

Arthur E. Holman, Jr.

(November 1992)

The following was transcribed from a video recording of an outreach program of Grace Episcopal Church entitled "A Night with Arthur" held at the Anderson Country Club the proceeds from which were for the Anderson Sunshine House. Some of the places described have been changed to indicate street locations.

South Carolina was settled by the English in 1670 at Charles Towne. The coastal area from Beaufort up to Georgetown rapidly filled with colonists mainly from England although there were quite a few French Huguenots and some Germans. Charleston prospered and became the most important city in the United States.

A hundred years later, on the eve of the Revolutionary War, Charleston was the richest, most cultured city in the New World. The first symphony orchestra in the New World was in Charleston. The first ballet and the oldest theater (the Dock Street Theatre) were in Charleston. Charleston was cultured, rich and prosperous.

In 1770, shortly before the Revolutionary War, what was happening up here in this area we call home, the northwest corner of South Carolina composed now of Oconee, Pickens and Anderson Counties? What was going on up here in 1770?

In a word – nothing.

This was Cherokee Indian territory. The Cherokees owned all of the land plus vast areas of North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and on down into Alabama. Hunting land was necessary for the way of life of the Indians and this was hunting ground.

When the English colonists came to South Carolina in 1670, there were eight tribes of Indians. The largest was the Cherokee. There is an Indian burial ground on the ridge at the Anderson Country Club out West Market Street. Through the years, however, most of the stones have been eroded, thrown away or vandalized. There was another large Indian burial ground at High Shoals.

In 1785, a year after the truce was signed with England and the colonists had gained their freedom, a delegation was appointed by the governor of South Carolina to meet with the Indians at a great powwow at Clemson – at what is known as Chariot's Crossing. There is a place called Treaty Oak marking the spot where the Indians met for two weeks. The Indians agreed to cede the northwest corner of South Carolina to the State of South Carolina. They moved all of their people up into the mountains of North Carolina. Cherokee became a great center and they lived there until 1838 when a terrible thing happened in the history of this country. Andrew Jackson, the President of the United States at that time, moved almost all of the Indians out to

Oklahoma. They marched or walked, were transported by foot, all the way to Oklahoma. Many died en route. That was known as the "Trail of Tears."

This area of South Carolina was immediately opened to colonists for settlement. The great majority of the people who settled here were of Scot descent. They had lived for awhile in Ireland to escape the wars with the English. They came to this country and landed in Philadelphia in large numbers and in Baltimore. They did not land in Charleston because Charleston was an English city and the Scots hated the English because they had been at war with them so long in Scotland.

Vast numbers of Scots moved down over the mountains in crude wagons and on foot bringing only what they could carry. There were no roads at all, just some rough trails. They had to ford streams. It would be a terrible way to have to travel and it took a long time to do it. But they came to this area and were given land. Soldiers who were in the Continental Army were given land for having fought in the war. There was no money to pay the Revolutionary War soldiers so they were given land.

General Robert Anderson, for whom the city and county of Anderson are named, was one of those Scots who came into this area after the Revolutionary War. He was given land on the Seneca River. General Andrew Pickens was from Pennsylvania. He came down with great numbers of Scots and settled in what now is Pickens County. This area was settled rapidly with approximately 98 percent of the population being of Scot decent. If you go to Edinburgh and look in the telephone directory you will think you are in Anderson you will see so many names similar to ones we have here.

These people were very religious. They brought their preachers with them and the first thing they did after they got here was to make arrangements for worship services. Practically all of them were either Presbyterians or Baptists. The early churches in this area were all Presbyterian. The Old Stone Church originally in Anderson County near Clemson, was a Scot church. The oldest Baptist Church is over near Williamston at Big Creek. There were other Baptist Churches such as Mountain Creek Baptist Church down near Anderson Baptist Church that was built in 1789.

There were no Methodists then. The Methodist Church was not formed until 1784. They quickly made up time and sent their circuit riders. A witness once said, "The Presbyterians and the Baptists came down over the mountains by foot with the first colonists coming into this area. The Methodists came in the first stagecoaches. The Episcopalians came in the first Pullman cars."

This area started growing. Pendleton was founded in 1790 and quickly grew to be the most influential town above Columbia, above the Congaree River. Why was that? The power and wealth of this state was in Charleston (the name had changed to Charleston by that time). The people there were suffering from some disease they called the "night vapors." They thought the vapors from the swamps were making them have the fevers. They didn't realize it was malaria caused by mosquitoes. Some of them came to Pendleton and found the climate was so

good that they did not have the night vapors. They had good health so many of them built fine homes and stayed in this area around six months out of the year.

At one time there were about 54 Charlestonians with fine homes in this part of the upstate. There are several left. Two of them are now open and owned by the historical society – Ashtabula, which is out from Pendleton and Woodburn which is across the road from Tri-County Tech. Those homes are beautifully furnished and maintained. They show a way of life we know nothing about now.

Pendleton became the county seat of Pendleton District which engulfed the northwest corner of South Carolina. As the county grew they realized they needed to divide the district. It was too big. In December 1828, by act of the South Carolina Legislature, Pendleton District was divided into two parts – Pickens County, named for General Pickens and Anderson County, named for General Anderson.

There was a new courthouse in Pendleton District under construction at that time. It is still there on the green in Pendleton but was never occupied as a courthouse. Pendleton at one time had 34 lawyers practicing at the Bar. The most prominent was John C. Calhoun who by all odds was South Carolina's greatest statesman. He never lost an election. He was the darling of South Carolina. He was born and grew up in Abbeville County. He moved to Pendleton in 1825 because it was the political and financial center of the upper part of South Carolina. Calhoun bought the house that is now known as the Calhoun Mansion.

When Anderson County was formed, five commissioners were appointed to find a spot for the new county seat. Pendleton was too far up in the county. The five commissioners got a map of Anderson County and put their finger on the geographical center. It fell right where Anderson is now. There was nothing there but farmland, back woods and old roads. The commissioners looked at two spots. One was Whitehall Tavern that was a stagecoach stop (not the Whitehall Tavern that was at Concord Road and Main Street) and the other was at Mt. Tabor Baptist Church down on South Main Street about where Orr Mill was located. They looked at the two spots and would ride back and forth trying to decide which spot to choose.

They passed a little country bar where Fleishman's Store was later located on the east side of the Square in Anderson. There was nothing there but woodlands and wastelands. They decided they would go into that bar and have a few short pours of a drink not on the approved list of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. After several drinks they were, as we say in the Episcopal Church, "In love and charity with all mankind."

One of those commissioners, Mr. Bobby Norris, from down on the Abbeville Road, took his cane, walked out several feet and stuck his cane in the ground and said, "Gentlemen, this is going to be the southeast corner of the new Anderson County courthouse and anybody who says it's not has got me to lick." Feeling no pain and in love and charity with all mankind, they said, "Alright." That is how the spot was chosen where the old courthouse is right now.

Plans were made and the courthouse was erected in 1828. The site for the jail was where the new courthouse now stands on the Square. The Square was laid out as it is now. Lots were sold. There were about 150 acres in the original town. They paid \$4.62 an acre for it. It has gone up some since then.

They planted oaks all the way around the boundaries of Anderson. River Street to South Main Street was known as East Boundary Street. Tower Street by the First Presbyterian Church was West Boundary Street and Earle Street was on the north side. There is one boundary oak still left. It is on River Street in the parking lot of the Church of God just off of Fant Street. The lady who owned that property years ago deeded the spot the tree is on to itself. There have been several articles written in the past about the tree that owns itself. That tree is the last of the Boundary Oaks.

Anderson itself officially started in 1828. Lots were sold and several people built in the town. The town slowly began to grow. The biggest event from the founding in 1828 to the War of Southern Independence or, if you will allow me to say, the War of Yankee Aggression, was the founding of Johnson University.

Johnson University was a thriving school for girls founded in 1834. The first buildings were located where the pastorian of the First Baptist Church is now situate. The school grew and prospered so that in 1843 they built a series of brick buildings on South Main Street. It prospered beyond all expectations. The president of Johnson University was Dr. William E. Johnson who was a very noted scholar and divine – a preacher. He was the first president of the Southern Baptist Association, president of the South Carolina Baptist Association. He was a very prominent citizen and well-known over a wide area. At the beginning of the war, in 1860, Johnson University had 750 students. There were only 500 residents of the town of Anderson.

The most prominent citizen in this area was James Lawrence Orr who was born in a house south of the Square. The house was later moved over on Manning Street, just off of River Street. It is the third house south of the First Baptist Church. It is the oldest unaltered house in Anderson. It had marble mantles. Governor Orr was born in that house.

Governor Orr became the congressman for this district which at that time included Greenville County. He was elected to be speaker of the House of Representatives – only a few steps removed from the Presidency. He was very often mentioned as presidential material but the war came in 1861 and he resigned his post.

Governor Orr came home and formed the Orr Rifles to fight in the war. Later he was elected one of the two senators from South Carolina in the Confederate Congress. After the war he ran for governor of South Carolina and was the first popularly elected governor. All the governors preceding him were elected by the legislature. He went to Columbia to take office but there was nowhere for him to live. Sherman had beat him there and had absolutely levelled Columbia. There was no housing, nowhere for him to live. He found an old armory that had not been totally destroyed. He said, "I believe that will make a home for the governor here in this old armory." That is now part of our executive mansion for the governor.

He only got to hold office a little over a year because the Yankee army occupation moved in and took over South Carolina. They disenfranchised anybody who had anything to do with the Confederacy, removed Governor Orr and put a carpetbagger in to take his place. Governor Orr came back home and had a beautiful home east of town on Market Street known as Arlington. Governor Orr's son built the house that is now occupied by the Woman's Club and copied the plans for his father's home except that the rooms are 16 feet square instead of 24 feet square.

Governor Orr decided he would become a Republican. He said, "We can't beat them. We will join them." That was a devastating move for him to make. People in this area shunned him. They turned his picture to the wall and had nothing to do with him.

He realized he had lost his influence so he asked then President Grant to appoint him to an overseas job. Grant appointed him as envoy to Russia. Russia was not important enough to have an ambassador. He went to St. Petersburg and the czar took a liking to him. Orr became ill and the czar took him into the Winter Palace where he died. They brought his body back to Anderson to bury. He is buried in the First Presbyterian cemetery.

That was in 1871. When they brought his body back it lay in state. There was not a place big enough to have a funeral so his body lay in state in a Masonic Temple on the Square in Anderson.

(All these stories I heard from my great-uncles and aunts who lived next door to me and across the street from me. Their family had lived there for five generations. I was the sixth generation. They had lived in that same location for 133 years. I had three great-aunts and a great-uncle. During the Great Depression all we had to do was sit and listen to these stories because we didn't have the money to go to the movies and that kind of thing. Talk they did and most all I am telling you was from things I gathered firsthand from them.)

My aunts and uncles told me that when Governor Orr died they didn't have the embalming systems we have now. He died in the summer and they brought his body back by boat from St. Petersburg in the middle of the hot summer and it was lying in state. I don't have to paint a picture of what it was like. Southern women are smart and they face situations. They sent out into the county for Cape jasmines (what we now call gardenias) and at that time they were blooming in profusion. The ladies stripped the county of Cape jasmines and I am told the walls were literally lined with them. I was reading the memoirs of some elderly lady who said she would never, ever, forget the sickening odor of the thousands of Cape jasmines.

Governor Orr's family has been very prominent in the history of Anderson County. Orr Mills was founded by his son. Another son, who lived in the home that is now the Woman's Club, was instrumental in bringing electricity to this area.

In 1861, South Carolina seceded from the nation. They wanted their independence. I am not about to get into the thicket of the War between the States but I will mention a thing or two in passing because history is written by the victors, not the vanquished.

By the census of 1830, it was reported there were 3,775 free blacks who owned a total of 12,760 slaves. In New York, there were 21 free blacks who owned 41 slaves. In New Hampshire, three blacks owned three slaves. In the census of 1850, of the 10 richest men in South Carolina one was a freed black in Sumter. He owned 100 slaves.

Woodrow Wilson, who was probably the best educated president of this century, said, "The war was not fought over slavery but over economic situations." I remember, and I am not old as God although my children think I am, three Confederate veterans who lived near where I lived. We would visit one of them, Mr. Brooks. He would be out on the porch of his little house mending umbrellas, sharpening knives and things like that. We would say, "Mr. Brooks, did you fight the war for slaves?" He was just like a frog, his mouth would just drop, "Hell, no. I didn't fight in the war for slaves. Why would I fight for slaves? I didn't own any slaves. I fought for states' rights." That was the battle cry of South Carolina. People named their children "States Rights." Dexter Brown had a brother States Rights Finley. That was the battle cry.

I want to read you something about what was going on in Anderson County in 1854. This is taken from an Anderson paper, the *Anderson Gazette and Southern Rights Advocate*, January 9, 1856. This is an advertisement. "Harry Davis painkiller. A purely vegetable remedy for internal and external use. It is a sure cure for all the diseases for which it is recommended and is always safe in the hands of even the most inexperienced persons. It is a cure and quick remedy for coughs, sore throat, chills and similar trouble. Affords instant relief in the most malignant forms of diphtheria and best known remedy for rheumatism and neuralgia. The oldest, best and most widely known family medicine in the world. It can be bought from Wilhite & Wilhite on the public square. Also, no bounce to the ounce, bunions hurt, backaches, feel tired after chopping wood all day? Then you have got dilapidated blood. Man are you in a bad fix, a lot worse off than even your best friend would tell you? Be of good cheer. Dr. Hooper's celebrated German bitters will make the necessary repairs. Don't delay another day. Get yourself a bottle now. Available for only \$1 in any general store."

The war ended in 1865 and the Anderson people thought it was over because on April 9, General Lee surrendered to Grant in Appomattox. On May 1, people of Anderson were celebrating May Day which was a big holiday in this area back in those days. There were two picnics going, one was at Silverbrook Cemetery and the other at Bailey's Bridge. Bailey's Bridge was past the fairgrounds heading east on Williamston Road at what is now a swamp. That area was the playground of Anderson. It had green grass growing and no swamp. There were two crystal-clear streams. It was a great picnic ground. The candidates for baptism for the First Baptist Church were baptized out there until 1918.

To digress a little bit, there was a character in Anderson who was always in trouble. They said you couldn't have a term of court at the Anderson courthouse without this man, Mr. Eberhart, coming up with something. One summer they were having a big, protracted meeting, or revival as we would say now, over at the First Baptist Church. Somehow or the other they got Mr. Eberhart in the church and he got religion and wanted to be baptized.

That news swept over Anderson County and people came in droves to see the baptism. Mr. Eberhart was described to me as a great big tub of a man who just waddled along. A big tub of lard. The minister at the First Baptist Church was a little, tiny, wisp of a man who looked like a puff of wind would blow him away. Now a Baptist knows when you say baptism you don't mean a ceremonial sprinkling, you mean down under the water. People were standing there to see Mr. Eberhart baptized and were wondering how in the world the preacher was going to get him under the water. The minister followed Eberhart out into the water. The minister said, "I baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Duck yourself, duck yourself, duck yourself."

Another story had to do with Bailey's Bridge. Up in the 1890s, there was a well-known merchant in Anderson, Mr. Vaughn Bostell. He was going down past there one hot summer day on business. He passed over that clear stream riding his horse. Men wore blue serge suits all year round then. It was a hot, hot, humid day. He looked at that cool water and decided that he would go in that water. He tied his horse up to a tree, took off his clothes and did what my children call skinny-dipping. He was buck naked and got in the water. He was lying there, the cool water flowing over his body. He looked up and saw this domed shaped object above him. It intrigued him. He got out of the water and, of course, didn't dress. He got a big stick and climbed up on his horse and WACK! It was a hornets' nest. Those hornets just zeroed down on the horse and Vaughn Bostell. The horse reared back, pulled loose and went in a mad gallop towards town. Mr. Bostell was hanging on for dear life.

Now I told you about J. Lawrence Orr, Governor Orr. After the war his family could not afford the home they had out of town. They sold that beautiful colonial mansion for \$6,500 and bought another house in town. Mrs. Orr was arthritic in her old age and was sitting out in a wheel chair in the yard reading on the beautiful summer day. She heard the pounding of horses' hooves, looked up and to her shock and surprise saw Mr. Vaughn Bostell, Anderson's number one merchant, riding buck naked. The story goes, she was horrified. She screamed and ran into the house.

The horse came on up to the Square in Anderson and started circling the Square. It made so much noise people came out to see what was going on. Some of the men in the stores got blankets and got the horse stopped. Mr. Vaughn Bostell got off and they wrapped him in a blanket. Streaking is not newfangled. Anderson's first streaker made his run in the early 1890s.

Getting back to the war. There is a group in Atlanta that gets together every year around Robert E. Lee's birthday and has a "Spit on Sherman" party. That's tongue in cheek but is true. Dr. Bill Mather sent me a photocopy of a photocopy of the original document that is a picture of a mule, two wooden barrels and ladies coming out, bringing their little chamber pots from under the bed to pour in the barrels. They were using human urine to help make saltpeter. Here is what the notice said: "The undersigned begs to inform the citizens of Selma and vicinity, that he has established niter manufacturing in the suburbs west of the city for government purposes. Inspector requests the ladies and heads of families to reserve to him all of their chamber lye. Wagons with barrels will proceed around the streets each morning to gather up the same. Signed, John Harrison." That is the real thing from the Selma *Sentinel*.

Now there was a Confederate soldier who was a prisoner of war in the infamous Johnson's Island Prison which was comparable to Andersonville in Georgia. This Confederate soldier read that notice from John Harrison and wrote this little ditty:

John Harrison, John Harrison, you are a funny creature.
You have given to this cruel war a new and useful feature.
You let us know while every man is bound to be a fighter,
The ladies, bless them, should be put to making lots of niter.
John Harrison, John Harrison, where did you get the notion
of Sending barrels around the street to gather up that lotion?
I thought the women did enough in sewing shirts and kissing
But you would put the lovely dears to patriotic pissing.
John Harrison, John Harrison, can't you arrive at a neater
And cleaner method for our folks to make up that saltpeter.
Indeed this thing is very odd, gunpowder-like and cranky
That when a woman lifts her skirts she shoots a horrid Yankee.

Now I was telling you awhile ago about May Day, May 1, 1865, picnics that were going on in Anderson. Men on horses rode up to each picnic and said, like Paul Revere, "Go home, go home quick, the Yankees are coming and they are almost here!" There were 3,000 Yankee soldiers sent here trying to intercept Jefferson Davis who had fled Richmond. They did not know they were close on his trail because Jefferson Davis had his last cabinet meeting in Abbeville on May 10. They stayed here for three days. A Charleston merchant had a big shipment of fine wines and liquors in the basement of a building on the Square. The Yankee soldiers got into it, got roaring drunk and for three days pilfered the city. They went from house to house tearing up what they didn't steal and giving everybody a tough time. The Anderson *Intelligencia*, wrote a year later on May 3:

"Late afternoon, May 2nd, General Simeon Brown, who was in charge of this Yankee group, ordered the march to commence southward from Anderson and shortly after dusk, the troop, loaded with ill-gotten gain and stupefied with wine, mounted their fresh steeds, obtained in the neighborhood and followed their valiant leader to other fields of plunder. By breakfast time on May 3, General Brown's rear had departed." The editor of the *Intelligencia* wrote, "Desolated Andersonians wore a sober, sad appearance of people gathered over the ruins and wreck and each in sad tone relayed experiences of the dreaded occasion which shall ever remain in the minds of the Anderson people. In the annals of our village life, May 1, 1865, will occupy the most prominent niche of all other days. This anniversary will ever be recognized."

I told you I sat out on a porch many a day with these three great-aunts and uncles and a couple of in-laws by marriage. They were great talkers. We had no radios in those days and certainly no TV. People talked. I was a little boy in the swing, swinging back and forth, listening to these people talk and goodness how they could talk. They would recite these tales to me and they told me this story of the pillage of Anderson many times because their mother's home was a

stone's throw from where we were and the father was off in Virginia fighting. They went through a rough time with the house being pillaged.

I had a feisty little Aunt Anna, who was a spinster schoolteacher, and she would get so worked up over it. She said one time, "I know General Simeon Brown is in the bad place." Now no lady of that generation would say, "Hell." "I know General Simeon Brown is in the bad place for those terrible deeds he did to our people." I had another great-aunt who was very kind and long-suffering. She said, "Now, Anna, you shouldn't say that. You are being judgmental. 'Vengeance is mine' sayeth the Lord. God will repay."

A few years ago a magazine came out from the South Carolina Historical Society with a long article on the Federal pillage of Anderson. It goes on about Gen. Simeon Brown and the things I have told you. It said, after he was mustered out at Athens, Georgia, he went back to St. Claire, Wisconsin, his home, and opened a hotel there. This is his obituary: "Brown's Hotel was destroyed by fire in January, 1873. It was valued at \$15,000 but was insured for only \$10,000. On March 16, 1893, in St. Claire, at the age of 81 years, General Brown died at home of exhaustion consequent on bleeding hives, obstinate constipation, weak back, and chronic bronchitis." I thought of those words of my aunt. " 'Vengeance is mine' sayeth the Lord."

During the war we had a lot of Charlestonians who came as refugees to Anderson. There were 65 Episcopal families from Charleston who went to Grace Church.

After the war the armed occupation moved in. Anderson was under Yankee domination for 11 years. No person who had anything to do with the Confederacy could vote. They had a curfew. Every white person had to be in by 9 in the evening. If not, they were arrested.

Dr. Walter Nardin, whose home was where the old McCants Junior High is now, a very honored citizen of Anderson, was out delivering a baby one night and didn't get home until 11. They put him in jail.

The Yankee troops of occupation camped behind the junior high school. We now know it as Nardin Field. The officers stayed in the old buildings of Johnson University. Every morning they would come up on the Square in Anderson and have a formation. There was a hotel where the Plaza Hotel is now located at Main and West Whitner streets that was called the Waverly House. It had a big piazza like the western hotels you see in the movies with rocking chairs. The square was much bigger than it is now because wagons didn't need as much room as cars.

There was an old Confederate veteran who would sit there rocking every morning and as those troops gathered he hollered, "You damned Yankees won the war but us Confederates beat the hell out of you at Chickamauga." Day after day, there he was rocking. "You damned Yankees won the war but us Confederates beat the hell out of you at Chickamauga." Well they got tired of that so they sent a detachment up and picked the old Confederate soldier up and carried him over to the jail and told him they were going to keep him in there until he signed an oath of allegiance to the United States. He said, "I'd rather rot in Hell first." Well after several days of the fare in the jailhouse (it wasn't quite like the Waldorf-Astoria dining room) he decided he believed he

would sign if they would let him out. He signed and the next morning he was back in his chair rocking. They were having a formation out there and he hollered, "Us Yankees won the war but them Confederates beat the hell out of us at Chickamauga."

The Yankee troops were moved in 1876 and things got back to normal here. Wade Hampton became governor of South Carolina.

I want to talk to you a little bit about some of the interesting people in Anderson. One family that is noteworthy is the Lesser-Geisburg family. In 1820, Michael Lesser was born in Prussia. He came to the United States, to New York, when he was 15 years old. I don't know how in the world he ever got down to Carnesville, Georgia, but he left New York after a few years and went to Carnesville. He lived there until 1858. While he was in Carnesville, Mr. Lesser became a very good friend of Dr. Phillip Wilhite.

They decided to relocate to Anderson in 1858. Mr. Lesser opened a store, Lesser's Store, which was a very important mercantile establishment in Anderson for about 100 years. Mr. Lesser prospered and so did Dr. Wilhite. They decided that they wanted homes near each other, so Dr. Wilhite built the house on S. McDuffie Street at the southwest corner of River Street. Mr. Lesser wanted to be near Dr. Wilhite so he bought what was the old parsonage of St. John's Methodist Church, right behind the St. John's Methodist Church facing on River Street. He rebuilt the house, a big two-story house with wrap around porches, which I well remember and members of his family lived there for almost 100 years.

He had four daughters, I think, and two sons. One of his daughters, Carrie, married Oscar Geisburg. Mr. Geisburg lived in the house right in front of the Methodist church on the northwest corner of McDuffie and River Streets. Later, the Geisburgs built a big, white house down the corner of West Franklin and Main Street. The house is still there but greatly altered. It doesn't look anything like the house the Geisburgs were in.

Mr. Lesser had a big store on the east side of the square that was run by his family for almost 100 years. Mr. Lesser's grandchildren, the Geisburgs, also were great merchants. One of these children, Miss Dora Geisburg, ran a very exclusive ladies shop – D Geisburg. She had the first beauty parlor in Anderson. Another daughter, Florie, married Mr. Rubenstein and they had a very nice dress shop in town. Leo owned a shoe store and Harry owned a shoe store. All of these were on the Square. They were leading merchants.

Now, back in the '30s there was a lot of rivalry between businesses on the Square. Gallant-Belk Company opened about 1918, on the north side of the Square. Bailes was on east side of the Square and Lesser's was on the south side of the Square. These places vied with each other to get the fall money. That's when the cotton money came in. Belks, one year, had a great big sign over the store, Belks Anniversary Sale, Buy it for Less at Belks. Mr. Bailes had a big sign, Bailes \$10,000 Sale, Everything sold for Less. Mr. Saul Lesser was the manager of Lesser then and had a big sign, Saul Sells for Lesser.

Now I am going to talk about people and I am going to name names. I don't mean any offense to anybody. I really don't. These were interesting people and because of what they did, they deserve to be known about and enjoyed.

Lived next door to the Buices at 210 North Ave.

I could not talk about people of Anderson County without first starting with H. Campbell Miller who was known as "Red" Miller. Mr. Miller was an imposing man of about 6 feet 5 inches and at one time had a flowing head of red hair that then turned grey. He grew up in Pendleton and graduated from the University of Virginia in law. He went out to Hollywood and practiced with a famous attorney who handled divorces. Jerry Geisel, I believe, was his name. He came back to Anderson. He was a very brilliant man. I do not know of anyone who spoke more beautiful English except Winston Churchill. Now Mr. Miller had a great weakness for liquor and that was his downfall. He had a lovely wife who was the first cousin to the Pulitzer Prize Winner Julia Pennington. But Mr. Miller was a rascal.

(Pete + Kin) of Fort Motte, S.C.

He was a member of Grace Church and his wife was just a charming lady who was head of the altar guild there and did so many wonderful things. But Mr. Miller was a renegade. He came to church rather irregularly in his older age. One Easter Sunday the minister had an Easter service. Mr. Miller ardently disliked the minister. He came out on his cane and got to the porch of the church where the minister was bidding goodbye to everybody as they were spilling out into the beautiful spring Easter day. Mr. Miller put his cane down and spoke in voice that could have been heard three blocks away. "Oh me, the *Book of Common Prayer*. Our mother tongue at its finest. Too bad that son-of-a-bitch in the pulpit had to ruin it all."

Roddey Reid & Caroline (wife)

There was a young man from Rock Hill who had his first job at Grace Church. His name was ~~Ronnie Reed~~. He was in Anderson from about 1945 to 1950. He lived next door to the church in what was the parsonage then. His wife gave birth to three children and had two miscarriages, all within the five years. The word got out that Carolyn Reed was pregnant again and after church you know how people run up and talk. Well a charming little lady, Mrs. Jenny Gilmer, came running up when Mr. and Mrs. Miller were coming out of church and said, "Mae, did you know that ~~Carolyn Reed~~ is pregnant again?" Mr. Miller leaned back and said, "Pregnant again! My God! ~~Ronnie Reed~~ may be angelic in the pulpit but he is dynamite in the bedroom!"

Roddey Reid - wife was Caroline

Back in the '30s was a great era of bootlegging. Monroe, Georgia, was the center of bootlegging operations. The mountain area around here was full of people making illicit liquor, bootlegging, moonshine. Mr. Miller took a lot of those bootleggers as his clients. He had one that had a Federal charge. This man was up for bootlegging and came before Judge H. H. Watkins who lived down on the Boulevard. He was rather small of stature and Mr. Miller stood up tall and had this long, lanky mountaineer from above Walhalla, felt hat in hand. Mr. Miller said, "Your Honor. I bring before you today my client, Joshua, who wishes to plead guilty to the charge of manufacturing illegal liquor." Judge Watkins kind of leaned over the bench and looked at this tall man and said, "So your name is Joshua? Are you the Joshua that made the sun shine?" Quick as a wink Mr. Miller said, "Why, no, your Honor. He is the Joshua that made the moonshine."

Mr. Miller was much given to the fruits of the vine. He was down in Florida and there was a prominent merchant here in town who was having a vendetta with another prominent merchant, allegedly over a female, and laid in wait for the other a stone's throw from the courthouse and shot and killed the man. They arrested him and put him in jail and the arrested man wanted Campbell Miller to represent him. In those days you didn't telephone, you used the telegraph. We had a Western Union and Coastal here. So the defendant wired Mr. Miller. He said, "I killed John Doe today and am arrested for murder. Come home and represent me and I will give you \$2,000." That was a tremendous fee in those days. Nothing happened. He waited a couple of days and wired again and said, "Come home and represent me and I will give you \$3,000." Mr. Miller wired back, "Make it \$5,000 and I will bring two eyewitnesses."

There was a time Mr. Miller went and got roaring drunk. As I said, his wife was a lovely lady who lived up on North Avenue. She prepared the evening meal for him and he didn't come home. She waited and waited – 8:30, 9:30, 10:30. She was getting very worried. Eleven-thirty, 12:30, and then at 1:30 she heard stomp, stomp, stomp on the porch. "Hello, my dear. Ha! Ha! Ha! Hello!" She said, "Campbell, where have you been?" He said, "Oh my dear, I have been out bird watching." She said, "Bird watching? Campbell it is 1:30 in the morning, what kind of bird were you watching?" He said, "Why, my dear, a red-headed, double-breasted mattress scratcher."

There was a merchant here in Anderson who had a secretary who became pregnant by him. He called on his doctor for the performance of an abortion which, of course, was strictly illegal. The doctor performed the abortion on the girl and sent a bill for \$5,000. The merchant refused to pay it so the doctor turned the case over to Mr. Miller.

Mr. Miller went to the merchant's business with his hat and cane and said, "I have here in my hand a bill from Dr. John Doe for professional services rendered, \$5,000, and I have come to collect it." The merchant said, "Red, I will just be damned if I will pay that. That is highway robbery. It is not worth that. I will not pay it." Mr. Miller said, "Very well. I think I shall go over to your wife and tell her, your son and daughter about this and show this bill to them. I think they will find it very interesting." He started out the door and the merchant said, "Red, come on back here and let's talk about it." He ended up writing a check, "H. Campbell Miller, Attorney, \$5,000," and gave it to him. Mr. Miller went right up to the corner to the South Carolina National Bank and deposited the check to his account. He then wrote a bill to the doctor and said, "For professional services rendered, \$5,000. Paid in full."

It was all illegal. The next day the doctor happened to be coming around the corner to the barbershop which is where the First Federal is now [201 North Main]. Mr. Miller's office was upstairs across the street. They ran into each other. The doctor held out his hand and said, "Red. As one SOB to another, shake."

Now there was another character here in Anderson whose name was Norma. I won't use the last name because she was from a very good Anderson family. In fact, one of the streets leading off of Main Street has their family name on it. She was the local prostitute, so I am told. She had a buggy and she had a white horse, a mule or whatever, pulling the buggy. The top

would be down and she wore a white lace dress with a white parasol over her and had a big white cat in her lap. She would drive that buggy up in front of the Blue Ridge Depot on Main Street. What they called "drummers," travelling salesmen, would get off the train and cross over to what was the Chiquola Hotel. She would be sitting out there making arrangements for them to come up to see her.

When she got older and could no longer ply her trade she got a job as restroom attendant in the Anderson Courthouse. She was a large lady and you would see her walk down the hall with her arms full of paper necessary for her room-keeping. She would say, "You coming to see me today, honey? Well, I will be down here after while. Make sure you do." She would waddle on off. She became a member of the First Presbyterian Church. She loved funerals and spent her time, after she could no longer work, going to funerals. The Presbyterian minister, Dr. Gillespie, was a very kindhearted man. She would ask him to take her up to the cemetery. Many a funeral was led by Dr. Gillespie and Norma, the former prostitute.

One prominent man in the Presbyterian Church said to Dr. Gillespie, "I want to get something straight. I want you to conduct my funeral when I am buried but I don't want you to have Norma in that car leading my funeral procession. I don't want a prostitute leading my procession to the cemetery." He finally got his wish.

Now we had some wonderful schoolteachers in Anderson – school principals especially. One of the most memorable persons was Mrs. John Holmes. Everybody knew her as Miss Cleo. She was principal for 50 years at the East Whitner school. It is closed now. They changed the name to Cleo Bailey School in her honor. Now Miss Cleo was my mentor and good friend and I owe her much. She taught me a lot. She took me under her wing when I was a young boy coming out of school and working.

She would call me down to her school and say, "Arthur, I have got four children I want you to feed this year. The parents aren't worth a damn. They are in the jail but the children can't help it and I want them to be fed." I would say, "Yes, ma'am, Miss Cleo, how much?" She got the children fed just that way. It was wonderful work she did.

She would always have Thanksgiving. She would invite all the people who were feeding children down there. My wife, Em, and I went down there one Thanksgiving and a little boy had sweet potato soufflé. That is a great southern delicacy. Sweet potatoes with marshmallows and raisins and all kind of things like that. This little boy had his fork and was picking out the raisins. Miss Cleo said, "Larry, why aren't you eating your potatoes?" He said, "Well Miss Cleo, somebody has put seeds and roots in my 'taters and I have to take them out before I can eat them."

Another time I was down there and she had two little girls in her office. She said, "Wait a minute Arthur, come in here, I want them to recite something for you. Those girls are as smart as they can be. You know their mother, old Lillie Mae Alewine over there on Beechwood Street." She said, "I called her and said, Lillie Mae, these little girls of yours are smart and they can make something of themselves but you need to marry their father. She said, 'Marry their father, Miss

Cleo. Lord God, I don't know who he is. You know when a rabbit runs through the briar patch, he can't tell which briar stuck it'."

Miss Cleo lived to be 91 years old and she was terminally ill with cancer. A woman who was staying with her, a former lunchroom supervisor, called me and said, "Miss Cleo wants to see you. Can you come down here at 11?" I said, "I certainly can." I went out there and Miss Cleo was propped up in bed. She had lost a lot of weight in the last stages of cancer. She said, "I called you out here because I want to tell you something. I have been writing some checks and my handwriting doesn't look like itself but if anything happens to me and somebody questions these checks I want you to say I told you I wrote them." So she named some checks she was writing and I said, "Miss Cleo, you have a trust officer at the bank, why don't you let him handle this for you?" She said, "Why, I don't want to give him power of attorney. The first thing you know he would put me up there in that Anderson hospital. When Jesus comes looking for me He is going to find me out here. He wouldn't know I was in the hospital, He wouldn't get me."

About that time a Presbyterian minister came in but he was not the one from the church where she belonged. He was very young. He had big Bible and was very nervous. I said, "Miss Cleo, you have got this nice young man here and I am going to leave you to talk to him. I will come back and see you later." She said, "No, you wait. I want to ask him a question." She said, "Bob, do angels wear drawers?" He stood there with an open mouth and nothing would come out. "Ma'am?" She said, "Do angels wear drawers?" Just to help out I said, "That is a good question Miss Cleo. The only angels I have ever seen had marble skirts on. You couldn't tell what was under them." She said, "Well I was just lying up here and wondering if I ought to have Jack Gilliland bury me with my drawers on or not. And I wondered what angels wore."

A week later she was dead. I went up to the funeral home to pay my respects and Mrs. Eleanor, her faithful friend, was there. She said, "Arthur, you remember what Miss Cleo said to the Presbyterian minister in her house?" I said, "I never will forget it." She said, "After he left, Miss Cleo went to sleep and she woke up and called me and said, 'Ella, I decided I want to be buried with my drawers on and when they put me in that casket I want you to look and see if Jack did that.' I did what Miss Cleo said and Jack did what she told him to."

At the funeral the next day, Bill Brown, the First Presbyterian minister was having the service. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, all of you who knew Miss Cleo knew that she was in charge of every situation she was in and she is in charge of this funeral today because she told me exactly what to say. She said, 'A woman died and went to heaven. Got to the gates of heaven and St. Peter said wait, you can't get in, where is your covered dish? She said, covered dish, what do you mean? St. Peter said, you know you can't go anywhere now without a covered dish. She said, if he tells that to me I am going to say St. Peter, I got the love of God and why don't you just get out of my way and let me in.'" Everybody at the church burst out laughing, the only time I ever heard people really laugh at a funeral.

I am going to stop right now. If I have done one thing tonight, I hope I have imparted to you my deep love for Anderson and Anderson people and its history and its tradition. I am part of it. I was born on earth in Anderson County and I will return to dust in Anderson County, I

hope. One thing that I hope I impart is my love of Anderson County. If I have done that I would think that I have done a good deed. I am going to close by reciting one of my favorite lines of poetry from the great poet Henry Timrod who said, "Thanks be to God who placed us here beneath so kind a sky."

(A Founders Day speech by Arthur E. Holman, Jr. at Anderson College describing the development of education in Anderson County is reproduced in the Appendix)