

Arthur M. Klugh, Jr.
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I was born in February 8, 1922, in Greenwood, South Carolina, and we later moved to Anderson. Dad was in the cotton business at the time and we moved here when I was about 9 months old. I feel like a native of Anderson.

My father's family was from the Coronaca area. That is on the road from Greenwood to Laurens. Great-great-grandpa had moved there from near Cokesbury. He had signed the original note for the financing of Cokesbury College along with some of his neighbors. When things didn't go right and the neighbors wouldn't pay their part of it, he decided to sell out his land and move down the road about 10 miles to Coronaca.

The family originally came from Virginia. It was a rather strange story. A group of Germans left Germany about 1717. They were headed to Philadelphia but because of a storm they were forced south and went up the Potomac and then the Rappahannock. They settled there. They were what they called *Evangelisch* or Evangelical or Lutheran. There was no Lutheran minister in the area at all. It was mostly Indians. That was in the area of Culpepper, Virginia. They sent to Germany to get a Lutheran minister and that is how the first Klugh arrived. That was about 1732. He had been educated at Cambridge and spoke both German and English, as I do, incidentally.

Three or four years back I attended the 275th anniversary of his church. It is an old Hebron Church and is between Madison and Culpepper. He built the church. It is the oldest Lutheran Church still in Lutheran hands. The oldest one is in Maryland and it was a Swedish Church but I think it is Episcopalian at the present time. This one is still Lutheran.

The first Klugh minister was buried under the pulpit of the church. It is a rather interesting place in the beautiful Allegheny Mountains. He died in 1764. He didn't even know of George Washington or what subsequently happened with the American Revolution.

He had a liquor still and my Aunt Minnie was shocked that he was a minister and had a still. My uncle Will, who was a professor at Clemson, convinced her that every gentleman of that day had his own still, which is true – for medicinal purposes, of course. His children fought in the American Revolution.

It is cold up there in the wintertime and after a time the family decided to move down to South Carolina. I don't know the specific year but it was probably in the early 1800s or late 1700s. They settled in the Cokesbury area which is Methodist, so some became Methodist. Some of them later joined the Episcopal Church.

My grandfather was about 14 years old when the Civil War broke out and his brother was in the Confederate Army. His mother got my grandfather to take some goodies down to

Charleston to his brother. He had never been down to a big place like Charleston. He got enthused talking with the soldiers, lied about his age and became a Confederate soldier. He went through the war, was captured in Petersburg, Virginia, and spent time in their prisoner of war camp which was very much like Andersonville. You don't read about that camp because the Union won and wrote the history, but it must have been a pretty terrible place.

He got back home after the war and was given a fair amount of land by his father in the Coronaca area. It was a beautiful piece of property but you wouldn't recognize it from the way it looked when I was a kid. They have a factory there now.

They were all farmers. They used the word planters but a planter was a farmer. My grandfather married Louise Franklin and we have always wondered about the connection with the Franklin name. They had four children – a girl and three boys. They were all educated in college which wasn't done much in those days. My dad went into several businesses including an automobile dealership in Greenwood. Henry Ford wanted him to buy more automobiles than people existed in Greenwood at the time. He said to heck with that.

One of my father's brothers was a professor at Clemson. He had been in the first graduating class at Clemson. Another brother was a doctor and was one of the participants in founding IPTAY. My uncle Fred wanted me to be sure to go to Clemson so he signed me up and I have become one of the last three living IPTAY founders. I was 11 years old at the time. The other two are Senator J. Strom Thurmond (who subsequently died June 26, 2003, at age 100 years) and Alan Mac Johnstone.

Dad went to Clemson, Uncle Fred went to Clemson and Uncle Will went to Clemson. Back then you took chemistry if you were going to study medicine and my dad was planning to study medicine. Uncle Fred was at George Washington University Medical School and came home for a visit. He got a call to go to a colored house where there had been a fight. They mostly fought with razors. Daddy said, "You know, it was hot and these people were sweating and blood was flowing out." He said, "You could just see each time the heart would beat. I decided I didn't want to be a doctor."

As a child my home was at 109 North Avenue. That was a new development so there were a lot of kids. In the summertime it was a big deal to play out at night. We would meet when it was cooler. We would do a little bit of everything that was devilish, such as steal watermelons. Just across Glenwood, there was a big watermelon patch and we would steal them and have a big time.

We had the nicest bunch of kids when I grew up of any place you can name. One of them, however, was 180 degrees different. They called him Junior. He was smoking in the little boys' room in about second grade. The janitor caught him and told the principal. The principal sent him home. Junior came back at recess with a .38 caliber pistol and told us he was going to kill the principal and the janitor. We talked him out of it. That must have been in the early '30s.

In that early, early era, just down below Jim Hardin's house was St. Mary's Hospital, which is where Stuart Noble lives now at the northwest corner of E. North Avenue and Holly Street. That was Dr. Breedin's hospital. He was quite a character. He knew more jokes than anybody can imagine. Dad came home one evening and saw smoke coming out of St. Mary's Hospital. We lived right up the street. He stopped his car and ran around hollering and beating on doors. By that time it had gotten pretty well smoked out. Dr. Herbert Harris lived next door. He came home while Dad was out there and said, "My gosh, did you get any liquor out of there?" Daddy said, "No, I haven't been in there but I did holler. There was so much smoke you couldn't get in." Dr. Harris said, "Well, doctor's got a good bit of moonshine liquor and I know where he keeps it so I think I am going to go in there and get it." Daddy said, "You are crazy." He said, "Man there is smoke in there and everything." He said Herbert went in and got a half gallon of booze and came out with it.

We had some real characters and Red Miller was one of them. I don't know how old we kids were, probably 11 or 12. We knew that Red would get drunk and there were all kinds of tales about him. They were paving North Anderson and a lot of gravel was available. We would take the gravel and throw it up on his roof. It would go "tick, tick, tick, tick" down the wooden roof. Red would come out cussing. He was usually inebriated. We had so much fun doing that we decided to take a bucket and fill it with gravel, open his screen door and set it up on the top so that when he opened the door all those rocks would fall on him.

We did that one night. I guess there must have been a dozen of us. James J. "Fat" Simpson was along. When Red hit that door and all those rocks fell down he started cussing and shooting a gun. I hope it was up in the air. I don't think he hit anybody. We all ran. Like a fool I just jumped behind a bush but he couldn't see me. Fat was down in the park. When Red would cuss, Fat would say, "Hey you big redheaded, so and so, why don't you come down here and fight like a man." Fat had a deep voice and Red would go "BAM, BAM, BAM" with his gun.

The kids were of different ages and, looking back on it, it was nice how the older kids let those of us who were younger play with them. We played tag football. There was a boy named Eggie Sullivan. He fell in a football game and hurt his arm. We got Eggie home and his mama carried him to the doctor. She came back and said Eggie broke his arm. Well, I was young enough to think it just broke off. That was big news. Eggie had broken his arm. He lives in North Carolina now.

That guy named Junior who brought the gun to school was always doing something devilish. He lived out near Fat Simpson. Junior had some matches. He gave Fat some and Fat put them in his pocket. Then Junior took a stick and whacked Fat and the matches caught fire.

I don't remember what year the trolley quit running and they went to buses. There was a little protrusion on the back of the bus and a light was up above it. All you had to do as a kid was grab that light and put your feet on the protrusion and you could get a free ride. One time Fat Simpson hit the bus on the back with his fist, made a lot of noise, and then lay down behind the bus screaming. Old Reed, who was the bus driver, was all shook up thinking he had run over somebody.

The park below our house was great for frogs, water and snakes. One time I saw this little snake, it was about, I guess, 2 1/2 to 3 feet long. I had heard how my uncle Marvin could take a coach whip snake, swing it around his head, and pop the whip with it, beheading the snake. I was going to try that. It was a little water moccasin. I grabbed that snake by the tail and I swung it around and around, but I wasn't strong enough to do much popping. That snake wrapped around my arm, I held it out and it finally dropped on off. They say the Lord takes care of drunks, fools and children.

Hugh Robinson, who was Dr. Herbert Harris' stepson, and I were big buddies back in those days. We lived diagonally across the street from each other. Dr. Harris would always take a nap and when Dr. Harris came home he would tell Hugh not to be shooting any firecrackers. Well, I had an A model Ford and it had one of those push in jump out switches so that when we did that it would go "BAM, BAM, BAM." Carroll Bowie tells this tale. He was at Hugh's house one day and Hugh shot a whole bunch of firecrackers. Dr. Harris woke up, and buddy, he was giving Hugh down the country. Before he could finish, Hugh said, "Dad, didn't you hear Art pass by here backfiring." I guess Dr. Harris believed it.

Way back when prohibition ended, must have been 1933 or so, a bunch of us kids who were about 11 or 12 years old found empty liquor bottles made great targets for BB guns, sling shots and .22 rifles. We would collect them and take them off in the woods somewhere to practice our shooting. We decided that we didn't have enough of them. Each of us had a little Radio Flyer wagon and we pulled those wagons all the way downtown from North Avenue and went to every restaurant (most on Main Street at that time) to get the liquor bottles they threw in the trash. We collected two wagon loads of bottles. We went on back home and discovered that each bottle had a few drops left in it. We got the bright idea of consolidating all the drops into one bottle. We got something between a half pint and a pint of booze. We certainly didn't want to drink anything like that so we decided to put it in the ducks and chickens watering place back of Dr. Herbert Harris' house. The ducks and chickens evidently liked it. They were falling all over the place. While Hugh Robinson and I were rolling in the clover laughing about it, Dr. Harris came in and wanted to know, "What the hell is going on with all of my ducks and chickens?" After we told him I think he thought it was funny.

One time there was a fellow who was known to hit the bottle pretty hard who we found passed out. We had a friend who was working that night at a funeral home and we carried the fellow up there, put him in a casket with candles at each end and flowers around him. When he finally woke up he put one hand up on the side of the casket, his eyes got wide. He didn't know what had happened to him but I don't think it stopped him from drinking.

Fat Simpson and I were at an ice cream parlor one evening and decided we wanted to cause a little excitement. The best way to draw a crowd was to have a fight so we started talking loud to each other and said we were going to go outside and have it out. We went out and were rolling around somewhat like professional wrestlers, putting on a show. I was on top of him and he was hollering. All of a sudden I looked up and there was Officer Junkins (who later became a captain). Fat was still hollering. Fortunately we were able to talk our way out of it.

One other story I am going to tell about Fat. Fat did something that he was sent to the cloakroom for at North Anderson School. The cloakroom was for punishment. Some other kid did something also and was sent to the cloakroom. While they were in the cloakroom, that other kid had to go to the bathroom and he did, on Fat's leg. Fat said, "By God, I am going to do the same thing to you." That guy started hollering and about that time the teacher came in the cloakroom and cussed Fat out for doing what he did.

Bill Watson lived next door to me. Bill is three years younger than I but he spent a lot of time over at our house. We used to take Bill to the beach when we would go down. We would go over to his grandmother's house at Main and Boulevard and there was a chimney and a hog scalding bowl there. You would kill a hog and scald him.

Bill Watson and I set up a stand where we sold soft drinks and peanuts, stuff like that. It was where North Avenue came into North Main Street. Kids would come by and have a soft drink for 6 cents. Actually I don't recall if we ever charged the tax. It was a penny. We probably charged them a nickel. Nobody ever came around pestering us for the tax. Anyway, it was sort of a hang-out place. Bill's grandfather had made a tennis court right behind where our stand was located so sometimes people would come to the stand after playing tennis. They would be hot and we would sell them soft drinks.

We got the soft drinks from several places but one of our first suppliers was one of Mr. Jack Terry's first customers. He came to Anderson as a Pepsi Cola Bottling Company distributor. We were the first customers he had. We bought a case of Pepsi Colas. We also had a cola that was called a "three center." For 3 cents you could get a Big Boy Cola. It was bottled in Belton.

We enjoyed the festivities as well as a little profit. One very hot day, Leon Harris, Jr. who had a newspaper route came by and drank a Pepsi. He said, "You know, I believe I could drink five of these." I said, "Oh, you can't drink five of them Sonny." He said, "I think I can." I said, "Look, if you can drink five of them, it's free." He got about to number four and threw up all over the place.

Leon Harris, Jr.'s father was a lawyer and Sonny was a lawyer. He was real tall and was quite a basketball player. He turned down some big deals to become a basketball player with the Celtics or somebody like that. He went to Washington & Lee, came back here and practiced law. He ran for the State House of Representatives and was elected. But he did several things that the local machine didn't like and so they sicked a man by the name of Cartee on him. Mr. Cartee was a little short guy and he was quite a speaker and you might say he was sort of patterned after Hitler. He got up and said, "Now are you going to vote for this man? Do you realize that he voted for a Republican for President?" Poor Sonny. He had voted for Eisenhower. They defeated him and it really took the wind out of his sails. He moved to the Low Country.

Wade Buice was a good friend of mine. There was a walnut tree and we would fight with those walnuts. Old Wade would hide behind a chimney and the sun would put his shadow out where we could see what he was doing. I guess I was a pretty good pitcher at that time, I would

slam one of those hard green walnuts down there. I think I hit him about three times before he woke up as to what was going on.

There was a pasture separating Red Miller's home and our home. One time we built a tree house over that pasture. There was a bull there. We had fun shooting a BB gun at the bull. There was a boy named Jim Rogers. Jim fell out of the tree and landed on his back. I knew he was dead. Our biggest fear was getting Jim out of the pasture before the bull got to us. He survived.

North Anderson gangs, in a sense, would have fights. The kids up around Fat Simpson's house would fight the kids down toward Main Street.

I played baseball but I played a little more football than baseball after having been injured a couple of times with a ball that was not where I thought it was going to be. We played some tackle football and a lot of tag football. I played tennis. I was a fair tennis player but my wife could beat me. I couldn't beat her, so I quit.

I guess my best sport was roller-skating. I used to skate from where North Avenue runs into Main all the way up to the Six & Twenty Creek where the railroad bridge is over Highway 76 near Sandy Springs. There was a long downhill to the creek. I didn't go that far a lot of the time because after I went down that hill I thought I would never get back up. My dad bought a farm just beyond that point. It was bordered by Six & Twenty Creek. We were going to build a home there but my folks finally concluded that was just too far from town. Dad was offered a good figure and sold the property for about 10 percent of what it would be worth now. We had the same experience at White Water. I think he bought land up there for \$8 an acre and, that land now is probably \$1,000 minimum. That is mostly in the Bad Creek area.

We had an experience as kids that involved a black man who was called Uncle Ike. Now, Uncle Ike lived in a little shack behind Kelley Sullivan's house. He always seemed to love to have Hugh Robinson and me come by his shack and sit down by the fire with him. We decided to have a picnic and I went to my mother and told her Hugh was going to furnish something and I was going to furnish something. Mother said, "What is Uncle Ike going to furnish?" I said, "He furnished the idea," which was true.

It was not a very admirable thing but we also broke streetlights. Mrs. McFall was the grandmother of Harold Sullivan. She had a place where Broadway Lake is now. She had an old Chevrolet, I think it must have been about a 1928 Chevrolet. Harold's sister had a little chair and we would set that between the headlights. This is when, of course, we were old enough to drive, we were 14 or 15 then. Someone would sit in that chair with a BB gun and we would drive and shoot out the streetlights. I guess we did a lot of things that we are not now proud of.

We had a fruit battle. Earle Rice and Alvin Fleishman lived over on the west side of town on Whitner Street. A bunch of us kids from North Anderson were sitting on the curbing where North Avenue goes into Main. Alvin and Earle came by in Mrs. Fleishman's car and dumped a bucket of water on us. We challenged them to a fight the next night. We collected old eggs. One of the boys was Joe Wright and his dad ran the local Swift & Company operation. They handled

eggs and produce. He got a whole bunch of rotten eggs. It was the season when Keifer pears were ripe and they are almost like rocks. Different kids furnished different things. We met where North Avenue comes into North Main. They came riding through and I remember Earle had on a baseball catcher's mask. Alvin was driving. When they came through we blasted that car with all these eggs and anything you can think of – all kinds of fruit. Fat got hit more than anybody. He had stuff all over him.

The next day after having that fruit fight it looked like a fruit truck had turned over on Main Street. I remember the people who lived where Bryant's Pharmacy is now, at Main and North, wondered, "What on earth happened last night?" It looked awful.

David Simpson, (Fat Simpson's brother), John Buice and Cordes Seabrook were very good friends. They would walk or ride bicycles to school all the way down to Boys High from North Anderson around Westview. Buffums was David's dog. Buffums would go down there with them and, as soon as they got in class, Buffums would come all the way back to North Anderson. He would stay until about time for the boys to get out of school and would then go all the way back down to Boys High to be with those boys when they were ready to come home.

Larry Hammett was a good friend of mine. We went up to Larry's grandmother's place at Reedy Cove when we were teenagers. Reedy Cove was located in the mountains just above Pickens. It was Mrs. Mamie Ligon's place. It had a real nice pond. There was a big, rather long, rock that we would slide down maybe 25 or 30 feet. It was covered with moss. It was a nice slide down the rock with the water coming down to the pond. Mrs. Ligon invited Father Speasman from the Catholic Church for a visit because he loved to come up there. Father Speasman and all the boys, would get out there, all buck naked, and slide down the rock. One of the boys got the idea of putting some sand about half way down on the rock before Father went down. He didn't know it. When Father started sliding down and hit that sand he let out a yell. It was not profanity but it was extreme displeasure, sliding down and getting sandpapered on his rear end.

At Reedy Cove, the upstairs of the home was a big open space that we called the "bull pen." It was a place where you would go to take a shower and get cleaned up after you had been swimming. A whole bunch of us were up there. There were stairs leading up to it and a door at the base of the stairs. Fat Simpson happened to be standing near the stairs buck naked. Larry Hammett pushed him down the steps, out the door, and then locked the door. Fat was standing there beating on the door. Mrs. Ligon was downstairs reading. She turned around and said, "Boy go put your clothes on and get out of here." We finally let him back in.

As kids we never hurt anybody. We made an awful lot of people mad. If you could get a rise out of somebody that was what we were after, especially if somebody was inebriated or was just naturally mad if anything happened that they didn't like.

I started at Clemson and got sick so I was kicked out of the ROTC as unfit for military service. When all my classmates finished school they were second lieutenants in the Army but I became eligible for the draft. I went in the Army. I had a pilot's license. I used to fly Piper Cubs, J3s we called them. I thought surely they would put me in the Air Corps. I had tried to get in

before, but they had said, "No, you can't see well enough." I did do a little bit of time in Army gliders but fortunately got removed from that. I finally wound up in the 99th Infantry Division, Machine Gun Company. That wasn't too pleasant. I took my basic training with them.

My basic training was in Centerville, Mississippi, Camp Van Dorn. They came over one day and called me aside. I thought there was a death in the family or something, but they said, "How would you like to work in G-2 (intelligence)?" I had had two years of German, two years of French, two years of Latin and two years of Spanish in school. I figured anything was better than firing a machine gun. They sent me to Mississippi University and the University of Alabama to take tests. Those of us who finished were sent to Haverford College in Pennsylvania. It is a Quaker school. It was much tougher than Clemson. You had to really work. Clemson was a good school but for this everybody had to have an IQ of, I think, 130 Army General Classification Test score.

They really put us through it and told us we would be majors or captains when we finished. About two months before we finished they said, "We need you now." Off to England I went. It was about five months before the invasion. That was an interesting time. I wound up at Clifton College. It was interesting to me that Clifton and Haverford played a cricket game once a year. One year they would go to England for the game and then one year back to Haverford.

We spoke only German and they were trying to Germanize us. It was a pretty good deal in a way but the next thing I knew I was in a parachute outfit. As luck would have it they decided not to use that unit. It was intended to go with a jump that they later had in Holland. I have never jumped. I would have once for sure if I had had a chute – damn plane caught on fire. I was in a J3. Somebody had left a blob of grease around the cowling and it was smoking. It never did really catch on fire but man when I saw that smoke I thought, "Gee." I didn't have a chute. I am a paratrooper who has never jumped.

We finally wound up with the 3rd Army, General Patton's Army. I was not on the initial Normandy invasion when everything bogged down. Patton was a very controversial fellow. They decided, "By golly, if anybody can get us out of here it would be George Patton."

I was in the 94th Infantry Division assigned to the G2 Section. They call that intelligence but I didn't think they were all that intelligent. We were also working with G5 which was the Civil Affairs or military government sector. I landed on Utah Beach. They didn't have any piers at that time. We fought out of Normandy on into Brittany. We then stayed holding the ports of St. Nazaire and Lorient. I became more fluent in French at the time. When the Battle of the Bulge occurred, when the Germans moved into the Ardennes, they didn't have enough people. They sent for us and we in turn sent for the 94th Division. We then went up to the Bulge.

We came through Luxembourg, getting out of the Bulge, then into the Saar and Moselle Region. Our roughest, toughest people were getting killed and wounded going through the Saar Region. We lost 600 men in one short time crossing the Saar River. It was wintertime and big chunks of ice and snow were up-and-down there. I remember I was told to cross on a pontoon bridge our troops had made and some of the German artillery had hit one of the floats. As you

went across the bridge you had to lean over. My biggest fear was getting in that cold water. We went through all of that and then, finally, took the city of Trier. Trier was considered to be the strong point. It was part of the Siegfried switch line.

The Siegfried switch was a whole lot of concrete bunkers and very heavy fortifications. When we were fighting there, General Eisenhower wired General Patton saying to quit trying to take Trier. "We have tried four times and couldn't take it." Patton wired back, "We took it last night. What in the hell do you want me to do, give it back?" He was something. He was one of our claims to fame.

I was in what they call the four major battles in the area. We were finally pulled off the line. They kept saying, "We have been on the line longer than anybody." We had 60 percent casualties in the 94th Infantry.

When anywhere they needed somebody to speak French or German, that was where I was. Normally we would take a town or a village and I would go in with them, right behind the front echelon. I was between the infantry and the artillery that was firing right behind us. The German shells would come back and I think that is why I am deaf today. The government doesn't consider that a wound.

We would go into the town and I would look for somebody who knew something. Usually that was the mayor, the *Bürgermeister*. Frequently the *Bürgermeister* would have hightailed it on out. The area was predominantly Catholic, so I would always look for the priest. Most of them seemed to be glad to see us. At least they said they were. They would always bring out a bottle of wine. We got along fine, especially after a couple of bottles.

The priests could give you information about everything concerning the status of the civilian people including their health status. We didn't want our guys catching something. We would find who might have been the head of the Nazi party in the area. Of course he usually had gone. I got other information we needed and assisted the commander of the infantry unit who normally didn't speak any German.

I was a corporal because I hadn't finished Haverford. I later ran into a guy who was a friend of mine in Kentucky. He did the same job I was doing in the Pacific. He delivered gold to Ho Chi Minh. I said, "What rank did you have?" and he said, "I was a staff sergeant." I said, "I thought you were about a lieutenant colonel." He said, "Hell, no. Nobody got promoted." That's the truth. Nobody got promoted in the intelligence section except the top guys. Our top guy was a lieutenant colonel and spoke no French or German but he had been a vice president of Pillsbury Mills before the war and it was sort of a political promotion.

We had a guy whose father had been the editor of the German *Frankfurt News*. He was a character. We were in a town down in Brittany. The town had already fallen. There were a whole bunch of dressed up women. Colonel St. Clair wanted to ask them if they knew where we might find some fine French antiques. This guy was mad at the Colonel and in French said, "The

Colonel wants to know which one of you ladies would like to sleep with him tonight?" The Colonel said, "Well what did they say?" He said, "They said no." Crazy guy.

I have been back over there several times. I went up to the Lorient stalls. These were places for submarines to come in. The walls were 12 feet thick and according to the French they were built mostly with slave labor. If somebody was sick and fell over into the place where they were pouring the concrete they just poured more concrete. Our aircraft had bombed and strafed them outside but they were just like they were in the beginning on the inside. I had the pleasure of going through all of that with a French sailor who explained it.

I had my own jeep. If you were in a combat area and got 10,000 miles on your jeep you got a new one. I think I had three jeeps. I was pretty much on my own. I would go up to where they were taking a village and be with whatever outfit was involved.

I worked with two outfits that received Presidential Unit Citations. I don't think I had that much to do with it. One of them was a very bloody deal in which there was a boy from Anderson, Isaac Fleet McClain. Fleet was there and got his nose shot off. They worked on Fleet for about two years and he looks a hell of a lot better now than before he was wounded.

Of course, Patton bragged on us like he would anybody, I guess. I am sure he did the same thing for all the guys. He was a character. He pulled into what we called a Division Forward, the forward headquarters of the 94th Infantry Division. I had just come back from down the line and pulled in there in my jeep. At the time he was a three-star General. This guy with three stars, a big ugly guy, was sitting over there. His driver wanted to know how to get to the 3rd Battalion of the 376th. He was going to present some Bronze Stars. I told him how to get there and then I figured, "Hell, I better offer to lead him up there."

On the way there was a sniper who our troops had tried to get but who was still active. There was a crossroads and the sniper was in a church steeple down at the end. I said there is a sniper in there and Patton looked like, "He's crazy. I am not going a different way just because there is sniper in there." I said, "When you get down there I advise you to barrel through that intersection." They did. We went on up to the Battalion and they had the guys there ready. Patton said he was going to tell them a hospital story. Everybody thought, "Yeah that's the one where he slapped a soldier." But it wasn't. He said he went back there and he asked, "this son of a bitch," and I will use his language here – partly, he said, "I asked this son of bitch, what in the hell is wrong with you? He said he was shot in the ass. Then there was another guy and his feet were all up in the air and I asked him, What's your problem, why are you here? He said, 'I wasn't hit, I have trench foot.'" Patton said, "Alright blankety, blank, so and so. How long had it been since you changed your socks? He said, 'Well it has been about six weeks.'" Patton said, "I told this blankety blank, blank, blank, anybody who wouldn't change his socks for six weeks ought have his feet rotted off right up to his AH." He had a very high crackly voice and I don't know whether that is why he cussed so darn much or what. But he was something else.

I would like to digress for a minute. Paul Robeson was a black actor and singer who was a communist sympathizer. When the war was over I had an office in Strakonitz, Czechoslovakia.

Paul Robeson came to the office to ask why we couldn't get along better with the Russian troops. We were still having a time with them. It had been my job to go point out to the Russians that they were supposed to be back over on their side of the line. They would always bring out the vodka. After that I wouldn't drink vodka for years. They were filthy people. I guess the alcohol saved us.

I went to a party one night in Prague and a lieutenant colonel in the Russian Air Force was at the party. We were discussing the way things were going and he said that in his opinion in 30 days we would be at war with Russia. That was back in 1945. Fortunately, that didn't happen.

There were three cases of close calls for Patton and on the last one he died – in the backseat of a sedan in an accident – they said. Two times prior to that he had very narrow escapes. I have always felt that they just figured we better get rid of this S.O.B. It was probably the most convenient death of World War II. He was considering the possibility of taking on the Russians.

Patton said he wanted to take all of our German prisoners and put them in the U.S. Army, presumably to fight the Russians. He said, "Hell, they know what they are doing. Hell, yeah, we can use them and our guys." Someone said, "You can't do that." He said, "Well, hell, let them go out there and get killed."

After the war they offered me a battlefield commission. Another boy who did the same thing I did (we used to say he spoke five languages but none of them well) named Kaminsky was also offered the commission. We said, "Yeah, yeah, we'll be second lieutenants." We were told we were going to get 90 days back in the States. "What do you mean 90 days back in the States?" I said, "What happens then?" "Oh you come back over here for 18 months." They needed people who could speak the language. So, old George Kaminsky and I talked it over and decided that, "Good Lord, we have been here over damn near two years. To heck with that." We told them what they could do with their stars and bars.

I came on home. In some ways I regret it, but gosh, I had been away from home 22 months.

Before going in the military I had traveled some. My dad was a member of the New York Cotton Exchange. I used to love to go up to New York because those guys would treat us royally. Bonner Manly and I went up. There was gas rationing on the East Coast so we drove all the way to Tennessee and then went up through West Virginia to Morgantown, down below Pittsburgh. We brought cans that would hold gasoline and then went up the Pennsylvania Turnpike to get to New York. I think we were 18 or 19 at the time. When we got to New York, friends of my dad asked if we needed gas coupons. They commuted and knew if they got an automobile they wouldn't use it much. They gave us a bunch of these coupons to get gas.

After I was discharged from the military I didn't know exactly what I wanted to do. The State Department offered me a deal but I figured, "No, I'll just have to go somewhere else then." Also, parties I attended at the embassies and different offices that we have around gave me a

good example of what they meant by the "Ugly American." Some people didn't know how to drink and they were good examples of it. Some of those guys were just obnoxious. Their demeanor wasn't what I thought it should be.

I came home and worked for my daddy. Dad did not were to New York City so he said, "Look, when we have got something to do up there, how would you like to go?" I said, "I love to go to New York City." I used to go there when I was in Haverford. There was 52nd Street. I have been a big band lover. There were a lot of them up there that were good. Count Bassie was one in particular.

As a cotton broker, my dad used to buy cotton and as a member of the New York Cotton Exchange, we carried hedge accounts for the local cotton mills. They could call up and see what the market was doing or buy cotton contracts or sell them out. We brokered cotton plus bought local cotton. There was a lot of cotton grown in Anderson County though the late '40s. We have had some good times and we have had some bad times. Once, in the cotton business, when the market just kept going down if it had gone down 2 cents more a pound we would have been broke sure enough.

I did go to New York a good bit and finally Dad gave me his membership in the New York Cotton Exchange. I went up and passed the test. I think I was one of the youngest members of the Cotton Exchange. Although it was not the Stock Exchange, that was how I got involved with stocks. I got interested and was asked to check out the New York Society of Security Analysts. I did and I can tell you, you've got a lot of studying to become a good security analyst. I have been a member and still am of the New York Society of Security Analysts.

The guys in New York that Dad knew were either members of the New York Society of Security Analysts or members of the New York Stock Exchange. One of our good friends was Bob Lindsey from Greenville. He was a member of both. In fact, he was the one who sponsored me when I was up for membership. He was an interesting guy who always used a boutonniere. He did it up right. We stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria. I had a big time.

I met a lot of brokers and liked the way they were living. As one of them put it, "You know all brokers die poor." He said, "Others live poor to die rich. Wouldn't you rather live rich and die poor?" Maybe that is what influenced me.

I decided to get involved and formed a subsidiary, Klugh & Company. Dad's company was A. M. Klugh, Incorporated. Klugh & Company became a member of the National Association of Securities Dealers. I enjoyed going to the different conferences they had. They always had them at interesting places.

My office was on Stephens Street. That was a black community but we had a 45,000 square foot warehouse where we stored the cotton. Separately we had a little house for an office. Heat was from a Juno stove. You put coal in it. It had Juno written on the top. We used window air conditioners. I said to Dad, "Why don't we spruce this place up a little bit?" He said, "These

farmers wouldn't feel comfortable." They used to come in and warm their hands and I heard more unusual tales than you could imagine.

I remember there was an old Mr. Turk. He looked like a turkey. He was a farmer and a bachelor. There was a character from Greenville, I can't recall his name, but he always was pulling practical jokes. He was standing warming his hands with Mr. Turk and Mr. Turk asked this fellow, "Are you a bachelor?" The guy from Greenville said, "What do you mean, sir? What do you mean calling me that?" Mr. Turk said, "I just asked you if you were a bachelor." He said, "I thought you called me a bastard."

Like each of us, Larry Hammett had his faults. Right after the war Larry bought a used Army primary trainer aircraft. I think it was a Lockheed. He used to buzz the Chiquola mill where his father was president. Everybody knew it was Larry buzzing the town. One day Larry buzzed real close and a whole bunch of the workers were outside. He did what we called a Shundell or an Immelman. It is sort of a roll and the plane turns upside down. The back seat fell out of the plane. It had straps attached to it that looked just like arms and legs flapping. The people cried, "Oh my God, Larry has fallen out of the airplane."

When high fidelity first came out it had great volume. Larry Hammett got a hi-fi set, a real fine one. You could turn that thing up and it sounded awful it was so loud. We were up at his home at Hammett Acres one night cooking hamburgers. He had a record of a train. It would sound as if it was coming right at you and then going by and off past you, train whistle and all. We decided to put it outside. This must have been about midnight. We turned that thing wide open. It sounded like a train was coming right down the street. There was a doctor who lived down below there and he came walking up in his underwear to see what on earth was going on.

Sometime about 1947, shortly after the war, I was chosen to represent the young people at Anderson Country Club. They needed to do something to rejuvenate the club. At the meeting I was the youngest one there. Each of us was asked to give some idea that might be used to get the country club rolling again and back on its feet. When they got around to me I suggested that we sell the property and buy some land up north of town on what is now Clemson Boulevard which would be in a better location. Land was relatively cheap then but of course we thought it was expensive. You would have thought I had thrown a hand grenade in the middle of the table. Dick Abney was president of the Country Club at that time and he later took my advice and bought land up there.

I got married in 1950 to Gloria Gaines. Her father was Dr. Thomas Gaines. He was quite well-known for his ability as an ophthalmologist. He was a good fellow and did quite well as a doctor. I think he was head of the Medical Association of South Carolina at one time. He had studied at Emory University and Harvard. One thing I will just mention as an aside. He operated on dogs' eyes. He would put them to sleep and remove cataracts or perform other operations on their eyes. He always was very cautious with them and certainly anesthetized them before he did anything.

Mr. Postelle Cater was quite a character. He had built a fancy apartment which still exists down near Central Presbyterian Church on North Boulevard at Ridgecrest Avenue. Everybody in the world was wanting to rent from Mr. Cater. Because Gloria was a good-looking gal, he let us have the apartment after we got married. We had more people get mad at us over taking that apartment.

Mr. Cater had two daughters. One was Gladys and the other was Constance. Gladys and Constance were 180 degrees different. Gladys lived in the old Cater house at the corner of North Boulevard and Greenville Street. She loved animals. She had a couple of great horned owls and would go down to the fish market and collect the entrails and take them home. She also had a bunch of dogs. She would cover the floors upstairs and down with newspapers because of having all those animals around.

Constance was a piano player and was almost of a different culture. She was more with it with most people.

Gladys had first been married to a Mr. Torrence. I don't know what happened but she later was a Mrs. Hayes. She had a parrot. The parrot didn't know she had changed her name. The parrot would get loose and come to the tree outside our bedroom window at the apartment where we lived. He would holler, "Mrs. Torrence, Mrs. Torrence."

Early one morning our doorbell rang. I went to the door and there was Gladys' husband with a duck. He said, "We decided to give you a duck." Well fine, you know, it was nice of them but I hadn't particularly had much desire for a duck. We kept it on the back porch for about a week. I think we finally got somebody to cook it.

My son, Art, was about 2 years old at that time. Gladys thought a lot of him and he thought she was great because she had all those animals, birds and dogs and everything. Gladys would come over. One time she had been hitting the bottle and started telling us her problems. Art was supposed to be taking a nap but was back there hollering, "Gladys, Gladys, come back here."

Mr. Cater lived right across the street from us on North Boulevard. Mrs. Cater had a big green bowl and it always had a very fluffy white Persian cat sitting in it. When I went over to pay the rent each month that cat would look at me like, "You make one false move and you have had it."

Mr. and Mrs. Cater were real nice. Mr. Cater had found you could take a silver certificate, dollar bill, and exchange it for a silver dollar. He decided he would do that with about \$30,000. He had more silver dollars than you could shake a stick at. I think he just stored them in the bank.

Mr. Cater did an awful lot of good in developing his properties for people. Everybody liked him. He kept his properties up. He almost never raised his rent and that was nice. Of

course, you didn't have very much inflation way back then, certainly not during the Depression. Everybody wanted to rent from Mr. Cater.

His property joined Mr. Will Watson's property. All of that section either belonged to one of them or the other.

The fairgrounds were located at what we called Cater's Park. That was where the first YMCA was later located on Greenville Street. Mr. Cater would get himself very much involved in whatever was going on there. My mother had baked a cake to enter into one of the contests they had there. She got to the gate and told them that she had a cake for that purpose and they let her in. Mr. Cater came barreling up behind her and wanted to know if she paid. She said he scared her to death.

Back in those days you had more public participation at the fair. It was more of a real fair than just a carnival. When my dad was on the city council we always had more tickets than we could use. I had a ticket to get in and for all the rides. It was a big deal. You could ride on an elephant and they would take your picture. Hugh Robinson and I had our pictures taken on top of an elephant one day. Those were the good old days.

Our son, Art, III, was born in 1952. Lucy was born in 1954, and then we had Katie. My daughter Katie had leukemia. She found out about it after she was engaged to Gary Hearn. They went on and got married and she lived about 4 years. My daughter Lucy donated her bone marrow for a transplant to Katie but Katie passed on at age 25. Art, III, died from a stroke at age 50.

The kids grew up on the southwest corner of Main and Holly. They went to North Anderson School. I went there and so did Gloria and my sister Harriet. Gloria is three years younger than I am. That was a huge difference when I was 10 years old. My older sister, Louise, attended school at Ms. Tribble's house which was right across from my house before they built North Anderson School.

I found out some of our devilment passed down to the younger generations. One Halloween night a whole bunch of kids my daughter Lucy's age got together, took a paper sack, filled it with everything you could think of that is bad, such as fresh droppings of dogs. They put the sack on a man's front porch. The kids hid in the bushes while one of them struck a match to the sack and rang the doorbell. The homeowner came out, saw that there was a little fire, and decided to stomp it out. It was exactly what they thought he would do. It must have been a mess.

There was a lady who lived on Whitehall Road near North Main, and when they first put streetlights on Whitehall for some reason she called my father-in-law, who also lived on Whitehall, and cussed him out for putting the streetlights up. The light was shining in her window. Teenagers, my daughter Lucy's age, knew they could always get a rise out of her. They would do all sorts of things. Two of the teenager boys went to her and told her they were with the highway department and they were going to widen the street. They just wanted to tell her

they were not going to take her house but they were going to have to take off her front porch. Of course she hit the ceiling.

Lucy told me a few of the tales of things they had done. Katie was my youngest daughter, just a real sweet little kid. I said, "Now did Katie ever do anything?" Lucy said Katie's group was wilder than we were. I guess a lot goes on with kids that parents don't know about and it may be good.

Television personality Johnny Carson, on the Tonight Show, announced that Anderson, South Carolina, had more juvenile delinquents per capita than any other place in the country. Boy, that just thrilled all those kids.

My daughter reminded me one time, "We had a big time doing things but we didn't hurt anybody. We didn't smoke any pot and we didn't do any cocaine or heroin or things that go on here now."

Mrs. Neely, J. Alex Neely, Jr.'s mother, was 80 something, maybe 90. She lived over near the Elk's Club on McDuffie Street where the new library is located. The Elk's Club closed up at 11 at night. The only ones left there one night were John, a colored man who took care of everything and closed the place up, Oliver Norwood and Dr. Vandergriff. Old John asked Oliver if he would take Dr. Vandergriff home because he was ready to close up. Dr. Vandergriff had passed out. Oliver agreed to do that but he went to the wrong house. Dr. Vandergriff lived next door to Mrs. Neely. Oliver knocked on the door and finally woke up Mrs. Neely. She came down the steps, got to the door and said, "Who is it?" Oliver said, "I've got your husband here." She said, "Oh, my husband has been dead for two years." He said, "He ain't dead, he is just drunk." I don't know how it finally wound up.

Mack Burriss' father was a character. My dad and Dr. Burriss and a group of others belonged to a fishing club. It was called the White Water Club. They were all fly fishermen. Dr. Burriss had never been baptized and Dr. Frampton who was the minister at Central Presbyterian Church tried to talk him into being baptized. He said, "Well, the only way I'll be baptized would be if I am baptized in the White Water River swimming hole." Framp, as they called him, was a real good guy. He said, "Well, I'll be glad to baptize you there." So they made arrangements and we were all there. They baptized Dr. Burriss. He was now supposed to be a member of the church. After awhile some of the other members said they didn't believe Dr. Burriss joined the church, he just joined the river.

There was a fellow who was a member of the White Water Club that lived in Seneca. He was very prominent, one of the most prominent men up there. He attempted suicide. While he was recuperating my dad, Dr. Burriss and I were headed to the White Water Falls area. They were trying to figure out, "What do you tell somebody who has attempted suicide and failed?" Are you sorry he failed or just what do you tell them.

Leon Rice, Earle Rice's father, used to tell a tale about the very early days of the Saluda Baptist Association. They had rules that there could be no "fancification" or "twistification."

Fancification meant using cosmetics, fixing your hair up and all that. There would be no fancification allowed. Also, there would be no twistification allowed. Twistification related to dancing. So you couldn't dance and you couldn't primp up too much.

The last church trial that I heard about was at the First Presbyterian Church. I understand this occurred just before we moved to Anderson. There was a Dr. Townsend. When he made a statement of any kind he would whistle. The way I heard the story is that they had a couple of members taking in adultery in the daytime. I don't know what the difference is between daytime and nighttime, but anyway, that is the way I was told that the wording was in the history. They were going to have a church trial. That involved all of the elders. Dr. Townsend was an elder at the time and they heard all the testimony. When the case was closed and nobody had said anything more, Dr. Townsend said, "Gentlemen, we heard the testimony and we understand what happened. I would say that he who is without sin let him speak next. Gentlemen I am gone (whistle)." That was when the church trial ended.

Dr. Townsend's son John was a preacher. He had some cotton that he was sharecropping with somebody and the sharecropper had brought the cotton in. It was tinged and not very good. Daddy made John a price and John said, "I can't believe that this cotton is tinged and trash is in it." He said, "Would you mind going with me over to the warehouse where this cotton is located on McCulley Street?" Daddy said, "I will be glad to go and show it to you." He looked at the cotton and it was just as Dad had said. It was very rocky outside and Dad tripped over a rock and said, "Damn." He said, "Oh, excuse me John. I forgot about you being a minister." John said, "Don't think anything of it. I am thinking about what that goddamn son of bitch has done with my cotton."

Once there was a fellow, a real nice fellow, quite well-known, who was a member of our church, First Presbyterian in Anderson. After church one morning he came over to my dad and said, "Arthur I have discovered the most wonderful drink. You can drink it and nobody can smell it and it is just unbelievable. It is a drink of liquor." Dad said, "What is it?" He told him, "It's called vodka." He said, "I had a drink before I came to church this morning." Daddy said, "I was sitting there all during church wondering what fool had gotten drunk and come to church smelling like that." The man said, "You mean you can smell it?" Daddy said, "Everybody in the church could smell it." That was wrong, but he worked him over good.

Miss Lottie Estes was a character of the old days. She usually drove along with her car in about second gear. She was extremely cautious. She took her time as she went along. She lived right where North Main and Greenville come together. She would be coming down Greenville Street and to get into her driveway she had to cross over North Main. There wasn't much traffic anyway but being cautious she would rev that motor up (sounded like she was getting ready to take off for Mars or something) and then when she was sure no cars were coming she would let the clutch out and the car would literally jump over the street into her driveway.

There was a very crippled fellow she knew, a student. One day she saw him walking and pulled up and asked him if she couldn't give him a ride. He said, "No thank you Miss Estes. I am in a hurry."

Red Miller was up in Oconee County stating his case for a defendant. The judge said, "Mr. Miller on what grounds do you say that?" Red said, "On the grounds of the goddamn Oconee County Courthouse."

Red Miller is the subject of many stories but I must add that later in life he stopped drinking and was a perfect gentleman.

My dad was quite a fisherman and hunter and I guess I was too. In fact, one time when I was hunting Dr. Harris actually shot me in the back. It was far enough away but it would have been too bad if it had been in the face. It was a dove hunt. It was over where my house is now, on Shannon Way. That was a mule pasture. Mr. Will Watson owned most of that area and it adjoined Mr. Cater. Back then it was just trees and swamp. Bill Watson inherited it and did a good job of developing it.

Dr. Harris was over on one side of the creek and I was on the other. There was a whole lot of foliage and stuff. It was fairly cold and I had on a heavy hunting coat. The birds were flying out of there. At that time you could hunt in the morning. There were a lot of doves roosting all in that area. I saw him with his gun, leading a bird and swinging in my direction. I said, "My gosh." I turned around and about that time, "BOOM." I was far enough away that it didn't even go through my coat.

Shortly after the war we had gone hunting down at Walterboro, the Bamberg Hunting Club. Dr. Harris just didn't believe in going by instructions. They said, "We will drive you out and put you on a stand. You stay on that stand and when the hunt is over we will come pick you up. Don't leave the stand." Dr. Harris was put out along with about 10 of us. They put the dogs in the middle with the idea of driving the deer out. I had shot one deer. Then I heard something in the bushes. It was a thick grove. I figured, "Boy, I am going to be ready for him." Out steps Dr. Harris. He said, "They have already finished, they have gotten all the deer out of that circle. Let's go back to the road." I said, "Dr. Harris we are supposed to wait here for them to come and pick us up." He said, "I know the way out of here." He cussed a lot. We went out. I guess I must have been in my early 20s. Along came a man down the trail. He had on stand-out britches and boots and a pistol on his side. He was a typical Low Country man. He said, "Hey, you fellows have any luck?" Dr. Harris said, "Yeah, I just shot the biggest damn doe I ever saw." That guy looked at me and said, "This man don't know who he is talking to do he?" He was the game warden. The head of the hunting club told Dr. Harris not to ever come back.

I had a client who lived at Easley. He came to see me to do some business, as a stockbroker. The phone rang and my secretary buzzed me and it was a long distance call so I took it. It was a pretty important call coming in. That happened about three times while I was with him. He said, "It looks like the best way to talk to you is by long distance." He didn't do much business with me after that.

We had a gas stove. A couple of black people worked for us. One was named Robert and a woman was Willie. One morning we heard a big explosion and went in there and Willie and

Robert were lying on their backs in the kitchen. They thought they had lit the stove and it wasn't working so they lit it again.

We had a lot of interesting things with black people. Actually in those days there was a lot of discrimination. I admired my dad, he took care of a lot of people who were in need.

During the Depression Daddy carried a sack of flour and some lard, which I gather is what you used to make biscuits, to a woman. It was when wrapped loaf bread had just come into being. When he checked on her later she said, "This time don't bring me no lard and flour. Bring me some of that wrapped up bread." That made him mad.

We had one woman who worked for us, Mattie Hattie Janie Martha Irene Owens. When fair time came around, people would say, "Mattie are you going to the fair?" "Yeah." "Are you going in?" "No, I ain't going in. I am going to get me a cone of cream and I am going to sit out there and just watch the peoples." People watching was a pretty big deal.

I had never been to a black funeral before Mattie died but when she did we all went. They asked if we would have something to say. My dad was embarrassed, I guess, and said, "No, I'll pass." My mother said, "I will." Doggoned if she didn't get up there and preach the funeral. I didn't have any idea that my mother could do something like that. She mentioned that Mattie was like one of the family.

We had another woman who worked for us named Ruby. When Ruby died, about four years ago, they called me and asked me to say something. I went and told them she had many good points and one of them was she made the best iced tea and fried chicken of anybody I have ever known. Ruby was at my house during World War II. She was also just like one of the family. When she got old we used to always take stuff down to her.

We had a lot of blacks who worked for us in the cotton business. They would use the cotton hand trucks. We had some characters. We had a guy who went by the name John Bates some of the time – his daddy's name – and John Bailey the rest of the time – that was his mother's name. I don't think they were ever married. Dad used to send a bottle of liquor or something to different mill presidents. He sent John down to Mr. Carl Nichols. John came back and said, "I didn't leave nothing down there." Daddy said, "What was wrong?" He said, "Somebody dead down there." Daddy was pretty excited because he and Carl were very good friends. He was the head of Appleton Mills. Old John had seen a Christmas wreath on the door and thought somebody was dead.

There was a great big black man who worked for us and we had to get him out of jail. He had gotten in a fight with somebody. Daddy paid his fine and got him out. Daddy hadn't gotten home good until they called up and said we have got him down here again. Daddy said, "What on earth?" I went with him to the jail. Daddy said, "John what on earth are you doing back down here?" He said, "Well, I was standing there and this," (back then colored people called each other nigger) "nigger came along and stepped on my foots and I asked him, 'What you doing stepping

on my foots?' He said, 'Well if you damned foots wasn't so big they wouldn't have been in my way.'" He said, "So I hit him."

John Clark was president of the Anderson Chamber of Commerce and was transferred. I was vice president and then became president. They told me that they had a big deal going on with a firm – a prospective new industry. They didn't know exactly who it was but they were considering moving to Anderson. Everything had to be very secret. They didn't want anybody to know that they were considering it. "Fine, no problem, we would certainly cooperate." I understood it could finally hire about 1,000 people. I found out that it was a chemical concern. I got worried about pollution but they said, "Oh, no. It is textile chemicals making nylon and stuff like that." Then I found out they were German. I had had the job of interrogating the United Rayon Company of Germany people when I was in the army and thought, "If it is them, when those guys come in and see me they are not going to come to Anderson." They said, "Oh, no, this isn't the United Rayon Company." Well that was good. It turned out it was BASF.

The newspapers were asked if they heard anything about a plant coming to keep it quiet. Then a chemical company bought an acre of land on the Starr Highway. Mr. J. R. Young, who was with the paper, thought he had a real big story. The paper came out about a huge chemical complex coming to Anderson. He mentioned the name of the outfit that just bought 1 acre of land, which was actually just for a little survey station. Mr. Wilton Hall, the newspaper publisher, called me to find out something about it. I said, "Mr. Hall, your article said it would possibly hire 1,000 people. Where are we going to put all those people on an acre of land?"

Incidentally, Mr. Hall was under house arrest at the time with income tax problems. Some of the local people didn't want to invite him to come to the announcement of BASF coming here. The head of the public relations department of Dow Chemicals (it was a combination of Dow and BASF) asked, "Who is this Mr. Hall?" I said, "Well, he has the newspaper, owns a radio station, the TV station and is pretty politically oriented." He said, "Good Lord man, give that man 10 tickets." I said, "Fine. I will call him myself." I called him and we had a nice chat. I knew he couldn't come but I told him we had 10 tickets available for anybody he wanted to name. He was very pleased and we got good press after that.

The First National Bank of Atlanta invited a whole bunch of textile and textile related potential customers down to Atlanta to stay at the Ansley Hotel, have dinner and then to go to the Duke-Tech football game. We all stayed up pretty late partying. We found out that a couple of guys from Anderson had dates and were staying in the Ansley Hotel. We called their room about 2 in the morning, and told them we were the hotel management and that a fellow by the same name had made reservations and it was a terrible mistake. It had just been discovered that the fellow's reservations were made before they got theirs and therefore he was entitled to the room and they would have to get out. They were told somebody would be up there in 15 minutes so they had to get packed up and get out.

We had so much fun with it that we decided to pull it on somebody else. Joe Lyons was a good friend of ours and we knew Joe and his wife were staying there. Nappy Vandiver called Joe

and told him the same sort of thing, but Nappy's voice was recognized and Joe cussed him out. That ended that.

Bailey Court Apartments were built and named for a Mr. Bailey. He was part of what I considered to have been a political clique. We often referred to them as the "Anderson Mafia." That included the newspaper's owner. They were all Democrats. All had some kind of position. The apartments went busted. Somebody else took it over and also went busted. Then it was bought by Anderson College. There were a bunch of Baptist ministers running the show and they thought they were doing a great job. They found out it wasn't such a great job down the line and decided to put it up for sale. They came to me and said, "We are going to sell Bailey Court and wonder if you would be interested." I told them, "I don't much think so but I will take a look at it." I did. I got interested. I then found out there was a man in Piedmont planning to bid on it. I found out he was going to put it under one of these government programs. I really got interested then because I didn't think that would be right for that area. I submitted my bid and I think I was \$18,000 over the next guy and won. I then did a more thorough survey and determined I had all sort of problems like trees that had lifted sidewalks up out of the ground. The units had no carpets. They just needed a whole lot of work. I figured it was probably going to take \$200,000 to get the thing in shape. It ran a little more than that.

I raised the rent after fixing an apartment up with carpet and like I thought it ought to be. Then everybody came to me and said, "When are you going to fix mine up?" I said, "Well, if you don't mind your rent going up about \$50 a month (which was a huge figure in those days) I will." Some of them said yes and some of them said no. We always were full. I didn't take any money out of it. I applied everything back in. Of course, I was running my securities business at the same time.

Incidentally, I think the previous owners thought by approaching me I would tell Dr. Gaines about it and Dr. Gaines would be all enthused and buy it. Actually, some people thought Dr. Gaines had bought it but when I told Dr. Gaines what I was going to do he hit the ceiling. "What do you know about running an apartment?" I said, "Well, I have a real estate license."

I recently sold Bailey Court Apartments to my grandson and his wife. I think it is a great way for somebody to build up an estate. I am glad they got it because they have run it about like I ran it.