 1921 this house was torn down and a small cottage built by Mrs. Lone Hedgepoth Littlejohn. Still later the property was bought by the George Bonners and a modern house is now on the site. A.B.)

Down the street to the rear of Mrs. Bryant's lived Ed and Mary Rice. He had a little grocery store and barbershop on the corner of his lot, a sort of part-time business. His main occupation was farming, with G. T. Genoble.

On an alley behind Rice's house lived "Uncle" Jehu Beatty and wife Lydia, who was much younger than Jehu. They had several small children. Lydia worked for our family as cook. She said her husband wouldn't let the youngsters eat while standing, saying they ate too much standing up. "You can't fill 'em up, standing up," Jehu said.

U. S. mail carrier Ben Moore lived next to the rice family. Ben carried the mail between Pacolet and Pacolet Mills on foot. He didn't use a horse and buggy for the two mile distance. This house had been Pacolet's second school building – was moved off when the larger school was built.

Then came the Cameron L. Littlejohns, a fine family. Cameron was a civic minded, forward looking fellow. The Littlejohns were Baptists. Their children: Myrtle, Boyd, Arthur, Mildred, J. Ran, Bruce, and possibly one or two younger. Myrtle was a splendid student. Boyd and Arthur were athletic, both good base ball and tennis players. Mr. Cameron was a rural mail carrier.

The graded school building came next, an "L" shaped, frame structure of two big rooms. White with green trimming, this school house had a bell tower at the point of the L. Teachers my first year at Pacolet were Clinton C. Robbins and Miss Banna Wilkins. They were followed the next year by Prof. Ernest N. "Bub" Littlejohn and Mrs. D. R. "Miss Ollie" Brown. There may have been a third teacher, I'm not sure. (Miss Carrie Littlejohn)

I was in high school and Prof. Littlejohn was my teacher. He was especially good at Latin, which he loved. He loved the ancient history part of it. He never tired of talking about Cicero's orations and writings and about Cato, and about Ceasar's wars. Like all Littlejohns, he was much interested in history, all history – that touching on the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, most of all. He was not so fond of Catholic Popes and priests, and the Friars of ancient times; of Ivanhoe's times. Prof. Littlejohn's pronunciation of Notre Dame was "Notte Dam," which, he said, was entirely correct.

Prof. Littlejohn was good in mathematics. But, no fault of his, he was never able to drill a satisfactory understanding of anything above arithmetic into my head.

Baseball, very popular then, was played before school, at little recess and at dinner time. Best players were Roy "Goat" Coleman, Carl "Gundo" Coleman, Ernest Brown and Boyd Littlejohn. Ernest was a homerun hitter. As the ball was thrown, he would take a step or so toward the pitcher, then, quite often hit the ball over the trees in center field, or into Miss Mamie Byers' yard, a block or so away. That is, if he did not strike out.



Adjoining the school grounds to the east, surrounded by a high, split paling fence, was the house of Sam and Mealia Knuckles, an aged couple. This old Negro, as I remember hearing, was a South Carolina legislature – man during the Reconstruction period. He didn't seem too friendly with us school kids – didn't want us coming into his yard for balls hit over the paling fence.

On a far edge of the school grounds stood two sizable and sturdy Chic Sale structures. At safe and sane distances from each other they were, but not otherwise identified as to his or hers. Advance information, or possibly a follow-the leader custom, prevented any wrong numbers by those seeking to use the facilities. Having mentioned those interested in using the above facilities, it may be added that in both school rooms there was an endless raising of hands to ask, "May I leave the room?"

Down in Mrs. Bryant's pasture, some distance from the school house was a spring of cool, clear water. There, in a cedar bucket bound with brass bands, drinking water was had for the school. One tin dipper served an entire room – a kind of community dipper. Nobody was squeamish.

This spring was just on the edge of a grove of big pines – better known as Mrs. Bryant's woods. Around the spring which was neatly walled with smooth granite slabs, were several big poplars, making an interesting hideout. There was keen rivalry among the "big" boys to "go get a bucket of water" several times a day. In this day of bacteria, germs and virus consciousness, school officials would not think of using water from that spring, what with the overflow of rainwater, and possible drainage and seepage from the several "garden houses" which set a few hundred foot away in a kind of arc. (Every dwelling had its own garden house.) But nobody got sick from drinking that water, so far as is known. Nobody knew about the dangers of germs. Not even the germs knew.

Miss Mamie Byers, her sister Nannie and invalid father, lived right near the schoolground. Miss Mamie, modest and shy, was my Sundayschool teacher at the Methodist church.

Now, going back toward Mrs. Bryant's corner, on the opposite side of the street – came the "Dock" Jott home – Mrs. Jett and daughter Virgie rounding out the family. Dock was a machinist at Pacolet Mills. Virgie was soon to marry depot agent H. B. Harris. -- Next were the Les Spakes. One of the daughters, a stepdaughter, I think, married Haddon Wells.

Then the Asa Smiths. Their children were Estelle, Allison and Irene. Asa was more often than not in poor health. However, he was a perennial candidate for the office of mayor. Finally successful, he was proud of the honor, jealous of his authority.

The Samuel E. Millers were next on our way. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were from Maryland but they were not Yankees. Mr. Miller was a stonecutter and was Methodist Sundayschool superintendent and song leader. He loved to sing. He could put more into a song, with the least effort, of anybody. The children were Maudie, Burke and Winnie. They were a fine family.

Winnie was as clever a girl as ever I saw. She was pretty and a good conversationalist, musician and athlete. She and Marie Jean Black played baseball with the boys at school. Both were good tennis players, also. Winnie was organist at the Methodist church and was always present. She was a main attraction there. I was crazy about Winnie, as you may have already decided.

Next was the Louis W. Scotts with daughters Lucile and Fredree. Mrs. Scott, attractive and pleasant, was the former Florrie Black, her nickname "Potty." Mrs. Scott's aunt, Miss Lizzie Taylor, an aged and tiny never-married lady, lived by herself in a little cottage to the side rear of the Scotts.

The corner store building of Frank N. Littlejohn, a two-story concrete block building came next. Frank ran a general store, and with wife "Miss" Bess and sons Francis and Wendell, lived in the roomy, comfortable apartment above the store. I doubt that merchandising was Frank's forte and he didn't set the woods afire at it. But he was a masterful and popular entertainer. All the boys hung out at his place to drink pop, smoke, sing and tell yarns. Among those who loafed at Frank's were: Burke Miller, Russell Vaughan, Frank Sanders, Steve Harvey, Otis and Omega Brock, Jock Black, Lewis Barnett, Boyce Quinn, Harris Brock, George Thomson and myself. Burke, Russell, Frank and Steve made a quartet that sang well together. Songs like Sweet Adeline, I've Been Working on the Railroad, Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet, Moonlight Bay, Oh You Beautiful Doll, Daddy Had a Sweetheart, and many more.

Frank's place and his "line" had such attraction for the boys that when he was making the blocks for his store building, he got all the help he needed, it is said, just by furnishing cold drinks, candy, cigarettes and conversation. But I don't know. That was before my day. Frank had a charmingly imaginative mind and was a great reader – books, magazines and newspapers – making of him an interesting conversationalist. He was a steady subscriber to the New York Times, which he



read thoroughly every day. Mrs. Littlejohn, nee Bessie Black, was one of the most modest, capable and attractive ladies I know. The Littlejohns now live in Charlotte where for many years Frank was chief of police. Still living in the Queen City, he is now retired and with time on his hands he, no doubt, reads and talks more than ever.

On down Main Street, paralleling the railroad, J. "Tobe" Scott and son Louis D. Scott ran a general store. Louis later became a traveling salesman for Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis.

Next to Scott's was D. L. McLaughlin's (my dad's) general store, where he made a good living for a big, expensive family. How he ever managed to do what he did must always remain a mystery to me. He did only a fair volume of business and he was known for selling goods at small profit. He lost many charge accounts; lost a big amount as endorser at the Bank of Pacolet; contributed liberally to church and other good causes, and gave his children all the education they would take. As already said, how he did it all I'll never know. But I'll always respect his memory for having done it. Someone has said: "The Good Lord was on his side."

Next was Postmaster W. E. Black's property, on which was the post office and a grocery store operated by Esbert Brown "Slick". This building burned soon after we moved to Pacolet from Jonesville in 1909. On the site now stands the defunct bank building which housed the post office for many years. Now there is a new and much more adequate building next door where Mrs. James L. Stephen is the affable and efficient postmaster.

Mr. Black, postmaster at the time of our story, was a handsome old gentleman, poised and deliberate in his actions. Sometimes wearing a full beard becomingly, sometimes clean shaven, my dad used to enjoy telling a little incident about how unexcitable and easy-going was Mr. Black. Dad said he had a letter he wanted to get off on the morning train, train #9, and knew he didn't have much time. He was just sealing the letter when he heard the train blow, coming past Ashmore Littlejohn's about half a mile away. "I rushed out of my store and into the post office next door," said my dad. "— Fearing I was too late I asked Mr. Black could I get the letter off." Calm and unhurried, Mr. Black said "Plenty of time, Mr. Mac, plenty of time." — just as Herb Genoble, the station mail man, grabbed the mail pouch and the letter and double-timed to the depot, with exactly no time to spare.

Around the corner, back of the bank, was Will Littlejohn's barbershop and Tom Kirby's meat market. Tom's sons were Dewitt and Jack, the latter an afflicted little fellow, hard of hearing, with poor eyesight — in addition to other afflictions. Down farther, on the edge of a thriving cotton patch were the stables and barn of Jock Black, a great lover of horses. Jock always has a horse or two on hand; some times a mule and/or cow.

Near-by, in a sort of public square studded with big oak trees, was a public well with a tin dipper handy and a horse trough. Facing this was the Wood residence, home of Miss Nannie, her aged mother and brother Charlie and family. Another brother, Sam S., lived on his farm several miles out of town. Carl Coleman, on-time clerk for my dad, had a room at the Woods.

On the road alongside the Woods (Grindell Shoals road) was the Vaughan home (former Ladshaw house). Old Mr. Vaughan was a retired farmer and merchant. His children were; Sam, Bud, Ollie, Russell, and Evie. Mr. Vaughan used to like to talk about farming, especially about sowing grain, peas, etc. He would say sown instead of sowed. For instance "I sown 25 acres of wheat," "I sown 10 acres of cowpeas" or some such amounts. Anyhow, we always "sown" it.

Backing up toward Main street was the two-story frame store building of A. Frank Sloan & Sons ( Ross and Albert). The second story was a lodge hall used by the Order of Red Men, and possibly by the Masons. Sloan's store was another popular hang-out for men and boys with time on their hands.

Now on Main, opposite the railroad station, was the low, rambling and weathered store building belonging to Mr. Cicero Brown. Before my day Mr. Brown operated the store for many years. He did a tremendous business up until his retirement. A saying of that day: "Three things you can't get around — death, taxes and Cicero Brown." A. P. Sites, former school teacher, with his blond wife and clerk Baxter Brown, followed Mr. Cicero for a year or so. Next to occupy that stand was M. W. (Wilks) Brown. M. W. also did a big business there, probably the biggest to all. He was assisted by brother Fred, Otis Brock and Miss Lola Osmont. Later Ben A. High and Carl F. Coleman became associated with the Brown store. Both High and Coleman began their careers with D. L. McLaughlin.



Off to the left as one faced the Brown store – back from the road – was a gully. There the railroad's and other privies were. They set on beams strung across the gully and were automatically flushed ever time it rained, a thick matted growth of honeysuckle and scrubby trees made an effective screen.

Farther along Main street was the Elijah Lee store, a two-story building – the upstairs another lodge hall. This may have been the Masonic hall instead of over Sloan's. Miss Annie Mae Patterson clerked for Lee. She was followed by Aletha Sloan. Across the street, bordering a railroad siding, were warehouses of C. L. Gossett, E. Lee and McDowell Gin, storage and sales places for cottonseed, hulls and fertilizers.

To the left of those warehouses was the railroad station. Railroad business boomed in those days and the station was a busy place. The agent was E. H. Penney, Louis W. Scott was telegrapher and Herb Gonoble station hand. All three worked long hours, often seven days a week. Back in those days all railroad men were supposed to be crabbed and cross and irritable. Mr. Penney was no exception. He always had a long-stemmed, strong smelling pipe in his mouth, clinched between his teeth, and seemed to talk around the pipe – what talking he did. Sometimes he would start a conversation but he didn't like to be horned-in on the other fellow's. He especially hated to be asked "is the train on time?" or "how long 'fore the train comes?" Herb Genoble; was the freight room man. Also, he was charged with lighting the switch lamps at night, keeping them filled with kerosene, and lighting them was quite a chore in bad weather. Herb's overall pay was less than one dollar a day, it is said. But he hung on to the job and hung on to his money. He was happy much of the time. A successful farmer now. I hope he is still happy.

An interesting, lively activity around the station was the livery and hack business of Mathis and Cook. All travel to Spartanburg and Union, or wherever, was by train. Pacolet Mills people caught the trains at Pacolet station. Traveling salesmen traveled by train and all worked Pacolet Mills, making traffic between the two towns heavy. Mathis and Cook hack drivers would almost fight over passengers getting off trains. A stranger passing through for the first time and hearing all the soliciting would think he was in a city. Among the drivers were: Jerry, June and Jim Mathis, and Aubrey and Belton Cook. Six or more hacks and buggies met each train. Daily passenger trains were number 9 and 10, 13 and 14, 27 and 28. In summer extra trains were put on to handle traffic from lower South Carolina to the mountains of North Carolina. The Mathis and Cook horses, harness and vehicles were kept in tip-top condition. Their horses were fast-steppers, well trained and good lookers. Two I remember are Red Dock and Gray Dock. The drivers were more or less mine-run fellows except June Mathis. He was a sporty, very flashy dresser; talkative and chain smoker of Piodmont cigarettes.

Up Main street from the station was the McDowell Gin and Mill, owned and operated by Walter A. and Wm. D. "Bill" McDowell. This outfit was a model in layout, equipment and upkeep. Walter was general manager, Bill was engineer-machinist and "Little Billy" Lawson was superintendent. The principal business was cotton ginning in those days but they also did a considerable volume in their corn and feed mill. The firm sold fertilizers and coal also.

Cicero Brown's residence was next – a big two-story white house on a big lot with several pear trees in the front yard. Mr. Brown was twice married. Children of his first wife that I remember were Baxter, a medical doctor of Gaffney, Mrs. Gray Amos living somewhere else, and Forest of the home. He had two sons by the second wife, "Miss" Iris – William and Robert. They are running a store at the old stand now and both are single.

On a wooded big lot adjoining was the Baptist Church, a frame building painted white, shaped as was the custom for country churches. To the front the churchyard was set in grass; to the rear the hitching grounds, shaded by big pines. Many drove to church in horse- and mule-drawn vehicles – buggies, surreys, wagons. Farther back was the cemetery. The Rev. W. Pinckney Smith of Glenn Springs was pastor. I remember one of his sermons. It was about: "Then shall two be in the fold; the one shall be taken, the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill, and the one shall be taken, the other left." Mr. Smith was a pious, Christian gentleman. An old man at the time, he wore a full gray beard.

Property of "Uncle" Noah F. Fowler was next with his stone workers shed, a railroad to his quarry, and his residence. Uncle Noah and wife, Aunt Martha, lived comfortably, happily and profitably right there for many years. One of their grand daughters, either Bertha or Otha Hart – or



both were usually with them. Uncle Noah was a smart trader. He made money trading, farming and quarrying.

(A small unpainted house was just above the Fowler's; probably rented out by Mr. Fowler.

A.B.)

Sitting back from the road, secluded and snug behind a nice little orchard, came the Capt. James H. Turner residence. Capt. Turner was a retired railroad man and farmer and was a widower. His children, all grown, were: Pearl, Ben, Annie, Grace and Lannos. Percy and Agnes McMahan, grandchildren, lived with him. The Captain was known for honesty and square-dealing. He wrote a bold, beautiful hand, with lots of curlicues and shadings.

Beyond were the Jim Brockwells. Mr. Brockwell was a stonecutter and a heavy pipe smoker – as were most stonecutters. The Brockwell children: Louise, Nellie, Allison, Elizabeth and Janette. The Brockwells moved from Pacolet to Mobile and then to Richmond.

Then came the McLaughlins who had bought the Major McDowell place of 38 acres and moved there from Jonesville in 1909. The McLaughlin children: Joe, Winifred, Adeline, Herbert, Ernest, Mary Emma. Mary and the two younger Brockwell girls were playmates. Near our house were two tenant houses. In one lived Dock Gentry and wife; in the other John Patton, a Negro bachelor. A one-time school teacher, John was well educated. However, he was wild; was a habitual card player, a game called "skin" his favorite. John got in trouble with the law and took off one night. No body knows where. So far as I know, John was never heard from around Pacolet again.

Going out the quarry road from John's was a well digger and farmer by name of Cooke. His daughter, Ora, worked for my mother as a cook for a short time. – A little further along was the "Little" Winfield Brown residence and farm. The grown children were: Jim, Esbert, Mrs. Les Threadgill, Vernon, Ernest and Roy. – Half a mile farther lived the Leslie Threadgills. They had a son Grady and a daughter Agnes who married Carlisle Littlejohn. Grady and I were in school together. He was bright in school work.

On the hill beyond, overlooking the quarry and sheds, the railroad and surrounding country, including Pacolet river in the distance, lived old Mr. Perry R. Threadgill, his wife and son John. When the granite quarries were profitable and operating, most of these men worked at the stone business. When quarries became inoperative, they switched to farming.

On down the road toward the river lived the Scottish J. M. McBains, with their son John and daughter Alice. Mr. Mac was a quarry man and farmer; Mrs. Mac his diligent helpmate. A picture that is permanent in my mind is Mrs. McBain's kitchen. The pine floors were scrubbed white like the decks of a ship. The cookstove, a wood burner, was polished 'til it shone like new. I often asked if it as new. It wasn't. The whole layout was spotless, like it had never been in use. John was a sunburned, rugged out-of-doors fellow; an expert, powerful swimmer; a regular Tarzan. I saw John in Florida in 1941. He lived on the beach at Daytona Beach. He was building himself a house, tight and compact, like a battleship. He was still sunburned, brown as a berry. He wore only shorts; not hat, no shirt, no shoes. I met his wife. She seemed to be much of John's type but, at the same time wearing more clothes than John. His sister, Alice, was a red cheeked, quiet, bashful country girl; a picture of health and fitness. The McBain home was at the end of the road. Beyond it the river; no bridge, no ford, no road – nothing. Only the quiet of the big outdoors.

Back-tracking the quarry road to the Spartanburg highway, we find the residence of A. Frank Sloan and sons Ross and Albert – a big, two-story house just on the edge of town. Mrs. Sloan had died only a few weeks after we arrived in Pacolet.

Farther out the highway lived Pearl Lee, a farmer-stonecutter. Then "Jack-the-Ripper" Millwood's place and sons Carl, Minnie, and a third on whose name I don't recall. Beyond Jack the Ripper lived old man Billy Millwood, a successful farmer, bowed with age. It is said that after planting cotton in springtime, and nights would some times turn cold, Uncle Billy would get out of bed, go out on the porch and try to sleep in only his shirt-tail, pretending for cotton's sake that the weather was hot. Charlie and Allen Millwood lived close by. They too, were successful at farming.

Crossing the highway and railroad, going back toward town, was John Lee's attractive country place. Like brother Pearl, John was a farmer-stonecutter. Madison Lee, their father, came next along our way. He was in Spartanburg. He had several married daughters.

The next farm was that of Roland R. Crocker. A good farmer and good provider for his family, he believed in early putting them on their own. Among his children were: Jim, known as "Poor" Crocker, Carrie, Matthew, Mayfield nicknamed Dash, and Charlie. Each boy owned his own



animals, maybe a horse or mule, cow or pigs – as many as he could come by. He was at liberty to trade or sell as he might choose. Their dad put it up to each to sink or swim.

Back in town now we come to the Gaults; Chris who lived with his mother and sister Virgie; Dan, his wife and children. Dan had poor eyesight. Chris had a stiff knee joint, a leg that wouldn't bend.

The next house was Elijah Lee's – their children Boone, Ernest, Bevin and possibly another one or two younger. Beona, a teenage Brunette, pretty and a picture of health and happiness. She married a young stonecutter by surname James and lived only a short while after marriage.

An interesting family, the Allie C. Gossetts, come next. Mr. and Mrs. Gossett seemed to be almost ideally mated. Both had sunny dispositions, were always friendly and cheerful and hospitable. Mr. Gossett had been previously married and his children were Cofor L., Paul and Laurie. Each of them was good natured and pleasant. Cofor was always in a hurry. He was energetic and promotion-minded. Paul was more the easy-going kind, a fine physical specimen, a good athlete and was thoughtful and kind. Laurie was a good student – studied hard. He was always neat in a knickerbockers suit of blue serge. He wore stiff laundered white collars. Laurie used to nearly always have a cough.

The Walter McDowells lived on the corner in the next block, their house an attractive cream colored cottage. A daughter I remember was Evelyn, a pretty blond. They may have had other children, I'm not sure. Mrs. McDowell was the former Ama Barnett. Mr. McDowell was a Southern Cotton Oil Company representative for many years.

Across the street was the Presbyterian church where for many years the Rev. Albert A. James was the revered pastor. (He was pastor of Fairforst church for 57 years.) He and Mrs. James lived in the manse next door. In summer they were visited by grandchildren from Union and Winston-Salem for weeks at a time – Kathleen, Harold, Bernard and Jessie.

There was no preaching at the Presbyterian church on Sunday nights. Instead, there was held regularly a prayer meeting service that had great appeal to teen-age young people. W. E. Black usually led the service and made short interesting talks. But Mr. Black's interesting talks were not the chief reason for the meetings' popularity. The social feature was what drew the young people. Girls usually came alone to the church, as did the boys. But at the close of services, boys would get out the door first and wait just outside to ask the girl of their choice "May I see you home?" Marie Black was always George Thomson's choice; Winnie Miller, mine. We'd then walk the long way home.

Going back to the McDowell corner and out the street southwestward, came first a little cottage occupied at one time by Mr. & Mrs. Horney and son William. I don't know what Mr. Horney did for a living, if anything. He may have been retired. But Will was an interesting fellow in his late teens – a pipe smoker. He was always generous and agreeable in letting George and me smoke along with him; the same pipe – one pipe for the three of us. (Tommy Stone and his grandmother also lived in this house once.)

Came next the W. F. "Bud" Harvey family, a sizable one. Not sure that I can name them all. Those who do come to mind at this late day are: Mrs. Byron Nicholls (Lillie), Eunice and Oscar twins, Libena and Habutal twins, Mario and possibly another one or two whose names escape me. Marie was a pretty little girl with fiery red hair. Mrs. Nicholls's husband was a quarry man, a Scotchman with a strong burr in his accent.

On along were the Joe Brockwells in a little white house, with sons Joe and Wilbur. Wilbur was later to become a Methodist preacher. I don't remember other children, if any. Joe, Sr. and brother Jim were stonecutters. They married sisters; daughters of "Big" Winfield Brown who live tow miles out of town on the back road to Pacolet Mills.

Vernon A. Brown, his smallish wife and daughter, lived in a white cottage adjoining the Brockwells. Vernon was an RFD mail carrier and kept a couple of horses in a big barn to the rear of his residence. His route was a split one. Going out each morning, it would take until three o'clock to cover the first part. Then, after a lunch with Ben High in my dad's store, usually canned tomatoes, pork and beans, or cheese and crackers, he'd take off on the second leg of his journey, finally getting the day's work done about 6 P. M. Altogether his route was about 35 miles. (He and Maggie had two daughters, Mildred and Ruby.)

Next door was the home of E. M. and Mrs. Penney. Their children were Maude, Laurie, Marie, Marion and Allone. Mr. Penney, depot agent, worked long and hard many years for the



Southern Railway. Mrs. Penney was fine looking, industrious, and was devoted to her family. Laurie learned telegraphy while still a kid and was much help to his dad. Later he became a newspaper man.

The Thos. M. Gladney home came next. The children were: Katie, Mary, Ann and Lucille. Lucille married Eugene Bost, a Spartanburg banker. Mary and Ann became registered nurses in Jacksonville, Florida. A number of years ago I saw Mary there, a very pretty and poised young lady.

Some distance farther, next to the cemetery, was the Billy Lawson home, a nice little place barely inside the town limits, in a grove of oaks and pines. A nephew, Clarence Lawson, lived with them. They had no children.

Half a mile beyond the cemetery was the farm home of John M. and Mrs. Kirby, with Jim, Nannie, Harley, Florrie and Nathan. Nannie and my sister Winifred were schoolmates and close friends, as were Florrie and Adeline. My dad and Mr. John M. were close business friends.

Across fields and "over hill and dale" from the Kirbys lived the Reuben C. Coleman's, on the Whitestone Springs road, in a large white house trimmed in green. All boys, their children were: Clifford, Carl, Roy, Keith, Ian and Hopo. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman and my father and mother were fast friends. Cliff became a school teacher; Carl a clerk in my dad's store; Roy a good baseball player (catcher), and later a grocery man in Columbia. Keith operated a branch store for my dad before setting out for himself. Ian, always studious, became a college professor at Jacksonville, Florida. Hope was associated with Keith in his Pacolet store.

Turning around and coming back toward Pacolet we came to the cottage of Victor H. Kirby, all but hidden in a grove of small shade trees. It sat way back off the road. Vic and Mrs. Kirby and two boys, John Hiram and Henry. Vic also had a pretty little black mule named John. Victor was the son of Mr. John M. who had been married twice. Others of this union were: Hiram, Bessie, Evan and Earle. Hiram for many years was connected with the Roberts, Johnston & Rand Shoe Company of St. Louis. Vic, never serious, always had a joke ready. Regardless of how the weather, he would say, "Now ain't this a weather-breeder for you?" My daddy had a sugarcane patch near our house and I used to have to hoe it. Vic would tease me about "digging" the cane.

Next came the G. T. "Uncle Tommie" Genoble home and farm. Mrs. Genoble was a sister of R. C. Coleman. The Genoble children were: Nim, Baxtor, Mosss, Evie, Herbert and Hayden. Hayden was killed in France during W.W.I. Herb and Moss are farmers now at Pacolet. Evie married a railroad man, W. C. Blackwell. Nim was a hardware merchant in Spartanburg. He and school teacher Baxter are dead many years.

Tall, alonder, with a big red mustache and a prominent Adam's apple, Uncle Tommie was a great talker and a splendid farmer. He tried always to be first to plant cotton and first at the gin with a new bale. Uncle Tommie took short, mincing steps, wore a celluloid collar, necktie, and both summer and winter wore a coat and vest. He was a faithful member and regular attendant of the Methdoist church. Three favorite expressions of his were: "you can't keep a good man down nor a squirrel on the ground;" "Everything's lovely and goose hangs high," and, "There's no rest for the wicked and the righteous don't need any."

Back off the road, surrounded by a cluster of big oak trees, was the Jasper M. "Jap" Sloan home. Mrs. Sloan was the daughter of Madison Lee. The Sloan children were: Aletha, Allene, Agnes and John Madison. Mr. Sloan was known to all his friends as "Jap" the a in Jap being given an odd pronunciation as with a very Long a in Jasper – but not exactly. You'd have to hear it, I think.

Lacking a better place, or before I forget, here's mention of Jap's brother Thompson. "Uncle Thopie" and family bought the Jim Brockwell house when they moved away to Mobile. The Sloan children were: John Lewis, Lois and James. I have heard my mother say: "Mrs. Sloan is the kindest and best neighbor I ever had."

At the top of the rise between the Jap Sloan place and the Presbyterian church stood a two-story frame building, weathered and black. It is not clear now what the building was used for nor by whom. I think maybe a lodge hall for colored people. (Originally it was the Grange Hall and also used as a schoolhouse by Rev. A. A. James and others. A. B.) It was old and rickety looking, a piece of weatherboard missing here and there, and its blackened shingles had begun to curl, it leaned slightly into the wind. However, last time I was along that street it was still standing – still leaning.

Doubling back to the corner, past the Presbyterian church and past the manse was the residence of James A. Burgess and wife. They has about 8 children: Arthur, Millus, DeWitt, Neeley,



Walter, Ross, Grady and a second daughter whose name I can't call. Mr. Burgess was a splendid farmer. He was proud of his family, especially the two oldest boys who hold good jobs with the Lockhart Mills Company.

Eastward from the Burgesses was the Hendricks residence, with the "shanty" in between, property of the Southern Railway. George Hendricks was section foreman for the railroad. His children were Eula Bello, Ola, Charlie, "Yank" and possibly another one I have forgotten. I think the older daughter was married.

Next was the home of the W. E. Blacks and their fine family of handsome sons and daughters. Their names: Gregg, Mrs. Ada Pello O'Kennon, Mrs. Bessie Littlejohn, Mrs. Florrie Scott, Marie Jean, John Angel and Blanche. John Angel was known to his friends as "Jock" – Of the big, prominent family only Blanche now lives at Pacolet. "Miss Bess" lives in Charlotte with husband Frank N. Littlejohn, retired Chief of Police of the Queen City. All of the others, with their parents, have passed to the Great Beyond.

Next door to the Blacks is an old building which my dad used as a store when we first moved to Pacolet, before he built across the railroad on Main street, next door to the postoffice. (This was long the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lon Quinn and Mrs. Eugenia Hedgepeth who celebrated her 102<sup>nd</sup> birthday there. It is now the beautifully remodeled home of Ralph and Blanche Black Quinn. A. B.)

Turning right at the next corner and out Glenn Springs street was the old Preacher Zimmerman house, later owned and occupied by the Frank Littlejohn family.

Beyond was the Methodist church. Pastors during my day were the Rev. P. A. Brock and the Rev. A. H. Best. S. E. Miller was Sunday School superintendent and enthusiastic song leader. The Brock children were: Clare, Otis, Omega, Harris and Dwight. All the Brock boys and I were good friends. Harris and I were the same age. Their sister Clare was a school teacher.

Mr. Best, a widower, wore a becoming iron-gray, full beard. His five children: Louise, Allene, Henry, Albert and Eugene. One of the hardest working young ladies I have known, Louise kept house and did all the cooking for her dad and the others. She later went as a missionary to Brazil. The youngest child, Eugene, is cashier of the Citizens and Southern National Bank of Spartanburg. Not thought to be too industrious as a youngster, one hot day when his dad wanted Gene to help weed the garden, He said: "Papa, I don't feel good. I feel like I'm going to have a weak spell." Henry was a good student. Albert and Gene and my brothers Herbert and Ernest were playmates and in school together.

The Tobe Scotts lived a short time in the house adjoining the parsonage property. There were three sons: Jeff, stonemason and later traveling salesman; Louis D. who helped his daddy in the store and later became a traveling shoe salesman; and Jim, a telegrapher and train dispatcher for the Southern at Spartanburg. He married Merle Elmore of Pacolet Mills, a childhood sweetheart. A younger brother of Merle was nicknamed "Happy".

In a little grove, separated from the Scotts by an alley that led to a blacksmith shop in the rear (Uncle Allen Gist's), was the attractive old cottage of Dr. Thomason where the W. T. A. "Lon" Quinns were living for a time. Mr. and Mrs. Quinn had five children: Boyce, Mack, Jacie, Ralph and Miriam. Jacie, a talented musician, became the wife of E. Burke Miller.

Below this house was the quaint little home of Pacolet's "Black Mammy" Aunt Dicey Gist who had assisted at the birth of most of the babies for many years past. She passed away in November 1909 much lamented by her many white friends and "children." She had two sons who were Pullman car porters in the North, Sherman and Grant Gist. Her daughter Phyllis "Tab" married Ashmore Littlejohn and lived just below Mrs. Bryant's pines.

Then running along out of town a quarter mile we come to the Samuel H. "Whispering Sam" Littlejohn country home on the east side of the road. It was a big two-story frame house, typical of the eighteen seventies; painted brown and nestling in a grove of big pines and cedars; the front yard was fenced and set with many flowers and evergreens, including boxwoods and magnolias. A number of barns, stables and outbuildings stood to the rear – of varying sizes, shapes and construction. Some were logs, some planked up and down, some weatherboarded. Mr. Littlejohn was a distinguished looking, polite, handsome old gentleman. He wore his perfectly white hair quite long and parted neatly on the side. His hairdo reminded one of John C. Calhoun's except that it was kept under better control, to judge from Mr. Calhoun's portraits. And of course, white instead of



black, as Mr. Calhoun's appears. Old Mr. Littlejohn owned many hundred acres of land and farmed in a big way, furnishing the livestock and provision for his share-croppers to grow cotton, corn, wheat and oats. Another facet of Mr. Whispering Sam Littlejohn's life, he was the always well-prepared teacher of the Men's Bible Class at the Methodist church. As his nickname implies, he spoke in a low voice, almost in a whisper.

The sons and daughter of the Littlejohns were: Mrs. Sunie Eagleton, wife of a sea captain, Mrs. Clanton Davis, Mrs. James L. Stephen, Dr. Thos., a dentist, and Prof. Ernest N., known to homefolks as "Bub." I didn't know Mrs. Eagleton or Mrs. Davis at all, nor did I know Dr. Tom too well. He lived at Inman, I think, during most of my Pacolet years. Mrs. Stephen and my mother were intimate friends, particularly in later years. Mrs. Stephen's given name was Eunice and she later married a Mr. Cherry.

But, since he was my high school teacher, I'm sure I did know Prof. Ernest quite well. I admired his thinking, his talents as a teacher, and his many fine qualities, as when after he was married he completed his college course under trying circumstances and conditions – not to mention the way he wore his hair – his hairdo. He wore his raven black hair very long, and cut square across the back, much like his father's; although I must add that in my opinion he was never able to come up with the finesse the old gentleman got into his. Professor Littlejohn and wife, Miss Kate, a fine looking lady, with daughter Mary Beth and Catherine (and there may have been a son younger) lived at the old home place with his father and mother. But only for a short time. Soon they moved into the Tobe Scott house next to the Methodist parsonage, which belonged to Mr. Sam Littlejohn.

Beyond the Littlejohns on the next hill was the pretty county home of F. C. "Dock" Haynes and Mrs. Haynes. Nestled in an orchard of fruit trees, among flower and vegetable gardens, and water oaks – at the top of a gentle knoll – it seemed to be a place of "a heap o' living'." The Hayneses were Methodists and regular attendants at the Pacolet church. They had a son Barney, a big, fine looking fellow, who became principal of a Spartanburg school, after being county superintendent of schools a while. Barney, nicknamed "Baby" was left-handed and played first base on Pacolet's "first nine."

Should we continue out this country road (and I'd like to) we'd come to the homes of the Lees, the Stones, the Dillards, the Gladdens, the Conrads, the George Blacks, the McBrides, the Colemans and no telling who all. But, as many years ago famed actor Walter Huston said to his wife, Fran, when in the movie Dodsworth, they were at the parting of the ways: "Love must stop somewhere." And so, our coverage of Pacolet and environs must stop – somewhere.

Thereupon, we turn around and head back to town, coming soon to the attractive white cottage of the James L. Stephens and their two sons, James, Jr. and Bruce. Mr. Stephen was a successful quarry man. Mrs. Stephen a fine musician and teacher and painter of lifelike pictures. Jim became a farmer-business man, settling in Pacolet. Bruce became a lawyer, very successful lawyer, in the East Texas oil fields, at Kilgore.

Now comes the cottage of George Kirby, a frail, feeble old fellow, beset with chronic, phlegmy cough, among other ailments; to all of which age lent a helping hand. His wife had died a few years before and all his children were married and gone. He had two young kinsmen, Otto and Clyde Kirby of Pacolet Mills, who visited him from time to time – grandsons.

In a small house opposite Aunt Dicey Gist's old home lived one of her granddaughters, Ella Webster and her husband.

Then came the Barnett home. Mr. and Mrs. Gill Barnett had five children: Dow, Ama, Lewis, Mary and Annie. "Uncle Gill," always cheerful, always gay, was badly crippled with what would no doubt be called arthritis now. He was on crutches for many years before his passing. Uncle Gill enjoyed his Ram's Horn twist chewing tobacco. He called it Ram Horn. He would break it off rather than cut it with his knife. And he was a dedicated checker player, if over there was one. Not too skilled at the game, he lost more times than he won. But he didn't have to win to enjoy it. He just loved to play. His was a wonderful disposition. Win or lose, he was happy; just so long as he could keep you playing. His favorite expressions were: "By Gad," and "Hell shot a duck," the latter especially when his opponent would maneuver him into-position, jump three of his men and land in the king's row. Nobody had more fun than Uncle Gill, under less favorable circumstances. He was never sorry for himself.

Ama and Annie still live in Pacolet, Ama as Mrs. W. A. McDowell; Annie as Mrs. James L. Stephen, Jr. Annie is also postmaster. I remember Annie and the little white muff and neckpiece she



wore to church and on other special occasions – but not every day. She was a brilliant student' the smartest girl in school, I think. Ian Coleman was perhaps the smartest boy. Mary, now Mrs. Turner, lives in Spartanburg. Lewis and Dow have passed on, the latter within the past few days – since I've been writing this story. – Of all the comedians, clowns and funny men I have seen on screen, TV and radio, Lewis Barnett's droll wit and humor, to me, seem the most natural, the most spontaneous, the funnies! His lines were never ghosted nor written by gag writers, of course. They just popped out of Lewis as he walked and talked; as he shuffled along. He really did seem to shuffle along. He was funny naturally, like Fred Allen and Jimmy Durante. Just to see Lewis walk, or hear his laugh, was funny.

Living next door to the Barnetts were the J. E. "Heck" Jetts. The Jetts had two children, Leslie and David. A carpenter, Mr. Jett was a highly nervous man. He couldn't sit or stand still. He had to be always on the go. Working at his trade, he set the pace. A carpenter had to be good to keep up with him. He had three brothers that I heard of, Dock, Back (Baxter) and Ed. Each was a skilled craftsman. Each was highly nervous – fidgety. – Next to my daddy, I think Heck Jett was the most devoted and most concerned father about the welfare of his children that I have seen. It made no difference how many times he might see or run into either of his two sons, he would ask: "Leslie, where is David?" or "David, where is Leslie?"

Next came Pacolet's up-to-date and professionally run hotel, owned and managed by Mrs. Helen Thomson, a widow. Mrs. Thomson was the mother of George, William and Sara, all three blond and attractive. George, I would say, was the closest friend I ever had. Bill, an energetic little fellow (if money was involved), was agent for the Saturday Evening Post, and for a boy in Pacolet, he made much money. What's more, he saved it. Bill was tight. Sara was an independent, pretty little blond who walked proudly, always seeming grown-up – much older than her years.

The Thomson Hotel was popular with traveling men. Many stopped there at the same time each week and they planned ahead for set-back games. Always hard fought and expertly played, you couldn't get into one of those games if you weren't expert. – Mrs. Thomson's sister, Fannie Greer (now Mrs. M. W. Brown), and Steve Harvey, a nephew, lived at the hotel. Mrs. Thomson's cook, Martha, became widely known for her good cooking. She was always on the job – three meals a day except Sundays. Sundays, only two.

Next was a little cottage where at different times lived Newton James, Arthur Hodgepoth and the Ike Whites. Ike was engineer on the Pacolet Mills branch line. (This house built in 1899 by A. C. Black for his bride. AB)

Coming up next was the old Haynes place, then some of Geo. W. Sanders. Children: Blanche, Frank, Minnie, Paul, May and Irene. All were loyal and faithful members of the Methodist church just across the street. Mr. Sanders was a farmer and merchant, in business with his father-in-law Vaughan. They operated in the Winfield Bryant store before Frank Littlejohn opened his own business there. Russell Vaughan was bookkeeper for the firm. George Sanders was a churchman – certainly not a habitual, experienced "cusser." But he did get upset and harassed, and at times he must have felt much like cutting loose and cussing. One day when particularly fretted by the way things were going- things getting lost and out of place in his farming operations, he could stand it no longer – couldn't hold himself in. In loud voice for all to hear he said: "It's damn seldom where all my dadbum hame strings get to, in spite of the devil."

After the Sander family moved away to Glendale my dad bought the old Haynes place of 55 acres; having sold to Jim Burgess his home on the north side of town. Right away after we moved there George Thomson and I built a tennis court between our house and the hotel, directly opposite the church after cutting down two big blackgum trees. Many young people became tennis enthusiasts, among them Marie Black, Winnie Miller, Jim and Bruce Stephen, Ben High, Herbert Waters, Boyd and Arthur Littlejohn and George and I. George was a left handed player, and a good one. Next to Winnie's and Marie's style of play, I remember Arthur's best. He was a tiny little chap, not much bigger than his racquet. He didn't seem to move and got around very fast. Only thing, he was always where the ball was. Nor did he seem to hit the ball hard. It seemed he just held out his racquet and let the ball hit it. Somehow, though, he sent the ball back across the net right where he wanted it to go.

Having succeeded Prof. Littlejohn as school principal, Prof. Herbert G. Waters and I often watched Arthur's play and we could hardly decide whether it was luck or what. One thing we were sure of, he got consistently good results and won games. I was out of school by the time Waters came



to Pacolet. He roomed at Mrs. Bryant's and taught in the new schoolhouse, and built an enthusiastic following. He went from Pacolet to Jonesville, where he married Isma Gault. Later they moved to Greensboro, N. C., to the Rankin High School. He and Mrs. Waters taught there for 25 years. When last year he retired, his patrons presented him with a latest model Chevrolet to show their love. The Waters continued to live in Greensboro at 1510 Spry Street.

John Gault, my daddy's farm tenant, lived to the rear of our house. He and wife Ella had the following children: Lawrence, Henry, Hayman and maybe another one or two – I don't recall. Our family admired the industry and honest dealings of the Gault family. John had a good education and wrote a good hand. Ella often said; "John is a good scholar."

Back of the Methodist Church, on a little used road that is now a through highway, lived Eliphus Hardy and wife Maggie. Eliphus was a professional painter and Maggie a much-in-demand cook and seamstress. They were good citizens and childless. – In addition to those already mentioned and without trying to detail any information or anecdotes concerning them, I list here the names of several well known colored people living in and around Pacolet during this period: Cato and Jim Gentry, Dan Black, "Uncle" Frank, Joe, Ed and Dixie Hardy, Hamp Posey, Asa, Charlie, Scobe, Bull, Gus and Mary Littlejohn, Jim Bird and Martin Boyd.

Down the street toward the railroad was the home of Rev. and Mrs. D. R. Brown. Mr. Brown was a retired Methodist preacher. "Miss Ollie" was a teacher and had taught in the Pacolet and Glendale schools for many years. Now 98, she is still active and alert and keeps up with the times. She is living with son Hilliard in Rock Hill. Daughters Ruth and Marion married and living in Florida. Hilliard and I were in school together and in 1916-17 were together in Canada. He married an attractive, talented girl, a Canadian, Kitty Rousseau of Drummonville, Quebec. Willard was connected with the Rock Hill Herald for a number of years.

Going down the Jonesville highway, paralleling the railroad, we find the pretty old style country home and the lovely sand acres of the Andrew Thomsons. Their front yard was big and well set to grass. There were lots of flowers and evergreens and a number of big elm trees all around. Mr. & Mrs. Thomson raised a big family of children, each of whom became a successful good citizen. Their names: Dr. Webb, Barron, Forrin, Eunice, Hallie, Bess, Joe, Helen and James. They were all devoted to their parents and to each other. Often they all came together on weekends or Sundays for short reunions at the old homestead. The first time I ever heard "Casey Jones" Joe Thomson sang it.

Across the railroad and highway was the home of old Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Storey and their two children, Wallace and Mae. They were staunch Presbyterians and fine people. Mrs. Storey before marriage was a Carroll of the Sulphur Springs community. – Just below the Storeys was the Uncle Bob West home and farm. He and Mrs. West, both hard working and honest as the day is long, lived together with their daughter and son-in-law John Smith and their several children.

Farther down the highway "Uncle" Wallace Kirby, an eccentric old gentleman, lived by himself in a little cottage by the side of the road – close beside the road. In his yard were a few struggling flowers and some stunted cactus. His walkway was lined by empty pop bottles of different shades stuck in the ground upside down. Uncle Wallace was known for his brogue and his politeness. He had odd ways of expressing himself, and he had a funny way of walking. He seemed to rear back when he walked and his arms seemed to swing from right to left, or side to side, behind him. When asked how he was feeling he invariably replied: "Well, sir, I am feeling, sir, velly well, sir – yes-siree!"

Wish I could continue down the highway for names and comment on other interesting people. Among them brothers Charlie, John W. and Steve Kirby. Also their nephews Will, Vernon and Clarence. And their brother-in-law, Jim Seay, who married Susan Kirby. Mr. Seay was a great talker. It was about this time that nitrate of soda came into use by farmers and it produced fine crops. So good that some thought it strained the land and they hesitated to use it. Jim said; "I won't use the stuff. Unless you follow that natural soda very heavily with cow-peas it will kill your land dead as the devil." Vic Kirby always said Mr. Seay was unable to wear slippers.

About to overlook another Kirby family – I'll mention right here the John B. Kirbys who lived a mile or so down the Pacolet Mills road. Mrs. Kirby was a Genoble before marriage. John B., big and bald, and talkative was at one time a member of the Spartanburg delegation to the House of Representatives. The Kirby children were: Mattie, Bernice, Forrest and Joe – the latter a red head like his dad. Mattie and Bernice always dressed neatly and were good students. Mattie's nickname was Caesar, she was so good in Latin.



Returning now along the highway from the West and Thomson farms, we come to the Ashmore Littlejohn place, a two-story frame house on the edge of a thick grove of small pines and scrub oak. Ashmore's place was just outside the town limits. He and Phyllis raised a large family.

Just a few hundred yards past Ashmore's is the railroad "Y" where connection is made for the Pacolet Mills branch with the Columbia and Asheville main line. The Pacolet Mills switch engine turns around there each trip before returning to the Mills.

So, for fear I might turn myself around on this Y and then begin backtracking to start all over again this already-too-long account of childhood memories, I dare not get too close. I'm going to stop my part of this yarn right here. If you want any more, you'll have to spin it yourself.

Anyhow, I've completely covered the area – up and down, all around – encircling the town. To prove it, look! There's Mrs. Bryant's house, our starting point, on the next corner.

THE END