

Cordes G. Seabrook, Jr.
(Recorded interview August 26, 2000)

I was born in Anderson, March 12, 1927.

My mother was born in Anderson. Her folks were Scotch-Irish who I guess had come down through the valleys from Pennsylvania and Maryland. They had been here a long time. My father actually lived in Pendleton when they were courting. His people came up from the coast. Pendleton was the end of the line and it was where people went for the summers from the coast to get away from the mosquitoes. Actually, he came from Savannah when his father's health had deteriorated. My grandmother had lived in Pendleton. After they were married my father and mother lived there awhile but by the time I was born they had moved to Anderson.

The Seabrooks had been in America since the 1700s, early 18th century. They had plantations on Edisto Island. They grew the long stapled cotton. Surprisingly, the earlier crops were yams and foods they exported back to England. But they made money on cotton. Then the boll weevil killed that business.

My grandfather Seabrook was retired. He was unable to work. Daddy went to Clemson for awhile, farmed and then got a job with Gossett Mills at Pendleton and was transferred to Anderson. He wound up as purchasing agent for Gossett Mills – a chain of some 14 textile plants.

I married Araluen Clinkscales in 1951. Since she was a kid she had been called "Clinky." There are a lot of Clinkscales who get abbreviated to Clinky or Clink or Clank or some derivation of Clinkscales.

Her mother was from Nova Scotia. She came to open an operating room at the Anderson hospital in the '20s. I think she was the first operating room nurse. Clinky's father was from Starr and he was old Anderson County. I am sure they were of the Scotch-Irish who came down and settled this area of South Carolina. Dr. Clinkscales was a physician in World War I in Europe and did extra study in tuberculosis at Edinburgh University. He specialized in tuberculosis when he was here. They were getting a handle on tuberculosis by the time of his death.

I grew up in Anderson and went to North Anderson grammar school. We walked, it was only a couple of blocks. I went to junior high at the old McCants. We had seventh and eighth grades in junior high. By the eighth grade we were segregated into boys' classes and girls' classes. I was in all male classes for the rest of my schooling in Anderson.

I recall a highly embarrassing (but funny to me now) story in grammar school. Miss Tribble was a sixth grade teacher and was also the school principal. The school had six grades. One day she got the thought of having everybody tell a joke. I was toward the end of the line. These kids, 10 or 11 years old, were telling jokes. I thought they were lousy jokes but at least

they were mustering something. I couldn't think of a thing. They finally got to me and I mumbled, "Pass." She said, "We will pass you right now but we will come back." By the time they had come back I had thought of a joke somebody had whispered to my father that I remembered. The story was that a Sunday school teacher asked if any of the kids knew where God was? A little kid who normally didn't say much or answer anything held up his hand. The teacher was surprised. Others held up their hands too but she said, "Johnny, do you know where God comes from?" He said, "Yeah." She said, "Tell us." He said, "Well, he is in my bathroom." The teacher said, "Why Johnny, what makes you think that?" He said, "I know he is because my daddy goes to the bathroom door and knocks on it every morning and says, 'God, are you still in there?'" It got very silent. The teacher said "No, no, no, oh no." Nobody laughed. They didn't think my joke any funnier than theirs. Miss Tribble must not have told my mother. I sure as hell didn't tell my mother.

I remember as a kid seeing men who walked with a very peculiar halting gait. I asked my mother, what was their trouble and she described it as "Jake paralysis." It was caused by drinking either too much whiskey or more likely bad whiskey that had a heavy lead content from the distillation process. It was severely debilitating and I guess it was mentally debilitating as well as physically debilitating. I think they used automobile radiators for some of the distillation process. Automobile radiators were notorious for having a lot of lead in them. Even in adults, lead can combine to cause severe brain damage and it is my supposition that is where it came from. But that is technically more than I know.

As a child we had simple entertainment. We would play touch football or tackle football, but one of the things I remember most pleasantly was with David Simpson and others riding down hickory trees. Most of North Anderson was woods. We lived on Watson Avenue – basically on the edge of the woods. The sport was that you would climb hickory saplings, get up fairly high and then swing your way down. They were so flexible and so strong that you could come down toward the ground or come to the ground and let go. They would pop back up. Hickory wood is very strong wood. It is not going to break. That was fun.

I went to Boys High for the ninth, tenth and eleventh grades. We only went to eleven years of school at that time. It was on South McDuffie – down on the south end of McDuffie.

We got there in a way you couldn't do now. I had a friend who lived across the street named Johnny Cauthen. He and I would start out walking the 3 miles to school every morning. There was no way we could have walked it in the time we had. We caught a ride every day. People would stop and pick us up. Generally we would get two rides – one downtown and then we would pick up another one down to the school. We hitchhiked to school every morning.

I don't know how others were getting to school. Very few people had cars at the time. For one thing gas was rationed. It was during World War II. I graduated from high school in '44 so all of my years at Boys High were during World War II. There were school buses for those from the country.

Because of rationing you did not do much frivolous driving. There seemed to be enough gas to do what you needed to do. It was like three gallons a week but the old cars got pretty good mileage. They were light cars. I don't remember the gasoline shortage doing anything except having us do a lot of walking. There probably wouldn't have been enough gas to take me to school every day.

They didn't ration much food. They rationed sugar. You didn't cook many pies or cakes. I am not sure how much of the rationing was needed and how much was to make the people on the home front think they were doing something useful.

"Frog" Reames was the principal at Boys High and Frog did a good job. The only female teacher there was Miss Lucia Hudgens who taught typing. During World War II most of the people of teaching age were in the Army so I guess Frog did a remarkable job of keeping teachers. The fact is, I was woefully unprepared for college.

I had two teachers I remember as being remarkably good. One was Gus Kitching who my kids also had in school. Gus was right out of Clemson. He taught chemistry and physics. I never thought I had any great talent for science but he taught me chemistry so well that I went on to major in chemistry for awhile and I understood theory. I was colorblind, however, so I never could tell when stuff turned pink, or whatever, in the experiments we were working and I ended up changing majors in college. Kitching taught chemistry and physics and prepared his students well for college work.

The other one was Charlie Moffat. He was terribly crippled by polio. He was a history teacher. He made history come alive. He was a right entertaining fellow – was a superb teacher. He left the year after I graduated and went back to Vanderbilt to get his Ph.D. He had us reading some of his homework for his Ph.D. One of the worst books I ever read was on the Panama Canal. They were as dry as a legal brief. He had us reading and doing reports for him.

Discipline was severe. There were pranks going on and occasionally people would get caught and get paddled. I guess there were a few incorrigibles who got paddled a lot. Frog Reames had a reputation for paddling. The teachers paddled too. It was with a foot board about 2 feet long, maybe a little less, with a hole in one end. I don't remember what the hole was for, I guess it was to hang it. They would whop you with that. It was not pleasant. I never was whopped. I think Frog was afraid of my mother. Mother was a very intimidating person.

A lot of students were whopped and took great pride in it, particularly as long as Frog was living. They would go to programs honoring Frog and tell about all the whoppings he did. I am not sure if I were Frog if I would make my claim to fame that I whopped a lot of kids. But he surely did.

The girls were going to Girls High School at the time. It was on Greenville Street. It was destroyed by a very large fire. We used imaginative names like Girls High School and Boys High School.

We had socials or dances. Other than that there wasn't a whole lot of interface between boys and girls until graduation. We were in the same ceremony. With rationing there wasn't transportation readily available. The Girls High School had a basketball gym that lent itself pretty well to socials, the dances.

The black school was on Reed Street. I am sure they were getting a dismal education. They had good football teams and were fun to go watch. They were excited about football and had some superb athletes. It was segregated and not equal but I'm glad Boys High didn't have to play them because we would have lost.

I went to the Citadel and was taking chemistry as a major. In chemistry I did fine but I didn't know how to write a sentence. I had a real problem with sentence construction. I couldn't spell but I can't blame that on the teachers. I still can't spell. You would have to write 500-word essays and I would misspell 20 words. I had heard they counted off a grade for every word you misspelled. They would count off something for it but by and large they didn't think I deserved to flunk on account of spelling. I looked up every other word in the dictionary and still screwed it up. I learned how to write a sentence in college. It was a little late to start.

I also had a real struggle with mathematics. Michael O'Neal was the teacher at Boys High. He was a great fellow but somehow or other I didn't learn much mathematics. I was making good marks. I just wasn't learning. Mike turned into a politician and became the Anderson County treasurer. He got elected easily two or three times. The last time he was running, I saw him before the election and I said, "Mr. O'Neal, I wish you luck." He said, "You know if I just get one more vote than the other man I will be happy." Then I saw him a little after the election and he won every box but Chiquola. I said, "Mr. O'Neal, you just did great." He said, "Yeah, but I lost Chiquola. I wonder why those people don't like me?" That was a real swing from wanting to win by one vote to questioning why he lost one precinct.

Because of the war, while I was at the Citadel downtown Charleston was full of service people, Navy people and Citadel cadets. If we passed an officer we were supposed to salute so we wore those officers out by saluting them. Most of them were pretty casual being ex-civilians and thought it was a silly exercise. There were certainly active units guarding the harbor at Charleston but I guess they were off limits. I never saw any particular military activity.

I had an uncle in Charleston so we actually had a pretty good social life there. There was a shortage of men for one thing. They were in the army. But I stayed at the Citadel a right good bit. I had to walk a lot of tours. I was there on weekends more than I really meant to be. I just didn't take to military regimentation awfully well. It was nothing too terrible, but if your room wasn't clean enough or your shoes weren't polished enough you had demerits. There were a lot of things you could get demerits for. If you got enough demerits you had to walk tours, walk them off. A tour meant walking on the quadrangle for 50 minutes with 10 minutes rest and walking another 50 minutes. There were generally just two at a time. I did a good bit of that.

At the end of my sophomore year I dropped out of Citadel for six months. I tried to transfer to Georgia Tech to take chemical engineering because chemical engineering was a hot

thing at the time. Getting into Georgia Tech wasn't easy to do because all of the service people had come back. During that interim, I got a job as a salesman for Lowell Henry and Dixie Supply Co. selling to industrial firms, textile mills largely. I really liked it. I said I would be better at this than I would as a chemical engineer – particularly since I was colorblind. So I went back to the Citadel and finished in business administration. It took an extra quarter because there were a lot of required courses. I graduated and was drafted into the Army in 1948. I stayed for a year and then they let everybody out who wanted out.

I stayed at Fort Benning, Georgia, when I was in the service. It actually was pretty pleasant duty but I didn't have a car. I didn't have money to buy an automobile. I took one of my parents' cars down and had to bring it back the next weekend and ride a bus or hitchhike back down. As long as I could walk to work it was great, but then my unit got transferred about 10 miles out in the boonies for training and I had to get there everyday and was hitchhiking 10 miles to work. That was pretty degrading. Army trucks were going from the base out there and I had one fellow who picked me up, perhaps more than one would pick me up. You had to live more by your wits at that time than you do now because you had to make do. My friends had cars which was a help.

We had plumbing, electricity and telephones as I grew up. The telephone was an upright. You had the speaker and an ear piece that was kind of like a cone you stuck to your ear on a wire to the main unit. There were operators. We didn't have a dial so you would lift the ear piece off the cradle and the operator would say, "Number, please," or, "May I help you?" or something. You would tell her the number and she would connect you. They were pretty nice. The operator could help you sometimes.

During the Depression I never felt deprived. We didn't have anything to compare it with so we thought it was pretty good. I don't have any horror story remembrances of the Depression. We all had enough to eat, Daddy was employed the whole time. Actually we had servants most of the time. Black ladies were cooking and cleaning. They would come in time to cook breakfast and leave in the afternoons. They walked to the house. It wasn't that far, just three blocks.

When World War II started in '41, I was 14. We thought, "Why would a little country like Japan think they could take us on? This is lunacy." We had been reading about the war and knew there was a festering situation with Japan. Even as a kid you knew that. You knew the war was going on in Europe but even so it was a surprise that it happened – a shock. Of course we thought the United States could beat anybody. We never had lost a war – what few we had fought.

During the war the movies were one thing you did. Before the war, the movies cost 10 cents. During the war and after the war they cost 9 cents. The reason was that if you paid 10 cents on entertainment you had to pay a 10 percent tax. It would cost you 11 cents. To avoid that they reduced it to 9 cents. Movies changed two or three times a week. We had four theaters at the time. Hollywood ground out a lot of stuff. I am sure much of it was absolute junk. Serials were a regular feature of Saturday morning programs. They would have an impossible situation at the end of each episode and you couldn't wait to get back. Then there was kind of a disconnect

from where it was before. The hero was already out of it. You never knew how he got out of it. It was like falling off a cliff. He would fall, was in the air, but somehow or other he would miraculously survive.

I am sure we were seeing a ton of propaganda movies but we weren't recognizing them as that, not as kids. Colin Kelly was a hero – diving his bomber into a Japanese battleship or carrier. I understood that his heroics were fabricated. We needed a hero so they generated a hero.

My first job outside of the home was collection. My father owned part of a small printing company and at 13 I spent Saturdays there and sometimes would do work like punching holes or putting wires in tags. But my main job was collecting bills. I would go around to businesses and try to collect what was owed. These were still tough times in 1940. Sometimes some of them would pay me but there were people like attorney Gene Haley. We printed a brief for him and I saw Gene Haley every Saturday morning, literally – it seemed for years. He never paid me. He was always polite. He never had any money. I never did have a very high opinion of him for some reason.

In my next job I worked at Murchinson's, a men's store at Main and Earle streets. I sold men's clothing. I don't think I was good at it because I have never been good at picking out clothes but I could stand behind the counter and take the money. That's about what I did. The main thing was I would show up everyday or every time I was supposed to. Mr. Murchinson was a very amusing fellow. I remember his cronies coming in and laughing. I was hearing some jokes I was too young for. It was kind of a fun job.

While working for Murchinson I had an experience with attorney Red Miller. Red was pretty old. He was fat. He was a huge man really but an immaculate dresser. He was dropping a letter in a mail slot beside the store and he became transfixed. I was wondering what it was and looked. It was a young woman sashaying across the street with her back toward us. I said, "What are doing Mr. Miller?" He said, "Son, I am looking. That is the spice of life." I didn't know about that then.

Red Miller lived in our neighborhood and hitchhiking was okay. Red didn't have his driver's license. I didn't know if he could drive or not. I never saw him driving. He was out in the middle of the street one day waving his cane as I drove toward him. I picked him up and he asked who I was and I told him. "You are fortunate," he said, "Your mother is a smart woman and your daddy is a competent man." Then he said, "You know I am a reprobate and a profligate." I didn't know what those meant. I thought maybe that was pretty good. I got home and told my mother that Mr. Miller said he was a profligate and a reprobate. She said, "He surely is."

My next job was in textiles. These were short jobs in the summer. During World War II you could get a job anytime. Any warm body could get a job. It wasn't normal economics. I think a lot of employers would get paid on a cost plus basis. The first job was as a carpenter's helper for which I had no talent but was just following a carpenter around, toting the nails. I did that for about three weeks and then was a counselor at a summer camp. The next year I worked

in the picker room as a helper. All of the work was dirty or heavy or both. It certainly made me appreciate the value of a college education. Fortunately this job didn't last too long either because I was going to be a counselor at summer camp again.

When my folks were telling me about the value of education, I told them about a fellow I was working with. His name was Alex Skelton. Alex Skelton married a rather wealthy woman, Constance Skelton. He was a college graduate and he was doing dog work in the textile mill. I am not quite sure why that was the best job he could find because it was probably the worst job in the mill that the white people had. That lost a little impact with my parent's education argument.

On payday some of the workers in the section would go get drunk and go to the colored area for serious hanky panky. They just didn't show up the next day, so I had to do their jobs. I was 16 or 17 and weighed about 120 pounds. I really was not strong enough to do some of the very heavy work they were doing. I came home absolutely exhausted. I was having to ride my bicycle about 4 miles to get to work.

When I got out of the military my father was a sales agent for a company called Precision Gear & Machine Co. in Charlotte that made mechanical improvements for textile machinery. We had the opportunity to become a distributor for them instead of an agent. An agent was making 10 percent on sales and paying his own expenses. As a distributor we made 20 percent but we wouldn't have protected territories. We started Seabrook Transmission Company immediately after I got out of the service in 1950. I got out in December 1949. Over a period we expanded and took on other lines but Precision Gear & Machine Co. was our primary line for awhile. The textile industry was our market.

At the time textiles were virtually the only industry in the area. On the east side of Anderson there was Textron. It is hard to think of Textron being a textile company but at one time they were. There were Abney Mills, Haynsworth, Orr Mills, Wellington, Appleton Mill, Equinox Mill, and Townsend Mill. I may have left out one or two. They employed huge numbers of people. Appleton Mill and Orr Mill were very large mills. Most employment here then was either agricultural or textile.

The textile industry had been lured from up North by wages. The people selling the South were promising low wages and a very plentiful supply of motivated labor off the farm – people who were used to working with a good work ethic.

Seabrook Transmission was selling machinery improvements. A lot of textile machinery was old, some of it older than I am now. It was dated from the 19th century. I saw some labels from the 1900s, 1893. We were putting ball bearings to replace regular sleeve bearings or improved chain drive versus gear drives. A lot of our business was in making the machinery better, making it perform better than it was. Our problem was more in getting product than it was of selling.

Daddy's territory had been the state of South Carolina but when we became a distributor we could go anywhere. I almost immediately started going to Georgia, down to West Georgia, even to Alabama, and a little of Tennessee. We started out thinking we would be an industrial power transmission supplier – which meant bearings and gears and motors. We didn't mature that way. We matured into a textile-oriented distributor. We changed the company name. Transmission was a long name. It didn't look good and we had people calling up and asking if we fixed Ford transmissions. Changing the name was a pain. You had to go through a good bit – change logos, change literature, change people's thoughts about it. But we did. I can remember asking what we should name it. Well, everybody called us "Seabrook?" Why not just call it "Seabrook." So we did.

We started shops to supply what we needed. We were having trouble getting product we were selling because of a shortage of machining capabilities in this area.

We added sales people. There are several types of sales people. There are some people good at starting the relationships and getting customers – making customers out of non-customers. Then there are people good at maintaining relationships that are established. My brother and I were both pretty good at starting relationships – getting and making customers. We then hired people who were basically route representatives. They would go around, see customers on a weekly or biweekly or monthly basis and service the account. That was our method of sales growth. What we did better than our competitors was advertising. We were good at turning out cheap, one page, not too sophisticated, advertisements on various products. We developed an effective advertising program that actually gave us a leg up on our competitors.

The textile industry is by and large in South Carolina, North Carolina, some southern Virginia, some in Tennessee, a lot in Georgia, and a good bit in Alabama. We were covering all of that with our direct people. We had agents in Canada and agents in Latin America.

For awhile textile companies were building new single-story plants, expanding and closing very few. I can't think of any plant in Anderson that was closed just because it was inefficient until the markets had competition from overseas. The industry expanded for a number of years, I guess through the '60s. The textile industry was still expanding because the Vietnam War was going on and we weren't doing much importing at the time. The textile industry expanded for a long time. We had more people and we had more wealth for buying textile products.

By the early 1980s about 50 percent of our production was going to non-textiles. We had been fairly successful at diversifying from complete dependence on textiles. Bill Seabrook and I got to where we had about 260 employees. I was pretty good at running separate small businesses. We had three (Seabrook, Smith-Mitchum in Gastonia, and Dodd Metal Works) when we consolidated into one company. It changed what we were doing. We had to go from an entrepreneur-managed company to one with more professional management. We made the transition. It wasn't much fun, but we made it. It never was much fun again. We went through a terrible time in the late '70s when we consolidated and in the early '80s manufacturing was in the

doldrums in the United States. There was a great deal of importation of everything. My brother Bill and I agreed to sell and do something else.

I swore then I wouldn't do anything that had to do with the textile industry, but the fact is, we did. We started doing some purchasing consulting and were reasonably successful but then Bill had the idea of starting textile purchasing associations. Because we had seen the dumb things purchasing people did we thought we could help them do better. We found out they didn't know each other. We knew them and started a yarn purchasing association. Then we started a carpet industry association and a weaving association. We had about 65 member companies at one time. They were paying us fairly substantial dues. We were having quarterly meetings and were doing research, qualifying suppliers and negotiating better prices and better relationships with the original equipment manufacturers. That worked fine as long as the textile industry was doing pretty well but then when they hit tough times dues looked like something they just didn't have to pay. So, it got harder and harder to keep our memberships. That was when I was 70. It seemed an appropriate time to retire.

Blacks were not in the production jobs. The whites thought blacks would go to sleep with the droning of the machinery. They said blacks weren't cut out for production jobs – which of course had no basis in fact. They were doing the yard work and doing some of the truck driving. They would do the cleanup work. They hauled the bales and opened the bales. There were very segregated jobs in the textiles companies at the time.

It changed during the Lyndon Johnson administration. I really thought there would be strife when it changed because whites would see blacks taking their jobs. But this was during the Vietnam War and employment was very plentiful. The textile companies were pretty much forced to move the blacks into these jobs. They were an underused labor supply. They weren't taking white people's jobs because there weren't enough to fill them. Johnson was lucky from the standpoint that it worked out at a time when it didn't cause strife. It didn't take long for white people to find that black people were pretty darn good employees and could do this stuff very well. I think they gained respect as employees in the mills rather quickly, more quickly than I would have thought.

Anderson had its growth spurt in 1951. Both Owens Corning Fiberglas and Singer came here I think in the same year. That gave a different quality of industrial employment. Both were relatively clean while the textile industries used to be a fog of lint. They called the textile workers "lint heads" because they came out with lint all over them. Now people in textile plants are clean, they don't come out with any lint on them. They get little lint on them now because there is so much suction in the plants.

We had been suffering with imports for a long time before the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). We had been having increasing imports of textiles for decades. NAFTA just got to where Mexico was going to be pretty much uncontrolled. Some of the textile companies started moving plants down there and still are moving plants to Mexico. I don't think that has changed the economics.

Right after World War II the United States was one of the few countries that had a textile machinery industry intact. It was pretty good. There were several machinery manufacturers. By the '60s the Europeans and the Japanese had developed a very sophisticated textile machinery industry. Their technology was much better than that of the U.S. industry. Roger Milliken started importing the first textile machinery. He certainly was the first big importer. Roger railed against low tariffs on textiles but he was the one that started the avalanche to foreign machinery. It would have started anyway because their machinery was demonstratively faster and better than our manufacturers were doing. By and large the textile machinery industry has now gone overseas as well as a lot of the textile manufacturing.

Textile manufacturing historically had a high labor content but with modern machinery it has gotten around to having relatively low labor content. Labor has probably come down in the really good plants from about 30 percent of the cost to around 10 percent of the cost. Our good textile manufacturers can compete even with the low wage countries when you get a low enough labor content. Then the cost of shipping and all offsets the labor differential. People like Milliken, Westpoint, Springs, and some of the yarn manufacturers like Parkdale are very efficient producers. And we've got some advantages. I think, for example, power is less expensive here.

Apparel manufacturing still has a very high labor content. They haven't figured out how to get away from labor, so we are importing apparel. Apparel fabric is the wrong thing to be in. Sheets have not been import competitive, carpeting has not been very competitive, and a lot of industrial fabrics don't have overseas competition.

After formally retiring I did a little small business consulting but I knew darn well small business consulting was not something you could do successfully. Those that had the money didn't have the time and didn't think they needed it. Those that don't have the money can't pay fees. I was doing it free but was happy enough doing it. I was also on the board at Perpetual Bank.

After that, I seemed to have gotten involved in volunteer work based on the fact that I was a meeting manager. I had done a lot of meeting preparation and meeting management and note taking and sending out information. I am reasonably competent on a computer in word processing and writing. I am comfortable managing meetings and setting agendas and follow-up. One of the nice things about being old is people will do what you ask them to do. They will volunteer or at least they will accept assignments because they think you are too old to do anything. They are pretty much right.

One endeavor that has been most time consuming has been starting the Foothills Community Foundation. It is a charitable foundation. This is not a charity in itself. It's a conduit for money to charities and it has tax advantages. It lets people carry out their wishes in perpetuity in supporting charities.

Bill Watkins was the catalyst for the foundation. He knew he was going to die with more money than he wanted the government to be able to tax. He was very honest about this. I am not

reading anything into it. He said he was going to be paying 55 percent estate tax and that was abhorrent to him. His idea was he would pledge \$1 million to a foundation if we could get four other people to pledge \$1 million. Well Harry Findley was his initial confidante and then they got me involved. The thing I can do is call meetings and get people to come. I am comfortable managing the meeting and doing the follow-up. Unfortunately, nobody came forward with \$1 million and Bill Watkins was disappointed.

Next we had a larger meeting and a fellow from Atlanta who was president of the Southeastern Council of Foundations came as a speaker. We had about 35 people come to a meeting at Perpetual Bank. The hospital really wanted it to happen because they had money they wanted to transfer to it. This got the ball rolling and we elected a board of directors and started meeting regularly. The foundation matured out of that.

In 1999, Tom Ervin, who retired as a circuit judge, became the president. It was a paid position. I became the chairman of the board. We have had a very active board of directors. Bill Watkins left in his will the million dollars to be given to the foundation when we achieved \$4 million in assets under management. We did that in June or July of this year and have received the million dollars. Without Bill Watkins it wouldn't have occurred. That has been a pretty big project.

My interest in the Republican Party started in 1960. I had been a Sloan fellow at Massachusetts Institute of Technology from June of '59 to June of '60. We made a number of trips and on one of them I met Richard Nixon. He talked to our class. I thought, "This is a marvelously able man," which he really was. It was about a 30 to 45 minute presentation.

It was election year. He was running against Kennedy. My involvement brought about some strange bedfellows – some new bedfellows anyway. We had a small group that included Bobby Hopkins, Marshall Walker, Jim Duffy or maybe Jim's wife. We met at the Calhoun Hotel and Greg Shorry, who was state chairman came over from Greenville. He called the *Anderson Independent* and *Anderson Daily Mail* "Yellow Sheets" or "Yellow Rags." We got beat up by the newspapers from then on.

The papers were busy calling Nixon "NAACP Dickey." When the election came I was poll watching a precinct that had a considerable black vote and I thought we were doing fine. Because of the newspaper attack, Anderson was one of the few places where a lot of the blacks voted Republican. They thought, "Nixon must be one of us." We did terribly in the white precincts. It was a learning experience. Jim Duffy, who had a talent for politics, conducted a little telephone poll, very unscientific. He called several sets of 10 people and asked them who they would vote for. He knew we were going to lose four to one, and we did. I thought we were going to do better.

The next step was when Workman ran for Olin D. Johnston's seat. Fritz Hollings ran against Olin in the Democratic primary and Olin won. Workman ran in the general election and actually did better than Fritz against Olin Johnston. We kind of came, not of age, but we got a lot older. The Democrats weren't very good at running campaigns – certainly not general election

campaigns. There had been a time when if you got the Democratic nomination you were automatically elected.

In '64, with Barry Goldwater, Strom Thurmond shifted to become a Republican. It was a big help locally because he was well regarded. Some of us were not all that pleased because Thurmond switched for racial reasons. It may have been philosophic too. States rights really was a term for leaving the race issues to the state. Some of us who had not started the Republican Party as a racist party really weren't wild about having Strom. We weren't asked. We warned, but he came anyhow. We viewed it with some trepidation. When the blacks got enough votes, Strom got religion and managed to develop a good relationship with them.

I was the first county chairman. I guess I was elected in '62. Part of it was because I didn't mind being identified as a Republican. I didn't depend on local people for my business so boycotting wasn't a threat to me. I attended Grace Episcopal Church and the Episcopal Church is pretty tolerant of other people's views. They thought I was crazy but they were tolerant. They didn't ostracize me. Actually, I was freer than most people to do what I wanted to do.

I don't know of anybody in those days who thought they would be boycotted if they stuck their neck out. The person who was an outspoken early on Republican was H.G. Anderson. Anything the paper was for he was against and vice versa. He was a conservative and so I am not trying to describe a lack of altruism in his motives. H.G. Anderson created a newspaper, the *Anderson Free Press* and Roy Ethridge became editor. That *Free Press* did a lot for Republicans in Anderson.

Wilton Hall, through his newspapers, would retaliate against advertisers in the *Free Press*. He would charge them higher rates. He couldn't refuse advertising if it was legitimate advertising but he certainly could change the rates. Besides that, Hall was feared. Hall was a power because he was vindictive. He would go after people with whom he disagreed or were enemies in vicious ways. He would crucify them in his paper. He would say things that may have been more or less true but it was his twist on it that would vilify good people. It was more than just ostracizing. He would cut out the pictures of the people he didn't want in and their name never got in the paper. People were afraid of him. It was justified. He had power if your business depended on being able to advertise in his rag.

He never went after me by name. I am not quite sure why. I knew Mr. Hall because I had a friend who lived next door to him. I was from an old Anderson family and this might have tempered his willingness to take on somebody who had a network. He may also have not been willing to face the ire of my mother. Mother was tough if she was protecting her young. He never specifically attacked me but I didn't show up in the paper much.