Fred G. Dobbins

(Recorded interview August 19, 2000)

I was born at Townville, South Carolina, on January 6, 1919. My parents were Bill Dobbins and Ruby Gerrard Dobbins. My daddy was from the Townville area but my mother was from Green Pond, about 6 miles away.

My great-grandfather Dobbins arrived here in 1832. He settled in Fork Township. Fork got its name from the forks of two rivers. The Tugaloo and the Seneca ran together at Andersonville and made the Savannah.

My great-grandfather came from Newberry County. He and a brother came from Holland to Newberry County as very young men. They hung around Newberry County just a year or two and then came on to the Fork. Well, my great-granddaddy did. His brother settled east of Anderson a little ways. That's where all these city of Anderson Dobbins came from, the brother east of town. My family originated in Fork Township.

My mother was a Gerrard and one of her grandfathers came from Chory, England. He came here with a British engineering company that had the contract to build a tunnel at Walhalla just a few years prior to the Civil War. Of course we all know that the Civil War disrupted that and they never did start it again. It was the Stump House Mountain tunnel and I am sure that there were three others that went with it. They were trying to get a railroad to the Midwest. In the meantime there was another crowd that had a railroad coming up from Charleston, Columbia, and through Spartanburg to Knoxville, Tennessee, and on across. It was successfully completed where this one was dropped. The Civil War just broke up everything. Then again it just may not have been feasible, too many hills up through there. This other one followed the valleys, more or less.

I was born where my daddy was born – the same farm. My daddy was born in 1892. My granddaddy settled that place after he was a grown man. He started buying a few acres of land and raised his family there. I was born right there on the place. We didn't have any hospitals to go to. I grew up just an ordinary farm boy, worked in the fields. I picked cotton, plowed mules. There was no mechanization. Everything was hand worked.

We had a school about .75 of a mile from where I lived. I was one of the few who didn't have to walk 5 miles to school. The school was 1 year old when I came along. My daddy was instrumental in helping get it started. It served an area all the way to Andersonville. I had the same teacher the whole seven years for all grades and she did a commendable job for what she had to do. Back then about all they taught was reading, writing and arithmetic. We were in one room. There weren't that many of us. The country wasn't populated like it is now. A lot of the population was black and they didn't go to our school. They went to their own school.

The teacher wouldn't stand for foolishness. She could have used the paddle but back then we were sweet. We did what we were told and never questioned it.

I went to Townville to high school, 4 miles up the road. That was before the days of school buses. The first year I went we had an old T model Ford. My brother and I drove it up there. It was a 1927 model. People began to ride to high school in those old cars. Then the school district got some old trucks, such as they were, and put a canvas on and some benches. Students would congregate at two or three spots to be picked up and the man that was driving put down a little old ladder and they would crawl in.

When I was at Clemson they didn't have buses for field trips. They had an old Ford truck that had a canvas over the back and benches in it. I traveled all over the state of South Carolina in that thing.

Clemson was a military school while I was there. I studied agriculture and got out in 1940. I broke my foot at Clemson. Back then they didn't have orthopedic surgeons as well trained as they are now. When I broke my foot they just wrapped it up and put on a little plaster of Paris and it didn't do a good job. I have had foot trouble ever since. They kicked me out of ROTC because of the foot. That made me eligible for the draft.

We worked in the fields after school. We were raising cotton. Cotton was king. The whole area was in cotton and it was our only income. It was the only thing we sold. There weren't any tractors. There were some early tractor models but they were not successful.

I had one sister, three brothers. I was the second one in the family. I don't remember my sister going to the field but the boys did. I don't remember my mother going to the field. I don't think she ever did. She had plenty to do in the house. Most of the people back then had plenty to do in the house but they had to work in the field to make a living. It was not like it is now. Oh, Lord, there is no comparison. It was tough. There just wasn't anything to be had. If it was there you couldn't afford it.

Gins were all over the county. You wouldn't have to go too far to get to a gin. You carried the cotton to the gin on a wagon, a two-horse wagon. They would bale it and you would catch the cottonseeds. At that time cottonseeds were practically worth nothing. They would dump the seed in the wagon and then you would go around to the press and they would put the baled cotton on the wagon. You would carry it home and set the bale in the yard. When you got about four bales (a standard bale weighs 500 pounds) you would put them on the wagon and come to Anderson. You had cotton buyers all around the Square and each one of them would have to cut a new hole in your bale and get a wad out for a sample. You would sell it to them and then have to carry it down to the Standard Warehouse. It was just across the street from old McCants School on Fant Street. It was right on the railroad. They would ship it out by rail.

Back then they had some old early trucks but they weren't satisfactory, weren't dependable. They had solid tires. There were no pneumatic tires.

I lived 4 miles from Townville where I was raised. Twelve miles to Anderson and back in a two-horse wagon would take a day if you didn't stay too long. It would take into the night if you hung around town. The town itself was right around the Square. Main Street went down to about City Hall. North it went up about to where the Calhoun Hotel is. I remember when the Calhoun was built. It was put on vacant land. They didn't tear down anything.

There were hitching yards to hitch the mules and wagons while you were up town shopping. There was one where the agricultural building is now and that was a big one. There was another one across the street from the old Anderson Hardware building. There were others scattered around. Right back of Sullivan Hardware, where there is a parking lot now, was one – McGee Mule Barn. McGees had run it for 100 years. There was somebody else's name on that too, I think. But when I was a boy, there wasn't anybody there but McGee.

The boll weevil changed the face of this earth. It came in before I was born or about the time I was born. It cut a swath through this country. It didn't have any natural enemies. We didn't know how to handle it well. In some areas it completely eliminated farming as in the lower end of Abbeville and McCormick Counties.

We picked up squares of cotton where a boll weevil punctured the cotton and laid an egg. That square turned yellow and the grub was in there eating. The squares fell off on the ground. We burned them trying to get rid of the boll weevils. That wasn't very effective.

Then Clemson came out with a poison, arsenic, with molasses and water. We would use a one, one, one mixture using 1 gallon of water and 1 gallon of molasses and 1 pound of arsenic and mix it up. The molasses was the sticking agent. We would take a stick about 3 feet long and make a little old mop on the end of it. We would mop the top of the cotton with the mixture. The theory was that boll weevils would be attracted to it because of the sweetness and eat enough of it to kill them. That sure was hard work and nasty work but we did it. It was in the '50s before we got the insecticide program that we have now. Back then we didn't have insecticide except for arsenic.

We cleared land by hand. There wasn't any other way. Most of the land had been cleared when I came along. I can remember them clearing a little bit. They would just go out and take a crosscut saw and saw it down and burn the brush and limbs and use the tree for either wood or lumber during my days. In the early days the buildings were made out of logs. In the place where I was born and raised there was a world of tenant houses – all of them were log.

I think historians say this country was settled in the mid-1700s. There were mighty few people then. The mass migration into Anderson County came in the early 1800s and most of the people who settled this country landed in Philadelphia. They got off the boat in Philadelphia and started walking. They were walking on the eastern side of the mountains, Appalachians, all the way down. They came on into here and Georgia. They kept coming this way until they found a spot where nobody was and that's where they stopped.

Prior to that, there were some people living in this area, not a good many, but some. They got grants from the Lord Proprietors or whoever the English government sent over here to rule the country and the English agents lasted up until the Revolution.

In the early days, deeds were actually given for fisheries on the river. There were no barriers then on the river and fish would come up from the ocean to spawn. The sloughs were valuable assets. Shad was the main species but other fish also spawned in the rivers.

The first power we had in this part of the country was waterpower. We had wheat mills scattered all over the area. All of them were on creeks. Corn mills and wheat mills date back to the early settlers. People with few resources built mills and it was a good business. They are all gone now, that type of mill.

Power on the creeks was free. Of course, it would cost some money to dam up the creek and get the water wheel. The early cotton gins were there too. I guess the sawmills were too. They had no other power to run the sawmills in those early days.

Early cotton mills were built on the streams but they were built on larger streams. In Andersonville, the mill wasn't on the river. It was on the creek that ran into the river. It was up .5 of a mile where there was a terrible drop off.

In my early years, we had no electricity or plumbing. We didn't have hardly anything. When I was a senior at Clemson I came home one weekend and they had a cord hanging down in the bedroom. There was one little old light bulb and you turned it on with a switch. A drop cord I guess you would call it. That was 1940.

Prior to that some people had lights but they were gas lights. I can remember we had a generator that generated gas. The gas was made from carbide. A machine was out in the yard in a little house. You put the carbide in the machine and it reacted with the water. The gas, acetylene gas, was piped into the house. We had lights when it worked. It didn't work very often. Most of our lights were kerosene light – a kerosene lamp. In the '30s they came out with a real efficient kerosene lamp, Aladdin Lamp. If you could afford one, they were a wonderful light. Sullivan Hardware sold them by the carload for awhile. We eventually got electricity from the REA (Rural Electric Association). Duke Power Company was in this county but they were just serving the towns. They didn't think it was feasible to come out in the country. They sure did miss the boat. I bet they regretted that decision many a time.

An outside privy house was what most folks had. Out in the country we didn't clean the privies but downtown and around the mills they had wagons come around and a man would just scoop it out and put it in the wagon. I don't know where they carried it. The mills didn't have sewage until about 1928.

There were a few people who had waterworks. They were very crude. We had waterworks when I was a kid. They were there from when I can first remember. We had a pump that was a sucker rod pump and it had a little old one-cylinder gasoline motor. It had a pneumatic

system on the pump that pumped air into the water. When it got into the tank the air would go to the top and water to the bottom because of the weight and it would force it out to the house. It wasn't nearly as efficient a system as we have now but it helped. We would crank it and pump up a tank full of water. The tank only held about 500 gallons. It would last a day or two.

We didn't have any running hot water but cook stoves had come out with a reservoir and while you were cooking dinner or supper or breakfast or whatever there was a reservoir that would heat the water. And they had kettles that set on the stove all the time. We didn't have any stoves for heat in the house. We used fireplaces. They weren't very efficient either. Of course, the houses weren't very tight.

We had early telephones. We had one when I was a boy. There wasn't a telephone company. Our line ran from our house to Anderson. There were eight people on it. The line belonged to us, to the eight people. We hooked up with Bell in Anderson. Not many people had them and they weren't very serviceable. They just cut poles on the land as they put them up and they weren't treated or anything. They soon rotted off and fell down. About that time the Depression came along and that was the end of that telephone line. But Bell brought service to the country. They saw the mistake Duke made by not servicing the area and they jumped in. We got their service at about the time we got our lights.

The Depression was terrible. It sure was terrible. We didn't have any reserves. Nobody in this country had any. Maybe one or two families might have had some but they got to where they were pinched too. It seemed like all the capital disappeared, if there ever was any. Nobody had any money to buy anything. Cotton got down to a nickel a pound – that's a whole bale of cotton for $25. You can't buy much with that. You have got to pay the fertilizer man, the tax collector, this, that and the other. Fortunately, we were hardy people and we never had had much so we made it through somehow, but it wasn't easy.

You had to be self-sufficient. You had no money to come to town. The only thing people bought in town was sugar and coffee. I believe that was about it. They could grow their meat, they would have hogs and could preserve them with salt without refrigeration. Summertime you would have a few yard chickens. In the wintertime you would catch a few rabbits and supplement the hog meat. And there were corn mills everywhere. You could go to the crib and shuck the corn, carry the corn to the mill and with the cornmeal you could make some corn bread. That was a big item in those days. Corn bread had a lot of energy to it. You couldn't hardly make it without it.

If you go back far enough, transportation was by water. It wasn't very reliable transportation when you get out into our country but they used it. Andersonville was one of the early towns like Pendleton. It was along the water and boats could come up the river to Augusta and then the shoals started and they had to put the commodities on what we called bateaus and just pole them up the river. They would bring stuff all the way up to Andersonville. They didn't bring much per boat. Up front there was a pole about 8 feet long, I guess. The boatman would just walk on back carrying the boat that far. Another person up there would start and come down

like a treadmill. Later when they just used them for fishing, one person would pole the boat all over that river.

Andersonville was the only commercial center for this part of the state. It was about as far as you could go on the river. To go any further you just had to put it on a wagon.

Salt was awful hard to get a hold to. It had to be shipped in. Nobody could make it. Every story I ever heard about someone in commerce back then had to do with salt. I am sure there were other products they brought too but I am just not familiar with it.

The first old car I remember my family got was a Haines. It wouldn't get 2 miles and something would happen to it. I guess it wasn't long until we had a T model Ford. It was about a 1923 model, I was about 4 years old. I guess they used a buggy up until then.

You hand cranked cars on up until about 1927. Ford came out with a starter – it wasn't standard; you had to buy it separately. The '28 Ford, that was when everything was automatically started. That was a pretty good car compared to what we had had up until then. And also back then the tires were no good. You'd start to town; you'd fix three flat tires between home and town.

The roads were terrible. All roads in that day were dirt. In the wintertime when it was raining, you'd start to town and you would always take a couple of hands with you to help push up the hills and through the mud holes. I remember when I was trying to get to Townville one time. I was going with my future wife. She would come home from college on the weekends and I would come home. I started straight up to Townville and I couldn't get up the hill. I turned around and came back and went on towards Fair Play to the next road and couldn't get up it. I went further towards Fair Play and finally found a way to get to up there.

They were just old dirt roads and old red clay. It would get wet and somebody coming down the hill would leave ruts. It was awful. They started paving roads about late '30s. The majority of these country roads were paved after World War II.

They paved the road between Anderson and Clemson with concrete. That was about 1929 or 1930. I remember when they were working on it. The main road through Anderson then was Highway 29 that went to Hartwell. They paved it down to the Georgia line. The bridge on the river about where the dam is now was a toll bridge then, privately owned. All the bridges were toll way back then. Knox's Bridge was a covered bridge going to Lavonia. It was made out of wood and that was the reason they covered it. All the framing was pegged. The Knox family built it about the time of the Civil War. You paid them to get across it. I remember going with Daddy, to Hartwell or somewhere and paying tolls.

Before the bridges we had ferries. We had one going towards Townville, Sloans Ferry. They built a bridge there in 1909. The only way they had to cross the river was on ferries. Well, the early crossings were fords. They had to find a place in the river where it was real rocky and the water was shallow and they would ford them. Hatton Ford was up above Andersonville a

little ways. I am sure there were others. That was a famous place for picnics and fisherman in the early days.

I was drafted, sent to the reception center at Fort Jackson and kept there for what seemed a long time. They finally decided they didn't want me because of my foot and I came back home. When I first got in there they assigned us to different groups. I guess there were 100 men that came in with me. They were going to separate them into different groups by education. They asked everybody who had finished college to come over here. I was the only person. Then they said anybody who went to college, had any college training at all, to join me. There were three or four who came up. They got on down to the ones who had not gone to school at all and there were some of them. We didn't have compulsory schooling then. If you didn't want to go, you didn't go.

All of my brothers were in the service but none went overseas. My sister was a nutritionist. She had been working at a hospital in Charlotte as a dietician and ended up in Okinawa. She met her husband over there. He was a doctor. They settled in Greenville after they got out of the service.

I married July 5, 1941, a year after I was out of Clemson. I wanted to farm but I had nowhere to farm. My family had other children at home who had to be educated and there just wasn't room for me. I took a job with the U.S. Department of Agriculture. They sent me to Columbia and I stayed there until I was able to start farming. I was in the soil conservation service. I was the district conservationist for Richland County.

We came back in the fall of 1946. My wife's father gave us a piece of land. That's how we got back. He gave her 192 acres. Everything was in cotton when I came back.

Previously the cotton was grown with tenant hands, tenant farmers. You furnished them a house to live in and a pair of mules and a wagon. You let the tenant have money all during the year for a living and he grew the cotton. That was a system that grew out of the Civil War. At the end of the Civil War there were all of these people who were former slaves. They had no money. They had no land. They had no home and the tenant system was adopted. The man that owned the land couldn't work it alone so they got together and established this system. It worked for 100 years.

About the time that I got back to farm things were changing. They had eliminated the discriminatory charges on freight going north. Manufacturing facilities could then ship a finished product anywhere they wanted for the same freight rate as they shipped from the North. The discriminatory freight was terrible. It stopped the South from progressing for 100 years. We couldn't get rid of it, no way in the world. You could ship a bale of cotton north for little or nothing. But if you made shirts and tried to send them up there, they wanted about $5 a piece freight on each shirt. They outlawed that somewhere along about 1940.

The people who had plants up north, or wherever they were, were having problems with labor. They were having problems with the tax collector. They were having problems with

obsolete machinery and buildings. They started to get out. They looked around down here and said, "Those people aren't as dumb as we'd been told they are." So here they came – cheap land, cheap labor and plenty of it. There were no labor unions to fool with.

About the first company I remember coming in was Singer. Tim O'Neal owned that land they wanted to buy. He didn't want to sell it and the Chamber of Commerce almost crucified him. He got $200 per acre for it. Instead of buying what they needed they just took the whole countryside. That land where that new Winn Dixie store is now they held onto until just a year or two ago – sold it I heard for $100,000 per acre. Singer paid him $200. Well, that is the reason they came here.

You couldn't do farming by hand anymore. The labor had gone to the industrial plants. I was there when it started. I could see it coming. The young people left first. The older farmers, tenant farmers, stayed on until they were too old to make a move or maybe they didn't want to be hired in the plants. They finally got to where they couldn't farm any more or wanted to quit or get on Social Security or something. That was the end of it. Of course we had warning. We mechanized and that's when the machinery picked the cotton. Equipment was used for spraying the ground, for weed control, and boll weevil control.

We were successful in the cotton business. We stayed at it as long as we could. It just finally got to where you couldn't make it in cotton. It got so cheap. Cotton had gone to the irrigated country. They were making enormous yields that we couldn't make here. At the time I came back and started farming cotton we had the highest yields of anybody in the country. That was before new irrigation techniques. When I say irrigation I mean hundreds of acres. There has always been a little irrigation, even by the Indians.

They used different kinds of irrigation. It depended on the soil type. Out in Texas it is mostly trench irrigation. Arizona uses it. The water comes in a ditch. Most of that water is from government projects. You can buy it but the government got it established in irrigation districts. Some of that water comes in from miles and miles and miles away. Certain soil types, particularly in some parts of Texas, just require a little old trench full of water. When they get ready to irrigate they have about a .75 inch aluminum pipe and those Mexicans scoop it full of water and hang it over the ditch and it siphons into the ditch. Some rows are 1 mile long and it runs out the yonder end. Here it won't go from here to that door before the ground will soak it up. That is what is called ditch irrigation. Where the ground absorbs it, you have to use overheads which are more expensive.

I kept growing cotton as long as I could but in the meantime I was increasing the cattle business. I thought I saw a future in cattle and all of a sudden I got so large I could just push the cotton away.

I was running a feed lot when I was growing cotton. I never raised any cattle. I always bought them. It was taking money and capital to operate the cotton business. I made over 500 bales of cotton several different years. I started in the cattle business by putting the marginal land that wasn't suited too well for mechanization in pasture. Before mechanization, the terrain of the

land didn't make much difference. You were working a mule. But when you got hold of these machines it made a big difference.

I had capital idle in the winter. I got to looking around. People were growing calves. Some of them were selling the calves in the fall so I got the idea of just taking some cotton money and buying calves in the fall. About that time they came out with a winter breeding program and fescue. It looked promising and so we would keep cattle in the wintertime and sell them next spring or early summer – get the money, and put it in the cotton business. That was successful. I was selling the cattle to people up in the east, Pennsylvania mostly. They were putting them in the feed lots. I had been in the cattle business probably 12 or 15 years before I started feeding. I had to build a feed lot and buy the equipment. That took quite a bit of doing. The equipment had to be automatic. We couldn't afford the labor. That is how we got in the cattle business. It has been good to us.

At the time we started the feed lot there were places to sell cattle all around here. Later small packing plants went out of business and we had to send them to the mass markets out West. We couldn't ship the finished cattle out there because of the prohibitive freight. So we had to start sending the cattle out there and finishing them there – hire people there to feed these cattle. Of course that is cutting down on our profit. I have cattle in Nebraska, in Oklahoma, in Texas and did have some in Kansas.

I buy all of the cattle here. I buy them when neighbors are selling. I buy them out of cattle barns. These are calves that have never been weaned. We have to wean them. We have to vaccinate them and that's a big problem in cattle production anymore – they've got all of these diseases. We now vaccinate for about 11 different diseases. The bacteria kind, of course, you can handle. But viruses are awfully hard to handle. It takes them about two months to go through that vaccination phase. The average weight now of the calves is 450 pounds when we are buying. Most of the time they weigh about 550 pounds but we had drought this year and it cut down on the size of the calf. We carry them on up until about 800 pounds. We are putting on about 300 to 350 pounds and then send them on out West to finish. I would say we have close to 2,000 head of cattle altogether.

All the early schools were private. There were no organized schools during the Civil War. Prior to the Civil War there was a private school at Andersonville and one in Pendleton that I know of. There were others. As people got educated we had more school-teachers available. They would come to your area and just start a school. A lot of them were sponsored by churches too, the early ones. I have a receipt from Moses McCauley – Judge Alex McCauley's grandfather – for, I believe from my wife's family, her aunts and an uncle maybe, so much a head. That's where the family paid. It was cheap too – nickel a day or something like that.

Then they passed laws to allow the communities to form school districts and that is when they first could levy taxes to pay for these schools. That came after the Civil War. In Anderson County the school districts, when they were organized, were numbered and Number One in Anderson County was Townville. The city of Anderson was Seventeen. Pendleton was Twenty-four. The reason those two places were a little slow was because they had more private schools

operating. With the first state law that I know anything about, the state would finance the schools for six months. We got up to 72 school districts in Anderson County until we consolidated. Six months was state financed and then they passed a law that the county had to finance two months. Later on they amended that to where the district had to furnish a month so that made the nine months. That wasn't too many years ago. A lot of these schools when I was a kid didn't get but six months, some of them got eight, and some of them got nine.

After consolidation our legislature appointed a county school board to do all of the combining. They worked on it for a long time. They were considering the population in the area, the financing, and whatnot. That came about in the early '50s, '52 I believe, somewhere along in there. Meantime, they had elected me a trustee at Townville. I had done that two years when they formed School District 4. The original trustees were appointed. They just didn't have time to have elections. I was one of the first trustees of District 4. I was the first chairman. I stayed there 16 years as trustee.

I was interested in the schools because we were starting a new building program. That is when they came out with a 1-cent sales tax for schools. We were operating under the principle that you could operate separate black schools but they had to be equal. We set out to build black schools all over South Carolina. Now most of them are idle. Then we started building the white schools. In a few years we had to consolidate the black and white schools. It has been quite a hassle, a lot of money wasted, a lot of monuments sitting around the country to stupidity.

The person that represented District 4 on the county board was wanting to get out so I took it. They just kept reelecting me. I stayed there about 24 years.

When they integrated we just had one junior high (middle school) and one high school in District 4. Integration was no problem. They are having problems now but the problems they are having now are that they just can't handle children. They just got unruly. I saw a little boy yesterday who had a thing around his neck with a nametag and his picture on it that said Pendleton High School, eleventh grade. I said, "What are you doing with that thing, boy?" He said, "You got to have it in school or they won't let you in." I said, "Who checks it?" Well they have a policeman standing at the door. I heard they were going to put in metal detectors. Now that is awful. Furnish a man a place to go to school and act like that – terrible. But I don't know what you can do about it.

My grandfather was with Lee at Appomattox when he surrendered. I have been told his unit was right at the courthouse. It was toward the later part of the conflict that he was drafted and he was just a mere boy. He was up there just a few months before the surrender. The Confederate soldiers just threw their old guns and muskets or whatever they had into a pile on the courthouse lawn. Union officers were there writing them pardons and telling them to go home. He was never paid a penny while he was in the Army. He didn't have a dime in his pocket and this was in April. His shoes were worn out and he walked from Appomattox back to Townville and foraged along side the road. It wouldn't have been so bad if he was the only one but there were thousands of them coming at the same time. He was 16 when he got home. He hadn't seen action but he had two brothers who were killed.

One of the killed brothers was married and had a child. His wife was a Simmons and lived at Simmons Ford not too far out of Townville where they crossed Beaverdam Creek. Her daddy was David Simmons, the preacher at the Baptist Church. They owned a farm at Simmons Ford. The old house burned just a year or two ago. After the war he pulled up and went to Sherman, Texas, and his daughter had to go with him. One of David Simmons' sons was Lee Simmons. He got to be head of the Texas Rangers and was the head of the Rangers when Bonnie and Clyde were cutting a swath through that country. I have been told he spent eight months figuring out a way to trap them. He is the one who killed them – Lee Simmons.

Renegades were Union soldiers who went out on their own. They pilfered. All the men had gone to war. There were four renegades, I believe, who got to Townville. The people left in the community, women, they captured them, made them dig their own graves, and shot them.

Colonel Brown was an attorney – raised at Townville. His mother and father were buried there at the Baptist Church. He was probably already down in Anderson practicing law when he went into the Civil War. His name was Joseph Newton Brown. He evidently was a real shrewd person. He accumulated a lot of wealth for that time. He had one child, Miss Verina Brown. I remember her. She lived in the little old Brown home on Main Street in Anderson where that Bell Telephone place is now.

Evidently if Brown didn't want something, it didn't happen in Anderson. When they were building the mainline railroad, trains were going to come through Anderson. It was a big thing – down out of Charlotte, Spartanburg, Greenville. We heard they intended to come through Anderson to Atlanta. He broke it up. I heard he said that the trains would keep him awake at night. Then again, I doubt that is so. Later I heard the chief engineer who was building the railroad and Brown got together and bought the land where the train would come through what now is the town at Seneca. Colonel Brown furnished the money and they bought several hundred acres of land up there and made a town.

The Blue Ridge Railroad came through here but it just went up to Seneca to join the main line and went back to Belton to join a line going that way. We had a C&WC railroad come into Anderson too. It came up from Augusta. They had a depot on Main Street. You went down the steps to catch the train.

A fellow named Day lived at the edge of Townville. He was sick and knew he was going to die. He didn't like Sam Brown, the Colonel's daddy. Day had some dealings with him and they weren't too good, I reckon. So he made his folks promise him they wouldn't bury him at the Baptist Church yard. He knew they were going to bury Sammy there in a year or two, and said when the Devil came to get Sammy he might make a mistake and get Day. They promised him, so they had to bury him on the side of the road. There was no marker except for some rock. The highway was widened and he is in the right of way of the road now.

Over near Simmons Ford some people by the name of Tucker lived. All the men folks had been taken to the Civil War. There was one young boy there, about 16 years old, and an old

lady. The Confederates sent for the boy. His mother wouldn't send him. They made a cave by a spring – dug a hole back in a bank. The boy stayed out the War over there. His mother would carry him food from her home .75 mile or maybe 1 mile from there. They didn't get down to 15 or 16 year olds until right at the end.

I had an Uncle that went from one of the country schools to Clemson to finish. At that time Clemson had a prep school. The country boys just didn't have sufficient background to go right into college work. They had to give them remedial subjects. There were a lot of people who got a college education who wouldn't have had one had it not been for Clemson. It was made for country folks. My wife had an uncle, a great-uncle, in the first Clemson graduating class. His father came to Townville to teach school. Clemson also used to have a two-year curriculum but I never did know anybody involved in it. It must not have been too widespread.

The Sloans came to the area back before the Revolutionary War. They came in there on a land grant and they probably had slaves. My folks didn't have any. The Hollands who lived where we call Crackerneck and who came in on a land grant had slaves.

I had one ancestor who fought in the American Revolution. Some family members have a slip where he was paid $4 for his horse that got shot out from under him at Ninety Six. He was a Holland. My granddaddy Dobbins married a Holland and the family dated way back and had a grant of land before the State of South Carolina was established. At that time there was a South Carolina and a Georgia but the boundaries hadn't been established. A land commission the Lord Proprietors appointed gave a deed that said from the Forks of Beaverdam Creek and the Tugaloo River on up to Hurricane Branch and across. They had no idea how many acres. Bob Holland was given a grant of land in what is now South Carolina for his service in the Georgia legislature.

The Hollands lived about 3 or 4 miles from where I lived. They had a lot of land and many of them were educated, I guess all of them were, big family. One was a physician. One or two of them were colonels in the Civil War.

One of the Hollands was named Benjamin. He bought a young Negro from the Parkers who lived just across the river in Georgia at an old place called Parkertown. They were an aristocratic family. The slaves back then took the name of the masters and his name was Bill Parker. Some of the Parker women were schoolteachers. That little old colored boy out running around the house was pretty keen so they taught him Latin. The rascal toted a Latin book in his pocket. It was reported that if you asked him anything he would answer in Latin.

Anyway he was awful keen so he got over there with Benjamin Holland. Holland had to go to the Civil War. He was a colonel. When he came back the place was gone. There hadn't been anything going on since he had been gone, several years. They were all heavily in debt and he lost it or they sold it at auction somewhere and Bill Parker bought it. Parker made a town over there and a church. He had all the black folks who had just been given their freedom coming to his church and bringing contributions. He also had a cotton gin. He was wheeling and dealing. All of a sudden the forces turned on him.

The Negroes quit bringing the church money. His place was forfeited for debts. A fellow named Wooten bought it. Parker left and wherever he went he didn't do too good. He came back. Weeds and bushes had grown up around his church. He decided to start the church again but Wooten took a shotgun and ran him off. Nobody knows whatever happened to him.