

First of all there was no roping of the buffalo-bull. He was too wild for that, so they finally wound up chasing him into an open-door stall at the barn.

Not to be outdone, "Foggy" decided that it was time to begin the training program in earnest. He went into the stall with the animal and was promptly butted from one side of the barn stall to the other. This, in itself was no small item, for "Foggy" was not a light-weight man. He tipped the scales around 400 or so, but the buffalo-bull payed little or no attention to the weight advantage.

"Ab" said that this bull simply charged and when he missed his opponent and hit the stall walls it simply knocked boards loose in several directions.

Again and again "Foggy" made an approach, but each time he was rebuffed soundly. Boards just kept falling off as the charging buffalo-bull hit him.

Finally, in exhausted desperation, "Foggy" yelled out some instructions to "Ab" who was observing this match:

"Ab, get in your truck, go to town and find the Chief of Police Gary Brock, take out a peace warrant for this bull and come back as soon as possible; we're going to have to arrest him. And if you think we'll need him, tell him to bring "Smokey" Smith with him, for this bull is definitely disturbing the peace."

"Smokey" was a police officer who along with Gary Brock served the town well for many years.

"Ab" said it was a memorable event—this has long stuck in his experience with men and animals.

June 2, 1993

## **Necessity -- Mother of Invention**

Sometimes you do what you have to do. It's kind of like the story Walter Duckworth told about the black tenant farmer who was having a really tough time during the big depression. Things had gone from bad to worse. Food was scarce. In fact, for some, there just wasn't any. This fellow was chasing a rabbit on foot. No dog. No gun. No nothing except his speed verses the rabbit. He passed one

fellow who observed the race and remarked, "Hey, you can't catch that rabbit!"

The positive reply came back, "Can't catch him, hell! I've got to catch him." And he did. It was the difference in having one more

meal or none. That's the kind of problem that encourages active production.

Observing the unusual number of blackberry blooms this year reminds me of what Walter said about picking blackberries during the depression. "A blackberry didn't have time to hardly ripen on Coneross Creek; if you reached to pick one, you'd have to compete with about four hands going for the same berry."

It's always a pleasure to visit with local talent who understand what necessity is all about. Bill Scott, retired airline Captain, is one who comes to mind. Billy and his wife, Trula, make their home on Crystal Lake at Mountain Rest. Bill was a Captain and Check-Pilot with Piedmont Airlines before they were purchased by US Air. Trula was an executive with the same company and had responsibility to hire and train flight attendants. Both worked very hard and continue to stay busy since leaving those jobs to build a home in Mountain Rest.

Billy has his own business, Scott Financial, a mortgage company with an office in Seneca.

Trula completed her college training and earned a degree. She continues to study and work as a substitute teacher.

Both appear to be very happy to be busy with their second professions here in Oconee County.

Billy is an accomplished pianist or organist. It doesn't matter what it is...if it has keys on it he can make solid music. He is now playing with a concert group from Greenville who specialize in Gospel music. He grew up playing a piano he bought as a youngster with money he'd saved from working. His grandfather was a Church of God preacher who needed a piano player and Billy was drafted. At the same time he was in school at Walhalla, he worked for Grady Morton as a bookkeeper, and says, to this day, he formed habits there that helped him for the tests ahead. He is also quick to

give credit to the late Sidney Ballenger, Walhalla High principal, who helped him get a scholarship at the University of South Carolina, where he graduated. His inspiration, much of the time, has been necessity. He did exactly what he had to do to get the job done.

Not only a talented professional pilot, pianist, and now owner of his own business in mortgage financing, Bill is also an expert cook. He knows many special arts of cuisine, and has ably demonstrated this ability at his beautiful new home on Crystal Lake. He likes to have his old friend and mentor, Grady Morton, over for a meal he has prepared and jokingly tells Grady that he saved money while working for him to build his home -- a structure that could easily cost about a half a million.

Bill Scott is truly an example of what one can accomplish if he is willing to work, learn and do whatever is necessary to get the job done. So is Trula. Both are well schooled and understand what is required of life and responsibility.

June 9, 1993

### **Caught In The Draft**

Protesting was practically unheard of when WWII began in full swing. You either volunteered or "got drafted" if you were an able-bodied male, not exempt for defense purposes. If you were 17 years old and had a parent who would give permission, you were allowed to enlist in any branch of the armed forces that would accept you.

This business of drafting men for service was the way most of the armed forces were staffed. When your name was sent in to headquarters by a group of local people who served as members of the draft board, you were called upon to report to a given point. Here, it was usually in Walhalla where a bus would transport you to Fort Jackson in Columbia where you were given physical exams and perhaps some slight psychological survey. You were either accepted or rejected. Most, if they were able to stand up, breathe and get there were accepted. Of course, if there was a compelling

health reason for non-service, you would be classified for exemption with a "4-F" designation.

Several times, my friend, Herman W. "Foggy" Dickson, was bussed to Columbia, out of Fort Jackson for a physical, and returned to his home. Judged unable to serve, they finally let "Foggy" come back here and operate his business where he did a good job of contributing to the war effort. He was especially appreciative of those who served. Nearly all who knew him would surely visit a while with "Foggy" if they earned a few days leave. It was refreshing to most and a fun part of having a bit of rest and recreation.

"Foggy" was obviously too heavy to be drafted into service, but he had a story he told about his encounter with examiners down at the Fort.

After going through the rounds of physical exams in a completely naked state, there would be some questions to try to determine emotional stability.

One of the examiners, according to the story, asked "Foggy" which branch he preferred.

"Foggy" said he had no problem at all making that decision. He promptly replied that given a choice he would prefer that branch which ran directly behind his grandma's house.

After that, he noticed, examiners "huddled" and decided this man needs to be sent back to Oconee County immediately!

Jake Barnett related his experience when he reported for draft examination over at Camp Croft in Spartanburg.

According to Jake, there were 33 potential draftees in his group. One of the group had been in service previously and perhaps knew something the rest of them didn't.

As they were being processed from one examination station to another, every time this special draftee was asked any question, he would promptly reply, "Let us Pray!"

Of the 33 examined that day, Jake said 32 were inducted in the army and the single member who consistently answered with, "Let us pray," was returned home.

While serving in action and as things began to happen, Jake said

he thought many times about this individual who admonished them with, "Let us pray." It wasn't really a bad idea, he surmised, and wondered as bombs whistled about him, if he had brought the idea forward to the examiners if he might have been somewhere else at this time.

June 16, 1993

### **"Oh! No! Not Another One From Down There!"**

Having wasted some of my parent's hard-earned money at Clemson College in 1944, a moment of truth dawned upon me one day.

Why not, I reasoned, join the U. S. Navy and lend a hand in the effort, get WWII "over with" successfully. Most of my friends and classmates from high school were already joined in battle. I really felt this was the right thing to do.

It proved to be an interesting experience, but had no bearing on "VE" or "VJ" day. That was already a "done deal" by many who long before had sacrificed greatly in the effort. It was, by then, just a matter of when the end would come.

However, a few things were impressed in memory as I headed to "boot camp" in Bainbridge, Maryland.

Having been "sworn in" the U. S. Navy in Columbia and given a "chit" for free meals and passage by train to Washington and on to Maryland, I was pleasantly surprised when Kenneth "Skinny" Ertzburger came walking through the coach. "Skinny" had been a citizen of Westminster and moved on to greater opportunities with the Southern Railroad. We chatted a few minutes. It was reassuring to see at least one friendly face from home.

Bainbridge was a typical recruit training base, I suppose. The first thing they did at the "reception" center was to give all "boots" a clean haircut and issue uniforms. Then, the process of forming a company of men for basic training began. It was no big deal. An enlisted man, a Navy Petty Officer, would count out the first 40 recruits for the first platoon, the two more units of 40 each of a total of 120 men in the company.

From that point, you were assigned a battalion area and barracks. For me, it was company 3107. That was the third battlion, company 107.

Everything was going along fairly smoothly. After all, having had at least one year of Clemson "Rat" experience was some insulation. Clemson freshmen were known as "Rats." Their main purpose on earth was to serve upperclassmen and learn military discipline. Any academic training was not assured unless the student was hell-bent and determined to learn regardless.

In Bainbridge, at "boot camp" it was Navy procedure for officer in charge to "muster" the newly formed company of recruits. That is, he would call out your name as he came to it on the list he held on his clipboard. Each recruit would respond by yelling, "Ho!"

Eventually, as he preceded down the list, he came to my name.

"Hunt," he yelled, "Jack L." He bellowed, and I responded with a loud "Ho!"

About that time, he laid the clipboard down and said out loud, "Westminster, South Carolina!"

He looked up to see who had answered and remarked with some degree of regret in his tone, "Hot damn! Don't tell me they've sent me another one from down there."

This was not a reassuring comment from the Petty Officer in charge. I wondered who or what had impressed him so greatly from Westminster.

I did not find out immediately his reservations about having another recruit from "down there" in Westminster. However, as time went along it was explained to me that this officer had a draftee from Westminster who was perhaps, too old to be "jerked about" by some drill instructor. His emotional stability may have been in question from day one since he reportedly had been struck by lightning several times.

At any rate, the Petty Officer said the recruit was unable to take the training inasmuch as he spent a great deal of time crying.

By now, I was somewhat sympathetic with the recruit from Westminster who had been returned home, I suggested to the Petty

Officer that I, too, would be willing to cry if he thought it would get me a return ticket home.

It was not to be, he assured me. I continued on with the program of latrine cleaning or anything else like that which must surely have had some direct bearing on bringing "VE" and "VJ" day a bit closer.

June 23, 1993

### **Passing Test Of "Time" Is Challenge**

A professor in a Geology class at the University of Georgia had a sign near a clock prominently displayed. It read: "Time Will Pass, Will You?" The point was well-made and "timely."

Having fun and pleasure of mingling with three high school reunion classes, recently, turned the clock back a bit for me. The members of Westminster High graduates of '36, '37, and '38 were a few years ahead of the class of '44, but I remembered many of them through association with my family and particularly my brother, a member of the class of '36.

Representing the Class of '36 was Knox Singleton, Class of '37 was Frances Boggs Crawford and Jack Watkins, Class of '38.

At least three faculty members who taught members of these classes, as well as mine later, were present, Mrs. Sara Fields Johns, Miss Rachel Bruner and Professor Tom Mabry.

Anyone who was privileged to have any of these instructors during high school can surely appreciate their efforts, for they gave the job a high level of interest and intensity.

It never ceases to amaze me at how well Mr. Tom Mabry has stood the "test of time." In appearance, he looks very much the same as I recall him more than 50 years ago. He stands straight, erect, speaks with sincereness of authority, very slowly, quite eloquently, and is easily understood. With a keen memory that is almost frightening, Mr. Mabry has a unique sense of humor that simply puts any listener at ease.

His 21 years spent at Westminster as coach, teacher, principal and finally as Superintendent, succeeding the late M. B. Self, were impressive. His ability to withstand ravages of time as well as

endure some personal family losses and problems appear to have strengthened his character. I don't know exactly how old Mr. Mabry is but my guess is that he is in the ninety area. If any of us could capitalize on his "secrets" for living so well so long, there would be much less need for nursing homes and retirement centers.

The Lord must have known what He was doing when He built man's memory system. In later years one tends to forget many trials and tribulations of previous struggles. More pleasant experiences surface rather easily, particularly humorous events. However, there is also a down side. When you can't easily recall the name of a longtime friend or associate, and thoughts you believed chiseled in stone of your memory bank simply fail, you are beginning to understand we are all a lot less than perfect.

A story in Schaefer Kendrick's column in the Sunday Greenville News recently related an experience of Mr. Tom Anderson, a former principal in Westminster and retired Superintendent of Greenville County Schools.

Tom, according to the story, was attending a college class reunion. He walked up to one of his old professors and introduced himself, "I'm Tom Anderson." The old Prof appeared to not hear him, so Tom repeated his introduction, "I'm Tom Anderson," he said with a bit more force. Again, no response. Convinced the Professor simply was not hearing the message, he got in a bit closer and yelled, "I'm Tom Anderson!"

This got his attention immediately, "Yes," he replied, "I heard you the first time; I know you are Tom Anderson...I'm just trying to remember who I am.

June 30, 1993

## **Transportation Was Scarce**

I may come as a surprise to many driving-age-youngsters today, but there was a time, not so many moons ago, when there were plenty of families without cars or trucks.

Basic transportation for many was mules, horses and wagons in the 30s and 40s. Farm animals helped make a living for those who



owned them and served as a prime source of travel pulling wagons, buggies or were ridden.

What brought this matter to mind at this moment was a conversation with Beryl Stewart. Beryl and Mary attended a recent reunion of some Westminster High classes of the 30s. While he was considering interesting things that happened in the era following the depression of 1929, he related this story.

He and Broadus Barber met two girls in Seneca and had arranged a date with them. Both Beryl and Broadus were high school students at the time. Neither had access to an automobile or any other means of transportation.

There was only one option left since they could not afford to hire a taxi (if there had been any) and could not catch a bus to visit the girls in Seneca for no scheduled routes came this way. Their only hope was to catch a slow moving train on the Southern tracks. In effect, they became "hobos" as they swung on to a slow moving train passing through Westminster.

Beryl said everything went along pretty well for most of the trip, but when it came time to disembark they discovered this train was not making a scheduled stop in Seneca. It was perhaps, a through freight. But for whatever reason the train did not stop, thus Beryl and Broadus were left to their own devices for getting off at the destination.

At one point, the train slowed down a bit and the two "hobos" felt the urge to jump. They did, and went down a rather steep embankment through lots of saw-briars, bushes and tree sprouts along the way. The landing was safe, but Beryl said both were fairly well "frazzled" in the process. Their mission was accomplished and both were lucky enough to catch another ride back home.

Beryl graduated from Westminster High and attended college at the University of Colorado where he played football on scholarship. Others from here who attended the University of Colorado were the Elrod Boys -- Hurbert and Porter, I believe. They began their football days here with the then "Yellow Jackets" of Westminster High.

After graduation at Colorado, Beryl later joined the Navy as an

Ensign and became a training officer at the U.S. Naval Training Station in Sampson, New York, during WWII.

Sampson was located on Lake Seneca, one of the five "finger lakes" in the area. A beautiful section in upperstate New York for about five or six months of the year -- spring and summer -- Sampson was something less than desirable in winter. Snow in that area would sometimes fall 40 or more inches and would drift to 20 to 40 feet in places.

Having spent about a year in Sampson, I knew exactly what he meant about weather there. I became so "sick" of seeing snow that I felt I would be compelled to eat a handful of dirt if I survived to see the South again.

July 7, 1993

### **Homes With Character**

Mrs. Minnie Peden would be proud of Denise and Rick McCormick for the way they have restored her home.

This is truly one of Westminster's homes that abounds with character. Some have it, some don't. This one does, and it reflects the hard work and tender care its present owners have bestowed it.

Not many homes have a beveled glass front door as wide as the former Peden home. Then there is the intricate woodwork - wainscoting, paneling, beaded ceilings, lead-glass doors and windows, built-in cabinets with lead-glass doors, elegant fire places, a stair well and well-appointed furniture that seems to be just right.

The furniture has been added through a collection of many fine antique pieces, including a beautifully restored organ. There is a Grand piano in the front room that gives stately presence to the culture and care these owners have given this old home that dates back to 1903, so I've been told.

The floors have been repaired, sanded, then treated with a soft polyurethane finish that lets the grain and texture speak for itself. It's obviously a very lived-in residence, not stuffy or "over-done." The dining area features a beautiful clear, heavy glass table that sits on four ceramic posts that was designed and built for Denise by her

brother, a potter, who operates his own business in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Denise and Rick moved to Oconee several years ago from North Carolina, and first bought a home near Seneca. Denise worked at the Carolina National Bank before it became C & S and later Nations Bank. Rick was employed with Jantzen, as plant manager. Denise was one of the first women to become a City Executive officer with C & S when she succeeded Larry Dellinger. The McCormicks have a daughter, Erin, who enjoys the unusually warmth her parents have provided in recapturing the elegance of this home on Abbey Street. Denise is presently employed as an Executive Secretary with Blue Ridge Electric Co-op, and Rick is employed in the textile industry.

Phil Batson had a great deal to do with much of the original work when the McCormicks moved to this residence. He, too, is a skilled craftsman that can appreciate the fine work in this home that was originally built by Mr. John Gaines of Gaines Lumber company. Phil also worked with the late Mr. R. L. (Bob) Grogan who built homes in the early part of this century.

Also, in this neighborhood is the former Dr. T. G. Hall home which has been restored by Charles Barrett and his capable helpers. This house is now being offered for sale, according to a sign out front. Charles has done a really commendable job in salvaging and restoring many old homes in Westminster. Another nearby home that felt his tender care is the former W. T. McClure home on Isundega and Abbey. These grand old homes are real treasures and those who have worked and cared for them for future generations are to be commended. For sure, they're not building them like they use to; you can see the difference and feel the presence of the past when you are lucky enough to get a tour through.

July 14, 1993

## **How 'Bout Them Bears?**

A few weeks ago The News reported a bear citing in Westminster. A week or so previous to that there was a photo of a

bear that had been killed or died near Westminster close to a creek. The dead bear was a Black Bear weighing 200 pounds. The live one, spotted more recently just off Retreat Street weighed about 175 to 200 pounds according to a witness.

Roy Edwards, who lives on Mimosa Street that runs parallel with Retreat, said he first heard a neighbor hollering to him from his back yard, reporting a bear walking around near his home. At first, Roy said he didn't spot the bear, but he and his son kept walking about in the back of his lot looking through the trees and hedges near his home and finally spotted the animal. Roy said the bear didn't appear to be disturbed to any extent and was more or less wandering around near a dog lot where he keeps a big dog in a pen.

Strangely enough, he noticed, the dog in the pen was not making any noise, barking, growling or paying very much attention to the bear which was close at hand. However, Roy noted that two smaller dogs belonging to neighbors nearby were making a lot of noise barking. The bear, however, payed little or no attention to either.

At one point Roy said he got within about 30 feet of the animal, and got a really close look at him before he began to wander off.

When asked if he was frightened or afraid of the bear since he was so close to him Roy gave a rather practical answer:

"If that bear had turned around and started running in my direction, he would have been running at a distinct disadvantage," as Roy explained, "the bear would definitely have been running in human excrement!" He emphasized, "I don't think he would have caught me."

Several people saw the bear while he was in the territory, including neighbors and a city police officer and a wildlife officer. The Black Bear finally left the area as he lumbered along the driveway between the homes of Bob Dyar and Jim Hunt on Retreat Street. He then crossed over Retreat, passing near the home of Rachel Bruner and made his exit down through the woods.

There have been several bears cited in the area in recent months, and more recently a cub was reported in the Townville area. Another was seen recently in the Seneca city limits, and probably some are still in the territory. It is illegal to kill a bear, and the wildlife people

claim they are not likely to attack unless cornered or have young cubs that a mother feels threatened. Hopefully, the bears understand that they are not to attack in an unprovoked manner.

About ten years ago, early one morning in the late spring or summer, I was headed toward Toccoa airport when I saw this animal crossing the road near where the old 123 bridge stands on the South Carolina side. At first I thought it was a big dog crossing the road but then noticed an unusual twist in its walking action. Pulling closer in my car, I stopped and saw a Black bear that appeared to weigh about 150 to 175 pounds. The bear tried to climb the steep embankment on the right side of the road, but found the going tough. He finally turned around, crossed the road and disappeared between the highway and Lake Hartwell.

Another vehicle heading from Georgia toward Westminster stopped and observed the bear citing. I was excited about seeing a bear on the way to the airport, but felt rather reluctant to mention it to anyone for fear they would think that I had been drinking something a lot stronger than water.

July 21, 1993

### **Revisions Were Important To Him**

Dr. John Meadows was probably a brilliant man. At least in his own field of endeavor. Maybe in other ways, too, who knows? Or maybe, more practical, who cared?

Back in the 40s if you were enrolled at the University of Georgia, there was one course no one escaped. It was called, "Contemporary Georgia." The text book was written by Dr. John Meadows who also taught the course to some students.

John was an interesting professor. It was his "baby" - this text book. He took a great deal of pride in it. There were all kinds of factual information about the state of Georgia contained therein. You could determine how many acres of peas or peanuts were planted each year, the number of bales of cotton grown, how many mules or hogs were in the state, and how many chickens were slaughtered each day. You were also schooled, to some extent, about the

Constitution of the state. Anything he considered important about the state was in his written text book.

Since he had written the text, he also revised it often and did not hesitate to mention this fact to each new class of students. John would warn not to rely on an old copy of the book since there may be test questions coming from the new, revised edition. The fact that he had written the book, the revisions, and received a royalty fee for each copy sold at the book store may or may not have had anything to do with it. But that's the way it was.

Too, he didn't like for students to come wandering into his class after the bell sounded to begin. He didn't allow it. If you were not in your seat when the bell rung, you were invited to leave the room. Even if you were on your way to the seat when the bell rung, you were not allowed to remain.

One student, a pharmacy major from Elberton, had the ability to "throw his voice" as a ventriloquist. He delighted in teasing Dr. Meadows with his skill. John would be holding his text book next to his heart, something like a minister might hold a Bible, and would constantly walk back and forth in front of the class as he lectured. When he would turn his back to the class in order to write something on the blackboard, the pharmacy student ventriloquist would intone a message such as, "Awwah, John!" in a deep resonant voice that sounded as if it came from near the front instead of the back of the classroom.

This would infuriate the Professor. He wore dark, horn-rimmed glasses and had the countenance of a hoot owl in appearance. When the ventriloquist teased him with a "thrown" comment, he would practically go into a rage. He remarked, "One day, I'm going to find out who that is and I am personally going to throw him out of this second story window!"

Not only did Dr. Meadows never discover the culprit in his class, he also never recognized the fact that this intelligent, but devilish student, never bought one of those precious, revised editions of the text book.

In fact, he never bothered much with the testing procedure. He had a smart girl friend sitting near him, and she aided his cause at

testing time. The class was crowded and every other row of students were given different tests printed on different colors of paper. The ventriloquist would simply bring different colors of paper to class at test time, pass the real test over to his girl friend for answers and replace the paper with the proper color of stock so as not to appear to have a test paper on his desk. Dr. Meadows, has perhaps, gone on to that great classroom in the sky, and who knows where the pharmacist is by now?

July 28, 1993

### **Ed Watkins: "Boys I'm Going To Join You!"**

A crowd gathered around a refrigeration unit last week at Watkins Grocery on Main Street. The reason for the crowd was to help load the unit on a truck. It was moving on. Ed Watkins has sold his stock down to a bare minimum and is now disposing of equipment. This unit had been purchased by "Deck" Lee who runs a business near Clayton, GA., across from the Ham House on highway 76.

It was part of the plan to end business of Watkins Grocery -- a store that has been operated by family members continuously since the 1930's, or maybe longer.

Ed, the youngest of the M.D. Watkins family, has been "running" the store for several years almost single-handed, except for help of John Hoover who has been assisting him in recent years.

The plight of small town grocery stores has been tough for many years. There is a number of reason for the demise, but primarily the ability of large chains to buy and sell in volume at lower prices has been the main source.

It hasn't been many years past when Westminster supported very well a number of hometown grocery stores. Some of them were the Oconee Store, operated by Hayden Coe and Jimmy Maxwell, Honeas' operated by R. B. Honea, King's Cash Grocery, operated by Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, Reeder's, operated by Sam Reeder, Weldon's Grocery and Book Store, operated by George Weldon, England's operated by Mr. Luke England and sons, Molgro and W.

J. England's store, while not operating full time continues to open periodically with owner W.J. taking care of business.

Other grocery stores in the area were once operated by Jack Lumpkin who had a booming business near Oconee Mill, and Freeman's operated on East Main Street by Mr. Jess Freeman. Others too, that did a good business during the 30s and 40s, including Miller's Grocery operated by Dorsey Miller, and then Dickson's Grocery and Cafe, operated by H. W. Dickson, did a booming business at one time. There were more, I'm sure, but these are some that easily come to mind. While most of the stores did a greater part of the business on Fridays and Saturdays, there was very limited parking space up and down Main Street in front of these stores on weekends.

Howard Adams, who worked for a number of years at King's Grocery and later Watkins, was perhaps the first to introduce a super market trend in the area when he opened Adams Super Market on East Main Street during the early 1950s, in the building now occupied by NAPA Auto Parts. He ran this business successfully until he retired.

Ed Watkins has been able to "hang in there" during some tough periods, but since he has reached retirement age, has decided to "hang it up."

Interestingly, the rock wall across the street from Watkins Grocery has been a seating area of a number of customers for many years. As Ed looked out from his cash register, he could see who was "present on the wall," and could probably calculate any past due billing in his head at a moment's notice. The other day, instead of just looking across the street at the "retired," he decided to walk over there where several were seated.

Taking a seat next to one, he calmly remarked, "Well, boys, it won't be long now 'til I'll be joining you over here!" Several expressed regrets at seeing their favorite grocery store close on Main Street. It won't be the same again. Good luck, Ed, and happy retirement!



August 4, 1993

## Summer Events Recalled

Long before Chau-Ram was established, this area was better known as the "Town Park." At a point where Ramsay Creek and Chauga River meet, about four miles above Westminster, off highway 76, this favorite spot was where people of all ages gathered to picnic and swim in the cool Chauga water.

Looking back at the experience, there must have always been a Higher Power working overtime keeping folk from drowning. In the hot days of summer there was a steady stream of youngsters making their way to this favorite spot. There were many slick mossy-covered rocks that created white-water and a perfect place to slide. Then, there was the big cable attached to a high tree limb. Grab the cable, get a running-go start from the sloping bank, swing out over the churning river and turn loose for a cannonball splash in the river. Fun, for sure, but awfully dangerous when one considers what rocks, logs or debris may have washed in the drop-off hole.

There were some accidents, but most were minor ones, and those days of summer were among most cherished. This was a very popular place to visit at night, too. Some went catfishing along the banks or just wandered around sandbars and rock boulders, more often barefoot, and sometimes without need for any swimming attire. Swim suits were a rare item among most of the youngsters going for a swim in Chauga during the 30s and early 40s. Some had short pants but many didn't bother with detail of swim wear. Your birthday suit was usually good enough, especially if the crowd was not mixed. Who really cared? This was a fun expedition, not a regimented affair with proper uniforms.

At one time there was a swinging bridge across Chauga where the town now has water pumps supplying our city system. On up Chauga toward the highway 76 bridge crossing, Wake Lumpkin at one time had a cabin built along the banks. Horace Cowan and King Dillard, along with several others in the area, would go to the river and seine for fish and have a big fish fry if the meeting was productive.

In this general area two cables were stretched across Chauga. One cable was to stand and walk on while the other was a hand-hold to

keep from falling in. I distinctly recall going on a fishing trip in this area with Frank Cashin, Jack Dillard and Otis Mason. We were fishing the river with rods and having some luck. Night caught us about this point and a decision was made to cross over to fish from the opposite bank. The cable had been placed there by Duke Power Company for employees who walked the power lines in that area to inspect for problems.

Carrying fishing attire, bait, rods and basket across this cable was not an easy task, but crossing after dark made the experience a bit more challenging. Once we were on the other side, the fishing wasn't much better but on the other side, the fishing wasn't much better but on the way back upstream to the cable, Frank Cashin suddenly stopped and said, "Don't move!!" I wanted to know what the problem was, and he quietly said. "There's a rattlesnake near us; I can smell him; I know he's here!" I froze in my tracks, and while I never did see the snake, I took his advice, and I did hear something moving away from us in the dark path. There was a lantern, but we didn't have it at this point.

I do distinctly recall that getting back across that cable—away from the snake—was much easier and the trip was definitely shorter.

August 11, 1993

### **With Malice Toward None...**

One of the "Legends" of law enforcement passed away last week. Carl Lewis (C. L.) Smith, retired SLED lieutenant, certainly fit that category for a number of reasons.

He began his career in the late 30s and early 40s. He once told me that he was influenced in choosing law enforcement as a profession by the late Perry Sanders. Mr. Sanders was a neighbor to the Smith family and Lewis became friends with Perry. One thing led to another and Lewis became a member of the local police department.

Perry was a distinctive man, tall, calm in demeanor, forceful and determined at decision time with intelligence to do his duty with dignity. Lewis was impressed, and no doubt he embodied many of the same qualities as part of his early training.

After serving his country as a combat veteran of WWII, C. L. came back to Oconee County where he served efficiently under four different Sheriffs before he received an appointment to SLED that was then headed by J. P. Strom.

While serving as Chief Deputy for Oconee County Sheriffs, C. L. came to know most of the citizens on a first-name basis. He knew many of the best trial lawyers and judges in the state and was a really dependable officer who took his work seriously.

Perhaps one of the qualities that C. L. possessed which carried him to the forefront in his profession was his ability to communicate. C. L. was not a college graduate, to my knowledge, but he was, indeed, a well-trained and highly educated man in law enforcement. He knew the system, how it worked, and had the finesse to articulate with any level of intelligence encountered. C. L. seemed to know exactly what to say in any given situation. Arresting a person for a violation is not usually a pleasant thing. Some are downright hard to deal with, some actually threaten the officer doing his duty, thus there is always the possibility that things may turn "nasty." It happens every day somewhere -- an officer falls in the line of duty. These are the people who actually try to make our justice system work.

C. L. Smith seemed to have the ability to say the right thing at the right time -- no matter the situation -- also, the ability to "shut up" at exactly the right time. Thus, he made many friends -- in the line of duty as well as socially. He was masterful at massaging one's ego, and had unique command of English. His descriptions were often elegant as he "spun yarn" with friends and colleagues. He was an accurate observer and reputed to be one of the best investigators ever to wear the badge.

Lewis, as Minnie Owens wrote recently, could actually make an arrest and have the suspect delighted that he had been caught and charged. He was that sort of man.

With a keen sense of humor, he knew many of Oconee's colorful characters, and could quote some of them with a high degree of accuracy including the intoning of local dialect and colloquialism.

C. L. loved sports -- especially golf -- even had a tournament named for him.

He was a gifted speaker -- before a group or "one on one." And, I believe, a really dedicated officer during his tenure with malice toward none. I'm glad I knew him.

August 18, 1993

### **Some Practical Expectations Hereafter**

My friend, the late Walter Duckworth, often quoted here, had a keen insight. He thrived on humor. Good, and often unusual, observations of the human condition were downright funny when given his ability of memory and expression.

He was telling one day of a "half-wit" who had been taking part in a religious discussion. Each, in turn, was giving a description of what one might expect after death...assuming he would reach the Gates and enter into Heaven. When it came the "H-wits" turn to report, according to Walter, he said, "When I die and go to Heaven...all I want is for Jesus to make me all the banana pudding I can eat!"

Obviously, here was a man who had thought this matter through and decided that if all the promises in life hereafter materialize as one may expect, this matter of finally getting his fill of banana pudding wouldn't be asking too much.

Certainly he had reduced his expectations to practicality, and terms he could understand and deal with here and hereafter.

As you may suspect, sometimes when I begin writing this column, I'm not sure what the subject matter may be. It probably doesn't make much difference, but I never cease to be amazed at some of the comments and interests that result.

Recently, I received a delayed letter from Victor Marett, a former resident of Westminster. Victor has been living in Miami, Florida some years and was prompted to write me concerning an article that mentioned antique radios and early programs of the 30s and 40s.

Victor reported that collecting antique radios is a growing national hobby and has now spread to early pocket size transistors

and early television sets. He stated that he is a collector with over 100 radios in his collection, most from the 30s.

He also pointed out that there are two major publications devoted entirely to Antique Radios. In case you wish to contact Vic his address in Florida is 3201 NW 18th Street, Miami, FL 33125-1837.

Victor lived on Isundega Street in Westminster, the son of Claude and Stella Marett. A good student in high school, here, I think he went on to a professional career in radio, perhaps as an announcer, but I'm not sure about his life's work.

His uncle, the late J. C. Cole, was a writer for many years of the "Oak Grove" news for Mr. A. L. Gossett and Tugaloo Tribune, and later, was a regular columnist for The News. His reports from Oak Grove area were always interesting.

Mildred Cole Blakely lost her life earlier this spring in an automobile accident near Greenwood, where she lived. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cole, and related to Victor Marett.

It is always a pleasant surprise to hear from readers from such a wide varied area. Most have interest in this section with relatives and friends.

September 1, 1993

### **Sounds Like Something Totin' Somethin'**

The office was crowded at Dr. O. P. Gilberts. The surgeon had been busy, and prospects looked good for more patients.

Suddenly, the door burst open, and there was an unmistakable voice calling out loud, "Is this the place where you get the sex changes?"

Not to be outdone by the question, sitting near the door was two gentlemen -- obviously transplanted Yankees from Keowee Key -- one responded immediately, "Jeez, yes, kiddo, and it looks like you've already had the operation!"

Everyone who was able laughed. Including the man of quick wit and good humor, Richard Addis who made the dramatic entrance.

There's not many people in Oconee County who have been here a few days that haven't made the acquaintance of Richard Addis. A

citizen of Walhalla, he has been in Real Estate business for several years. Prior to that he had worked in banking and was, for several months, advertising sales manager for the Keowee Courier and Westminister News.

While working at the newspapers, he also came to know the many characters who visited there including the famous J. Walter Duckworth. Richard recalls many of the stories related to this column, but one stands out particularly.

Walt was telling him of this fellow who was highly suspicious of someone or something “messing around” his farm. In fact, the “Joeree” was probably paranoid in addition to having a rather pronounced speech impediment.

In describing the man’s reaction late one evening as darkness surrounded the little farm and its outbuildings, according to Walter, the fellow said, “Yisten, Yisten, Yisten!”

“Fot’s dot turious fuss? Yisten!”

Walt said he couldn’t hear a thing, but he stood quietly.

“Yas, dat’s hit agin...yisten...yisten...yisten...dar hit goes agin...somewhar down thar ‘bot de ole sop.”

Trying to be attentive to the situation, Walt asked the fellow what was happening, or what did he think was causing the “turious fuss.”

I don’t know, but that hit goes again...down by the old sop...and hit sounds like somethin’ ‘totin’ somethin!”

Obviously, “somethin’ ‘totin’ somethin’” could stir one’s imagination especially after dark when them “thangs” tend to circulate more often.

Richard joined in the waiting crowd that was, by now, overflowing and spilling out into the yard. He knew many of the patients in the waiting room...each with his own problem that was freely shared with others there, strangers or not. Who cared? Everyone and no one, but the wait to see Dr. O. P. was made a little shorter and more pleasant.

I couldn’t stand it any longer. I had to know what the “O. P.” stood for. It so happened the good doctor, originally from Clayton, Ga., was and is Osceola Pinkney III, and has a son, Osceola Pinkney, IV.

Osceola, the original, so I've read or heard, was Chief of the Seminole nation of Florida. He was, Dr. Gilbert said, arrested during one of our wars and brought to South Carolina by one General Charles Coatesworth Pinkney. His remains, I think are still in South Carolina and there has been considerable controversy concerning returning Osceola to his native land in Florida.

Dr. Gilbert says he has no idea as to how he came to have the name, but it has stuck around pretty good...for at least four generations, so far. No doubt about it...it's distinctive, even though one of his office girls said she could neither pronounce it or spell it. Said she just referred to his as "Dr. O. P."

September 8, 1993

### **Moving By Trial And Error And Tribulation!**

When you are young and foolish, you're more apt to undertake momentous projects without one serious thought. When you are older, you can make stupid judgements and get away with it based on senility or one of these other fancy terms for mental deterioration.

It really never occurred to me in the early 1950s there would be much of a problem moving heavy letterpress printing equipment. A great educational process was just beginning.

A little town just east of Louisville, Ky., LaGrange, to be exact, advertised surplus printing equipment for sale. I made a quick trip up there, looked over the old model 8 Linotype, the old number 6 Babcock Optimus newspaper press, several fonts of handset type in cases, two or three old hand-fed printing presses and a nearly worn-out Eclipse newspaper folder.

Granted, I had some limited experience operating similar equipment but my experience moving this kind of super-heavy machinery was almost none. But after coming to terms with the owners, arranging a down payment plan, etc., I told them I would be back soon to move the stuff.

LaGrange was a small town about the size of Westminster, but for some reason had two newspapers. It could not support both, thus one was sold to the other and I had just purchased the surplus.

Thank God, W. C. (Curt) Hunt, my uncle, saw fit to go with me to help begin the moving process. We were followed by a man named Paul Fortson from Salem, who was driving a tractor-trailer rig for Frady's of Walhalla.

We soon discovered the big Babcock 4-page newspaper press had to be loaded in one piece. It had been erected in a building about four feet below ground level. We had to tear out a brick wall in back just to see daylight. Curt brought along a 9-ton hydraulic jack and a 6-ton hydraulic jack. That was our basic equipment to lift and move a press that was said to weigh about 38,000 pounds. Curt jacked up one end, borrowed some heavy pipe to insert under the runners. It looked like everything would be just fine...until we began moving the machine off the poured concrete runners onto wooden floor. With one swift lurch, the press went through the wooden floor and settled onto the dirt below. We were again two feet deeper in the hole. From this point, we determined that we must have some cross-ties. The L & N railroad people were nice. They loaned us some, and when we finally got the machine headed toward the opening, at about a 45 degree angle heading up to ground level and onto the truck on two long bridge ties borrowed from L & N.

It looked like a near impossible task. We called in two heavy duty wreckers to pull the big press up the ties and onto the truck bed. One could not do the job and we practically pulled three heavy telephone wire poles out of the ground since we had chain-lashed the front of the wrecker down to keep it from "raring up."

Some 30 hours had passed since we began this mission of loading only one piece of equipment. I grew up fast right there in Kentucky, and realized that this was no small undertaking. Especially when I didn't know what to do, and had to make-do with what ever was available.

Curt and Paul were very helpful, both were willing, but we were all limited with resources. By pouring two and three quarts of motor oil on the big cross-ties being used for the runners, the old Babcock finally came to rest on the truck bed. Never, have I been so tired and hungry before or since. But somehow I felt good about



the whole thing.

At least I felt good until a highway patrolman, watching the process from across the street wandered over to the scene and asked some questions about who we were and where we were headed with this heavily laden truck. By then, much more iron-wear was on board. The patrolman said it looked very much like we may be overweight for the road we had to travel.

My "feathers of elation" dropped mighty low as I heard his report however the man was good enough to give warning before we pulled onto the highway.

Young, foolish and inexperienced, all of these things didn't bother me a great deal back then. I went down to the man from whom the equipment was purchased asking for advice. He said, "I know a judge up at the courthouse."

With that, I simply followed him to the square where he talked to some kind of judge. His exact title wasn't important to me at the moment, but I came to respect him when he said, "Young man, I cannot tell you to break our laws up here; I am sworn to uphold the law, and I must and I will, but I can tell you that the officer who warned you about the overload matter will be extremely busy in the morning at 6 o'clock."

Paul Fortson had the truck motor running at 5:45 and pulled out of LaGrange, Ky., the next morning. He said he never saw another patrolman all the way to Oconee County until he came to the intersection of highways 123 and 76. They were checking vehicles there but the Lord looked over us one more time. They were busy and waved him through the check point. It was on this machine that we eventually printed in our very own shop the first hometown published edition of *The Westminster News*.

September 15, 1993

## **Two Equals More Than Twice One**

Dean Breazeale will tell you two hernia operations can hurt much more than twice as much as one. He's had experience with each -- the double and single. In fact, he's doing rather well recu-

perating at the moment from the “double” variety. While neither is a lot of fun, there are worse things. Kathryn, his wife, says that Dean has “milked” this illness for about all he can in terms of appealing to her for special attention and privileges. She seems to think he is much better now than he would care to admit, but who knows? These things can reoccur, and God knows, Dean ain’t about to take any unnecessary chances at this point in time.

Dean retired from Dunlop as Personnel Director, and prior to that he taught science at Westminster High. He also worked for a while with the U. S. Postal Service here. He has always been active in church activities. While his ego won’t permit him to brag very much, he will modestly admit to being a rather accomplished bass fisherman. He has also been humble about his bird-hunting exploits as well as his ability to compete in golf. He’s been a busy man, but he’s always had time to listen, especially if you’ll let him talk a bit.

He recalled recently a fishing trip which may have been mentioned previously in these columns. Dean, along with Max Glymph, and I were in the mood to “clean out Hartwell Lake” of fish early one spring when the lake was first built.

I had purchased on “time payments” a rather nice boat from Strother Darby of Walhalla. It was a fiberglass inboard/outboard with a Chevy II engine. I was really proud of this 19’ red and white craft. It would literally “fly” as boats were, at that time...about 45 miles per hour. The engine was efficient. Burned only about 3 gallons of gas per hour at three-fourths throttle.

Early in the spring, about 25 or more years ago, we took this boat with about 6 dozen minnows to the boat ramp at Fair Play. None were yet open in this area. Waited in a long line to launch at the ramp, and finally got our turn. I pulled the vehicle away from the ramp and it took about 10 minutes to park due to so many fishermen at the ramp and limited parking space.

On the way back to the ramp area, ready to board the boat, Max Glymph met me about half-way and told me to bring the trailer back to the ramp. I wanted to know why, but before he could answer, I saw this nice new boat resting peacefully in shallow water in a sunken position. It was a shocking experience. I couldn’t imag-

ine what happened until the matter of the plug was mentioned. It had accidentally been left out, thus the weight of the engine quickly pressed the rear of the boat and filled it with water. Dean was patiently holding the bow line. But this boat was going exactly nowhere in this condition.

Finally in desperation we enlisted the help of a few bystanders who were waiting to launch, pulled the filled boat with six dozen minnows swimming onto the trailer, and proceeded to catch the minnows from the plug drain and they were being "spit out." An older lady standing nearby remarked, "I wish that bunch of drunks over there would get the hell out of here...they've already caused enough trouble for one day."

Unfortunately, we were sober, but she wasn't impressed. The boat did crank about an hour later, and as I recall, Max Glymph caught more fish than anyone that day. But I couldn't swear to that.

That same boat, by the way, is still operating by its owner, Floyd Payne of Toccoa, Ga., who once worked at The Westminster News. It runs smoother now than ever, and Floyd has better luck keeping it afloat since he prefers to put the drain plug in before launching.

September 22, 1993

### **They Came To Honor Dr. Julius Earle**

Sunday was a big day at the office of Dr. Julius Earle of Walhalla. Friends from miles around came to his office to pay respect for his 40 years of service to mankind. Dr. Earle recently "unhung" his shingle to move into retirement. Friends, patients, and colleagues found a way to express their appreciation with a "drop-in." A wide spectrum of humanity showed up at his office on Earlstead Drive. There were many who had grown up with him "on hand" to talk of their experiences with this respected family doctor. It was, indeed, a special event and an impressive expression of deep, heartfelt feelings among those who spoke and those just came to shake his hand.

It should be pointed out that Dr. Earle was not and is not just an average doctor. First of all, in many respects, he heard a "different

drummer” out there altogether. He was not one who simply followed the crowd. More likely, he would try to determine which way the crowd was headed. If he didn’t like the direction, he would chart his own course. Even if it meant he was traveling alone. A rare breed in this collective, polarized society.

His was a one-on-one practice where the individual was treated with due respect regardless of station in life. As one speaker said, “He could communicate with any level of intelligence...from the lowest to the highest.”

Not only that, he had a practice that carried him deep into the mountains and woodlands where people needed attention and was unable to get into the office. He found a way to get to those in need, even if it required a Jeep, horseback or foot transportation. Much of this kind of dedication was long before any insurance or government programs such as we have now. The pay, no doubt, was often not there because often there were little or limited resources. He took his work seriously and gave it cautious effort.

He admitted to being blessed with a fine family and gave much credit to his wife who passed away rather suddenly several years ago.

Dr. Earle has always had a participating interest in civic and political affairs, having served on the school board for a number of years and many other community endeavors. He expressed an interest in running once again for state Senate from this district providing Senator Alex Macauley should move in another direction. Sen. Macauley was among those attending Sunday to pay respect to Dr. Earle, a worthy opponent he had defeated for office.

It was a great and deserved moment of recognition for Dr. Earle. While I have personally known the man since he and I were young teenagers working at the Keowee Courier office in the early 1940s, for then owner/ editor/ publisher Lewis Brabham. He went on to the field of medicine and brought his art back to Oconee to share with those who needed and wanted his care. There were many.

I also recall, in a more humorous vein, a statement he once sent me on behalf of Nettie Duckworth (wife of Walter) for treating her nerves. He said a practical joke Walter and I played on Nettie, hav-

ing her participate while the telephone lines were being “blown out” caused her great and unusual nervous strain. Therefore, on her behalf, he rendered a statement for a rather unusually large amount. All in fun. After all, any good doctor must have a sense of humor or he’ll have one helluva time surviving.

Good luck, Dr. Earle, whatever you do from here “on in.” You deserve a break and change in course!

September 29, 1993

### **A Cousin In Need Of A Cousin In Deed!**

Someone said, “The Lord looks after fools, drunks and newspaper people.” Surely I must have fallen in all three of these categories more consistently than some. Either through accident or design. The reason why doesn’t matter. It’s only the facts that count.

At least 20 or more years past one evening I received a phone call about 8 or 9 p.m. from a friend and fellow airplane pilot, Jim Pruitt. More specifically, Dr. Jim Pruitt, Pathologist at Oconee Memorial Hospital. It was during the summer at the time and the good doctor was calling from Atlanta, Ga., where his airplane was on the ground, unable to bring him home. He wondered if I could come pick him up at the Peachtree DeKalb airport.

I was really happy that he had called...especially if it gave me an excellent reason to crank the Cessna 172 and fly it anywhere. Day or night, weather or not whether or not mattered not at the moment. Told him I’d be over there just as soon as possible. I proceeded down to the Clemson/Oconee Airport (which is more Clemson than Oconee,) rolled out the 172, and was met there with a young ROTC student pilot by the name of Tom Sanford. Tom asked where I was headed...I told him Atlanta. He asked if he could come along for the ride. I was happy to have him. He was a very alert young student who later graduated and, I think, moved into the jet age as an Air Force fighter pilot.

Things went along very well that evening until we passed Gainesville, GA. Without warning or knowledge, suddenly we were in the midst of an imbedded thunderstorm. If you’ve never

seen lightning up close, you won't understand, but, believe me, it can be frightening. If all the fire hoses with water blasting in Oconee County were turned on at once, there could not have been any more water poured on that Cessna 172 that night. We did, however, remain as calm as possible under the circumstances. There were moments of anxiety. When the plane is "aimed" in a climbing mode, but instruments indicated you are going down hill at a rapid rate, you do begin to wonder and talk to a Higher Power that can be contacted without a radio.

We made it though the "mess" and got a vector from Atlanta approach to PDK where our stranded friend waited. Finally, through a shallow cloud cover, I caught a glimpse of runway lights. A welcomed sight. We dropped in, no problem, and proceeded to the hangar where we met Dr. Pruitt. A mechanic was keeping him company until we got there. We began the flight home after telling him of our recent experience. At PDK, about midnight by then, there was no evidence of foul weather. However, we decided it would be better to fly a bit South in the direction of Athens on the way back to Clemson.

Things went along fine until about 25 or more miles west of Athens. Again, we hit the same type of hidden clouded area with the accompanying rain. It was dark, tough and wet for a while, but again we kept the old bird straight and level. Dr. Pruitt is a very competent pilot as well as doctor. It was comforting to have him on board though I was still doing the flying with Tom as my co-pilot. A decision was made, in the name of safety to park this plane at the first available field. It came up rather quickly and happened to be Winder, GA. A place that I was somewhat familiar with, at least in daytime.

Once on the ground in Winder, there wasn't much activity at 1:30 in the morning, but there was a pay telephone. The really main urgency of this situation was the fact that Dr. Pruitt was needed at the hospital lab early in the morning to assist with critical analysis while scheduled surgery was being performed.

He really wanted to get home or else he would not have called. On the ground at the airport in Winder, GA., we were at least an

hour and a half away from Oconee...by ground transportation.

It was, at this point, that I recalled one of my cousins lived in the area. He was none other than Claude Harris, a brick mason, who later gave up that profession and had a successful career in insurance.

We found his number in the phone book, woke him up in the middle of the night, and the man cheerfully responded to this unusual situation. In less than an hour, he came with adequate transportation to the airport and seemed happy to lend us a hand.

Claude drove us back to Oconee County in the wee hours of morning and we got back in time to eat breakfast at one of the early opening restaurants. Dr. Pruitt met his appointments in the lab that morning and I was a bit weaker but wiser for the experience.

Claude Harris was truly a cousin lending a help with a deed for one that was surely in need. The series of events of that evening were burned in memory forever.

October 6, 1993

### **Carolina "Moon" In Germany**

Hue Phillips, distinguished country newspaperman from Oconee, wrote for several publications in addition to *The Farm and Factory*, the forerunner of *The Seneca Journal*, which was published for several years by the Phillips family.

In his later years, he frequently wrote a column for *The Anderson Independent*. His observations were always amusing. The title head of his column stated, "I don't know what the truth may be...but here's the way 'twas told to me."

His statement is well taken. Sometimes too much detail can destroy a good story. I've heard several that may not stand a lot of cross examination. Nearly all are interesting.

With much media attention devoted to BMW building a plant in upstate South Carolina, and the recent announcement that Mercedes will build in Alabama, the German connection is more pronounced.

It also brings to mind an experience Joe Hunt related. More than 20 years ago, as a young man and student, Joe made his way to

Frankfort, Germany to attend a specialized school.

It was an entire new world for him to explore. There is no doubt in my mind that he accepted whatever challenges were there. Some were academic, no doubt, while others were mundane. But I've always found the story he told about visiting one of the famous German beer halls interesting.

Several friends at this institution joined together and made their way to a local pub or tavern where they probably sampled just about everything on the menu.

Their means of transportation was a van that a wealthy student's family from South Africa had furnished their son while he was "training." It was a rented vehicle, and the young man who was furnishing transportation for his fellow student friends was happy to share his good fortune.

After enjoying all the good things the pub/ restaurant had to offer, the van load of students were heading back to their quarters. As they passed through a traffic light, Joe said someone noticed a rather unusual flash -- like a strobe light. Someone in the group realized what was happening and explained. Passing through an intersection, if the light is red at the time, the vehicle triggers a camera that sets off a flash to insure proper lighting for a picture being taken of the vehicle violation. The photo of the rear end and tag is then transmitted to the police, who, in turn, ticket the violator.

Someone prevailed on the driver of the van to "back up" and "let's watch it flash one more time." Sure enough, the procedure was repeated. Only this time, without knowledge of the driver, the back doors of the van were flung open. There, for the strobe light and camera to capture were several "new moons" never before witnessed by Germany.

It was not all "fun and games" however, when the police department produced the picture with the van tag and "full moons" in perfect view. Joe said there was still considerable litigation going on between the parties involved where he completed his training and left Germany.

Joe continues to visit Germany occasionally as European Sales Manager for his company, and probably has some "recall" each



time he sees one of those strobe lights flash at an intersection.

No doubt the German police department took a very dim view of these new "moons" in Germany.

October 13, 1993

## **Determining Values**

S. B. (Bruce) Rochester had a simple formula for determining value. At least in terms of dollars. He once remarked to the question as to how he determined the worth of real estate, timber or property, thusly: "regardless of substance, it is worth what someone is willing to pay for it. That is it's value."

Bruce, now deceased, understood a lot about human nature, and made a sizeable contribution to the development of Oconee County. He knew and appreciated the tangible as well as the intangible things we have. Recently, I was privileged to make a trip from the North Carolina side of highway 181 into Oconee County. This takes you by Duke Power's Bad Creek project and joins the South Carolina road that is appropriately named in honor of Bruce Rochester.

The autumn splash of splendid color is just about to peak, and this road that goes by Whitewater Falls is remarkable.

Dr. E. L. Shuler, along with wife, Patsy, make their home near this area on Cheohee Lake, at least part of the year, and occasionally return home via the Winding Stair road, located above Oconee State Park off highway 107. This too, is another splendid experience at this time of year when fall color prevails.

Dr. Shuler also discovered there is an interesting venture at Duke Power's Bad Creek Project. During the summer and early fall season, Duke will allow visitors into the area via a pass at the gate. There is a visitor's center explaining the facility along with a bus tour of this unusual power facility that ties in with lakes Jocassee and Keowee.

All of these big power projects have added economic strength to the county and region, and apparently have been responsible in ecology.

It doesn't seem so many years ago when John Duncan, one of the first directors of the Oconee Planning Board, along with Mayor Sam Reeder of Westminster, held meetings and conferences in an effort to get the political powers of North Carolina to pave their road into Whitewater. It must have been at least 35 years past.

On one trip to accomplish this mission, it was reported that a delegation from Oconee went to a dinner meeting at one of the elite facilities in North Carolina. It was, perhaps, near Brevard. Along with the delegation at that time was R. C. (Russ) Carter III, then a Probate Judge in Oconee.

According to the report, there was several opportunities for a few before dinner drinks prior to the meeting. It was expected that the Oconee delegation would make a strong "pitch" to the North Carolina forces to get action on paving the N.C. side since South Carolina had long ago paved their road to this area.

The story goes that when "Russ" hit the floor to speak, he had somehow reversed his position and stated, in effect: "We don't really need to get you folks involved in paving the road, we've already got too many people moving up and down this area, and a new road would only increase traffic in this virgin territory of pristine importance."

On the way home, the Oconee delegation was reported rather quiet, but "Russ" finally broke the silence by saying, "Well, I guess I've alienated all my friends here in Oconee County."

The road has long since been paved, but who knows, "Russ" could have been correct in his assessment.

October 20, 1993

## **He Set Only Headlines...For Thirty Years**

Long before computers took over difficult tasks of newspaper composition, there were specialists in the business.

In terms of job description, in the printing business and newspaper publishing, there were many categories. Linotype operators took typewritten copy and converted it into lead type called, "slugs." These were then arranged in forms by "make-up" men who placed them in order where they were "matted" for the big rotary

presses. In small operations they were placed directly on the press where paper and ink were applied to produce a printed product.

These specialists were often highly skilled people in the art and crafts of printing. In small shops, to be successful, the printer had to be something of a "jack-of-all-trades." He handled everything from sweeping the floor to making out payroll checks and anything else that required his attention. In big printing operations, such as a daily paper the journeyman was more likely confined to just one special area.

It was in this special area that I recall, many years past, a gentleman by the name of George Norris. He was originally, I believe from Westminster and Oconee County. No doubt, he long ago moved on to that big composing room in the sky, but he always made an effort to visit a while when he was in this area. For thirty years, prior to retirement, Mr. Norris set only headlines for the Atlanta Constitution.

This sort of specialization was interesting because it required a great deal of skill. Not only did the "head writer" need to get his message across, but it had to be done in a clear, concise manner. No room for wasted words. Then it was a challenge to the compositor to "make it fit" that given space. That was the challenge Mr. Norris faced each day at the Constitution. There were no computer buttons to push for "downsizing" if the word didn't work out exactly. Or "upsizing" either. There were specific limits and the writer and/or compositor had to make it work. With press deadlines always looking over you shoulder, this was not an easy task. But George did it successfully for at least 30 years. Long after he retired from his job, he would occasionally stop by The News office when type composition was yet being handled by the older model Linotypes. He would always sit at one of our antique machines, get himself a bit of "copy" and proceed to compose it into the lead type "slugs." After setting a few lines, he would remove the composition from the machine type "stick," place it on a printer's "galley," smear a bit of ink with a hand brayer, lay a sheet of galley proof paper, and "pull" a copy which he promptly checked for any mistakes.

Before Mr. Norris moved from Oconee County to Atlanta, he once said he worked briefly for the "Oconee Sun." Apparently the "Sun" was a weekly paper published in Walhalla for a short period. I vaguely recall seeing one of the old copies at some place.

Recently, while listening to a tour guide in Philadelphia, nearly half or more of the conversation centered around ole Ben Franklin. He was so skilled in so many areas and made so many contributions to our country, that he could have easily been recognized as a scientist, engineer, philosopher, or perhaps a dozen other professions.

He did, however, not wish to be recognized except by one title.

It was a question the tour guide placed before the group.

He only wanted to known as a "Printer."

Old Ben knew that just about covered the entire spectrum.

October 27, 1993

### **Fond Memories Of Mountain And Lakes**

Before Oconee County was surrounded by lakes, there was a string of them in North Georgia. They're, there now and continuing to attract visitors as they generate power for Georgia Power in sequence, their presence is even more pronounced. New and improved roads have brought a rush of traffic along 441, a main artery from North to South. Less travelled roads are continually being upgraded in Rabun County as they weave in and out of the mountains and around the lakes.

Lake Burton has long held a favorite spot in my memory since I had more opportunity to visit there in the 40s and 50s. A fellow-traveler at the Henry Grady School of Journalism in Athens, C. R. (Bud) Thompson, lived near Burton in the area where the Lake Burton Playhouse once stood. His mother, about 94 years young, continues to live in the same little yellow painted home. A trout stream runs happily through the front yard with its sparkling clear waters. It is truly a place where one can renew spirits, recharge batteries, clear the air, remove the haze and be in touch with the earth as perhaps the Lord intended.

Every opportunity to visit this area and particularly in this home

was a welcomed respite. The sleeping quarters for this special place were upstairs. At night, when other noise was quelled, only the tumbling waters in the trout stream nearby could be heard spilling over the creek's bedrock. It gave the impression that a continual down pour of rain was in progress. While we seldom needed any inducement for sleep, this was a natural sedative that worked miracles.

A little further up the road is a famous area known as Persimmon. During the early part of this century, Persimmon was, perhaps, more widely known as the "moonshine" capital of North Georgia. This distinction has diminished to almost negligible proportions. However, production was fairly heavy during the 30s and 40s. A friend of Bud Thompson and mine, a young man named "Grubb" English told of his experience in this business. "Grubb" lived in the Lake Burton area, and had some friends and relatives who had set up a moonshine operation on a small island on Lake Burton.

Someone had obviously reported this operation to the "revenueurs" and a raid was staged. "Grubb" said that he had just turned 17 years old and was assisting the three or four owners of the operation as they moved supplies in and out of the still area by boat and manpower.

The unsuspecting operators were quite surprised by raiding officers. All of them took off running as hard as they could, once alerted. "Grubb" said he saw one of his cousins almost go airborne as he moved away from the officers. He was in such a hurry to escape that he looked back while travelling at top speed and failed to recognize a tree directly in his path. Suddenly he smacked it head-on and fell down where he was promptly nabbed by an arresting officer. "Grubb" said this was, indeed, a serious moment as they tried to escape, but he couldn't help being so amused by this error in tree judgement that he simply fell down to earth laughing. Rather promptly, he, too, was seized by the raiding officers.

When this matter finally reached the courthouse, "Grubb" said the judge noted his age, and lack of previous record. He gave him an option, either go to jail for a sentence or join the armed forces. Uncle Sam was needing men like him at that time for WWII, and

that's how he eventually became a veteran...of the U.S. Armed Forces.

November 3, 1993

### **Flint Rhem Came Back To Visit**

Perhaps you've never heard of him, but there are some who may recall Flint Rhem. He was a professional baseball player who began his career in Westminster. According to his book, "Textile League Baseball - South Carolina Mill Teams, 1880-1955" by Thomas K. Perry. Flint played on the Westminster team in 1922; Belton (1923); Brandon of Greenville, (1923.) His years in the major leagues were with St. Louis NL, (1924-1932, 1934, 1936); Philadelphia, NL (1932-1933); Boston, NL (1934-1935.)

As a youngster, I recall Flint Rhem making a return visit to Westminster. It was during the late 30s or early 40s when Flint came back to visit his old baseball friends living here at the time. One, I recall, was Mr. Sam Moon, pharmacist and founder of Moon's Drug Store. Everyone in this area referred to him as "Doctor" Moon. I'm sure that he filled a need that often resembled the doctoring profession. Flint said that the lineup featured "Doctor" Moon at first base on the old Westminster team. Flint was a pitcher, at least part of the time. As he sat with his friend, Loos Zimmerman, recalling some of their exploits, the stories were exciting and colorful, to say the least.

Mr. Zimmerman lived in a home just out the rear of the present Oconee Savings & Loan building. It was a beautiful home and later became the property of Mrs. Lois Rothell, who operated a dining room and boarding house for several years.

When Flint came back to visit his friend and baseball colleague, L. Zimmerman, the home was beginning to need some repairs, and they sat in the kitchen area. Flint evidently had been "primed" a bit with spirits. The stories he told must have had some basis of truth, but it was hard to tell where fact and fiction may have mixed. Nathan Nuckols, Kenny Carter and I were privileged to see Flint and hear him tell Loos about the time he struck out Babe Ruth. He was, for certain, a big man. He had a huge frame and strong features

with perhaps the biggest hands I've ever seen on a human being. No doubt, he must have had something going for him to make it as long as his record indicates.

Seeing his name featured in this book brought back memories of this chance meeting. Nathan Nuckols, who was there, too, recalls a story about Flint supposedly being kidnapped in New York to keep him from playing against a team there. I don't know the details of this event, but Nathan remembered this interesting story.

One thing I do recall with accuracy is the fact that while Flint and Mr. Zimmerman were sitting in the kitchen area, someone left the back door open. Young chickens came into the room...several of them...and were walking about the area undisturbed.

Flint's actions defy understanding to this day, but what happened quite suddenly was he apparently got "enough" of these young chickens. Quick as a flash, he jumped up and stomped two of them there in the kitchen floor. The rest of them got the message and found the door to exit.

Without fanfare or comment he just as quickly returned to his usual calm and deliberate demeanor. He never offered to explain his actions. Instead, he and Loos returned to their favorite conversation -- baseball!

November 10, 1993

### **Textile Baseball Stirs Memories**

Last week's story on textile baseball mentioned Flint Rhem visiting the area, and stirred several comments. Among them is friend and neighbor, Bob Grogan, who not only played the game himself but served as Manager of the Oconee Mill Mountaineers several years.

The Mountaineers are mentioned prominently in this book, *Textile League Baseball*, by Thomas K. Perry. Bob's son, Steve, had presented him with a copy. He said he was having a lot of fun going through the pages "highlighting" names and events that had meaning to him. One section of the book is dedicated to a list of professionals who first began playing textile baseball in this area. It

may come as a surprise to a few to know that Tommy Lasorda, popular manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers, played textile ball with Joanna Mill in 1947 before joining the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1954-1955. In 1956, he played in the American League with Kansas City.

Also prominently mentioned in the "Pro-Section" of this book is Marvin Rackley, truly one of the greats of this era. Rackley, a left-hander, and I believe presently a retired citizen who moved back here, is listed as playing for Walhalla in 1938 and Oconee Mill in 1939-1940. In major league ball, he played for Brooklyn in 1947-1949; Pittsburgh in 1949 and Cincinnati in 1950. Bob Grogan said that he considered Marvin Rackley the best all-around baseball player and athlete that he ever saw compete.

Another name prominently mentioned is Neil Chrisley. Neil, while spending many years playing for Calhoun Falls Mill from 1934 through 1954, had relatives in this area who were also great sports competitors. Neil, who at last accounting, has an insurance agency in Greenwood, played professionally for Washington in the American League 1957-1958; also for Detroit 1959-1960, and Milwaukee in the National League in 1961.

Grogan is quite familiar with many of the teams and players mentioned in this volume since he was an active player plus a manager for several years. The Mountaineers competed as an Independent team in 1946, and the roster for that year lists: Willie Hawkins, Jake Campbell, Buck Cater, A.V. Seymour, Clarence Hawkins, Bob Grogan, Rookie Harbin, O.E. Smith, Jr., Cecil Chrisley, Bill Saloka, Leslie Wilson, G.L. Ivester, Vernon McCrary, Granny Hawkins, Fotsie Gilden, Elliott Sprouse, Bill Robinson, and Doc Mitchell.

The Oconee Mountaineers competed in several different leagues that included the Georgia-Carolina, Anderson County, and earlier in the Northwestern.

It is recalled from the Flint Rhem visit many years ago that Dewitt Miller, also played baseball on the Westminster team during the early 1920s. The team had a field in the area near where the Westminster News building now stands, according to Willie Hawkins, who said his dad told him. Dewitt, one of five WWI vets in Oconee, will turn 100 years old on November 3rd. Dewitt ran a



business for many years and served on the Commission of Public Works for 35 years. A drop-in at his home has been planned. Way to go, Dewitt!

November 17, 1993

### **Pete's "Dinky" Curve Was Hard To Hit**

Recalling textile baseball the way it was played here from the 30s to the 50s has been fun. Thomas K. Perry of Newberry, after 10 years of diligent research, produced a winner with his book, *Textile League Baseball, South Carolina's Mill Teams, 1880-1955*.

In last week's column, the team roster for 1947 was listed. This week the roster for the Oconee Mountaineers for the year 1939, the Anderson County League champion presented: Oconee, champions winning 14 with only 3 losses. According to the book, the following played on that team: Red Simpson, G. Hawkins, Fouts Gilden, Ed Hawkins, Milton Cobb, Pete McGuffin, Mel Cobb, "Two" Simpsons, Willie Hawkins, D. Cobb, Bill Robinson, Marvin Rackley, Bob Gettys, Ben Sharp (Mgr.), J. Smith, M.D. Ford, W.C. Clearmont, W. Cain, and A.V. Seymour.

It should be pointed out that these team rosters could vary a bit during the season with some new ones being added and others deleted. It all depended on a number of variable reasons.

The question of who played when, where and how long probably couldn't be verified in all instances. It is amazing to me that record is as complete as it appears. Exact bookkeeping was not the main purpose at that time. Playing and really trying to win the game was top priority. Thus some of the names are last names only. The above mention of "Two" Simpsons illustrates.

In the Simpson instance, there were actually two Simpsons playing the game. One was called "Big Red" and the other "Little Red." They were brothers and sons of "Rob" who could be heard above all else as he yelled for the home team Mountaineers. Both Simpson brothers were excellent players as were most of the team.

Douglas McGuffin, son of Pete, called the other day to say he enjoyed the column and recalled some events he experienced. Doug

moved back here from Florida several years ago and has a son, Dwayne, who is a sports competitor and senior at West-Oak High School.

There's no doubt about it, when Pete McGuffin was "really in the groove" he could pitch with the best of them. Not a fast ball pitcher at all. Pete, had a slow, "dinky" curve ball, some called it, that actually baffled many of the best hitters in the business. He was truly an artist with pitching talent. It wasn't that the batters couldn't hit the ball. Many could and did. The amazing thing was that very few could get it past the infield, most of the time. A little pop fly ball, and that was it. Truly one of the great textile league pitchers of the era -- Pete McGuffin.

The Mountaineers had a fast ball pitcher in Bill Robinson, Bill and Pete together could compete with the best in the league. Bill had a very quick jerky type wind-up and could "fire that pill" in there to A. V. Seymour, perhaps the finest catcher in the game at that time, so fast "it looked like an aspirin tablet" blazing across the plate.

The other players at other positions were equally accomplished. It took a real team effort to get the job done. All of them really wanted to play. The pay was often no more than a regular job in the plant with perhaps a few "perks."

With an unusually big game coming up, sometimes an outsider would be hired for special purpose for a few games. The Mountaineers did have a few from the old Atlanta Crackers to grace the roster during a "big series." Sounds a bit strange, compared to the pros now earning millions.

November 24, 1993

### **Old Warbirds Bring Back Memories**

A B-17 and B-24 parked on the Toccoa Airport ramp during recent Armistice Day celebration stirred many memories.

Ed Gilmer, long-time aviation enthusiast, promoted the return of these restored bombers for the public to view. Less than half dozen are airworthy out of the thousands produced in the WWII war

effort. Seeing the immaculate condition of these two bombers speaks highly for the companies and individuals who gave more than a million and half dollars for this cause...not counting the human effort involved.

It was aircraft like these, and the men who so bravely flew them, that helped bring WWII to a successful conclusion. Many took off for their targets that never returned. Flight crews were really young boys from the age of 18 to 22, who, if they survived, suddenly became old men.

The planes were placed in front of the steel hangar building that R. G. LeTourneau built in the late 1930s. On the ground were local veterans, of WWII, many who had combat missions in similar planes. They were guest hosts and helped explain the planes functions to visitors. One man, John Whitworth, a native of the Toccoa area had flown many missions on a B-24 until it was finally shot down over Germany. He somehow survived 13 months in a German prison camp and was one of the lucky ones. John was knowledgeable of the plane and the way they kept the bombs dropping on military targets in this effort.

Escort planes could only fly with them a limited distance from England and had to turn back due to fuel limitations.

John said the German fighter planes and anti-aircraft knew exactly the place where the fighters had to leave the bombers and would proceed to try to take them out. Sometimes they were very successful.

Another host, a "Waist-Gunner" by the name of Cornwall from Hartwell, Ga., said he could yet, to this day, assemble his gun and ammo without looking or thinking about what he had to do next. "It was a matter of life and death for sure," he explained, "And something I'll just never forget."

Looking at these wonderful old flying machines in front of the steel hangar building conjured up memories of an era when Toccoa trained paratroopers for the WWII effort. The base was located near Currahee mountain. Many of the soldiers visited this area on weekends if they were allowed leave. People in Oconee and other counties opened up their homes to soldiers, letting them use spare bed-

rooms for sleeping since there were few rooms to rent in the area. Many soldiers from Camp Toccoa visited Westminster and became friends with folks here who understood their situation and tried to help a bit.

While basic training was administered at Camp Toccoa, most of the jump school training was at Fort Benning, Ga. Sometimes the Army would bring in two or three C-47 planes and give a jumping demonstration. They would park the planes on the dirt strip in front of the steel hangar, load the troops and “jump them” in the area.

One Sunday, as a youngster fascinated with this procedure, I “borrowed” my brother’s car and drove to the airport to watch. As I watched, two soldiers, who had been guarding the plane while it was parked, came to the open door and was escorting a “visitor” who had climbed on board to see more of the plane “up close.” This was strictly a “no-no” at that time and it was something of a surprise to see these two young soldiers gently helping our legendary Silas Butts down the ladder to the ground. It was a sight I’ll never forget.

No real harm was done. Silas only wanted to see the airplane, as we all did.

December 1, 1993

### **Buying False Teeth An Undercover Mission**

Want a real deal on a set of false teeth?

About 25 or 30 years ago that was reality for a number of citizens who came to the Westminster area. We had a local citizen, a most likable man, a person with real talent, personality plus and the ability to manufacture false teeth at a fraction of the usual cost from the dental industry.

Everyone called him, “Happy Jack.” He was always smiling, laughing and involved himself in many worthwhile endeavors. Beside that, he had skill to really make a set of false teeth that pleased the most demanding customer.

The only problem with “Happy Jack’s” profession was he violated the laws of the state that regulate dentistry. Whenever he contact-

ed a potential customer, it had to be done “undercover.” The routine he perfected was an art in itself, but “Happy Jack” had many friends and those who assisted him in his work just simply ignored the laws that regulate such things. “Happy Jack” made his customers happy and saved them money, took, since he didn’t have to bother with the technicalities of selling his product through a licensed dental clinic.

Someone said the “law” enforcement in Georgia got so “hot” after him in the state that he moved his operation to Westminster. Whether or not that was fact no one knows for sure, but there were certainly a lot of visitors to the area from out of state looking to locate “Happy Jack.”

At one point, his business caused him to vary his usual contact routine. In effect, he opened a satellite operation in Anderson. It was a service station building that had all the appearance of a legitimate business, but there was more to it than that. “Happy Jack” had a trusted employee at the station where potential customers were contacted and advised as to procedure in buying a set of “Bootleg” false teeth. This operation, as well as other contacts in nearby communities, kept a steady flow of customers.

The legitimate dentists in the county of course objected to his operation. It was, they said, illegal. He was neither trained or licensed to practice dentistry. He was, however, a trained technician who could make an excellent set of false teeth. The real technicality of the law was violated when he entered a patient’s mouth to make an impression.

“Happy Jack” was harder to “trap” for prosecution than you can imagine. At one point, Dr. S. P. (Percy) Wells, a respected dentist from Seneca who passed away this week, decided to try to help bring “Happy Jack’s” practice before the bar of justice.

Dr. Wells came to Westminster and began doing investigative work as to these reported illegal false teeth sales. He interviewed several people who he thought had knowledge of this “bootlegging” operation.

In the course of this investigation Dr. Wells reportedly contacted the Westminster Chief of Police. The conversation may have gone

something like this:

“Chief, I’m trying to locate this fellow who is making and selling false teeth, do you know him or where I may find him?” Dr. Wells inquired.

“Yeah, I know that ‘Sapsucker’ you’re talking about. That’s “Happy Jack” and he made this set of teeth for me!”

“Happy Jack” reportedly gave up his business long ago and moved to N.C.

December 8, 1993

### **There Are Moments You’ll Remember**

Recently, President John Kennedy being assassinated was replayed so much on TV the 30th year anniversary was nearly diminished along with profound pivotal significance of this singular happening.

We do have some experiences that seem to be forever with us. Most of the time we have instant recall of exactly where we were when a momentous thing happened.

This week, on December 7, 1941, when Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, most of us who were around at that time probably know where we were.

I have mentioned in this column before that on that day, it was Dec. 7, 1941, when the Greenville News issued the first red headline newspaper extra that I recall. Nathan Nuckols was one of the trusted carriers in Westminster. I remember helping him distribute this special edition.

Little did I know, nor the rest of the world, what the implications were. Few, if any, in Westminster, had heard of Pearl Harbor, knew where it was, nor what our fleet was doing there as well as other troops. It didn’t take long to find out, and we’ve been learning some hard lessons ever since.

It had been my privilege to associate with James R. Young of Anderson, in recent years and have my head exposed to some first hand knowledge about the situation in Japan before Pearl Harbor.

Both James R. Young and his wife, Marjorie, now past 90 years,

were reporters in Japan, China and the Orient, prior to Dec. 7, 1941. In Japan, Young was editor of an English newspaper for 13 years prior to WWII. He saw the "build-up" coming and reported it through wire services, stories and picture illustration. The evidence is still there today. Somehow Young hung onto nearly all the documentation he used for stories he filed. Recently, with the help of book writer Wilton E. (Buddy) Hall, and photographer Gerald Shore, a documentary of the way things happened is being prepared on video tape.

Young was imprisoned by the Japanese government before WWII was declared because he filed a story vaguely implying there was manufacturing of poison gas. He spent about seven months in prison camp and was finally freed due to relentless effort of his wife and a friend in the state department. It was no small matter of luck that one of them had been educated in the U. S. Because Jimmy Young and the U. S. educated Japanese judge had belonged to the same fraternal order while attending college here, this had a great deal to do with his eventually being released.

To aid in the war effort, his book, "Blood On The Rising Sun," was published and made into a movie in which James Cagney starred. The stories told and psychic games Japanese played are in contrast to present views generally held.

James R. Young has never been convinced the Japanese government has abandoned plans for world dominance. He has documentary evidence that a master plan called "Tanaka" is yet being implemented. Perhaps in a different mode at present, but nevertheless, a underlying goal. They haven't quit at all, he suggests. They've just changed a few methods.

December 15, 1993

### **Long Creek Academy Served Well**

Long before I ever came into existence, my great granddaddy, W. P. Barker, on my mother's side of the family had a part in establishing an educational institution, I've been told. He apparently was

one of the donors of property that eventually became the home of Long Creek Academy.

I am old enough to remember when the Honorable Dr. Raines was the Headmaster at the Academy. He did a very commendable effort in educating several generations of students. Many went on to become professionals and productive citizens. The heritage and training received at this institution apparently was adequate to meet the needs of the time.

I am not sure how long this school has been closed, but I believe it must have been a victim of the heavy consolidation that began in the 1940s and perhaps in the early 1950s. Oconee County, at one time, had 43 school districts. It now has one. The effort to bring together has been extreme. Whether or not all of this is good can yet be argued, but that doesn't change what is.

Several years before he passed away, G. M. (Mish) Barnett, Sr., called me one day and asked if I knew anything about the disposition of the property that had once been the sight of Long Creek Academy. I confessed that I was totally ignorant about the matter. He proceeded to inform me that my great granddaddy had been one of the donors. He understood that in the charter deed this property was supposed to revert to the estate of the donors in the event the school was no longer in existence.

I thought this conversation with Mr. Barnett was interesting. It certainly was all news to me. I had no previous knowledge that my great grandpa had anything to do with the school. In fact, the only tangible recollection of him is an old photo that I had copied that showed him posed with a long beard and Bible in his hand while my great grandmother stood patiently by his side holding an oil lamp. It is a classic picture I treasure.

The idea of what happened as to the disposition of the real estate where the Academy stood did intrigue me. My aunt, Minnie Morrison, a retired nurse, living in Westminster, shed some light on the matter. She remembered and there were others, too. Accordingly, she said a legal charter and/ or deed had been prepared and was supposed to have been taken to the court house to be recorded. It spelled out terms of title and/ or disposition. Minnie



said the story was passed on to her that my great grandpa Barker had driven his horse and buggy to the court house for the purpose of having the deed/charter recorded. He was said to have gone in the building and remembered that he had forgotten his legal work. When he returned to the buggy, it was missing and was never found. Apparently, he didn't pursue the matter any further. The question must have been resolved somewhere in the courts.

It doesn't appear to have been a matter of high priority with any of the descendants, but it was amusing and interesting to learn that my great grandpa had real interest in establishing a school.

Long Creek Academy had many outstanding students who have distinguished themselves and heirs who have definite "roots" at this place where a real effort was made to help those who want to help themselves.

December 22, 1993

### **A Funny Thing Happened On The Way...**

Sometimes things just turn out funny. They weren't planned that way...they just happen.

James D. (Jim) Hunt, a pilot with USAir, lives here with his wife, Teena, on Retreat Street. When Jim goes to work, he makes his way to Charlotte, N. C., usually commuting from Greenville or driving to the job. When he gets there, he joins other flight crew members that fly the Boeing 737's to their scheduled destinations. Normally, these are daily routines, according to Jim. However, recently there was an unusual turn of events.

After loading passengers and securing the plane for flight, a scheduled trip from Charlotte to Jacksonville, Florida, one of the flight attendants reported to the cockpit and plane Captain there was a rather elderly man on board who was really drunk. However, he had been seated and appeared he would follow the rules about the seat being in an upright position for take-off, belts fastened and all the usual safety precautions.

Everything seemed to be going well, except for the man being highly intoxicated. But that was soon to change. As soon as the

plane was pushed back from the ramp and jetway, a change took place with the drunk passenger. He decided he wanted to get up and do other things. He had a complete agenda of his own that didn't necessarily comply with FAA regulations or airline policy.

Again, a flight attendant approached the cockpit and reported to the Captain that things were not going so well with the passage in question.

The Captain, who has complete authority over any matters that may jeopardize or compromise safety, made a decision. He decided that under the circumstances the flight crew and other passengers didn't have time or patience to humor the "ole boy" all the way to Florida. The plane simply turned around and taxied back to the ramp where the jetway was extended to receive the inebriated one.

Two very nice and capable uniformed security officers met the plane who had radioed for assistance to the ground crew.

The "ole boy" seemed to be in a rather good mood by this time and apparently offered no objections when he was politely invited to disembark by the two security officers.

The crew members in the cockpit were observing the departure and found it very interesting when the "ole boy" stepped on the jetway as he was sustained by the security men holding him up on either side. He very politely turned to one of the men and said, "That sure was a nice landing you made back there, Captain."

The security officer assured him that it was a nice landing, but that he was not the plane's Captain. Obviously, the booze really had him living in another world. He must have been convinced that he had just landed in Jacksonville, Florida.

Later, Jim explained that he wondered what happened to the "ole boy" when he returned to his starting point at Charlotte. It seems the airline knew he needed some rest so they planted him in a hotel room and let the "cobwebs" clear from his head before sending him off to his destination the next day.

Obviously, they really do want you to arrive safely. And maybe even recognize your destination...airport and city!

December 29, 1993

## **One Game He Wished He'd Seen**

Eddie Barker was once the publisher/owner of the Clayton (Ga.) Tribune. He was an excellent writer. For a number of years he wrote a column for The Atlanta Constitution. I made his acquaintance 30 or more years past. We visited a few times and exchanged stories about characters we'd known, some living and others passed.

Westminster was a popular town when the adjoining counties in Georgia and North Carolina were legally "dry." Folks from far and near would visit with our friend here, Ross Davis, who ran the "Chemistry Lab" on North Avenue. Barker was among those who felt led to Westminster during those "dry" spells. Also, his friend and mine, the late Marvin Gillespie, a great football competitor for the University of Georgia "Bulldogs," who operated a restaurant in Clayton always serving good country ham.

It was always a fun thing to meet and talk with Eddie and Marvin. Both had unusual stories to relate. Some I recall to this day. Barker had begun his journalism on the Sports Desk of Atlanta newspapers.

He was young in the business and did not understand some of the terminology. Sports Editor, Guy Tiller, was sitting in the "slot" with writers in a horseshoe shaped desk around him. One of the writers had a speech impediment. He stuttered. In the course of business, Editor Tiller grabbed a handful of copy from the teletype, shoved it in front of Barker and told him, "Get the shears and cut these stories apart!"

Barker said he didn't understand that scissors were called shears. He turned to Tiller and asked, "What did you say to do?"

Tiller was in no frame of mind for teaching. He replied as he emphatically removed his glasses, "Listen! I've already got one on this desk that can't talk...don't tell me they've sent me on that can't hear!"

Later, Barker said they sent him and a photographer to cover a very important high school football game. The town was located somewhere below Winder in Barrow County.

As the two made their way toward the Friday night game, they,

by chance or design, found themselves having a few cool ones at a local beer tavern.

The conversation and the cool “suds” took effect on the sports team. It soon was apparent that if the game was to be covered, they would have to start toward the stadium. For whatever reason, Barker said that he was able to convince the photographer to go ahead to the game. “Take some pictures, bring back a copy of the program and tell me what the final score is,” he admonished.

Sure enough, the photographer followed Barker’s simple directions. From the information supplied Barker then went to work

writing the story for publication and turned it in to Sports Editor Tiller.

The next day Tiller asked Barker to come into his private office. Sitting there in stunned amazement Tiller commented, “Barker, I’ve been covering sports for 25 years, high school, college and professional; I’ve seen them all, but after reading your story you turned in yesterday, this is one game I really wish I had gone to see for myself!”

January 5, 1994

### **Interesting Stories At County Seat**

The official county buildings are much nicer than they once were. Perhaps, there is something to be said for the efficiency with which many county offices operate. The setting is different and the appearance of a business atmosphere is usually present when one finds it a necessity to conduct affairs with any of our county offices in Walhalla.

The old court house which stood in front of the “rock building” across the street from offices on Short Street was the setting for many dramatic moments during court week. I can practically hear the famous Solicitor, Rufus Fant, pleading his case for the state and telling his fabled tale of “Little Mary.”

Then there were colorful attorneys like Harry Hughes and his associate, Pat Miley, who successfully defended many clients in the